

RECEPTION TO A CONVICT.  
DEMOCRACY A PRETENSE.  
A PLEA FOR THE NATURAL.  
"MR." "MRS." AND "MISS."

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DOLLAR A YEAR

JANUARY—1907

# TO-MORROW

FOR PEOPLE WHO THINK

## SHOCKS.

EVERY MARRIAGE is a trial marriage—NOW be shocked.

"President Roosevelt lies," says Mrs. Bellamy Storer, and a nation of liars, hypocrites and grafters are shocked. Ye gods! Didn't you elect him to represent you?

A reception to Moses Harman, Convict Number 5326, to celebrate his homecoming from Prison, will be tendered by a group of thinkers, speakers and journalists, on January 1st, in the afternoon, at Masonic Temple. WHO SHOULD BE SHOCKED?

BEN TILLMAN WAS SHOCKED when told that there is but one kind of freedom and one kind of democracy throughout this whole earth.

COMING—A graduated income and inheritance tax to cut down swollen fortunes—a shock to grafters.

In his Eighteen Month Campaign of race hatred, culminating in the Atlanta riot, Hoke Smith ignored the teachings of Jesus and Jefferson, fouled the name of Democracy, proved AMERICAN LIBERTY to be merely a catch word and disgraced himself forever. Anybody shocked?

Anna Strunsky, Russian Authoress, shocks everybody by refusing to take her Chicago husband's name—good name too.

The homes of southern planters were unfit places in which to rear an imitative race, hence many negroes grew up lazy, insolent and deceitful. Whose shock is this?

Mme. Zola has started proceedings to legitimize her husband's children—Whom has SHE shocked?

A THUNDERBOLT—With democracy in our hearts there would be no sex problem or race question—we are grafters and pretenders all—JESUS AND JEFFERSON SHOCKED.



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SWASTIKA



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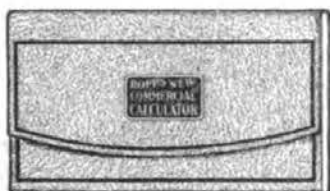
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New Method, p. 112.



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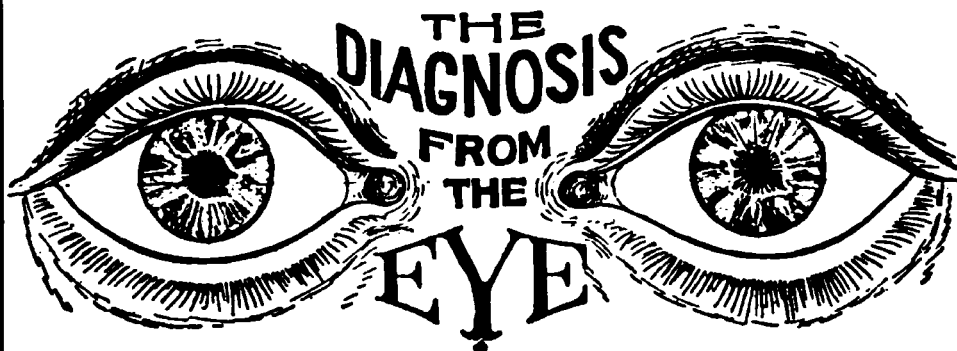
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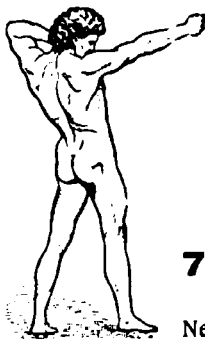
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You know well many of the other famous people whose writings appear in **NEW THOUGHT** monthly.

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## NOT A MATERIALIST.

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The following reply to a correspondent is significant and is reproduced because it touches so many of our friends who have not yet learned how to read "To-Morrow."

Dear Friend:—While you disagree with my editorial comment, I am delighted that you take it in such a fine spirit—a spirit that all will assume as mankind become comrades and are fully able to hear opposing opinions with equanimity.

The fact that you classify me as a "Materialist" does not disturb me either, though my concept of every growing and changing organism composed of protoplasm is that every atom gives off a spiritual expression, very simple in the amoeba but marvelously complex when segregated into such groups as the brain cells of Shakespeare and Spencer.

Multiply the amoeba spiritually by several million and you have a tadpole.

Multiply the tadpole spiritually by several million and behold a Napoleon and it will be further seen that the ratio of spiritual difference between these in their dynamic power of expressing themselves, accords with the multiplicity of cells and their placement or relationship toward each other **physically**.

Ribot in his *Heredity* shows how physical, social, mental and spiritual qualities are transmitted in **equal** percentage. The boldness of the lion, the timidity of the deer, the migratory instinct of the swallow, all spiritual\* qualities, are transmitted generation after generation under the same law of natural selection and in the same proportion and rhythm as the physical attributes.

I certainly am not what is termed a materialist though I do see the limitation of spirituality to the proportionate dynamic power contained in the physical organism.

Yours fraternally,

—Parker H. Sercombe.

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# To - Morrow

For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, EDITOR.

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## OURS THE ANCIENT WORLD.

By Hubert M. Skinner.

Never before was earth so old as now.  
It is the ancient world we view to-day.  
Mistaken is the adjective applied  
To time when man was young, and earth was new,—  
Its problems all unsolved, its forces masked,  
Its treasures hid. The childhood of the race  
'Twere folly to describe as ancient time.

Great were the wonders of man's childhood, when  
Centaur and satyr trod the earth, and when  
Mermaids and hippocampi thronged the sea,  
And hippogriffs and dragons flew the sky;  
When fates of men were written in the stars,  
And prophets told the future read from dreams;  
When spells were cast, and thaumaturgi throve;  
When muses whispered in the poet's ear  
What he should write; when deities in ire  
Aimed their red lightning at their enemies;  
When giants in convulsions, underground,  
Made earthquakes, and volcanoes lit the fires  
Of blacksmith gods who forged the thunderbolts;  
When fairies, genii, and gnomes, and elves  
Haunted the slumbering earth in moon-lit hours.

Childhood is childhood still; it is the same  
In race or individual. The mind  
Peoples with fancies earth and sea and air,  
Views awe-struck what it cannot understand.

Poet and painter love the vague, wild dreams  
Of folklore of the past, nor seem to find  
In our own era themes to equal them.  
Why should we cherish more the early time  
Than the strange present? Were its wonders more?

Nay, they were less—those miracles of old—  
Less than the wonders of the world to-day.  
Shall we lament that childhood dreams are past?  
They are but changed for the realities  
That come to man in his maturer years.

More wonder it there in the telephone,  
The cable and the wireless; more, indeed,  
In tunnel, trolley, elevated car,  
Bridge, and canal; in the vast factory  
Where dead machinery performs its work  
More deft than fingers, and with lightning speed;  
In ocean monsters armed with thunderbolts  
Compelling nations; in the telescope,  
Polariscope, and spectroscope, that read  
The pages of the heavens; in the tubes  
Of chemists; in the ever onward sweep  
Of legislation, sociology,  
And economics of the modern school;  
In the uplifting of the multitude;  
In the new sense of human brotherhood.

Better the world in fruit than in the bud.  
Optimist should he be who lives to-day,  
Amid the amazing wonders time has wrought,  
With which compared, as dreams of children seem  
All the poetic marvels of the past.

# To-Morrow

For People who Think

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY.

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, EDITOR.

*Advertising Rates on Application. Address all Communications to the Publisher*

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Vol. 3.

JANUARY, 1907.

No. 1.

## YOUR LIBERTY IS MENACED.

The Home-coming of Moses Harman from the Leavenworth Prison will be celebrated in Drill Hall, Masonic Temple, Tuesday afternoon, January 1, at three o'clock—COME!

This is not a question of whether you believe in Moses Harman—the question is, are we to have free press and free speech.

Moses Harman was imprisoned for publishing a serious discussion of parenthood in his weekly paper and God knows that the debaucheries of sex and the enslavement of woman will never be reached except IN THE OPEN—Secrecy is poison.

YOU may yet be imprisoned or murdered for publishing opinions opposed to the fanatical majority on subjects relating to the race question, the church or the sex problem.

It is not only necessary to make protest against our ignorant post office press censorship, but it is time that we should know whether this government has sufficient stability to guarantee our constitutional rights of free press and free speech, both north and south.

We believe in the process that is at work—It has done much, it is destined to do it all.

Providence is wise—wiser than creed or party—we agree with Providence.

"To-Morrow's" only program or creed is what actually takes place.

You cannot disagree with us because we agree with you precisely—the world needs you just as you are and no different.

To-Morrow stand for freedom, truth, kindness, sobriety, abstemiousness and hard work, because by these real men and women are created.

It does not look well for us to brag of our race superiority when **we, ourselves**, do not average more than three per cent of human intelligence, brotherhood, or physical perfection.

Our race is still unfit to become the teachers of primitive

people, witness our failure in instructing both the African and the Indian in whom we had implanted our most pernicious vices.

Did you ever think of just what takes place in the mind of a person who joins a party or adopts a creed?

Do you think that a person can be strictly honest with himself and think freely if he has compromised to remain loyal to a creed or a party?

Some of our correspondents think that "To-Morrow" is not sufficiently definite, only because we do not tie ourselves to some program or formula and stop thinking outside of it.

We say to creeds and parties, come now, never mind the "talk", live your creed, LIVE democracy, LIVE the brotherhood of Jesus, LIVE socialism, tset your doctrines, experiment with your theories the same as mechanics do with their dreams, and you will find out the right.

You talk of freedom—you are all afraid of freedom—your intellect is awry with the thought that some one ought to control you—that you ought to control others—you are despots masquerading.

By their unfairness, oppressions and hypocrisies the whites in the south are sowing the wind and the will reap the whirlwind.

The southern Negro is a good imitator. He had no other teacher than the white planter from whom he learned all he has acquired of laziness, brutality and ignorance.

The way to make enemies—Be kind, be liberal, be "easy" just enough so that grafters and spongers begin to include you in their plan—then elude them and you are "everything what is."

"How would you like to have your sister marry a Negro?" is the idiotic question that is frequently asked—As well as we worry for fear Mrs. Swallow should make a misalliance with Mr. Jacksnipe whom she meets down at the creek. Such talk is the stock in trade of the **race war grafter**. Such queries will be in order when Negro attractiveness grows to be a dangerous menace to our susceptible femininity or when the Negro begins to pass laws over our heads whereby white women are compelled to marry them.

If we had democracy in our hearts there would be no race question and no sex problem.

Democracy of the heart can only be acquired by living and practicing democracy, and not through preaching.

Those who aspire to the realities of democracy, must rearrange their homes, reform their occupations, arouse all the sweetness in their hearts and souls and conquer the mania for exploiting others.



It was the culture and forbearance of the African race in Chicago that protected Tillman from physical harm, but he was vulgar to know it.

The hardships and oppression that come to us are always in reality **veiled blessings**, which on account of our egoism is seldom appreciated till years or even centuries after.

**Difficulties?** It is the surmounting of difficulties that makes us all what we are.

In the face of every evidence to the contrary, mankind has gradually grown to believe in external control rather than internal balance, as a means of keeping each other straight.

After meeting some of my critics I hug my comfortable body with much self congratulation that I am neither as wise nor good as they?

"To-Morrow" believes in you all—Freedom and truth filter into the world as a result of all your efforts—We need all of you—no exceptions—not one—**Play ball, everybody.**

P. H. S.

### YOU TALK DEMOCRACY.

You talk democracy. You call yourself democrat. Do you know what it means to **live** democracy? It means that of your own free will you surrender all desire to control others and that others do the same to you.

If you are compelled to quit compulsion of others and if others are compelled to refrain from coercion of you, you are not living in democracy and you are a fraud if you claim democracy for your creed.

It may be that your ancestors were once oppressed by certain tyrannies, such as "taxation without representation"—that they rebelled and that those tyrannies were overthrown, but as long as you continue even to have the desire to exploit others and they to exploit you, you are not living in democracy and you have no right to call yourself "democrat".

Democracy means, a square deal for all and special privilege for none; and as no form of compulsion can ever force a lot of tyrants to live together in democracy, it follows that no democracy will ever exist on this earth until voluntarily in your hearts and souls you give up the desire of getting the better of your fellows and having or enjoying more than they—especially, if you would be "democrat" you will give up the desire to live in idleness upon the labor of others.

P. H. S.

**WANTED**—Each and every college and university student, who feels the great inadequacy of present college methods and ideals for aiding you to build **true character** and for giving really **useful** education that makes you capable of doing things, to write your thoughts and convictions to.

## LOVE AND DOLLARS.

In contemplating the variations in the value of holiday gifts, and also taking note of the manner in which millionaires and others bequeath large amounts to some and mere pittance to others, we may form a basis by which the varying degrees of man's love may be expressed in terms of dollars, and a very remarkable exhibit, indeed, do the figures present.

Among the Christmas gifts of a Chicago broker are a ten dollar de luxe edition of Robert and Elizabeth Browning's Love Letters, to his wife, a two dollar winter cap to his office boy, a three hundred dollar fur lined overcoat to his partner, a six dollar pair of gauntled gloves to his chauffeur, an eighteen dollar golf outfit to his young son, and a three thousand dollar automobile to a grass widow on Sheridan Road.

By the will of Otto Young the wife receives the homestead, the summer home at Lake Geneva and an income of \$100,000 a year. Each daughter receives \$36,000 a year, a nephew gets \$20,000 cash, two sisters get \$3,000 a year each, and the widow of his brother gets \$2,100 a year during her life time. The same attorney who drew Marshall Field's will also officiated for Otto Young, and the same insane and unaccountable provision is made that the estate remain intact until all the present grandchildren and all those yet to be born have passed twenty one years of age when the entire estate is to be divided equally, share alike. between all the grandchildren alive at that time.

Of course the testator has no way to know what the present grandchildren may become, or what the grandchildren yet to be born may be like, still with a sweep of his pen in a fervor of love for his children's children, he makes them all multi-millionaires, and leaves the carrying out of his decree with the First Bank and Trust Company, a perpetual corporation.

The question arises, are these fantasitic bequests to the unseen and unborn progeny of ones children a measlre of man's love or of his egoism.

How long are the American people going to permit vast sums of money to be kept out of the hands of deserving, toiling citizens, by tricksters with a mania for hoarding, who bequeath in arrogant fashion what really belongs to the people to unborn and irresponsible children without the discrimination of a hen hawk.

Andrew Carnegie is at least one millionaire who realized the insanity and contemptable egoism back of such procedure, and althought his advocacy of reform spelling has not attained the popularity that it deserves, it is to be hoped that his splendid pronouncement relative to the danger to American institutions in bequeathing swollen fortunes intact, may are long reach an impetus that will be expressed in a better understanding if not in legislation.

## THE MARCH OF EVENTS.

By Winfred Duart.

Notwithstanding our great progress, there never was a time in the history of the world when there was more urgent need of change and readjustment in every branch of society and business throughout our land. To whatever extent that the extreme opposing forces are willing to give way, will be just so much towards weakening the disastrous effects of the terrible revolution of the future which is inevitable. Life in our large cities has become one network of graft, prostitution and corruption, which cannot go on for always and for the present is constantly growing worse. Our workin class, under the yoke of severe oppression, toils on, hoping for some sort of a change, and the time will come when **anything** will be preferable to what they are now obliged to endure.

While the ideals of socialism and communism are becoming more thoroughly implanted in the hearts of thousands of people year by year, vast hordes of immigrants attracted by our less restricted manner of living, arrive from foreign shores each year and help to swell the tide of discontent.

While there is a perceptible movement on the part of those in control, sometimes willingly and sometimes forcibly, as in the case of the New York Insurance Companies to lessen the economic burdens which are being so keenly felt, the real thing is yet to be done, viz.:—the establishment of educational methods that will shape the lives and desires to an appreciation of real democracy and equality. If something of this spirit is not voluntarily brought into play revolution will, before long, enforce that which intelligence has failed yet to supply.

Mrs. Parsons' book on "The Family" is by no means the salacious tidbit the newspapers promised the prurient. It is a studious compilation of data. The reference to trial marriage is such as must compel the consent of all well-informed people. But, as usual, the least well-informed—especially those who have not read the book, are those who have not read the book, are those whose dissent is most raucously eloquent.

The ~~Daily~~ Socialist is a venture in Chicago journalism that appears to be meeting with encouragement. It is ably conducted, and if its support will equal the ability its editorial columns command, it will become a powerful factor in affairs.

A writer in one of the unco guid papers comments upon the phrase "the socialism of the heart" that appears in a recent treatise on the marriage relation, and says that this is merely a euphonious substitute for the coarser expression, "free love." Think of the state of mind that finds coarseness in freedom and love, or freedom or love, or any possible combination of these!

Purity, as it is understood by those who are loudest in their protestations of advocacy of it, consists in perpetually thinking of phases of life and human experience that occupy the minds of normal people only part of the time.

Monogamy is not an institution that can be established or maintained by law, program, schedule or agreement. Lovers who love will maintain mongamic relations as long as love persists. Any undertaking to make monogamy survive the love that inspired it is bound to fail. It has failed.

"The children; what's to become of the children?" Always we hear this plaintive query when advanced thinkers assure us that freedom is more potent to prevent the disruption of the family tie than any sort of compulsion can possibly be. Well, the children are not faring so well under compulsory marriage experience. Wife desertion is becoming more frequent, and the children of the very poor that are not abandoned outright are herded to Colonel Mammon's Massive Manufactory. Who has vere heard of the child of a love union being abandoned or enslaved?

Goethe assures us that modern marriage is much like a besieged city, into which those who are outside desire to enter, and the defenders would prefer being somewhere else.

It is well that the President did not protract his tour of our dependencies. Eighteen days absence was quite long enough. Mrs. Parsons' book appeared while our illustrious Chief Magistrate was away and threatened to undermine the undermined morals of the puritans. Secretary Taft came perilously near upsetting the scales of justice in the matter of the Negro soldiers who were dishonorably dismissed from the honorable duty of killing. Antagonists to the president's wise plan of inheritance and income taxes formulated an argument that such a tax would probably yield revenue in such volume as to threaten the continuance of our beneficent protective tariff duties. No triplets or quadruplets were born throughout the length and breadth of the empire. Well, indeed, for our peace, welfare, fecundity and morality that the President has returned.

Perhaps history builded wiser than it knew when it put no feminity on he island with Robinson "Caruso".

Love requires no guaranty.

Not one rational individual in all the world believes, that it is possible for any one to truthfully proclaim in advance that the love which animates him to-day will persist throughout life. No one. And yet that is what these same rational individuals insist upon as the foundation stone of human society. Is it possible that society can endure only on the basis of a Lie?

—Herman Kuehn

If the Preacher, the Politician, the Doctor, or the Professor does your thinking—don't bother to read "To-Morrow".

"To-Morrow's" truth and principles are gleaned from un-biassed investigation of the workings of Natural, Beneficent, and Progressive Law.

WE do not expect to reform the race—but we do believe in the re-forming power of Truth.

If you can not recognize Truth when you see or hear it, "To-Morrow" is not for you.

When you have suffered from the insincerity of our "modern civilization", then will you be ready for the Simplicity of "To-Morrow".

What keeps thinking people from the Church? The Falsity and Insincerity of the Church itself.

### ANTHONY COMSTOCK'S CRIME.

The work of Anthony Comstock as "obscene censor" of our art and literature, has lately been sharply attacked and condemned—and rightly so. In truth, it should have been done long before he ever gained any wide-spread influence or authority.

The small good that Comstock has done by suppressing French literature and quack doctors, is as nothing when compared with the monstrous crime against the nation and race, in prohibiting the pure, clean, and complete education in sex matters, and in giving the impression, to the millions of forming minds, that sex is vile and "obscene".

If it were not for this great crime, even his fight against the quacks would have been unnecessary, for it was only because of the dissemination of his ideas in the minds of the people, that it is possible for the quacks to find a demand for their misrepresentations. If Comstock had used his influence to place sex in its natural, true light, instead of moving all possible force to suppress knowledge of sex, all the work he has been doing would have been unnecessary, and the race would have been a long way toward freedom from the evils of sex perversion now so rife in all its degrading phases.

Parents who would have their children escape the doubt, disease and misery of their own lives should teach their children frankly and lovingly the naturalness, purity and sacredness of sex.

The TRUTH, the WHOLE TRUTH, and nothing but the TRUTH, will free them and future generations from the blight of perverted sex education — or lack of education — which now rests so heavily on our "civilized" society.

—R. E. Sammons.



## APPRECIATION.

BY EUGENE V. DEBS.

Walter Hurt's poem in December "To-Morrow," entitled "A Call from Colorado" is a masterpiece. I have read and re-read its every line with increasing enthusiasm and appreciation. It is all strength and inspiration. There is not a weak spot in it. The lines are all of the titanic fibre, aggressive, stimulating and far reaching as a battle cry. In this work Hurt, one of the few real poets of our time, has put all the fire of his great soul and it breathes the spirit of Rouget De Lisle and is fit to be known as the American Marseillaise.

The poem deserves to be spread among the millions, the common people, the working class, and in this crucial hour it will arouse them as if blown from a trumpet of god.

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My dear Walter Hurt:—

A Call from Colorado is one of the very strongest, manliest things in letters. In it you rise above criticism—above praise. You have done what I believed you would do. The die is cast. Your genius of heart and head has placed you forever among the great liberators of mankind. Your courage is splendid. By a stroke of the pen you have marked for all time the fact of your being. Future generations will emphasize the heroic grandeur of that fact in Cosmos. Your instinct in great matters is unerring. You stand aplomb. Fate has approved your birthright, and by God! every decent man is obliged by his own Love to be proud of you.

Yours is the blood of the old Norse kings,  
In your eyes dwells the soul of flying things;  
Your gaze is high and far, and free,  
From all base things that mortals see.

—Ralcly H. Bell....

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WHAT THEY SAY.

I am more than pleased with "To-Morrow." I never before saw a periodical that corroborates my every thought on so many subjects. It embraces all that is good and nothing bad. Fraternally yours,

J. C. Barnes.

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"To-Morrow" is simply great. May abundant success crown your efforts. Your grateful friend,

Josephine K. Henry.

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I never miss purchasing a copy of "To-Morrow," though I constantly travel from place to place. Am in hearty sympathy with your thought and movement, and enter many vigorous discussions in the interest of your free thought doctrines. Yours very truly,

W. H. Donahue.

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Dear Comrade Sercombe: I want to say a good word for "To-Morrow"—you are daring and vital. Your October leader is sound, fearless, and true. Sincerely,

G. E. Littlefield

"To-Morrow" comes nearer to expressing my opinions than any other publication I know of. Your suggestion to the President on the subject of "race suicide" is in full accord with opinions I have long held. Benjamin Pratt.

Parker H. Sercombe, Dear Sir:—Am much pleased with your December article, "How to Know Truth." It is an elaboration of what might be expressed thus: The correlation of all facts and principles. Yours faithfully, C. B. Waite.

Dear "To-Morrow":—I am fully alive to the sacrifices you must be making in seeking to illumine the dark areas in the field of thought by your radiant inspiration, and I envy your capacity for the same. The parallellism between your heroic endeavors and those of the early Christian martyrs is entirely in your favor. Yours fraternally,  
J. Ralph Waldo.

I am a reader of "To-Morrow," and consider it the best of present-day literature. Chas. E. Dunbar, Toledo, O.

I have seen a copy of "To-Morrow" in a news stand in this city, and like its tone. Progress is the watchword of the twentieth century. Wm. M. Orr, Lincoln, Neb.

"To-Morrow" gives strong diet for this greedy, conventional, superstitious race. Your editorial in June number, "The Superman and the Superwoman," is the greatest I ever heard. J. L. Higbie, Jenera, O.

My soul gives thanks for the existence of such a production as "To-Morrow." May it live and bless humanity for ever and ever. Please enroll my name on your list of free-thinkers. Harriet L. Sheldon, Haverhill, Mass.

A careful reading of "To-Morrow" shows it to be the most interesting and meaty of all the so-called free publications. Walter Pulitzer, New York City.

Renew my subscription to "To-Morrow" for another year. It is grand. You surely are doing great good. Sara VanSickle, Cates, Ind.

I herewith enclose \$1 to pay for another year's subscription to "To-Morrow." It is the best magazine I have ever read, and I will not do without it. Mrs. C. Danzig,  
Herkimer, Kan.

Please don't fail to send me the "To-Morrow" magazine, whether it is paid up or not, as I cannot do without it. If my subscription runs out, let me know and I will remit at once. I was raised a thorough Catholic, but now I am a strong,

out spoken atheist, and I am doing a great deal of missionary work with seven freethought papers.

A. J. Kraft, Grantfork, Ill.

Have just read December "To-Morrow" and say that it is good. Yours for the revolution, Volney Abbey.

Received sample copies, and like the dose so well that I accept your treatment herewith for a year. I like your idea of constructive work. Faithfully yours, Carl Gleeser.

In renewing my subscription for 1907, I likewise send you my profoundest thanks to all those who have taken a hand in making "To-Morrow" such an unsurpassingly good publication. I want to especially thank B. T. Calvert for his "Words of Wisdom" in the December number. Sincerely

—Gustaf H. Ander.

In renewing my subscription for 1907, I desire to say that "To-Morrow" is very dear to me, and I would not mind if I had to pay one dollar a copy in order to get it.

Here is a name that you may add to the Old Guard of Free Thought; John Hart of 197 Fourth Ave., North Troy, N. Y., who was born in March, 1806, and is now more than one hundred years old.

Sincerely yours,

—I. Frantz.

Having read "To-Morrow" for the past six months, I can say that it stands alone in a class by itself, away ahead of all new thought publications in America, and contains more truth than can be purchased with a fortune elsewhere.

Yours for freedom,

—Kilburn S. Arnold.

I wish to assure you that my subscription will be renewed in due course as I would not deny myself the thought-food contained in every issue of your magazine for many times the price. Trusting the New Year will bring "To-Morrow" many friends,

—Essie E. Braffet,  
Salt Lake City.

Put me down for combination subscription, 1907, "To-Morrow" and Physical Culture, as per your published list. I select these magazines because they stand for freedom from the human slave, and health, as opposed to shams and drug fakirs.

—James Allen Wilson.

Dear Sercombe—I like your December editorials the best of any number yet. Your "New Thought Convention" is like a flash from Parnassus. The one on orthographical liberty is another. Yours,

—J. Howard Moore from

# Department for Universals.

For those who can read opinions opposed to their own without getting mad or canceling subscriptions.

This Department is extra hazardous.

It contains strong and diverse opinions, poems and phancies.

It comes under no rule of thought, policy or program.

It is spontaneous. It is irresponsible.

It ignores established fashion and custom in everything, including grammar and orthography.

No one is expected to agree with all of it, though each part will reach the heart of some one.

WARNING—If you are sensitive about your belief skip this Department or read it at your own peril, though whatever your mental attitude, you are just as necessary to the march of progress as any one else.

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## A REMEMBERED DAY.

By Walter Hurt.

That day began like a sweet love story

When the dawn looked down on a waking world,  
And the tender touch of the morning-glory

Round the leaning lintel clasped and curled.

Aye, its tendrils twined like my love's embraces

When her arms met mine in an ardent hour,

Till a wealth of bloom blessed the earth's waste places

And the sad skies smiled in a golden shower.

She closely clung—with a love as loyal—

As the fondling vine to the window-frame,  
(How the pungent smell of pennyroyal

Like a cordial's draught through my casement came!)

How I hushed my words that my sense might heed hers,

And my soul grew great in the strength of her own,

While the vagrant scent of the fragrant cedars

Like a dream bouquet through the room was blown.

On my lips she lavished her countless kisses

As only a spendthrift sweetheart can,

Till my spirit ravished a billion blisses

That through the range of its feeling ran.

She smothered my soul till I thrilled with a trillion

Sensations new to my untried nerves,

And I made response with a rounded million

Caresses warm on her bosom's curves.

Oh, the road we rambled was thronged with roses,

And a thrush's voice thro' the vibrant air

Made marvels of sound that my soul supposes

Were merely wrought for our rapture there.  
 So short the time that it seemed a second  
 The pleasant path of our dreams we trod,  
 Then the pallid hand of the Reaper beckoned  
 Her soul to the harvest-house of God.

## RECEPTION FOR A COMSTOCK VICTIM.

By Jonathan Mayo Crane.

A convict will be released from the penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, on Christmas eve.

Far from being disgraced he will finish this his second penitentiary term with added honor as a zealous worker for a higher humanity.

His "crime" was the advocacy of purer sex relations and a demand for the right of woman to control her own person, for the right of women to decide for themselves when and by whom they shall bear children, and vehement protestation against the raping of women either in or out of wedlock.

Because he held that the sex relations should be pure he was hounded and convicted by these prurient puritans who see vileness in nature's method of bringing babes into the world.

The tool of the low minded creatures who are a menace to the civilization of the twentieth century is Anthony Comstock. Without the aid of ignorant prudes Comstock would be powerless, but with their support he continues his campaign for the promotion of ignorance and for the sexual enslavement of women.

In season and out of season Moses Harman, in his little paper "Lucifer", has fought valiantly for twenty-five years, with the support of a small but earnest minority of intelligent men and women, for a better humanity.

No one who knows him can question the purity of his mind and purpose.

He is the pioneer in the field of eugenics.

His reward—part of it at least—has been misrepresentation, persecution and imprisonment.

But that is not all of his reward. His agitation has brought the importance of the subject of eugenics to hundreds of bright minds who previously had given it little thought.

To-day the air is full of insistent demands for much needed reforms in the conditions for propagating the human race.

These demands are voiced in newspaper articles, in magazines, in novels, in dramas and from the pulpit.

Only a few weeks ago the Rev. A. H. Harnly, pastor of First Baptist church, Austin, Chicago, preached a sermon in which he declared that few men and women at this day are fit for parenthood. The key note of his sermon was a demand for the right of children to be born well.

For the last twenty-five years Moses Harman's slogan has been "The greatest or rights is the right to be born well."

Largely through the battle fought so vigorously by Moses Harman it was made possible for Pastor Harnly to tell his congregation the wholesome truths contained in his sermon on "Wanted—Fathers and Mothers," without being hissed from his pulpit for obscenity.

Moses Harman has done more than any other man in the world to destroy the hideous obscenity superstition.

"There are certain words used in certain connections and certain sights that I might call obscene, but only in particular connections," he said in court at his trial almost a year ago; "but for an investigator who is trying to find out all that may be known in regard to any subject, I doubt whether any word is obscene. I am inclined to take the opposite view. **There is no such thing as obscenity for the investigator.**"

Of course every scientist, every physician, every trained nurse, every person of sane mind knows that. It is disputed only by those who are so blinded by ignorance or superstition as to see nothing but vileness and impurity in sex.

A reception in Moses Harman's honor will be held the afternoon of New Year's day in a hall in Masonic Temple Chicago.

If you live in Chicago, or can come here, you should attend that reception and honor the man who is making the fight that you and I and our grandparents and great-grandparents should have made long ago for the regeneration of humanity.

Good speakers will be present to tell of Moses Harman's noble life and work.

Among them will be two or three ministers who realize the necessity of cleaning the minds of Christians who still entertain the filthy medieval notions of the sexual relations.

One minister writes: "You honor me greatly when you ask me to have a part in the reception at the homecoming of the bravest soul in America to-day. Others have thought, but he has spoken and suffered."

Another: "I count it an honor to be asked to take part in such a meeting and will be pleased to accept the invitation."

Another: "I thoroughly agree with those who deem Mr. Harman's conviction and imprisonment nothing less than a crime."

Still another: "I believe his imprisonment was entirely unjust. I believe that every child has the right to be born well, and the mother should determine the conditions under which her offspring is to be produced."

All three of these quotations—not from radical free thinkers, atheists, or so-called free-lovers, but—from ministers of the gospel.

What reader of this magazine is so cowardly or so be-



nighted that he or she cannot take a stand for a better humanity alongside of these progressive clergymen and Moses Harman?

The reception will be open to the public and no collection will be taken.

Begin the new year by taking a stand against Comstockism and for higher humanity by attending this reception.

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### THE RACE QUESTION.

"To-Morrow", no prophet nor the son of a prophet, and being without party or creed, necessarily takes what might be considered a neutral ground in relation to the race problem and sundry other momentous question, and having no quarrel with God, Providence, the Eternal Rythm of Things, or whatever the network of forces by which we are surrounded may be called, we therefore go on record as being quite satisfied and content with everything that happens, and all things being for the best, what is here chronicled must be considered by readers as a narrative of no particular value.

The situation is about this in the United States, viz., 70,000,000 ignorant white people who do not average three per cent of what should constitute human intelligence, most of whom are inclined to believe that the civilization we have reached is the *sine qua non*, the end, the limit of perfection, notwithstanding the fact that we spend every year for liquor, tobacco and trash ten times as much as in the entire cause of education, with 270,000 of our people languishing in jails, ten per cent of our population owning ninety per cent of all the property in the country, 20,000,000 of our population facing poverty and want each day, and in Chicago alone 20,000 prostitutes plying their trade, 24,000 deserted wives earning their own living, and an average of 100,000 adulteries a week and 40,000 abortions a year.

The country also contains approximately 10,000,000 Negroes of more or less African descent whose ancestors were brought from the Dark Continent without their consent in slave ships, and placed in our American homes; a plan which would have been one of the greatest missionary enterprises the world has ever known, providing the intelligence, fairness and democracy of those homes were fit places in which to rear and educate a primitive people—which they were not.

Had Americans really become the intelligent, civilized and kindly disposed race they have cracked themselves up to be, the gratuitous bringing over of these primitive people without forcing them to pay for transportation, might certainly be chronicled as one of the grandest episodes in history, a brilliant achievement of humanitarianism as taught by Jesus; but no, they were brought here for the express purpose of being enslaved, debased, defrauded, and their

wives and daughters debauched, and that is what has actually taken place.

A war was fought, the slaves by accident were emancipated, not in magnanimity but purely as a war measure. They were then given the franchise by the people in power, not for the reason named, but purely to perpetuate the power of a party, so now we have the strange paradox of the descendants of slaves in the South voting with plutocracy, tyranny and oppression, while the whites of the South, the most conscienceless tyrants, and oppressors the world has ever known, vote solid with the party of Jefferson, the party of equality.

Strange paradoxes, these!

The African Negro is an imitator. Could these millions of slaves have found homes in high grade, intellectual families devoted to magnanimous thought, generous impulses and rational interpretation of life, their transportation to America would, indeed, have been a most meritorious enterprise because they were bound to imitate their masters and grow up like them, but what was their fate? They, their wives and children fell into the hands of the most lustful, the most dangerous, hypocritical and smug lot of loafers that any country has ever produced, viz., the southern slave holder who, with all his boasts of chivalry, his honorbale attitude toward womankind, his religious fervor, etc., has ever been a demagogue, a brute and this was the teacher of the Negro, this was the training to which Providence gave over the African to mould his character and now Tillmans, Hoke Smiths, and John Temple Graveses walk up and down the earth in Georgia, South Carolina and elsewhere and proclaim the hideous characters of "the foul black fiends".

**We must not forget** that it was the white fathers and grandfathers of the present race of blacks who made it their business to debauch black women. Is there not something in heredity?

Was there ever before such an outrage on common decency and common sense as the present crusade against the blacks in the face of the fact that the ignorant whites of the South have made of the Negroes just what they are? Granted that it is true that much oppression and humiliation have actually been factors in cleaning the souls of the blacks, this part of his education was by indirection and the self satisfied white surely can expect no credit for this.

It will be remembered in anti-bellum days, how public speakers came north to harangue our audience in order to create favorable impressions for the slave holding class, and to those who understand, this was the beginning of the end.

It is true, chattel slavery is abolished, it is true that auction on the block no longer take place in any state, but it is not true that the blacks in the South are free. They are no more free now than when the four-decked ships of Liverpool were still engaged in landing their cargoes at southern

ports, and the question arises, are 10,000 self conscious black people going to continue to permit themselves to be robbed, swindled, bulldozed and brobeaten out of their franchise, and are 30 or 40 millions of northern white going to stand by and observe this flagrant menace to their own rights thrown o the winds, while falsification, bribery and oppression stalk abroad in precise attire, and with the hearts of devils in them declare that black men have no rights that we need respect?

It is time to say plainly that in addition to 10,000,000 blacks of the South there are 40, and perhaps 50 million whites of the North who, once aroused, will not permit our dearly bought and most cherished principles of our civilization to be over-ridden by an organization of southern bullies. Ben Tillman in his Chicago speech declared that there will be another race war in America, but it will be one of short shrift. It will be one that will clear our Jim Crowe cars forever, it will be one that will bring down upon the southern hoodlum elements a preasure so profound and tremendous, composed of persons one tenth black and nine tenths northern white, that will force these despoilers and traducers of the African race into honor and decency for which they are in on way prepared.

There is but one kind of freedom, not two, as Ben Tillman and Hoke Smith seem to imagine. There is but one kind of democracy, not two, and no well poised man, who has no desire to live upon the labor of others, no one fit to be a citizen of the United State providentially through the influence of free thinkers, Jefferson, Paine and Franklin, founded on the principles of democracy and equality, will ever be disturbed by any pretentions which the African or any othe race may make towards supremacy in America.

The writer has spent altogether nearly eight years in the South and among southerners, and has never known an instance of a colored person or group of colored people interfering or menacing any of his rights, hopes or ambitions, and no man will feel such menace excepting he is a grafter, a hypocrit and is trying to secure the domination or exploitation of colored ctizens to which he is in no way entitled.

Partially owing to a primitive and uncultivated ancestry and partially to the deplorable opportunity for education furnished by his former masters, the Negro has not been enabled to reach nearly as high nor as low an intellectual and moral standard as the white, it being well known that while the Caucasian race has produced the intellectual and physical lights of he world, it has also descended to depths of meanness and nastiness completely outdoing every other race of the world. Why should we not realize our actual status and not permit egoism to erect an artificial one.

## PALMISTRY.

It is the policy of this magazine to publish contributions discussing every side of every question. We have been recently asked if we would be willing to insert such "foolish trash" as a talk on Palmistry, and we replied, "Yes, if skillfully written," the readers to be left to draw their own conclusions. Anticipating the possibility of accepting an article on Palmistry, the following thoughts suggest themselves:—

The ancestry and the life one leads has the effect of imparting certain characteristics to the hand, the back as well as the palm, and these conditions are likewise responsible for the character and appearance of the brow, the back of the neck, the shoulders, abdomen, thighs, feet, and every other part of the body, but that does not imply that it is rational to designate certain specific meanings to the lines crossing and recrossing the palm.

So muddled has the average mentality become through generations of superstition, accelerated by the prevailing wave of mysticism and love for the marvelous which has swept over this country, that many persons with untrained minds have actually accepted the statements of Palmists who have arbitrarily given deep and myserious meanings to certain lines of the hand, many persons who originally took up Palmistry as a joke, finding that it could be "worked" on the credulous, proceeded to formulate a complete system, first for entertainment and finally for profit.

Even as the sleight-of-hand performer distracts the attention of his audience to one movement while he performs another, so from time immemorial have fakirs in mysticism befuddled their incompetent disciples in Palmistry by first calling attention to heredity and environment as the cause of the lines and gaining the attention. They proceed to name the "life line," the "love line," "marriages," etc., the egotism of the individual being depended upon to overlook the discrepancy of logic while the "adept" enlarges upon the hidden wonders disclosed in the markings of his front foot.

Science presupposes a system developed under law through the employment of cause and effect and no greater misnomer can possibly be conceived than to designate as "scientific" such jumble-book systems as Palmistry, Astrology, and modern Occulism, wherein the collecting of data, the placing of this data under law and sequence, and the tracing of causation are entirely absent.

In all real fields of physical and psychic inquiry the honest and effective observer makes a "human and comparative" study of his subject and the absurd pretentions of Palmistry in comparison with real science is best conceived as we imagine some moon-eyed mystic holding up the paw of a cat and declaring in baritone, "I see by the lines, Pussy, that you have a tendency to scratch," or examining a canary bird's foot with the disquisition that its owner unquestionably has a habit of chirping, or learnedly gazing on the little cloven

hoof of a lamb, with the observation that its ancestors were sheep that had wool on their backs, and that its own little lambs would one day be sheep also; that the lines and contour of the front foot of the lion indicates a positive tendency to roar, lash the tail, and do other dreadful things, and that the soft fingers and red nails of the dude are a sure indication that he is not following the trade of a blacksmith. Marvelous perspicuity, to be sure!

Human and comparative Palmistry might surely become a pleasant and diverting pastime, if relegated to its most appropriate setting in the corridors of those world famed institutions in Oshkosh and Kankakee.

### WHAT IS SOCIALISM.

By Herman Kuehn.

(From Chicago Daily Socialist of Dec. 5.)

Socialism is not a program, a cult, a hope nor the fulfillment of an ideal. Socialism is a concept of relationships among human kind that will conform to the natural instinct of gregariousness. Socialism does not aim at the establishment of justice, but would not tolerate conditions that would institutionalize injustice. A socialist is one having faith that the natural tendency of man toward comradeship will evolve social conditions in which the forces of competition and co-operation will have free interplay just as the centripetal and the centrifugal forces in physics, though in ceaseless opposition produce perfect equipoise. Socialism is without fear of the competition incident to evolutionary processes in the intellectual and industrial life, as all untrammelled competition tends toward progressive co-operation. Socialism has faith in liberty, which is equivalent to saying that the principle of compulsion can never operate for right relationships. When sufficient numbers in any community (say ten per centum) entertain this concept the wage system and all other survivals of despotism are close to the point of collapse. So long as even progressive people acquiesce in any scheme in which the compulsory principle is a reliance socialism (a faith in the natural comradeship of gregarious man) is unattainable, though every voter in the world cast his ballot for it. All compulsion is unsocial.

### ISOBEL.

By John Francis Valter.

Last night, when half awakened from my sleep,  
I groped across the counterpane to find you,  
And to trace the contour of your face  
With loving fingertips.

And when I realized that you were dead,  
And buried underneath a snowcapped mound,  
On the bleak and desolate hillside  
Where the fir-trees toss their arms  
And moan a requiem o'er thy grave,—  
I wept—and sobbed thy name,  
Isobel! Oh! Isobel!

MY ANTI'S.

By Austin Addison Briggs.

I don't believe the heart that is true can be content with material things.

I don't believe glorious ancestry can palliate an inglorious career.

I don't believe there are any self-made men.

I don't believe fear of death should govern us in life.

I don't believe that the law of Acquiring is as beautiful as the law of Giving.

I don't believe in more than one marriage.

I don't believe there is any solace in old age other than the knowledge of having lived well.

I don't believe that happiness is influenced by climates or conditions, but by associations.

I don't believe in any ism but humanitarianism, in no church but that of the world.

I don't believe that knowledge is of much value unless it teaches us to be better men and women.

I don't believe that friendship should be confined to friends.

I don't believe in a biblical hell.

I don't believe we live unless we love.

I don't believe that contentment is possible without ignorance.

I don't believe that there are any commercial successes without the cultivation of the meanest qualities of life.

I don't believe Heaven is ever very far from the righteous man.

I don't believe in flags or jingoism.

I don't believe much else is needed in this cosmos than enough poetry to make us human, and enough common-sense to make us good.

I don't believe ambition never rose in a bosom that wasn't at war with itself.

I don't believe in aristocracy except of the heart, in blue blood except character, in pomp except exalted dignity.

I don't believe that man evolved from an ape.

I don't believe that there is anything grander than self-sacrifice.

I don't believe that opportunity knocks at every man's door.

I don't believe the progress of mankind indicates anything other than that the lessons of life are learned tremendously slow.

I don't believe there is one holy day unless there are seven.

I don't believe the histories of the truest men of our civilization will ever be written.

I don't believe the church is other than a hand-made structure.

I don't believe we will ever have a beautiful world until we teach our children to be good, not for the rewards of heaven, but because it is right to be good.

I don't believe we are directed as much by what we see  
as by what we feel.

I don't believe that disease is as much to be dreaded as  
desire.

I don't believe the wanton destruction of animal life can  
be justified.

I don't believe that God interferes with mundane laws.

I don't believe matrimony is for all.

I don't believe problems are worth moralizing on un-  
less they are the problems that have been the same in all  
ages—the problems of eternal truth.

### NIGHT AND MORNING.

#### IN THE LONG AGO.

(By Lois Walsbrooker.)



'Twas night, and swift the lightnings  
Were flashing thro' the sky,  
Revealing only darkness  
Unto the tear dimmed eye  
That could not see the beauty  
which shone above it all,  
For faith and hope and duty  
Seemed covered with a pall.

"No footstep now to meet me,  
No fondly beaming eye,  
No love'd one's voice to greet me,  
Oh would that I might die!  
Oh, God, my hopes are blighted,  
Earth holds no joys for me,  
Of mortals the most wretched,  
May I not come to Thee?"

While reason thus was reeling  
Beneath her weight of woe,  
A phantom form came stealing,  
With footsteps soft and slow,  
Into that lonely chamber  
And fixed her hollow eye  
Upon the kneeling mourner  
Who prayed that she might die.

This haggard phantom carried  
An infant on her arm,  
The curse of slavery branded  
Upon its little form,  
A flag was o'er them floating  
Of stripes without the stars,  
And chains around them clunking  
All rusted o'er with tears.

While fondly to her bosom  
Her babe she tried to hold,  
The slave-fiend took it from her  
And bartered it for gold,  
Then, as her awful shrieking  
Made misery's cheek turn pale,  
The cutting lash descended  
To hush her heart-wrung wail.

The phantom form has vanished,  
 The storm hath given place  
 To sweet and placid sunshine  
 On Nature's lonely pace,  
 Yet still that kneeling mourner  
 Her prayer to heaven addressed,  
 But 't'was for strength to labor  
 For all of earth's oppressed.

Old time has never tarried,  
 The years have rolled away,  
 That form of slavery vanished,  
 But other chains, to-day,  
 Are found beneath the surface,  
 That hold, and tightly bind  
 The tender heart of woman,  
 The mother of mankind.

And now that long since mourner  
 By strength of her past pain,  
 Claims motherhood in honor  
 Without the binding chain;  
 For only in such freedom  
 Can woman find her place  
 And bring a regal glory  
 To the future of the race.

#### THE FALL OF A LEAF.

How slowly the Leaf is falling, to a lullaby of the Breeze! Ah, yes! the Wind whispers a soft lullaby, because he knows why the pretty little golden-brown Leaf is fated to fall. For when Spring was kissing the Earth awake, three month ago, and the little Leaf opened its eyes to Heaven in wonder—with its birth came Love.

Beneath the tree was a dark green Bush, who looked very wise and proud. As the little Leaf saw the smart Bush, she trembled without knowing why. Just then the dark green Bush looked up and said: "Welcome to life, my sweet one!" This made the little Leaf very happy; and it wished to grow quickly, for it felt love swelling its heart. And as the pink-brown capsule, which still partly enclosed the little Leaf, burst fully open, she could breathe deeper, see better and love more.

The summer came and went. Little Leaf and dark green Bush sent many love-messages to each other by their good friend, the Wind. But one night they talked together, confidentially. The moonlight was beautiful and the air, soft as a woman's lips, seemed to stand still for fear of breathing, lest the breathing give forth a sound, albeit the sound were a sigh of pure, sweet love. That night the dark green Bush told the little Leaf that he had loved her ever since the moment she came into life and added how happy he should be to kiss her.

This almost made little Leaf fall down from mother-tree—she trembled so; and through sighs and blushes replied quite shyly: "And I love you too, but cannot kiss you now. But I will kiss you—kiss you the kiss of my life. When autumn comes to Earth and calls me I shall fall into your arms. Then you shall kiss me—kiss me to death."

Slowly the little Leaf falls into the arms of the dark green Bush. I hold my breath. No sound profanes the moment. All the high boughs are still. Only the dark green Bush is swaying. He takes the little Leaf into his arms, holds her to his heart, and kisses her to death—to sweet death. At last I see her fall to the bosom of the brown Earth. The Earth does not kiss the little Leaf—but the dew-drops illuminate her form instead, so that she may rest in peace, covered with heavenly tears.

ANNA M. LEHNERT,

Paris.



## SEA-REVERIE.

(By Charles A. Sandburg.)

Borne onward in a drift of years,  
 In the to and the fro of the days and hours,  
 And the come and the go of dawns and moons,  
 Our ears have heard the cries of stress,  
 Our eyes have been the bays and shores  
 That loom where restless tides incessant wash.

Far beneath the faces of the waves we see  
 That toss and reel and clamour in the sun,  
 Away below the storms that whirl,  
 Away below the silvered quiet spaces,  
 The long pulsations of the deeps unseen, unknown,  
 Fresh from the wrecks of a thousand years,  
 Urge with a slow resistless sweep.

Where the bones of deadfarers lie,  
 The silent tides sway forward, backward, forward,  
 Deep with the dreams of baffled life.

## TURN THE RASCALS OUT.

Yes, turn the rascals out, the curs  
 Who for a menial, personal gain  
 Betray a public trust and stain  
 The cause of freedom, till the slurs  
 Its enemies e'er at it cast  
 Seem justified unto the last.

Yes, turn them out, the craven souls  
 Who nothing pure and sacred hold  
 And prostitute themselves for gold  
 More basely than the wench who strolls  
 About the streets, low passion's slave,  
 To sell herself unto a knave.

Yes, turn them out, and let us blush  
 For men so utterly debased  
 That one does feel as if disgraced  
 If one but elbows with them brush;  
 Yes, turn them out, the judas-souled,  
 Who public trust betray for gold.

—Peter Fandel.

Parker H. Sercombe,

Dear Sir:—Have subscribed to "To-Morrow" for two months but feel constrained to let you know how highly I appreciate the efforts you are making along the line of free thought, even though I have been a reader of your magazine for so short a time. Not that I agree with much you write, but it is simply glorious to see a magazine unfettered by any political, social, or religious creed, coming out and speaking the honest truth as it appears without fear or favor.

Yours in the good work,

—C. E. Davis.

Note:—We believe in Freedom and Truth the same as Mr. Davis, but "To-Morrow" is misinterpreted whenever any one accuses us of having a creed or program by which freedom and truth can be attained,—we can conceive of no better program than that which is actually taking place.

Those who say they do not agree with what we believe in, do not understand our attitude. We believe in every one of you—we know you all are necessary else you would not be here—there is only one program, one formula of progress and that is the one made up of all the diverse assisting and resisting forces. We know each is necessary, we agree with each one, we have blessings for all, you cannot disgrace with us.

Editor.

# What Tolstoi Has Done in Japan.

By Kiichi Kaneko.



In spite of the fact that Japan as a nation is not very friendly toward her great neighbor, Russia, her people are eager to learn something from the Russian masters. Especially, in literature, Japanese people are admiring such men as Tourgueniev, Dostoi-evski, Tolstoi and Gorky.

When a short piece of Tourgueniev was first translated into Japanese by Shimoi Hasegawa some fifteen years ago Russian literature was entirely unknown in that country; but since then it has become a fashion to study and talk about Russian authors. And later on, some more of Tourgueniev appeared in Japanese, and that great psychological story, "Crime and Punishment" of Dostoi-evski translated by Roan Uchida, and then those of Tolstoi, Lermontov, Gogol and Pouchkine followed.

It seemed evident that the sentiment expressed by the Russian writers held a peculiar interest for the Japanese people. Thru the Russo-Japanese war the names of Tolstoi and Gorky became tremendously popular usurping the former popularity of Tourgueniev and Dostoi-evska.

Aside from their literary acquisitions, Gorky as a socialist, and Tolstoi as a Prophet and a reformer, received a good deal of attention and respect from the people of the land of the Rising Sun. While the name of Tolstoi was very well known among the literary circle in Japan before his serious works had been translated, the people there did not come to the true understanding of his real work and career.

It was about four years since, when the wave of moral and religious uprising went over Japan and the people began to discuss such subjects, Tolstoi's books were read by all kinds of people who could read anything in a foreign language, and this interest induced the people to have Japanese translations of Tolstoi's works.

Thus "My Religion", "My Confession", and "The Meaning of Life", were instantly done in Japanese, and they were sold by thousands. And in this manner his teaching of "Non-resistance", and the Christianity of "the sermon on the Mount" and above all, his mighty personal appeal to humanity, became so well known.

With the disturbance of peace between Russia and Japan in the early part of 1904 Tolstoi's influence became more apparent. His splendid article appeared in the London Times in July 1904, criticising the terrible crime of war. One of the best examples of his influence in Japan, was the "Heimin Shimbun," a most fearless weekly paper, whose founders are noted for having given up their positions in an influential Tokio Daily because of their anti-militaristic view at the time of war. They boldly fought their fight against the sentiment

of the hasty Jingocrazes. They were Denjiro Kotoku and Toshihiko Sakai. Both of them are known as brilliant essayists as well as ardent Tolstoian Humanists.

It is worth while to state that no matter if their views were inclined to be so radical as to stand against public opinion, that their fearlessness and their devoted spirit to their cause should be remembered. It was this Heiminshimbun which gave its entire space for the translation of Tolstoi's London Times article when it first appeared and it came out in a pamphlet form thru their effort afterward, and was circulated all over the country.

During the last war, there was another man who was writing anti-war articles in English in Japan who is considered to be one of the best of the Tolstoian Writers. This man is Kanzo Uschimura whose Carlylian mode of thinking made himself known as the "Japanese Carlyle."

It was, however, another surprise to the government and the people when the Japanese official found that a certain young man living in the island of Kiushu, objected to go to war because of his strong non-resistance theory from Tolstoi's influence. When he was tried and examined by the official he simply told him that he would not go to the war and kill his innocent brothers. He showed his strong determination and insisted on his faith despite his official's seeming conclusion. He was, of course, sent to jail to be punished.

The representatives of the modern realistic school of novels in Japan are all Tolstoians. Kenjiro Tokutomi whose "Nanako" has been translated into English and published in this country, is the author of the "Life of Tolstoi" in Japanese and it was the first book ever written on Tolstoi in that language, and he is now on the way to visit his Russian master. Naoe Kinoshita, the Upton Sinclair of Japan, is another noted Tolstoian novelist, critic and orator. His "Hinohashira" and "Rionin no Jihaku" raised him to the rank of first class story writers of to-day. He describes vividly and skillfully the oppressed and down-trodden humanity, and touches the very heart of the people.

It is by no means absurd to say that almost all progressive writers and thinkers of Japan to-day are more or less affected by Tolstoi's writings and his influences over the people is assured by the fact that his name is known all over the land, even among the common school lads.

Japan cannot ignore the fact, in spite of her national prejudices, that she is receiving a great influence from this grand old Russian prophet of Yasnaya Polyana. Whatever her national and geographical relationship to Russia may be she can not escape from this spiritual friendship thru their genius. Japan may fight with Russia once more, but Tolstoi's influences over her thinkers and writers will grow day by day, month after month, and some day, at last, the two countries will come to the conclusion that Tolstoi has done a hundred times better service in bringing Japan and Russia to a true understanding of themselves than their combined forces of navy and army did in the past.

# "Mr.," "Mrs." and "Miss."

## THE LAST WORD.

By Grace Moore.



It seems necessary to repeat that these articles upon the subject of titles, especially the titles "Mr.," "Mrs." and "Miss," are not written from a personal desire to agitate protest or criticise. Least of all are they written with the idea that the inconsistencies and inappropriateness of prevailing forms of address being shown, there will be a rush to dispense with them. The writer presents no claims to your attention as a reformer. Nature brings about her own reforms in her own self-appointed way. She has no absolute need of reformers. What she has need of is that each one of us shall so think and act as to give expression to that within ourselves which appeals most to our intelligence and most satisfactorily engages our sensibilities.

The writer of a magazine article is in the same position as the man who saws wood or carries brick. The wood is sawed and the bricks carried, not only that there may be

wood for the fire and brick for a protecting wall, but that the man who saws the wood and he who carries the brick may **have exercise**. Not alone that they may be of use to the social body but that each may experience fullness of life. One experiences fullness of life in the art of wood sawing, or by the skillful carrying of bricks and mortar, the other by the placing of words to express as well as he can, an idea or a group of ideas. All are at the last mechanics. Only Nature herself is inspirational.

To some of us "there is no joy in life equal to the joy of putting salt on the tail of an idea." The "idea," the tail of which we have endeavored to sprinkle liberally with salt, is that woman must and shall be economically free, and that as she attains to this freedom she not only does not need or desire prefixes to her name but finds them a serious handicap. We think it has been clearly shown that the path to freedom for woman (and to a larger freedom for man also) is by way of economic efficiency, and that as woman becomes economically efficient, titles if bestowed at all must necessarily be upon that basis.

This economic efficiency, be it remembered, cannot be

acquired in an hour or a day, neither can prefixes titles or any of our customary social usages be at **once** discarded. It is not contended here that woman should individually cut loose from her moorings and declare immediately her independence, or that any or all women should discard or refuse to answer to the appellations "Mrs." or Miss".

"Women who think" will not make themselves ridiculous by either refusing or demanding appellations. The realization that social forms and functions are transient in their nature and subject to evolutionary law, is sufficient guarantee of the legitimacy of any and all forms, **as long as they exist**, and of their right to **die** as their existence becomes burdensome and irrelevant. The student of life knows that Life Action may be depended upon to bring about changes in social forms, to harmonize with changes in the social consciousness, and that all forms and institutions which by reason of the enlarged mental and spiritual consciousness of men, fail of their purpose, naturally fall into disuse, as the leaf falls from the tree when its season of usefulness is over.

Many questions have been asked relative to assertions and comments made in this series of articles. To reply to each question would require space equivalent to an entire issue of the "To-Morrow" magazine. Now the "To-Morrow" magazine is in one respect at least, different from any other publication, and this difference well understood, the reader will have no difficulty in adjusting himself to any assertions or comments that he may find in it.

The difference? The difference is suggested by its very name, "To-Morrow." Whatever the signification of "To-Morrow" **to the reader**, that signification the "To-Morrow" magazine approves of, because it has faith in human nature and nature's processes. It believes that men and women should do their own thinking and learn by their own experiences. Its pages are open for the expression of ideas, thoughts and feelings of "people who think", for the benefit of the people themselves, and incidentally for the establishment of a community or colony, as time means and understanding may develop, not for the enforcement of an idea or ideal, nor to bring about this or that reform according to a given plan.

Man's plans "gang aft aglae." Evolutionists (and "To-Morrow" is one) do not make plans. They know that **the Plan is already made and is only to be discovered.**

As yet no one seems to have discovered the forms of address that will take the place of the present "Mr.", "Mrs." and "Miss." The writer has nothing to offer as possible substitutes for these titles now in disfavor with an increasingly large number of progressive men and women who find them hindrances and absurdly inappropriate. Our aim in the discussion of this subject has been to show the origin purpose and trend of titles, not to devise new ones, nor to unduly disparage the old.

We are like the preacher who ceases to believe in the orthodox hell. Being a preacher he can scarcely avoid telling his

people that he no longer believes in the kind of hell that they do, and the people may distrust him, but at least the preacher's conscience is cleared—he has **expressed Himself**. So we feel better for having acknowledged (with reasons why) that we see no necessity for perpetuating a custom which has for its basis the sex qualities and sex enslavement of woman, at the same time that it bestows freedom and authority upon man the slave-holder.

Not that we have any fault to find with our comrades of the masculine persuasion, any more than the preacher finds fault with God because hell is seemingly not what he thought it was—**please** remember that we are impersonal, even if we do have a little fun, and talk and laugh a bit too loud. "We do not believe all we print," you know, and sometimes like the preacher, we say too much and are accused of heresy—and get misrepresented by the newspapers.

The article by Lida Parce Robinson, "Wanted—A Word", in Oct. "To-Morrow" should be read by those who have asked as to how the emancipated socially efficient woman should be addressed. Also it should be recalled that in the first article of this series it was expressly stated that the writer had no personal aversion to conventional appellations or any preference with regard to the particular form assumed by those addressing her. Those to whom she seems more mature than the the prefix "Miss" seems to them to suggest, and who for that or any other reason prefer to address her as "Mrs.", are permitted to do so. Those to whom she seems to answer more fittingly to the term "Miss" may also address her according to individual preference. Heads or tails matters not.

That which matters is the understanding of Life and the mental attitude towards It. An attitude of opposition toward possible or inevitable changes of form, incident to social evolution, is a hindrance to growth and especially to the growth of the person holding the attitude. Equally a hindrance to growth and to the growth of the individual maintaining it, is the attitude of resentment and personal antagonism toward seeming errors of form. The true Evolutionist recognizes in social customs both progress and lack of progress, but in conduct adapts himself as best he is able, to either. He does not assume that by a word or act, or for want of a word or act of his own, Nature will succeed or fail in her work of reform. That she **will** succeed is his advance conclusion, and that man has only to respond fearlessly and earnestly to Life Principles, and leave results to Life Forces, is also his conclusion.

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# The Law of Progress.

By J. Ralph Waldo, Winnipeg, Can.

That there are immutable laws governing all cause and effect in the every day affairs of the world probably seldom occurs to the average individual. Scientists have discerned in the invariable methods of action of the invisible forces of nature, which forces are recognized and identified only by their visible effects, a perfectly organized system of laws, conformity to which predetermines ultimate results; and many of them have been formulated as infallible guides or bases of calculation in various channels of human endeavor. For instance, science reveals the laws of attraction and repulsion, and the laws of motion; in short the laws of action of bodies in subjection to force. The knowledge of these laws absolves the necessity of much laborious experimentation; and conformity to them facilitates invention and avoids the unforeseen disaster, as the blazed trail through the forest enables the traveler, at the expense of the efforts of those gone before, to find his way with certainty. But inasmuch as the unwritten laws apply to the action of matter do they also apply to action in the sphere of human affairs. Every political event, every action of nations in peace or war is the fulfillment of an unseen law; and when we have discerned the principles of those laws, we can, if we choose, eliminate disaster by knowing and avoiding the course of action that would cause it. But it is not conceivable that any sudden illumination of those principles will occur, any more than noonday can suddenly arise from dawn. It will be by gradual evolution that the "dispensation of knowledge" will be fulfilled. And when the laws of harmony are universally known and conformed to, then wars will cease, but till then, all efforts to establish permanent peace in the world will be of no avail. Till then, wars only will end war, and the sword only will overcome the sword. Christ said, "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace but a sword." (Matt. 10:34). For he came to revive humanity from psychologic retrogression by inspiring anew the incentive of progress, that potential sentiment born of an inner consciousness which impels one to seek the profit of another before their own, ultimately gaining their own profit in the inevitable reaction, thus being the true incentive of self preservation of humanity as a whole, the "salt of the earth" as it were, but which had lost its savour by the all absorbing consciousness of sense. And in the reversing of humanity from retrogression to progress, strife and conflict would ensue. For in the new tide of events contrary currents of the old would be encountered, and many would be opposed to altering their purposes to conform with the more profitable order of things, and endeavoring to the last extremity to sustain their selfish interests would eventually draw the sword. But as the law of reaction is an invariable law of nature, the sword

would be turned upon them to countervail their resistance to progress.—“He that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword.” (Rev. 13:10.) “With what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again.” (Matt. 7:2.)

War is a factor in the evolution of human progress. It can be seen that certain fixed principles determine war and its results. No human power, nor the virtue of the majesty of any human potentate, nor the spirits of ancestors, nor any religion, can alter those principles, or obtain results in opposition to them for the special pleasure of any particular class. Neither are those principles adapted to any particular race or religion; but inasmuch as any race or any religion is in conformity to those principles to that extent will their profit evolve.

The superlative principle involved in war is profit. But a universal conception of this principle has not yet been attained. At the outset of the Spanish American war, a fallible clergy failed to discern wherein the most profit was accessible, and bestowed a blessing upon the arms of Spain, with the intent that her forces would prevail in that conflict. But the blessing of a Church did not avail in averting results contrary to the choice of Spain. Nevertheless a greater measure of universal profit was obtained than would have been had Spain been victorious; and Spain herself in honorably submitting to her defeat received greater benefit than she could have obtained had the outcome been the reverse. It is to her honor and glory that she humbly submitted. In the spirit of humility only can humanity be reconciled to correction. In the spirit of pride and self-sufficiency correction is an impossibility.

The Boers of South Africa, admired for their valor and religious devotion, were victims of the wheels of progress. Their false national pride was compelled to make way, not for the sovereignty of England, but for the greater human benefit contained in British dominion than in Burgher rule. When nations, that by superior developments of civilization have facilitated the movement of progress, become satisfied with their attainment, and relax, in their pride and self-sufficiency, from making further improvements, the impelling force that transmitted their energy subsides, and their power, as a consequence declines; discord appears; inharmonious conditions develope and precipitate disorganization, and eventually national identity is destroyed. The relaxation from exercising their energies in further increasing their efficiency was a threatening barrier to the wheels of progress, but progress cannot be retarded; and the unrelenting machinery crushes all obstruction and moves onward. Thus Rome and Greece, and many other excellent civilized nations perished.

The ordinary conception of nature pertains only to the physical, which is all that man is primarily cognizant of by physical sense. But nature comprises more than can be discerned by the sense. Comprehensively nature is the infinite,



perpetually active organism or mechanism of the entire universe.

The principle of the superlative motive in nature is profit, discerned in the action of evolution, by which, out of necessity, a thing is produced, developed and perpetuated, or reduced and destroyed. There are two comprehensive methods of action, life and death, each invariably in conformity to the principle of profit. The main principle of either method is force. Though the forces of life and death are not recognized by the sense nevertheless they are manifest in the conditions of organisms. The condition of a living organism is an activity of elements, which increase in capacity in accord with natural law by the continual transmission of force constantly supplied, as a moving body increases in velocity by the accumulation of force from a given force constantly supplied. This increase of force is partly utilized in increasing the organism. But as a moving body by the increase of the force of reaction eventually attains a degree of uniform velocity, so a living organism eventually attains a degree of uniform activity, or maturity. At this stage the limit of capacity for utility is attained, the measure of which is determined by the degree of the primary impelling force. When utility has been accomplished the primary force subsides, for any further expenditure would not be consistent with the principle of profit. The condition of an organism is then reversed, and death commences. A living organism is not conceived to be dead till the last action of life has ceased, but upon the instant that the force which gave life subsides, the organism is immediately in submission to the forces of death, then less encountered. Acceleration is reversed; ascendance is charged to decline; disease becomes alive, and by the same law that governs life, increases, and precipitates dissolution, and form is annihilated.

Every living creature has its special utility in conformity to the superlative purpose of nature: each is but part of the infinite organism. When its utility has been fulfilled its form is discarded and the wheels of nature move on. But if some interference interrupts the functions of an organism before its allotted time has expired, nature attempts to remedy the matter by removing the interference. The primary utility of disease is for that purpose. But if the interference is continuous or of such intensity so that the utility of an organism ceases, in accordance then with the purpose of profit, nature attempts to remove the useless organism; complications of disease develop and precipitate matters till life ceases, and the organism, by dissolution, is reduced to its original elements. Form is annihilated, but the substance abides the convenience of nature for further disposal. The principle of life and the principle of death are comprehensively contained in the statement of Christ—"Whosoever hath, to him shall be given; and whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken, even that which he seemeth to have." (Luke 8:18.)

Nature is unrelenting and unswerving and no respecter

of anything but the most ultimate profit. Her laws govern every operation in the universe. Every operation of man in any sphere is in accord with either the method of life or the method of death. The movements of nations are either in conformity to the highest profit in the condition of ascendance towards the goal of human progress, or from some interference inharmonious conditions exist that interrupt their progress and disaster befalls, in order, in conformity to profit, to remedy conditions and re-establish their organisms in the movement of progress—"No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby." (Heb. 12:11.) But if the inharmonious conditions are to such an extent as to exclude from their systems the primary force of life, it is then profitable that those so affected perish, rather than infect others and retard their progress. They are disintegrated, and their identities annihilated, and their elements, territories and citizens, absorbed in the development of more profitable nations.

Whether man understands Nature's laws or not, yet he is made aware of what actions are in conformity to them, and necessary for his well being by either of two channels, intuition, as the lower conscious creatures are by instinct, or, reason. As objective knowledge increases, intuition recedes before reason, but nevertheless either faculty tends to keep the avenue to conscience constantly open, and by believing that which is conveyed to conscience, the psychic elements spontaneously operate to impel action in conformity to that knowledge. Thus a nation, like Japan, objectively uninformed of the principles of Christianity, may intuitively discern how to conduct themselves in conformity to the highest profit. The Japanese conception of virtue may vary from that of the West, yet, in the sum total of virtuous qualities they are not much inferior to the West. But it is not the measure of virtue that is of account, but the condition of it. If virtue be as small as a mustard seed and have life and is increasing, it is better than that of a greater magnitude that is in decline and not in conformity to the highest profit. Non-conformity to the law of profit may be discerned in an individual or a nation even before the evidences of corruption appear, in the spirit of pride and self-sufficiency. When in that spirit there is no inclination to overcome defects and increase efficiency, for the inner consciousness is irresponsive to intuition or reason, consequently the effort to increase excellence relaxes, incentive is gone, and moral force declines precipitating moral corruption.

In conclusion, what may be discerned to be the ultimate goal of human progress? It is the supremacy of life, the elimination of discord from the machine of human affairs and the permanence of peace. But until that time, war will continue to evolve while a barrier to progress exists till all are broken down. Nations that are soundly organized and have by diligent effort surmounted great obstacles will by the law

of affinity, as "birds of a feather flock together," enter into reciprocal relations and mutually assist one another, and then to maintain the integrity of their common interests will form an alliance. The organizations outside of this alliance, that have pursued a course of least resistance, and are as a consequence somewhat dissolute in themselves, will likewise form an alliance in fear and envy of the supremacy of the other. Eventually in a region of contact there will be a conflict between these two alliances, and the one in the larger degree of conformity to the principles of profit will prevail in accordance with natural law. That will be the great world war, and then war will cease; and national pride will be submerged in the common glory of exalted humanity, and man will recognize that his countryman is his fellowman.

It cannot be definitely calculated when that war will occur. But we can discern that the developments are in an advanced stage which will culminate in that great tragedy, the last chastisement of the human race, which will terminate the existence of the old world of tyranny and oppression, of selfishness and pride, and eliminate forever all interference to true progress, and confine to the eternal machinery of death every element of discord which interrupts the harmony of humanity. And we can also determine what stage of developments is marked by the events of today, by reducing recent and preceding events to the form of principles of action, and considering the same, for facility, in allegoric form: for thus the parables of old conveyed the ultimate principles of truth to the minds of men with greater expediency than extensive details could possibly do.

In the cycle of time, the tide of Life encounters the tide of Death and for a time they mingle, and light wanes, and darkness is diffused over all. But the main currents of the contrary tides continue to press forward, and there is a reaction, and the conflict is renewed with greater intensity in a final and decisive struggle; and Life having the greater power overwhelms Death, and reverses the current of opposition, and continues onward in its western course uninterrupted.

And thus progress has arrived on the far off shores of the Pacific and awakened the inhabitants there to the peril of the encroachments of a power not in conformity to principles of progress, but to principles of retrogression. The hostile resistance to that power that has recently been made in Asia is the preliminary encounter of the tides. The mingling of the tides is the mingling of blood, and the temporary cessation of hostilities. The waning of light is the shadow of uncertainty of right that now prevails enveloping the entire world. But at the time of reaction the dawn will break again to those in conformity to the principles of true progress, as suddenly as the daylight quickly follows a temporary eclipse, or, "As the lightening cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west," and will reveal the imminence of the great struggle; and everyone in whom virtue is in ascendance

will be inspired to fight for the greater profit of humanity: and the greatest endeavor, the mightiest effort in history, will then be made, in which the forces of Life will defeat the forces of Death, and move on in the breach traversed by Death, completing the cycle, and continuing in uninterrupted harmony forever. Thus shall progress sweep westward over Asia, and on into corrupt Europe.

On the morning after the peace terms were concluded at Portsmouth, N. H., there was an eclipse of the sun, coincidentally significant of the shadow of uncertainty that even now envelopes the world, and in which those in high places in the old world, and princes of finance in America are not aware of the fallacy of their security, being in jeopardy by their own corruption. But we can see by the faint light of a star here and there that trusted men have been false, and are falling away, and we know that the obscurity of the rising light of the higher understanding of true profit, due to the exaltation of human pride and vanity, is only temporary and will pass away.

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## Thoughts on Parenthood.

By Will J. Erwood.



Life is just what we make it; and we are, generally speaking, just what the system of education under which we have been reared has made us. It is only by departure from the old beaten paths of error, into the broader fields of mental and spiritual research, that we evolve a higher type of manhood and womanhood. And because we are going through a cycle of development, we have the spirit of unrest abroad among us. I am glad.

Personally, I feel that we have had too much "authority" and not half enough fact; we have had too much theory and not enough practice in every day life; too much "Sunday religion" and not enough daily honesty—

a fact that is so self-evident that few will deny it. The thought comes to me that that which is not fit to be done on Sunday is not fit for any day in the week; that which is not fit to be done in a church is not fit to be done in the home. Does it make you tired—it does me—when you see a man or

woman who requires six days of the week in which to work up courage enough to be half decent on one?

But all of this will change when we have the broader concept of life—of motherhood, yes and fatherhood, than we have to-day. I am glad there are writers who dare raise their voice for the emancipation of the institution of Motherhood—I take my hat off to the mother. But don't you think this will be the more surely accomplished by supplying to the younger generations—the boys and girls—that education which will enable them to understand themselves, physiologically speaking, and that will give to them an exalted opinion of parenthood. It is a hobby of mine, that marriage without love is prostitution, and that marriage based upon love is the only marriage whether sanctioned by priest-craft or not.

Speaking of the fathers of children born outside of wedlock—if such an anomaly could exist—I have never been able to see why the father of that child should not be held accountable for the support of his child—for the education and care thereof—as I am for the education and care of mine. As far as I can figure out the science of parenthood, he is in every way as truly the father of his child as I am of mine. Until the new order of things is established, and there are no marriages except those based upon love, he should be compelled to care for his offspring.

I am thoroughly in accord with the agitation now being waged for the settlement of this question, but I want the education of the younger generations carried into effect in the homes of all these liberals who write so beautifully upon the sex question. I realize it is hard to teach “an old dog new tricks”—it is perhaps hard to influence some of the people who have been slaves to old habits, but we shall surely see the effect of this agitation in the fuller, truer and cleaner lives of those who come under its influence.

I believe that every child is divine, unless perhaps it might be that unfortunate, unwelcome offspring of debauchery; yet here is the divine principle in operation. I would rather be that person born into the physical expression of life, never knowing the name of my progenitor, than to be the one who would stand in judgment upon such an one, and defame them with the name of illegitimacy. I am glad there is a growing disuse of the term illegitimate as related to children.

There is surely no truer criterion by which to judge of the status of a nation than the home life—than its attitude upon the sex question—upon motherhood and fatherhood. The present agitations along this line in “To-Morrow” and other progressive journals is bound to bear fruit, and I have hope for the nation that has such journals, with editors back of them who fear nothing and do much; and contributors who have a message and deliver it uncensored and untrammelled. Let us have progress all along the line, but first at the fountain head, a motherhood made sanctified by love, untrammelled by law, and undebased by creedalistic dictum.

# Economics and Religion: Wealth and Church.

By Philip Rappaport.

Quite recently the newspapers published the news that Rev. Dr. W. W. Boyd, for thirty years pastor of the Second Baptist Church of St. Louis, announced that he has quit the ministry because clergymen must be subservient to "the money power" or leave their churches. "The modern fashionable city church," said he, "is run by from one to six men, who are the largest contributors to the funds and therefore insist on certain policies of administration."

Strange, indeed, that it took the Reverend Doctor thirty years to discover what has been known for centuries. There is no room in the church for one who does not support the powers that rule the state. The church supported slavery when the slave holders were the ruling power, it made common cause with the lords under the regime of feudalism, even Luther opposed the rebellious peasants in the German peasants' war. It is only natural for the church to support the money power in a period in which money is the ruling power in the state. If the reverend doctor did not know this during the thirty years that he was a minister, if he served the money power unwittingly and unwilfully, it shows that he was unfit for his calling.

His colleagues, the Catholic priests in the Pennsylvania coal region know better. They notice with amazement the drifting of the miners toward socialism and have helped forming an organization to oppose the re-election of the mine workers' union officials who are spreading socialist doctrines among the men.

Why shouldn't they? They clearly see that a socialistic world would have no use for them and their ilk. Whenever the mass of the people are free from the cares and sorrows which to-day attend the procurement of the necessities of life, they will not feel that they need the priests or the God whom they pretend to represent on earth. Priests and preachers would, indeed, have a hard time to convince the people that there is a better life after death, if they are satisfied with the life on earth. Priests and preachers must keep the people in need and misery if they want to be believed. The people must be kept hungry, so they be willing to listen to promises, and must be kept hard at work, so as to leave them no time to think about the hollowness of these promises.

The ruling class and the church need each other and are always friends. They assist each other and work toward a common purpose, to wit: the exploitation of the people. The preacher who tells the poor man that everything is God's doing, and advises him to have faith in God, thereby helps the ruling class to rob the poor man of the fruits of his labor. Intending to assist in this robbery, he is, of course, the implacable enemy of every theory and every movement which tends to make the poor man less dependent of God.

Gods always have been and are the destroyers of human liberty, whether their name was Baal or Moloch or Jehova, or Wodan or Zeus. The God-idea is an anti-social idea. The so-called servants of God are necessarily the servants of the ruling classes, whether they know it or not, whether they mean to be it, or not.

Science and philosophy have done much to enlighten the world, but they do not reach the great masses. There are millions of people who read with reverence a chapter in the bible and devotedly say their prayers, but have never heard of Darwin or Haeckel, Locke or Kant. To reason with them would be fruitless. They are not open to argument. They are not sufficiently capable of abstract reasoning and their souls are not tuned so as to make them responsive to skepticism. How then are the church and all the nonsensical dogmas and transcendental doctrines to be eventually destroyed? There is only one way to do it. It is the doing away with their necessity, or to be more exact, the feeling of their necessity. And how shall the feeling for their necessity be destroyed? How shall the human soul be tuned after another key? By creating economic and social conditions which wipe out all the suffering and misery of which our present economic and social order is the cause.

Happiness needs neither God nor a future life. If mankind has heaven on earth, it will feel no need and longing for another. There will be no need for a church, and the priest will be out of his job. He will have to turn to some useful occupation. What is the use of praying if, in the natural order of things, earth is a paradise?

Wealth in the hands of a few is a church-building, slave-making, liberty-destroying, because misery-creating God. Wealth in the hands of all is liberty, freedom from evil, freedom from superstition, freedom from misery, freedom from prejudice.

We certainly need science in all its branches, because we must learn the laws of nature to make its forces subservient to our needs, but we need no metaphysics. Above all, however, we need a perfect understanding of the causes and effects in the economics of human society. Don't trouble about ethics. The moral views of a well filled stomach and a comfortably housed and clothed body are quite different from those of an empty stomach and a shivering body in rags. The ethics of general affluence will be quite different from those of general misery. You may be sure the false hypocritical ethical views which confound liberty and immorality, morality and falsity will vanish with the regime of wealth and church.

It is not sufficient to express liberal thoughts and sentiments, and to laugh at absurd religious dogmas and ridiculous biblical tales. It behooves every liberal to join some active movement toward the betterment of economic conditions. And where there is an active practical movement to-

ward that end, the liberal should support it, even if he does not agree with all its principles, unless there exists an equally active movement based upon his own theories.

The world will not be emancipated until every worker receives the entire fruit of his own labor.

---

ANNE.

By W. H. Donahue.

Could I but sing, in fairest notes  
Thy praise should ring, as from the throats  
Of thrushes throb the radiant tune  
Of gladness in the month of June.

Could I but play, loves lyre for thee  
Would pulse with raptest melody,  
As from its strings in sensuous strain.  
I'd shed my soul's impassioned rain.

Could I but sing, O could I play,  
Near at thy feet at close of day,  
In rhapsody my love for you,  
Should blossom as the flowers do.

---

MY DREAM CHILD.

By Maude Jacobs.

Out of the misty cloud forms that slowly drift to sea,  
Reaching his Baby fingers, My Dream Child beckons me.

Born of the ocean,  
Fed by the sun,  
Caught to the sky in the arms of the breeze;  
Taught by the thunder,  
Kissed by the moon,  
Lulled by the voice of the rain in the trees.

Ever I see him beckon, yet ever drifts to sea,  
And ever I hear him calling—My Dream Child, calling me.

Trees his protectors,  
Flowers his friends,  
Birds his companions, and stars for his guide;  
Skies for his curtains  
Clouds for his bed,  
Love can not tempt him to stay at my side.

Held in the arms of morning, bathed in her glory light—

My love bids my heart be silent; I stand alone in the night,



# The Plot Against Education in Spain.

By William Heaford, Surrey, England.



WILLIAM HEAFORD.  
SURREY, ENGLAND.

In these stirring times of **ententes cordiales** and inter-parliamentary congresses and fraternizations it is high time that the democracies throughout the world and advanced thinkers generally should direct their attention to the sordid tragedy of political reaction and clericalist persecution now in process of enactment in Spain. As the whole affair springs out of the stupid and wicked bomb outrage recently attempted at Madrid on the lives of the King and Queen of Spain the subject is one that naturally interests the English people, and through them their cousins of the United States of America.

It appears that Mateo Morral, the would-be assassin of the royal pair, was employed as the librarian of the Escuela Moderna ("The Modern School") at Barcelona. As a consequence a genuine bomb, involving ruin, confiscation and prison has burst upon Francisco Ferrer, the devoted founder of the "Modern School." His institution has been shut down by the authorities, the pupils have been dispersed, and the teaching staff scattered, whilst the books and property of the school, together with a sum of 30,000 pounds invested by Ferrer for the promotion of Rationalist Schools on the model of the "Escuela Moderna," have been seized.

If Ferrer had either connived at or instigated the atrocious act of Morral no one out of a lunatic asylum would attempt the defense of a man capable of conceiving so foul a crime. But the fact is that Ferrer is not an anarchist, nor was he privy to the conclusion of the Madrid outrage. The splendid article of Moupein Alfred Naquet, the well-known French politician (author of the Divorce Law) in the "Courrier European," sets that fact beyond all reasonable dispute. Since the publication of that article and the initiation in the French, Belgian, Italian and Spanish newspapers of an active campaign, in vindication of Ferrer's character, the innocence of this much-injured man has been indorsed by the action of the Madrid **juge Instruction** Senor del Valle, who, after an exhaustive examination, ordered Ferrer's release. But for the intervention of the **fiscal**, answering to our Attorney General, Ferrer would by this time have been back to his school picking up the threads of his disordered work. But the **fiscal**, Senor Beterra del Toro, happens to be a fine old prizefighter.

of the Torquemada type, and is determined to leave no stone unturned to wreck the educational work which Ferrer began in 1900 at Barcelona by the institution of his "Escuela Moderna." The school, which is avowedly rationalist in character and tendency not only by its elimination of religion from the school curriculum and its treatment of theosophy upon revolutionary lines, but by reason of the scientific spirit which pervades its methods of teaching, has long been an eyesore to the clericalist party, who are anxious to ruin the school by fair means or foul, and are naturally seeing what the nature of bigots is—glad to clutch at any straw of offense against the apostle of secular, unsectarian education in Spain. In order, therefore, to make sure of their victim the Jesuits have trumped up an *ex post facto* press charge against Ferrer as alleged publisher of an incriminated pamphlet by Estavanez, the veteran Republican agitator in Spain, and the school funds have been seized under the specious pretext of securing payment of the **costs of the prosecution.**

Now, what is Ferrer's crime? He is not an **anarchist.** This Naquet has conclusively proved. **He did not aid or abet the bomb-throwing Morral.** This the Juge d'instruction has already made clear.

He has sinned because he wished to bring light to the minds of his fellow countrymen. His crime was that he established rationalist schools in Barcelona, and gave powerful impetus to the intellectual movement generally throughout Spain.

The Escuela Moderna was founded in 1900. To-day the single school of five years ago is the center of fourteen others in Barcelona, and thirty-four in the other provinces of Spain.

On Good Friday this year, 1,750 of the scholars assembled at a rationalist banquet in Barcelona. In Catholic Spain such an assembly on such a day was perhaps calculated to inspire the clerical party with fury and vindictiveness.

The idiotic bomb thrown by a man accidentally associated with Ferrer, who neither shared the murderer's nefarious principles, nor knew directly or indirectly that his colleague contemplated the commission of the crime, came as a veritable god-send to the obstructionists and reactionaries by giving them the very pretext for persecution and robbery for which their souls panted.

By the ruin of the schools which sprung out of the unanimous initiative of Ferrer, aided by the devotion of celebrated scientists and professors like Adon de Brien, the Jesuits hope to nip in the bud the growing movement in Spain for secular, scientific, non-religious education. It behooves the radicals of every complexion and in every country to note well the object lesson in bigotry which this sordid plot so painfully illustrates. At the same time a champion of popular liberties like "To-Morrow" will, I hope, be glad not to lose the present opportunity of telling the Spanish government and the Spanish people that even if Ferrer be a bomb-throwing anarchist that would be the flimsiest, most foolish

reason in the world for closing his schools and depriving thousands of pupils of the means of instruction. It would be high treason against humanity to crush the splendid network of educational institutions, which, following on the lines of the Escuela Moderna, have sprung up everywhere in Spain in satisfaction of the hunger of the rising Spanish democracy for the bread of intellectual life.

Let us hope that this foul plot against popular education will fail. The Spanish people will not love their King more because the priests are seeking in his name to keep them for more weary centuries the bondsmen of ignorance and superstition.

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#### RUSSIA.

Is thy manly spirit waking  
 Now within thy mighty breast?  
 Are thy nobler powers taking  
 On at last a deep unrest?  
 Oh, thou Samson, highly dowered,  
 Rally all thy innate strength,  
 And from bondage many hour-ed  
 Aim to free thyself at length!

Find thy way into the festive  
 Hall of lordly pillared height,  
 Where thy captors, blandly restive,  
 Mock thy sad distress and plight;  
 Then with one extreme exertion  
 Topple down their dome of pride,  
 Waking them from vile inertia  
 To the day's progressive tide.

Then demand, with clear-eyed seeing,  
 All thy righteous due and worth,  
 Till thou hast reclaimed thy being  
 To the noblest of the earth;  
 And art potent in the mission  
 That the humblest will secure  
 Right-divine, and a condition  
 That in blessing shall endure.

—Peter Fandel.

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# Mr. Kuehn and Governmentalism.

By C. F. Hunt.

With Reply by Herman Kuehn.

Mr. Kuehn admits that compulsion (government) is elemental in man. He should admit that from this comes formal government. Yet he says that in the absence of the latter man becomes good.

Man maims innocent pigeons because of elemental cruelty, one would think. No, says Mr. K., his education by government makes him cruel, although he inherits natural cruelty from his ancestors.

Surely individual compulsion and formal government are not the same. One might be dynamited away, but the other would remain to be evolved away.

Mr. Kuehn denies that "coercion has been used to preserve liberty," and adds: "One must have a queer concept of a liberty that can be preserved by the denial of liberty." The minority that can be deceived by such words is composed of Mr. Kuehn alone. The men of '76 used coercion, not to deny any liberty properly belonging to men, to till the ground in either the old or new world, to trade, or pursue happiness; but only the one liberty to oppress and enslave men who were resisting and doing nothing else. This is the coercion that is for good and is justified, and under nature's plan seems necessary.

Mr. Kuehn has not shown anything in the single tax theory more than what I claimed. "We must make land common property," is writ in Progress and Poverty. In my illustration likewise, the heirs were supposed to inherit equally, hence had a common right.

Mr. Kuehn denies the inequality of productiveness of land. If he can establish this, the single tax theory falls instantly. He cannot establish it merely by supposing that the inequalities are due to industry and intelligence. Let him suppose that a dealer in Oak Park can sell as many shoes as a department store in Chicago, and be satisfied with that vagary also.

The "friendly nod" in lieu of a club to check measly, mean and trifling teamsters, is far in the future. "Ah, there," says Mr. Kuehn to the Cubans, with a friendly nod. The Cubans return the nod and quit revolting.

Mr. K. still has before him the task of showing that the Socialist platform advocates unjust coercion. Proof as plain as that tariff is robbery will do. Other tasks will be: Prove the unity of Nature, with further illustrations that Mr. Hunt has forgotten more than the things that have not occurred to him.

Nature is not in unison. Nature is both our friend and tyrant. "Human welfare" as the test of right is admitted. Snakes poison and our enemies must be opposed by coercion, which is thus simply defense, necessary to preserve our welfare.

I infer Mr. K. accepts the Koreshan cosmogony. He thinks heat can travel through several thousand miles of zero weather, and below, but can not possibly travel further. Science holds that this force travels as light, not as heat, and is converted by impact. Force has many forms—light, heat, electricity, motion, life, etc., changeable by natural processes. Distance is inconceivable, but place us all in a shell and still the limitless space outside of it is not argued away. Koresh is destroyed by its own inconsistencies, and deceives only those who have a superficial knowledge of astronomy.

### MR. KUEHN'S ANSWER.

1. Man is naturally decent, kindly, generous. His normal instinct of gregariousness is thwarted by governmentalism. The governmental tendency is not elemental in man, except as the governmental tendency is the outgrowth of fears that rest upon superstitions.

2. The American Indians never destroy a harmless animal except for necessary food or raiment. How much further back does Mr. Hunt want to go for the elemental in man?

3. Mr. Hunt may be right that I shall fail to convince people that it is a queer concept of a liberty that is to be preserved by a denial of liberty. Nevertheless it is a queer concept, tho no one but myself were to see it as I do. I think Mr. Hunt is mistaken. I believe that every one who is capable of a discriminating sense of humor must see that the denial of liberty is not a preservative of liberty. Mr. Hunt cites the men of '76 as having preserved their liberty by coercion. Whom did they coerce? Has Mr. Hunt some unrevealed pages of the history of that memorable struggle that tried men's souls? Surely he must have such if even he himself can be convinced that the colonists, in resisting the coercion of King George practised coercion upon King George. Even the meager war chest of the colonial forces was replenished by voluntary contributions. Mr. Hunt refers to the "liberty to oppress and enslave men." The Liberty to oppress! Isn't that sufficiently "queer?" No, Brother Hunt, the revolutionists were not fighting the liberty to oppress. They were fighting oppression.

4. There is a vast difference between the State as universal landlord and the land as common property. George saw that land should be common property, and having reached this conclusion he proceeded to show us how not to have it so. Not only do I affirm the inequality of soils, but I affirm the absurdity of Mr. Hunt's contention that because a certain piece of land does not produce as much wheat as another piece of equal area, Now Therefore the first site is below the margin of cultivation. I cited "worthless" lands about Kalamazoo that would grow nothing but weeds until Intelligence and Industry tried celery, and swamps about Niles that are now the best mint-producing lands in the country. There was nothing of the "supposin'" about these instances, and I

could multiply them a thousandfold. Instead of meeting me at Kalamazoo, Mr. Hunt beckons me to Oak Park. My celery-mint facts must indeed make Oak Park seem a convenient refuge. If Mr. Hunt can derive any comfort from his conviction that the Single Tax program is sound, if the elements of Industry and Intelligence are slighted, I tender him, along with my friendly regard, the assurance of the sympathy his position compels. I do not quarrel with Mr. Hunt for having omitted all mention of the element of brotherliness involved in the consideration of the fallacies of single-taxery. I would dodge that factor, too, had I his end of the controversy.

5 Just as he flits from Kalamazoo to his safe haven of Oak Park, so Mr. Hunt deserts his own teamster illustration to flit to Cuba. I repeat that a friendly understanding as to the use of crowded highways will prove more effective than any scheme of government. I have no method to urge whereby the Cuban insurgents may be made to quite revolution'. Perhaps the cessation of governmental oppression might do the trick. Mr. Hunt probably prefers drum-head court-martials and rapid-fire executions. Each to his taste.

6. All coercion being unjust I need go no further in the matter of the politico-socialist platform. All hindrances to the free interchange of commodities being for the purpose of depriving the producer for the benefit of the non-producer I need go no further to show that protectionism is robbery.

7. In discussing the right relationships between man and man I do not enter upon the consideration of the relationships between the man and his horse. Having found himself unable to support his contention that coercion enhances the social tranquility between man and his neighbor, Mr. Hunt runs to snakes. Come back from Oak Park, from Cuba and from snakes, Mr. Hunt, and meet the issues you yourself introduced. Perhaps when man is emancipated from his thralldom to benighted superstitions he will discover how to make useful servants of snakes, wholesome uses of what are now known as poisons and friends of his enemies. Right relationships between man and his neighbor first, and all these other things will be added unto us. The centripetal force is in constant and diametric opposition to the centrifugal. If this resistance were relaxed for a second the "hull ting" would fly apart into space or come together to a common center in a "crash of matter and a crush of worlds." It is this very conflict between these infinite forces that holds the universe in unison; in the very unison Mr. Hunt denies. This cosmic unison ought not be too difficult a gnat for a gullet that can accommodate the camel of the oneness of Liberty and a denial of liberty.

8. Mr. Hunt finds me skeptical about heat traveling millions of miles thru intense cold, and his Now Therefore operates to make him infer that I subscribe to the doctrine that light will travel thru some thousands or hundreds of miles of inky blackness. I think Koresh and Hunt are equally

"scientific." However, I am not concerned about Cosmogony and am willing to let Mr. Hunt have the triumph of the last word; and if he is satisfied that we derive our light from the sun thru millions or thousands of miles of dense darkness it cannot matter to me. I cited astronomy for no other reason than that the scientific people of a former age were quite as sure that the earth is flat as Hunt is that liberty may be preserved by denying liberty, or that the colonists of America undertook to govern King George when they declined to be governed by him, or that the natural instinct of gregariousness is a negligible quantity in considering the question of right relationships between man and man.

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### MY ELDORADO.

By Verne D. Rowell.

Not where the golden gleam,  
Breaks from the fissured sand,  
Or youths' dear pleasures seem  
Always on florid strand;

But where sad human life  
Sobs mid tempestuous tears,  
Torn in the rending strife  
Of griefs of toils and fears.

There may my lurid dream,  
Of youths' sweet fancy free,  
Lead on, all golden seem,  
My Eldorado Be.

Then be my simple joy,  
To comfort those who weep;  
To solace life's alloy,  
And bring the wakeful sleep.

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### THE KINGS OF THE HOUR,

By R. W. Borough.

They rear high palace walls,—the shadow falls  
On hovels of Gaunt Misery.  
With half clad women in their glittering halls  
'They feast in endless revelry.

All insolent, they flaunt their power and gold  
Before the hungry mobs  
And laugh to see how slaves are bought and sold,  
'They jeer at human sobs,

Shall this age know the terror-shaken hours  
Of blood-drenched years gone by,  
When leaped the vengeful flames o'er frowning towers  
And rang the awful cry?

# Why Chicago Has A Negro Theater.

By W. H. A. Moore.



R. T. MOTTS.

It is not generally known how Chicago came to have the only full fledged negro theater in the United States. Bob Motts was in Paris. Nothing in the gayest capital in Europe impressed him more than its well conducted small amusement houses. He liked the atmosphere they created for him. There was nothing like it in the United States. And why not? Then straightway he began to have visions of a small amusement house in Chicago—a sort of negro amusement vine and fig tree where a fellow might go and forget, for a moment or two, that he was black, white, yellow or brown. Bob, by the way, is a big, handsomely proportioned brown man with a definite notion of what is what and a rather fine appreciation of the things that make for the comfort of life. But for the first time in his busy career he sat in public amusement places and nothing happened to remind him of the fact that his skin was disagreeably ginger-hued. Why couldn't he do the same thing in America? thought he. He'd do it, by the living eternals, if he had to build a theater of his own. There was nothing of the spirit of brag in this new found determination of purpose. Speaking to an American friend one day about the matter he said: "When I get back to Chicago I am going to build a theater for negroes. By that I do not mean that I am going to give a new twist to the color-line bugbear, that would be silliness, pure and simple. But the more I think of the matter the more I am convinced that the Negroes of Chicago would be tickled to death if they had a place where they could go and feel they were the whole cheese and the white folks simply lookers on in Paris." And thus the negro theater idea took shape in his mind. Little by little he evolved the plan for the theater. A scrap of an idea picked up here and another scrap picked up there until he got the whole mental structure together. And what a splendid scheme of color the whole affair was. A Negro orchestra with a Negro conductor wielding a coal black baton; a group of Negro performers taking a vociferous fall out of lines written by a Negro dramatist or singing to a syncopated standstill the engaging strains of "I Loves You, Mah Honey, 'Deed I Do." And then finally, but not leastly by any manner of means, the audiences! Here is where Chicago Negrodom would shine with a luster that would make the new nickel on a base burner look like a piece of Chinese money with nine holes in it. All the white folks could do would be to sit in open-eyed wonder and be good fellows. Of course they could visit the place, but that was all. They might even be permitted, on "off" nights, to get an occasional best seat. At



these times, however, it would be the grand dames of Dearborn street society circles who would pull aside their silken skirts and give an up-curve to the poise of their diamond bedecked coiffures. Any how the venture was worth the experiment. In the due course of a brief while this new dreamer of elysian rhapsodies returned to Chicago. In the straight road of another short period the Paris dream was taking form in the erection of a new playhouse out in the south side. West of State street society circles began to flutter and there was the ecstasy of delicious satisfaction in the air. It is said, on good authority, that



J. E. GREEN.

DIRECTOR OF AMUSEMENT.

there are some people of color who can tell, without blinking, the number of bricks that were used in the construction of the building that was to stand for the new order of things theatrical in Chicago. But that cuts a very small piece of ice in this matter. The Pekin Theater "went up" and life went merry as a marriage bell with the denizens of the so-called "Black Belt" district. Bob Motts knew his ground when he declared in Paris that the Negroes of Chicago would be

tickled to death if they had a place where they could go and feel that they were the whole cheese. The tickle was almost literal so insistent were the manifestations of delight. The opening? Well—say—the opening was a dream! Standing room was at a double premium. And you talk about being the whole cheese, Dearborn street was a Wisconsin creamery dairy that night and possessed of a grin that stretched from ear to ear. And the programme was a red hot proposition. On it appeared the name of that dainty, dark-brown replica of Vesta Tilley, Edmonia Jones who simply "killed it" with "I Want To Be a Rich Coon's Babe." Sidney Kirkpatrick, the barytone, in the language of a delighted patron, "delivered the goods in a hurry;" Hallback and Parquette went "Back, Back To Baltimore" so many times the leader of the orchestra struck for higher wages. And when Carrie Stithe sauntered down to the footlights to the syncopated strains of "Mandy Lou," "there was nothing to it, that's all." The Collins sisters, Allen and Tribble, Sam Lucas, Lottie Grady and a few lesser lights contributed their share to the evening's successful opening. Altogether it was a red letter night on the south side and the inspiration received in a Parisian concert garden had assumed living, tangible proportions in the big, prosy city at the southern end of Lake Michigan. Scarcely a year rolls around before there comes a far and near cry for a bigger place—"a sure enough theater with orchestra seats and boxes with plush hangings, etc., etc." Here was a dream coming true with a vengeance. But the cry is no sooner heard than the wish is gratified by the resourceful owner of the Pekin

and a new theater takes the place of the old so quickly that the general public has but just awakened to the fact that Chicago is giving substantial support to a genuine, handsomely appointed and well equipped Negro theater. This statement may excite the risibles of some, the derision of others, but it is one of those statements, nevertheless, that no amount of smiling and ridicule can make the less true and potent. It is too soon to predict the future of this radical manifestation of a desire to partake of the larger life of our great city by its Negro population. It is too early to attempt a forecast of the influence it will exert for good or evil on the impulse and trend of its artistic life. Enough for the present that the manifestation is with us and that it is playing its part in a life growth possessing elements of charm and the impulse of original endeavor. Bob Motts thought he saw a need. Time alone will establish the truth of this belief. But the nut in the shell is that Bob thought the people wanted it. And that is why Chicago has a Negro theater.

---

TO HER.

(By James P. Morris.)

Remembrance is my only bliss,  
And you would bid me to forget!  
Your breath my law is but in this,—  
I can not, if I would, forget,

Forget your shimmering crown of hair,  
Forget the glory of your face,  
Forget love's keen enchantments there,  
Forget your manner's every grace?

Forget the twin-orbs of my earth,  
Your eyes, bright suns, now dreamy moons;  
Forget your voice, its rilling mirth,  
The varied sympathies it tunes?

Forget the kisses you half let  
And half denied,—in sense of sin?—  
We each had mated ere we met,—  
Our love's of God, rash Fate's the sin!

Right in my virtue love's surprise  
Overwhelmed me with its ravishment;  
I strove to bar my Paradise,  
The gates flew open 'gainst my bent.

Can that be wrong whose influence  
Lifts high my soul, makes pure my heart?  
But peace to creed, law, consequence,  
With love for you I will not part.

I will proclaim it—I would blend  
With you in body, soul and mind;  
And though to hell such unions tend,  
With you e'en hell a heaven I'd find!

# A Plea for the Natural.

By Samuel A. Harper.

We are hearing much of late about the dishonesty of men in high places. Forms of this dishonesty, heretofore but little known, have recently been turned up to the sunlight, exposing a putrescence and stench, the natural result of closeted accumulations of many years.

Secret and unnoticeable vices are always the worst. Like a malignant fever, the very quietness of their subtle power makes them the most dangerous. The faculties are not aroused to a proper sense of the danger until lasting evil has been wrought.

Among these quit forms of dishonesty none is so general as the dishonesty of **unnaturalness**. The virtue of being **natural** in all things, or in one thing, is a lost art. Real honesty requires that we be natural. If we are not, we are dishonest. We are neither true to ourselves nor to our neighbors. We stand in a false light under false colors.

God made every man **natural**, and meant him to remain so. When he is not so, he is out of harmony with his God and all created nature. The thrush has no mannerisms. It is the same thrush alone or in company with other thrushes. Its God-given song is ever the same, whether it come from the solitude of a June twilight or from the south-bound flocks of autumn. The sweetness of the song is not embittered by the thrush's associations.

Naturalness is a virtue that arrives at birth. No education is necessary for its creation or development. On the contrary it would seem that the unfortunate effect of education is to develop "conventionality"—always stilted and artificial. This is of course not the fault of the education—the fault is with the man. We labor under the misapprehension that acquisition and cultivation must necessarily detract from the **natural**.

Indeed, we have reached a pass in the economy of our social order where it requires no small amount of positive courage to even be our natural selves. We are daily prostituting our honesty to the passing and petty "conventionalities" of the hour. Our natural impulses are restrained and our honest purposes checked by our cowardice. We dare not say a kind word or do even a kind act to anyone, if either involves an "unconventionality." We have so little confidence in our own righteousness—so little faith in the integrity of our own character that our natural desire to extend a warm hand of friendship to a brother or sister who is down in the mire is frightened out of us by the bugaboo of propriety; as Tennyson said, "Convention beats them down." We fear the wagging tongue of a superficial undiscerning world. the whine of the "foulest whelp of sin."

This vice of daily dishonesty, this insincerity, this assumption of virtues which we do not have is to be found in every station of life, but chiefly among those whose advantages

natural and circumstantial, should make it unnecessary, and whose education should make it distasteful and absurd.

An example. Nine-tenths of the lawyers we know have so long assumed an unwonted countenance of superior wisdom that a simple, manly, open face can scarcely be seen among the members of the legal profession. Their faces would show far more wisdom if they were but *natural*. Their thin coating of veneer, their assumption of the imperial bombast is so crudely put on that the veriest weakling can see through it to the dishonest man beneath. The dishonesty is so apparent to anyone that it is a reflection upon the common intelligence of the people with whom they deal to suppose for a moment that anyone is deceived.

The same is true in the medical profession and with the clergy. A certain mock dignity is about the only asset of many of these people, from whom we have a right to expect simplicity, honesty and candor.

The seriousness of this petty dishonesty is made apparent in the effect it has produced in literature and art. A short story is without merit, measured by modern standards, unless it is (with deliberate purpose) enveloped in some absurd dullness, inaccurately called "originality," and unless it contain some woefully strained attempt at an obscure and unattractive finale. The conscious effort away from directness and honest narrative is so evident as to be disgusting.

In poetry we find the same spurious originality. The modern romantic brand of poet labors with an infinitesimal idea, obscured by a plethora of words, involving no music and no sense. Much of their stuff is not even decent prose. A notable example is Richard Watson Gilder's recent prosy ramble, which he has seen fit to call "There's No Place Like the Old Place." Now Mr. Gilder has written and can write poetry. Why was he not content to be honest and do so here? That he has not been no one knows better than himself. He has allowed himself to be seduced into this popular strain of insincerity, which is quite unworthy of his powers, and the results of his fall are evident: a crude attempt at something akin to the Whitmanesque.

Mr. R. H. Stoddard has this to say about the modern brood of romanticists in poetry: "The romantic poet is a gentleman, often a very young gentleman, who is wiser than the poets who have lived before him, and against whom he protests by his choice of subjects and his manner of handling them. The difference between him and the masters is that they had something to say and said it with an abundance of words. What the romantic poet chiefly protests against is the general intelligibility and common sense of all the dead-and-gone English poets—as strongly against Shakespeare and Milton as against Byron and Scott, "whose aesthetic misfortune it is that we can understand them."

God grant we may soon have more men "whose aesthetic misfortune it is that we can understand them"—who have wit

and courage enough to be honest and natural—simple full-orbed men who have the hardihood to be sincere.

### THE DAWN.

By H. Bedford Jones.

In ancient Greece the philosopher-culture was fostered up to a certain point. Those who ventured farther were got rid of. Why? Because the rabble—or the people—were not educated up to the view-point of the philosopher; they saw only with the old conservative eye of their fathers, and could not appreciate the truth of a broad statement.

So with Christianity—with every religion. In the first decadence of Christianity the outspoken freethinkers were at first gotten rid of; but in time they effected a departure from the fanatical and soul-killing influences which had oppressed them hitherto. Others followed fast; and now their institutions, in *their* turn, are coming to a downfall. "The times have changed" rings out the cry; the text of the Nazarene is turned against his followers, i. e., "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." Even in the church are men whose minds have been educated to a higher standard than that of the religion they observe; they are railed at, thrust from "the fold," and suffer for their beliefs. The railers never see that these men have caught a deeper worship, a diviner God, than the world had before furnished itself with.

Aye, itself! For we furnish our own religion, and newer, farther-reaching beliefs are on the way; not atheism, for what great thinker holds to atheism?—but also not Christianity. America fosters it in the negative manner of the Greeks, the less provincially; and the cry for a more advanced, more natural God is being heard.

In the Dark Ages men desired a God of power, one to stand in awe of, so they produced Him. Later, the need of a more tender, more paternal Deity was felt, and the Deity was provided. **Now** is the time of growth, the period of transition. "A **natural** God," is the universal cry; "the old one has served his purpose; let him fall to pieces while ours is forming."

Thus taught Emerson—Darwin, Spencer, Fiske, and the rest all helped.

Many there are who are loath to shake off the faith of their fathers; more there are who effect a union of the two—creation with evolution, science with tradition, history with fable. So it grows—not the negative "thou shalt not" of the past, but the positive "Veritas est" of the present.

To conclude, we may see, looking closely at the subject, how the vast influence is spreading. Religiously, the new growth is evident in a score of free faiths. Politically, in socialism and its allies; in literature, in the magazines and books of freedom; poetically, in Walt Whitman and the "free school"; and so on. The whole expression of the **dawning age** is summed up in the indignant outburst of the poet:

"For all the sin, wherewith the face of man  
Is blackened, man's forgiveness give— and take!"

# The Bahai Faith.

By Maude Jacobs.

Since science has taught us to regard religions as natural evolutions rather than as divine revelations, and has shown us that belief is as natural a result of conduct as conduct of belief, we are prepared to understand that religions are born of human experiences and we look to them not so much as factors in the development of morals as indications of the advancement in intellectual and spiritual growth already attained by the people of the age in which they flourish.

This Ingersoll briefly and aptly expressed in his familiar declaration "An honest God is the noblest work of man."

Since also we know the mind can grasp no truth which the life has not in some way already embodied, or in other words, that there can be no recognition of a truth unless the mind has been previously prepared by the sum of the life experiences for receiving it, we can understand that the spread of any faith depends not upon its divine origin and innate power to extend itself, but upon the capacity of the age or people to absorb it.

In this light, it might be interesting to "To-Morrow" readers to look briefly into the comparatively new religion designated by its followers as the "Bahai Truth" which has in so short a time made thousands of converts among people in all civilized countries of the world.

This religion altho making the usual claim to recognition as a special revelation, is singularly free from other superstitions and is unique among religions in that it does not antagonize other "truths" but seeks to justify and harmonize them all and also in its near approach to the revelations of modern science.

This religion had its origin in Persia about 1844 when there appeared in that country a teacher calling himself "The Bab" teaching the principles of universal brotherhood united with a philosophy of evolution.

He claimed that the great world religions do not contradict each other but supplement each other and that they all embody much the same truth expressed in different terminology, with different phases emphasized or eliminated according to the needs of the people and the age.

The ministry of "The Bab" lasted six years and was terminated according to the conventional custom, by the martyrdom of this leader brought about by the Mohammedan clergy on a charge of heresy. After his martyrdom the followers were led by Baha Ullah who under the most severe persecutions was exiled with some of his followers to Akka, a penal colony in Syria. Since his death the followers have looked to his son,

Abbas Effendi, as their spiritual leader and example, tho he makes no claim for himself but that of "Servant of God".

Abbas Effendi is still a state prisoner in Akka but his teachings are sent out to his little bands of followers all over the world, and his life according to his biographers is marked by rare purity, sweetness, gentleness and the spirit of absolute non-resistance. The story of his life reads like a fairy tale, but can not be entered into here, for want of space. These people are simple in their habits of life and practice a beautiful philosophy of love and brotherly kindness.

Their Book of Laws advises monogamic marriage and the believers practice it, though polygamy is the custom in Persia. Divorce is to be granted on the demand of either party after a preliminary separation of one year, these people arguing that for the individual to live the most useful life, he must be satisfied, and free from the distracting influences of dissension.

Children whose parents are too poor to educate them are educated at public expense and the revenue for this purpose is derived from an inheritance tax.

A teacher educating a child secures a claim on his future inheritances.

Every one must work and if work can not be secured it is provided by the authorities.

Their idea of a Supreme being is not a personality but an essence. Life exists in the creation of centers of consciousness and intelligence in this essence, which shall learn to know themselves and to know their relation to the whole infinite essence. (Universe.)

The instrument of this creation is the material universe and the process is evolution. Spirit, they define as the force which brings about these combinations of organic and inorganic forms which link the different processes in the chain of evolution.

They do not deny a future existence, but I quote in substance from one who is familiar with their teachings on this subject: "Self-consciousness being the result of association of this infinite essence with individual forms does not survive the dissolution of the body, while as mind and human character develop, the thoughts, volitions, and characteristics of each human being go to enrich the common fund of world experience and constitute in it tendencies which shall again be manifested in other human beings, while the individual who does not learn to recognize himself as a part of the great scheme but lives for his own personal gratification has no hereafter except as his thoughts and actions continue in influence and effect to modify the general course of the life of humanity as a whole.

Individuals are compared to the myriads of leaves which fall and decay oily to enrich the soil for the production of other forms; to the millions of germs of every species which never come to germination and the vast number of imperfect

forms sacrificed at every step of evolution in order that more perfect forms may be selected by survival to carry on the evolutionary process.

The examination of the great world religions reveals an identity of essence in them from the earliest, The Upanishads, the Bhagavad, the teachings of Zoroaster, Buddha, Mohamet, Christ and Baha Ullah all declare the oneness of God, the brotherhood of man, and the beauty of holiness, in slightly different terms than those employed by Emerson, Mrs. Eddy and Herbert Spencer, but nevertheless more nearly allied to the teachings of these last mentioned than their admiring votaries would perhaps be willing to admit impromptu.

Methinks if there came along the interpreter who could understand perfectly the religio-philosophical verbiage of the Christian Scientist, the pure, chaste, scientific terminology of Herbert Spencer, the poetry of Whitman and the fervent utterances of Baha Ulla, he would read in the language of each and see demonstrated in the lives of each, this message: that self can be entirely forgotten in an all embracing love, substituted for egoism as the motive power of human life.

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#### A PRESENT PLEA.

By Verne D. Rowell.

Let us not live that in some vague to-morrow  
We may enjoy what we call Heaven;  
Nor look with cruel calmness upon sorrow,  
And deem it, stolid-like, God-given.

Nor follow in the paths of yesterday,  
The once sufficient is all harmless now;  
Forsake the footprints of great men past away  
Of heroes of to-day enwreath the brow.

Let us alleviate the pangs of pain,  
That bring hot tear-drops to like human eyes;  
Let our toll be for common love not gain,  
And thus build up a present Paradise.

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#### TO-MORROW READERS.

Do you realize that we are fighting your fight for freedom practically at our own expense? We are preparing to do things.—We are arranging to plant an oasis of good cheer in a desert of greed. We want every To-Morrow reader to become an agent to do whatever possible for the cause. We need subscriptions, land, machinery, lumber, supplies—everything for our ideal To-Morrow City. One of our friends has done Twelve Thousand Dollars worth with no intent to gain. Anyway—do what you can—hustle for subscriptions and write to our advertisers.



# Liberty and Authority.

By J. C. Northrop.

To usher in the New Civilization seems to be the aim of the men and women who write to this magazine. That is certainly a noble aim, and "To-Morrow" is doing great work in breaking down the old barricade of superstition which has held the world by the throat so long. But it seems to me that something more than mere words will be necessary to bring about the downfall of the powers that be. I therefore take issue with Comrade Kuehn, not as to the merits of liberty, but for his failure to point out how liberty is to be attained to without the use of authority.

The authorities as we see them to-day are the minions of the ruling class. They are authorized to rule by the majority of the people. Their purpose is to perpetuate private property, and they are accomplishing their avowed purpose. The long train of evils resulting from private property are not looked upon as evils by the authorities, because they are necessary to the existence of this particular brand of authority.

The question now arises, how is liberty to be attained to? Will it be brought about by every man pretending to be a law unto himself? No; it will be brought about by organization, and that implies authority; authority to demand that the present authorities step down and make room for the authorized agent of the said organization. If the present authorities should refuse to acknowledge the authority of this organization, then the organization would exercise the authority vested in it by removing them by force. It is not to be supposed that the present ruling class will step down and give place to the new order of society without a struggle, and if there is not an organization to struggle with it is safe to predict that the present ruling class will not be ousted by a mere vote of the majority of the people. The New York Evening Post of Monday, October 29, 1906, speaking of the chances of William Randolph Hearst being elected governor of New York, says:

"Hearst has entirely failed to provide any sort of an organization which can be depended upon to bring out his vote, or **see that it is counted when brought out.**" This proves that the political movement of the people to usher in the new civilization will be worthless unless it is backed by the physical power to enforce the fiat of its ballot. In other words, if the people are to win against the plutocrats they must show their authority by being organized in an organization that is ready to force the "pluts" to recognize the authority of the majority.

Authority does not necessarily mean coercion. But if it

did it would make no practical difference. To be plain, this is the way I see things.

There are two classes in society. One, the working class, is at the present time governed by the capitalistic class. The means taken to govern them are coercive. When the workers rebel against the conditions they are met with force. To meet that force the workers must be organized on the industrial field as well as the political, so that when they declare by the ballot that this system of robbery has gone far enough the ruling classes cannot count them out and defeat the fiat of the ballot. The workers will then be in possession of the industries of the country. They will be in a position to defy the class of thieves who would count them out at the hustings. History is replete with evidence that force has always been the weapon with which a revolution was finally achieved.

The only thing that can be achieved now by the ballot is to record the temperature of the workers, and if that rises too high the capitalistic class will resort to some means to prevent the workers from exercising their franchise. If they should conclude to do that now, what could the workers do about it? Nothing but submit. They have no organization strong enough to successfully combat the organized powers of the capitalistic class. They control every branch of industry, every source of supply, every man who walks the earth is at the mercy of the capitalistic class because the producers of all wealth have no organization which is drilled and ready to take possession of the means of production and distribution. If you are robbed at the ballot box your unorganized mob would be helpless to seat your rightfully elected candidates. I believe that when the social revolution is accomplished that government as we now know it will disappear, and that executive authority will take its place.

I do not believe that the people want the kind of liberty that allows the strong to lord it over the weak. I believe that men band themselves together for the sole purpose of protecting their collective interests. Coercive measures will certainly have to be resorted to to unseat the present ruling class and usher in a co-operative commonwealth. The world cannot afford to wait for the regeneration of the individual to be emancipated from the rotten system under which we live at present.

People may prate about "free trade" and free exchange, and cite little plots of land where one man is more industrious than another, and tell us that it would not be justice to compel the industrious man to take the less diligent one into participation; but that does not fit the present social construction at all.

Everything to-day is carried on collectively. It is not a case of how much does Mr. Smith produce. It is a question of how much does society as a whole produce collectively. Neither is it a question of right or wrong. It is a question

of expediency. We need the land and the tools to carry on production, and we must have them both. The single tax is nothing more than a tail stolen from the socialist kite, and the single taxer thinks he can fly the tail more successfully than he could the kite, tail and all.

There may come a time when the "freedom" for which Comrade Kuehn yearns will be achieved, but it could never be evolved out of a capitalistic system. History shows that the forms of human society have constantly changed, and always to a higher state than the preceeding one. From individualism to communism and then back again to a higher state of individualism. This, however, is the first time in the history of the world that the working class have made a bid for supremacy. In all previous struggles the workers have been used to enthrone a new ruling class, and they themselves have gone right on being exploited because material conditions were not right for the workers to emancipate themselves. But now conditions are perfect for the complete abolition of slavery of any nature, and that means the slavery of woman to man. (The slaves of the slaves.)

The workers are at present the sole producers. They furnish the brains and the muscle to carry on production and everything is practically left to them to manage. All that is needed is organization, and they are ready to take possession. In the "Boston News Bureau" of October 27th, there appears an article on the growth of the Westinghouse Company's interests, from which I take the following extract:

"What shall I pay for this invention?" said the manager of the Westinghouse Electric Companies. 'You see its efficiency, from twenty to thirty per cent saving at this point.'

"Don't bother me with details," said Mr. Westinghouse; 'you are paid a salary to run these works and get the best men, the best brains, and the best results.'

Civilization depends upon the action of the working class in this struggle. The capitalist system is past being repaired; it must be crushed out of existence, and by the only class capable of the work—the working class. When they are properly organized they will end for all time class rule, and institute the co-operative commonwealth in which every person shall be given an opportunity to earn his living in a civilized manner; a common wealth in which every worker shall have the free exercise and full benefit of his faculties, multiplied by all the modern factors of civilization.

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**An Exceptional Offer.**—To-Morrow Magazine for one year (12 numbers) and Edward Carpenters great book "Love's Coming of Age" beautifully bound in cloth both for \$1.00 while the books last.

## Informal Brotherhood and Correspondence Club

Short articles, poems and opinions from our readers are solicited for this department. This place is reserved for quarrels, discussions, nonsense or for the willing heart—but make it short.

### MORE ABOUT ASGARD.

Editors of "To-Morrow":—

I have been reading "To-Morrow" for the last six months. I think it just about what the doctor ordered. Hot stuff on a cold plate. You are there with the goods alright. I am interested in Asgard. I think E. E. Garner's suggestion as to location is O. K. I have been in thirty-two states and I do not know of a better place to locate the place or town. I am a fireman and engineer and all around handy man, and willing to take hold and do my share at any old time. I believe in equal rights for all. I believe that woman should be placed on the same level with men. Now I will answer questions asked for in Mr. Wright's article. Name Roland Z. Lovlace, 29 years old, capital one hundred dollars, present occupation engineer, preferred occupation, fireman or engineer qualifications for same, ten years experience and steady. Opinions in which I hold as important in regard to religious social and sexual matters. I believe that no man or woman can think or will think, if they allow any creed or one belief to tie them down. I believe any sensible idea or thought should not be condemned until it has been investigated and proven one way or the other, and as to sexual matters the whole thought should be for bettering the world not a matter of self gratification. I belong to the new society called Liberal Mental Science.

—R. Z. Lovlace, L. M. S., S. Boise, Idaho.

### ANOTHER ORGANIZATION.

It is with no small degree of pleasure and interest that we are called upon from time to time to chronicle the coming into existence of new movements in the cause of common sense and a higher rationalism.

A short time ago a number of "To-Morrow" readers of Boise, Idaho, got together and initiated what they designate as the L. M. S., the aims and objects of which are stated as follows:—

#### The Liberal Mental Scientists.

We believe in allowing every one the freedom to think as he or she desires; in never condemning humanity; in developing and perfecting ourselves both mentally and physically.

We realize that all are following their highest thoughts in creating happiness for themselves and that when they come into the knowledge of self they will not do that which is destructive to humanity.

We never accept a thing as true until proven to our satisfaction.

We do not object to nor condemn a thing because we do not understand it, but rather investigate and find out the truth.

We realize that the power to unfold, develop, and perfect ourselves lies within and not without.

We realize that if we violate the laws of nature we will suffer and that no power will save us from the ignorant actions committed on our self and others.

Each and every one must answer for their own mistakes or so-called sins for these mistakes or sins cannot be shifted to the shoulders of others. We aim to adhere strictly to the laws of nature.

Our motto is, "investigate and demonstrate all things, so that we may know the truth, for 'knowledge is power.'"

"We believe that the development of the physical, moral and intellectual nature of man to the highest point, to be the immediate duty of life.

"Let no man do to his fellow being the things he would not want done to himself."

Let all strive for truth, in short, deal in truth and truth only, and strive for higher unfoldment, and let the other people think as they desire.

—E. E. Garner,

—Sewell H. Chapman.

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Visitors coming West, may rely on my services thoroughly: present owner pay my commission of 5 per cent. on first \$1,000, and 2 1-2 per cent a \$1,000 thereafter. Try my methods of helping others get happy in a California Home. Ask????

Aumond C. David, 993 New Hampshire St., Los Angeles, Cal. (On the ground).

Dear Sercombe:—I want to second the suggestion for a "Free Thought" or "Lovers of Freedom" Convention to be held in Chicago at the time of Moses Harman's return home.

Especially do I second the proposition for a reception and demonstration and welcome to this good, brave martyr to human liberty, on his return home to Chicago. Those who can't attend the convention or reception in Chicago, can hold meetings in their own towns and villages protesting against the postal autocracy and Mother Grundy laws in America.

Let us make hay while the sun shines. Let us act now. "Now is the accepted time." You might invite all radical papers to copy your suggestion from October issue, page 15. Let us hear from all radicals and thinkers through your columns—on this reception (that will put Bryan's in the shade) proposition soon.

The whole October "To-Morrow" is fine, better than ever.

Sincerely,

—James Myers.

Original from

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

**A School of Free Thought.**

W. 32 2nd Ave., Spokane, Wash., Nov. 22, 1906.

Parker H. Sercombe,

Editor "To-Morrow".

Dear Comrade:—

I desire to bring to your attention a proposition which I feel will meet with your approval, and trust you will give it the support of your own strong personality in connection with the excellent publication, "To-Morrow".

The proposition: that you publish a short article in "To-Morrow" encouraging all lovers of the race to contribute one dollar or more each month to a fund to be used for the establishing of a school of "Free-Thought". The school to be organized and established by our brother Moses Harman when he comes home from jail.

I feel that this would be a crowning glory to the life work of this noble soul. Let us begin right now and have a good long list of names who will be ready to send in their contributions January 1, 1907. This is the least we could do to encourage our noble brother who has given so much of his life to a cause, not for a selfish purpose but to the end that coming generations may grow into pure manhood and womanhood in the sunshine of freedom.

I give my name as one who will contribute \$1.00 each month during the life of the school as long as necessary. I would suggest that the school be known as "The Moses Harman School of Free-Thought." If you think advisable, there could be published a list of all contributing to this fund.

I pray you, in the spirit of love, that this be done.

Your for more freedom,

—Charles W. Dickinson.

**HOW TO KNOW TRUTH.**

Editor of "To-Morrow".

Seeing an editorial in the December number of "To-Morrow," on "How to know the truth." I feel inclined to make some few queries, especially as permission is given to do so. All knowledge for many hundred years has been founded upon the idea that only one form of power prevades the universe. Ingersoll claimed he could see love manifested in the lightning's flash and the thunder's roll, as well as in the placid lake. No doubt his imagination might be strong enough to see a great manifestation of love in the earthquake that destroyed San Francisco; or the volcano that destroyed Martinique. So the queries I wish to make of the editor of "To-Morrow" is what he means by nature and nature's laws. That is, where does he draw the line between nature's forces, and the force we call life. Life seems to be an invader of this planet; where it comes from is a matter of speculation, as well as its purpose; for there had ought to be something to justify the great struggle that all forms of life have been, and are sub-

jected to, in a world like his, governed by laws that are directly opposed to life in all its manifestations. In all human effort we find a power opposed to every action. Every step we take, there is a power pulling us back. So we find it necessary to rest nearly half the time in order to resume our energy for future efforts. This is true of every form of life, from the smallest blade of grass to the highest form of development. I think sometimes the tendency is strong to call the lower forms of life "Nature." The object of my writing to the editor of "To-Morrow," is to know if he does mean the lower forms of life when he speaks of the wondrous unity, relationship that exists between tidal waves, hunger, despotism, pestilence, and the earth's rotation. There is no harmony that a clear vision can see between the natural laws and forces, and the laws that govern life. The only advance that can be made in this world toward comfort and happiness, is the gaining of sufficient power to overcome the natural forces. So the great thing desired by the human race, and we might say all forms of life, is power to overcome the opposition we meet with. Science has done much in this direction, but the field is yet a large one, and the wants continually increase as we advance, far beyond the powers of science to satisfy. We still have to depend upon the realm of life to satisfy hunger. There is nothing in the world to eat that is not brought into it by life's forces. Science with all its power and wisdom, cannot produce a particle of food. So instead of trying to harmonize what we find an impossibility, recognize our enemy, and put forth our best energy to overcome the powers we meet, knowing full well that all our best hopes can only be realized when we have gained a complete victory.

R. H. Debeck,

Woodfords, Me.

In replying to the above query we shall try to so formulate our sentences that their meaning will hold good, not only in regard to our own race and period, but in relation to all races for all time.

Life on this planet is a good deal like the government's interpretation of our use of the second class mail—a privilege and not a right.

For millions of years the surface of this earth was apparently of such character and temperature that no life forms could exist upon it, and only after centuries of cooling and preparation during which time the mass as well as surface went through many chemical and physical changes, did life forms appear, not because they had a right to appear, but because they had a privilege to appear and flourish to the extent that surrounding conditions would permit.

The continued cooling of the earth and its gradual adaptability to receive more and higher forms of life indicates nothing more than a gradual extension of the privilege of existence on this earth's crust; we in no way have any warrant as living creatures, even though we have become highly organized and complex in our manifestations, to demand our existence here as a right, and such manifestations as the Iroquois fire, the Slocum disaster, the earthquakes of Martinique and San Francisco, as well as thousands and even millions of other catastrophes to life, health and well being, are merely positive proofs that all life here on this earth, human, animal and vegetable, remains a privilege and not a right.

Granting that for ages this planet continued its existence with no forms of life upon its surface, it is apparent that the planet itself

had no particular need of us, was able to exist without us and should any great disturbance take place in space to create a temperature round us that would incinerate in an instant every atom of organic matter on the earth's surface, this sphere itself, might roll on for countless ages without taking any note of the event—still, there is unquestionably a law of love, of attraction, of gentle warmth, of fecundity, that pervades the entire universe—we know this because we have had its manifestations and were all forms to be blotted from the face of the world forever, nothing could disprove this hypothesis.

It is not for us to declare the purpose of the appearance of life forms on this sphere, nor to declare that life is an "invader," nor that it was even invited. Life is here, and that is enough and will remain here just as long as conditions are such as to enable it to do so, and not one moment longer.

The animate enjoys the same privilege of existence here as the inanimate, no more and no less. Why not let us all find delight that we are here—how is it possible to conceive of the marvelous opportunities we have had in the way of growth, attraction, cohesion, multiplication, without praise and thanksgiving to the forces whose fine adjustment to our requirements have offered just enough resistance to insure our best development and yet not enough to be our destruction.

To biologists and physicists the wonderful delicacy of the resisting forces in this world is the marvel of marvels.

In resisting the destroying forces of cold and hunger, man and all life forms have in a greater or less degree, been obliged to get out and hustle for food, clothing and shelter, and it is this exercise that has been the means of developing all life forms, and so marvelously balanced are the resisting forces, that sometimes destruction comes from not resisting enough and sometimes on account of resisting too much, as witness the death of living creatures in storms, at sea, in battle, and again mark the degeneracy of the rich, of royalty, of nobility, of the over fed, and under worked everywhere who perish prematurely on account of a lack of resistance.

It is because the same processes have been in operation always in the universe at large that we know these conceptions are true, and as all forces move in rhythms, the movement of atoms disturbing other atoms, the movement of greater bodies affecting other bodies, the resistance of groups and societies disturbing other groups and societies, as in wars and in trade, and the movement of mountains and planets effecting other mountains and planets, as in the San Francisco shock and in all the evolutions of stars and countless worlds, so may we with Ingersoll reconcile even earthquakes and destructive convulsions as a part of the general beneficent plan.

To say that the laws of this world are directly opposed to "life" is manifestly disproven by the fact that life exists, and I have above shown that the continuance of life actually depends fully as much upon the resistant forces as it does upon the upbuilding forces of growth. Again—granting that in every infinitesimal detail wherein life is manifest on this earth there can be discovered both the constructive and the destructive forces, the very fact that forms exist whether animate or inanimate, is a proof that the forces of construction are to that extent the victors in the struggle.

To place the proposition in another form, we may know just exactly to what extent the upbuilding forces are victor over the destroying forces by observing the amount of life there is on earth which, of course, represents the exact net balance that is left over in the struggle.

It is unnecessary to add that Mr. Debeek has a distorted view of what he calls "life" and the "nature forces" as they are all one as shown in the foregoing. Our friend uses, the phrase, "in a world like this, governed by laws that are directly opposed to life and all its manifestations," but I have clearly shown above that even the resisting forces are completely beneficent—that if the "nature forces" really did oppose life in ALL their manifestations, there would be no life, and that the life that there is measures to what extent the constructive forces are victor over the forces of destruction.



In employing the terms, "nature," "laws," etc., I take no account of "lower forms," or "higher forms," realizing how the same laws are manifest among plants blades of grass and human beings, and let any phase of the movements of tidal waves or of hunger, despotism, pestilence or the earth's rotation be examined into, and it will be seen that there is a distinct relationship between all, entirely in harmony with the laws of chemistry and physics.

What is known as a vacuum in physics becomes a yearning to build up the body in hunger, a commercial need in the matter of providing means of production and distribution, or a craving for greater liberty on the part of those who would overthrow despotism.

It is either an error in conception or in expression to say, that our only advance toward comfort and happiness is to be found in overthrowing the 'natural forces' when the fact is, all the natural forces are on our side as shown above.

Could we as a race manage for a few generations to satisfy hunger without overcoming resistance, that is to say, without any form of labor, we would degenerate and disappear for want of exercise and of course that would be one way of getting hunger and suffering out of the world.

If these remarks become the means of implanting a saner mental attitude in no more than two or three persons, I consider that it has not been written in vain.

P. H. S.

## AUSTIN E. HEMPSTEAD.

Mill Neck, N. Y.



Feeling myself eligible to membership in the "Old Guard" I have responded to your call as one of the old timers who has lived well into the three score and ten.

Born in '41, on eastern L. I. of old English stock who presided as town clerk of Southold and chairman of important committees during the Revolution when it was worth something to risk one self in the cause of freedom. I feel proud of my line of ancestry reaching back to the time of Charles the II. when Sir Robert Hempstead disregarding his titled position among the nobility of Great Briton, took up his abode among the more noble red men of L. I., and by his presence in 1640 gave to the locality the name Hempstead Harbor,

which was afterwards extended to the township. My parents were both born at Southold and attended the Universalist Church which was in those times sufficient to condemn them and their family to everlasting punishment, and to add to my fathers depravity he became an abolitionist and afterwards left the democracy and voted for Abraham Lincoln. With the advent of Spiritualism in '47, he became a Spiritualist, so my inherited wealth consists mostly in large bulk of

questionable stock, to which I have added the Phrenology of Combe and Fowler, Hygiene of Graham and Trall. Socialism and Anarchy of Wayland. and now that I have run up against the Spencer-Whitman center and into that mine of wealth "To-Morrow" whose chosen workers with glowing pens dig out the priceless gems of truth long hid from view, may they live long and become "the Old Guard" and their fountain pens never run dry. The pride and admiration of the Old Guards surrounds them in a halo of light and love.

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Comrades:—

You need not fear that I shall cease to subscribe to "To-Morrow." I understand your aims and objects. We seek the same goal—Universal Earthly Life worth living, and Universal Human Happiness, here and now, thru natural means, which are the only means that can be effective. All hocus pocus, shams, lies, and frauds, ecclesiastical, civil, and miscellaneous—whether tagged as secular or sacred—must be eliminated thru the universal spread of a real knowledge of what Life is, how its powers can be developed, and now the can be utilized to the greatest and best advantage of the greatest numbers. The tyrannies, special privileges, and onopolies for whose special benefit institutional religion was originally founded, must be removed by the masses who suffer from them, as their beneficiaries will never surrender their unnatural powers and privileges willingly. They will strenuously resist any change, and try to stand pat. Reformation can only come thru the resistance to tyranny of those who suffer from it, and its elimination by them. This is revolution. That it may be peaceable, it is advisable that both tyrants and slaves may gain that knowledge of their own valid and equal claims to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, which will enable them to exercise a right judgment in all things pertaining to Earthly Life and Earthly Happiness, free to all on the same terms that they pay the price by using natural efforts to earn and obtain them in the greatest possible quantity and quality.

The school of Freethought, mentioned on page 49 of Dec.. "To-Morrow," is indispensable for holding in check that anarchy that would cure all political diseases by main strength and stupidity, and that socialism which would cure all economic diseases in the same way, and would divide up everything, instead of arranging that everyone shall have a chance to work, and be paid his fair proportionate share of the joint labor of himself and others. The school would teach one what is due, by him to others. The is the just measure of what is due by others to him. One natural, unchangable law applies to the circumstances in both cases. One law for the tyrant, and an entirely reverse law for the slave, is what the Divine Right of Kings and Priests has forced on the subject masses by every conceiv-

able cruelty in this world and threats of hell-fire in the next. This system, established by force has become a habit which has saturated every part of religious society, till the illiterate servant girl slave who has become a mistress, is a selfish, exacting, illmannerly, insulting tyrant, who sometimes tries to put on more airs and dignity than any queen ever did, and who makes life a hell for her husband and servants alike. The greatest part of the shams, pretences, artificialities, and other holy shows of the lack of real life, can be easily traced back to their origin in the superstition of the divine right of kings and priests. The silly servant, as a mistress, thinks she is one of lesser powers that be which are said to be ordained of God.

I have for some months believed what Otto Wettstein says in Dec. "To-Morrow", that "there is as much (inorganic) life in a cadaver or dry bone as in the living body of man", but I have expressed it to others by saying, "There is as much inorganic life in a dead body, as in a live body, there being precisely the same number of cells, molecules, and corpuscles in the same body in both cases." I have further said, that in inorganic matter, the matter and mind are absolutely inseparable—that one cannot exist without the other—and that as this mind-matter or matter-mind is indestructible, it never had a beginning so far as man can see back and know.

Respectfully yours,

—Geo. B. Williams,  
Frackville, Pa.

### A CALLED MEETING OF THE E. R. A'S.

A special meeting of the E. R. A's had been called to pass upon the death of Frederick Bartholdi.

The members met at Point Radical, near Mary Esther, and were called to order by the president, Mrs. Irwin, who then said: "Frederick Bartholdi, who modeled the famous statue, the Goddess of Liberty, is dead.

"How many eyes have looked upon that colossal figure on Bedloe Island unable to comprehend its full import, the full meaning—Liberty enlightening the World; an acknowledgement of the power and influence of woman and her equality with man.

"The freedom of woman, since the erection of that statute has been recognized with some trepidation by both sexes proclaiming the authority of man as his right to rule or ruin, and with what fear and trembling they listen to the tramp of the feet of thousands hastening to give to longing hearts the freedom that rightfully belongs to each, and of contemptible pity on their faces as they listen to the words interpreting the meaning of the glorious beacon uplifting the arm of woman.

"It is well at this time to give voice to our appreciation of this great man's genius, for the genius of man is his immor-

talities; according to his deeds will his memory be perpetuated, and as a proclamation to the world of the Equal Rights of woman with man, we accept the beacon light from the Goddess of Liberty, the eternal fire bearing peace and good will to the hearts of all acknowledging Equality of Woman to Man."

The following resolution was then passed:

Resolved, that we deplore the death of Frederick Bartholdi, the man who modeled the famous statue of the Goddess of Liberty, and recognizing this great work of art as the emblem of the truth that Woman is the light of the world and that through her the great fact shall be made known of her equality with man, we hereby dedicate to his memory and to his genius the following poem:

Fair Goddess, may your beacon light  
Gleam far o'er plain and mountain,  
And give to suffering womankind  
A draught from thy full fountain.

For truth is carved in every line  
And curve, of thy fair structure;  
And knowledge, justice, equal rights  
Shine bright in glinting lustre.

From thy beacon, high uplifted,  
Bright and gleaming in thy might,  
Give to womankind her portion,  
Teach her liberty aright.

Let liberty be taught to all,  
In valley and on highland,  
Strike deadly fear from woman's heart  
With the light from Bedloe Island.  
For Liberty is woman's cause,  
Let's strike a blow at tyrant's laws.

Mrs. R. C. Irwin, President. Dr. C. L. Ford.  
Nellie M. Jerauld, Secretary. Jesse N. Lee.

Committee.

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H. P. CHEEVER.

Augusta, Me.

Have received the August "To-Morrow" and have read it from cover to cover including the "ads," save the old familiar ones met with at every turn.

I hoped to find a warrant for that portrait of yours in "Human Life," that counterfeit presentment (?) capturing my dime, but you don't show in your writings an ounce of ferocity to a pound put forth by your picture, which phiz made me think you were one to hypnotize cobra and cata-

mount, condor and crocodile, or ride a raging rhinoceros rough shod into the riotous ranks of revolutionary Russians, or any old rough and ready rubbish you might run up against, but you didn't make good, Sercombe, I'm glad to say. Tho' looking for the expected, I rejoice that I found it not. But maybe you assume that fearfully ferocious phiz, unconsciously, when in the throes of mental partruition, while the ink flows freely from your facile pen, and only then—eh?

But the phizferocious aside, let a "promoted reptile" going on 80 years young, a Free Thinker, way back to a time his memory goeth not, ask Sercombe Himself the same question that the famous Philistine of Roycroft renown was asked by a Rev. "Parasite," would his answer be the same? The "P. R." would ask because like Samuel Blodgett, he is puzzled as to what you hope to accomplish. Stupidity on his part, of course, a misfortune, not a fault.

However, the "reptile" after reading one or two more numbers of "To-Morrow" may get onto your curves and see the light that shines for you and the Brotherhood of—?

My excuse for writing you is your invite to the "Old Guard" of Free Thought to which corps I belong.

Editor "To-Morrow":

You are certainly radical in your views, and, if you can only get the people to think, they will surely be bettered by your ideas. The trouble has been that the average individual has followed the old calf path through the woods so long that they have come to the conclusion that there is no other way out.

We like the magazine very much, and enclose a new subscription. When speaking to this friend about the magazine, I showed him a copy and told him if he wanted something that was radical and that was full of good thought, to get a copy, and he was not slow in handing out a dollar for the subscription.

Any man that has made a study of the conditions of society as it exists at the present time, can't help but see how rotten and superficial it all is.

Was talking with a liberal thought man the other day, and he stated that he believed that in less than fifty years there would be no orthodox churches, but there would be meeting places for broad and liberal minded people to discuss the issues of life in such a way as to be an uplift to humanity, and each man would be law unto himself, and not under the thumbscrew of superstition.

Keep hammering away. There are more with you than you realize. With best wishes,

GEO JONES,  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

### THE PEOPLE'S CHURCH.

At Aurora, Ill., Sunday, November 18th, The People's Church, under the leadership of J. M. A. Spence, was organized on the plan of Emerson's vision: "The new church will be founded on moral science. Poets, artists, musicians, phil-

osophers, will be its prophet teachers. The noblest literature of the world will be its Bible. Love and labor, its holy sacraments. Truth, its supreme being, and instead of worshipping one savior, it will gladly build an altar in the heart for every one who has suffered for humanity."

This is a new departure, in exact accordance with the ideas of "To-Morrow" folks and is worthy the consideration and emulation of all freethinkers who cannot narrow and stultify themselves in the conventional, hypocritical, orthodox churches.

Non-resident sympathizers may obtain literature by communicating with the leader, Mr. Spence.

Let the good work go on. Freedom of thought and action is inevitable. Repressions—creeds, conventions, formalities, arbitrary authorities—must vanish. —R. E. SAMMONS.

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Topeka, Kan.

Editor "To-Morrow":

In studying your discussion of the subject of race suicide in "To-Morrow" for November, it has occurred to me that this miserable state of human practice is possibly due as much to prevailing religious systems as to those purely social.

It is declared and has been reiterated for ages that "the wages of sin is death," and this has been universally construed to imply that there exists on one hand an avenging, merciless, whimsical God, who for some reason unaccountable created man and endowed him with the faculty of being in possession by nature of a great deal of general cussedness for which faculty He demanded that the unfortunate subject of His creation abstain from about everything that afforded him pleasure, and killed him sort of gentlemanly like and took him off somewhere to be happy—or otherwise murdered him outright—and on the other hand a damned man whose chances for a far-off heaven and a near-at-hand hell were about a stand-off. This doctrine is proclaimed in the very presence that God is omnipotent and good. Does it bear any semblance to the works of a good or a sane God? The heritage of a believer in such heterodoxy must necessarily be ignorance, misery, despair, want and woe. In view of such teaching is it any wonder that we have in the world to-day a humanity that languishes in distress and murders its offspring?

If God, the creator of all things, is good, then assuredly all created things are good and "evil" is merely good perverted and fostered by systems that have their origin in this same questionable perversion of God's created things. Any virtue if prostituted becomes a vice. Any good if carried to an extreme is no longer good. Abuse the most sacred function with which God has endowed man, and it becomes an instrument that will drag men and women to "hell." Why don't you walk on your eyebrows instead of your feet?

Simply because they were not created so to operate. You can get along better doing as you were patterned to do. So with sin. Man was created good, and the perversion of that creation is plainly chargeable to systems that have been thousands of years in proving themselves worthless and utterly unsound. Why so persistently doctor the effect? Why not campaign against the self-evident cause?

W. H. DONAHUE.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 19, 1906.

Dear Editor "To-Morrow:"

I have read your magazine carefully and agree with the editorials. I also agree with your contributors on the sex question. The contributions of Dr. Charles J. Lewis about the Physiology of Love makes very instructive and interesting reading, and so far as I can see, judging from personal experience and observations, Dr. Lewis' statement is based on solid facts. Lida Parce Robinson's and Grace Moore's articles hit the bull's-eye also.

But so long as woman is economically dependent she will be forced to be a slave to the "lord of creation"—man. The present (capitalistic) method of production, distribution and exchange which our mossgrown and rotten institutions and customs are founded on, makes the (so-called) upper class woman a bespangled and useless parlor ornament, the middle class woman an upper servant, and the working class woman a fagged out household drudge and a slave of a slave. Unless we substitute the competitive system of getting the means of life with the co-operative system—Industrial Democracy—our mothers, sisters and sweethearts cannot be free.

I have often wondered why so few of our more intelligent women are not Socialists. If Socialism would be of untold benefits of the overwhelming majority of the male sex it would mean freedom to womankind in a double sense. The editorial about Christianity and Motherhood in the October number expresses my own sentiments exactly.

I see that "Churchianity" is howling a Book on the Marriage and Divorce question of which the wife of a certain congressman is the Author—can we wonder?

I have for many years been a reader of some papers and magazines which are in your magazine classified among the "Freer," and "Freest," and if the mass of the free American sovereign citizens was reading such publications, I am inclined to suspect it would not be very hurtful to this old planet of ours. I intend to subscribe for your magazine as soon as I can spare the long green. I am only a (common) laborer and our "Captains of Industry," our landlords and the numberless fry of lesser parasites see to it that we have not too many spare \$s knocking about. In the meantime I intend to distribute the numbers of your magazine among the more liberal-minded men and women I know.

Yours for the Social Revolution,

—P. Thorsen.

## A Commendable Proposition.

Dear Mr. Sercombe:—I am organizing a Sunday school for the purpose of teaching the Truth to those who may attend. That which I will teach will be the highest truth that we at present have. The cause of my writing you is to ask if you have any nice little cards suitable for this purpose, something on which could be printed or written some suggestion for the child to meditate on during the week. I would also like a few song books containing songs that suggest the truth.

I am desirous that something be done that will effectively unite the forces of Love, Truth, and Freedom. What could you do if you had one hundred thousand dollars in cash and a thousand good, true live souls to put their life into the work of redeeming the race. In this work of love I feel it is necessary for each interested soul to exercise his energy to the end that some of the truths of life may be brought into perfect realization right now. We talk and talk, but we need action along with our talk.

So I propose to make one of one thousand individuals who will subscribe one hundred dollars each, in cash to be applied for the establishment of a center where progressive work may find congenial association, and a school for teaching the young the laws of life. I would rather rejoice to see Centers of this kind organized some where in the east and one in California. We can not expect to get much out of life if we do not put something into life.

Yours for the enlightenment of the race,

—Charles W. Dickinson.

## REPLY TO MR. DICKINSON.

Dear Friend:—You are certainly doing a noble work and I honestly believe that if you desire to teach fundamental truth you have sent out your feeler in the right direction for the reason that our publication, "To-Morrow," is devoted to sound truth without frills. Our editors work without pay, and whatever surplus we have over the bare cost of paper, printing and postage, will be used to establish a rational co-operative group and school where children can be brought up in contact with fundamental truth and as it is quite likely that we may finally establish ourselves in either Washington or Oregon I think it would be a grand plan for you to form a nucleus at that point with a view to our gradually growing together in our work.

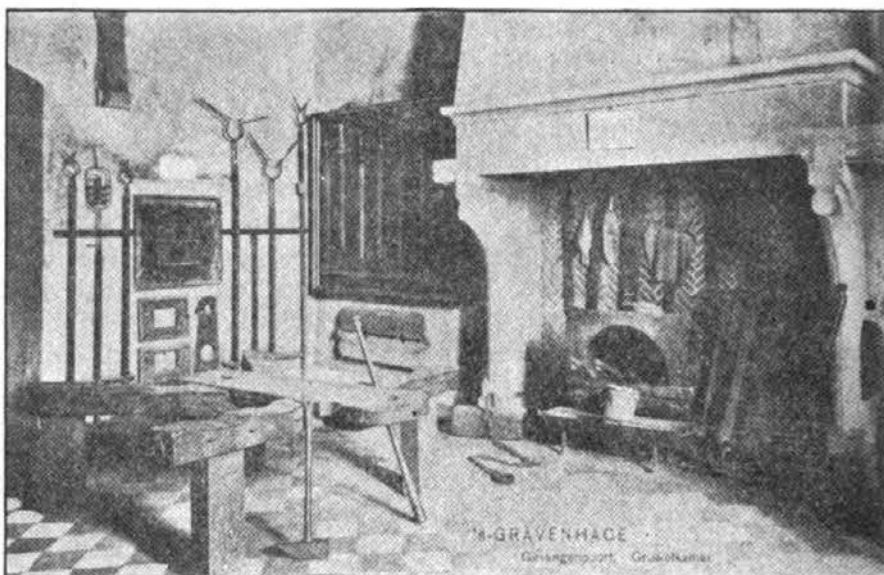
I enclose a few little cards that may do as original lessons. Children should be taught the inter-dependence and inter-relationship of all life. They should be brought to understand how all the universe, all bodies and organisms whatsoever, have gradually formed under natural law out of the cosmic mist, and that magic gas must have contained all our functions, powers and attributes, to furnish you with lessons and explanations if you desire them, all of which will harmonize and be in perfect accord with the laws of sociology, psychology, education, chemistry and physics, as verified through the corroborations of experts.

Life is too short for people who wish to make actual progress in fields of thought and action to spend time and energy in fantastic realms of speculation.

The Editor.



# The Old Guard of Free Thought.



Old Torture Chamber—The Hague.

Friends of "To-Morrow:"—

Just returned from England and Holland. In the Hague I visited the Prison (they call it) where the Christians used the sledge to break human bones—then pulled their victims in pieces; all in the name of Christ.

Enclosed I hand you a postal showing those arguments used as late as the 16th Century. The buildings look very aged and one can see the very floors on which the priests and their menials tortured the wisest and best men of those times; also you can see those neck pikes on the walls with which they paraded their victims thru the streets.

It notice that Brother W. W. Wallace is 72 and expects to die soon. That is all wrong to think that way—much more so to write it. He is just where he should begin to live. The next 25 years should be the best of his life. I am in my 76th year and have not even thought about the day of departure. He should get on the New Kneipp Lines and live to 125 or more.

Lots of good wishes to all the Old Guard,

C. R. WOODWARD,  
Lockport, N. Y.

To-Morrow Magazine,

Dear Brethren in the Unfaith;

I received your letter asking for the date of my birth etc.

In reply I will say, I was born in Lowestoft, a small fishing town on the coast of England on July 20, 1828. I became a Mormon and emigrated to America in 1855, so after staying in the Eastern States several years, I crossed the Plains arriving in Salt Lake City, in 1861. I stayed here with a band of Mormon Emigrants, a very dissatisfied Mormon, until 1863, when I became an out-spoken free-thinker and continue so.

I subscribe for most all kinds of free-thought literature, am very pleased to say I have collected a fine free-thought library containing about 600 volumes, in which I spent many happy days reading and studying until I became almost blind. I became afflicted with paralysis. I have not been able to read for the last seven or eight years.

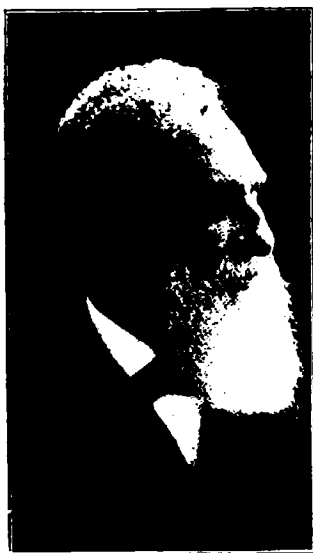
Trusting that you will have great success with your magazine, I remain,  
Yours most truly,

James Ashman.

## Dr. G. W. Brown of Rockford, Ill.

Dr. Brown was born in West Moriah, Essex County, N. Y., Oct. 29, 1820 hence will soon enter his 87th year.

His parents moved to Pennsylvania in the spring of 1834. He served an apprenticeship in cabinet making in Conneautville, Pa., and a few years later read law and was permitted to practice at the Pennsylvania bar. Instead, however, of enjoying in a law practice, he founded and edited the Conneautville Courier, continuing its successful publication until 1854, when, because of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise of 1820, by which the territories of Kansas and Nebraska were thrown open to slavery, he disposed of the Courier and his book store and taking a party of 280 persons with him, he located in what is now Lawrence, Kansas. There established the Herald of Freedom which gained a circulation of 8,000. He got out the second number, Jan. 3, 1855, without a roof to the building.



May 21, 1856, the office was destroyed by pro-slavery ruffians from Missouri. He was then indicted with other free state men, by a violent pro-slavery court, and grand jury for high treason and held four months, a prisoner, guarded much of the time by a regiment of the United States troops. But he was discharged Sept. 10 and Nov. 1, revived the Herald of Freedom which did stalwart service for the Free State cause

until our admission into the Federal Union as a free state. Following this, he practiced law for five years, having disposed of his printing establishment. In the spring of 1865 he located in Rockford and still occupies the home then acquired.

Dr. Brown has been continuously connected with newspaper work since 1846 and has written and published several volumes on Kansas history, and numerous papers and pamphlets, published in the liberal journals, expressing the questionable origin of the Christian religion. His "Researches in Oriental History," a volume of nearly 400 pages passed quickly thru four editions and then out of print. There is still a great demand for the book. It was an unsuccessful attempt to find the historical Jesus.

For the last sixteen years Dr. Brown has written the principal editorials for an unusually successful weekly and during this period has written enough liberal matter to fill twenty duodecimo volumes.

A public lecturer who lately visited Rockford, in her letter to the Progressive Thinker of Oct. 20, 1906, says:—"Rockford possesses a great treasure and that is Dr. Brown, a man of 86 years, well preserved in every way and a man of great power and judgment. He has been a worker for liberty in every way all his life, which means much. He passed the stormy slave question with the Pioneers of the last generation.

I recognize several of the names in the Roll of Honor, having personal acquaintance with them, and I do think the Prophet of Freedom and her castle just beautiful. I should like to know her. I wish we might correspond with some of the comrades. Why would it not be helpful to us to know each other personally by letter? I think it would help to enlarge our minds and bring us more fully into each others lives. This is only a suggestion that comes to me, perhaps because I feel the need.

Yours for truth and freedom,

Harriet L. Sheldon,

58 White St., Original from  
Haverhill, Mass.

When the Huguenots had to leave France, some went to Ireland and settled there. Among them were the Cottrells; who intermarried with the Copley's, and that is how I came by an Irish and French name.

Copley Cottrell, of Mt. Clemens, was born in Ireland, Jan. 18, 1835, a descendant of the Huguenots. I have been a sailor on both Oceans and Lakes, and when the Civil War broke out, I enlisted in the army and served in the 7<sup>th</sup> U. S. Infantry.

My profession of faith is very short. I believe in the rights of Man, and help him all I can and let the Gods take care of themselves, and I never asked a God to forgive me for being what I am I think he ought to ask my forgiveness for all the trouble he has got me into.

I belong to no Church nor creed, and I am what you can call an Atheist, and those very good Christians tell me that I will go to hell; but they get more than they give.

I will send a photo as soon as I can. I live five miles from Mt. Clemens, and cannot get there every day.

Yours fraternally,

—Copley Cottrell.

Mt. Clemens, Mich.

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Los Mochis, Sinaloa, Mex., October 30, 1906.

Editor, To-Morrow:—

I comply with your request to give the date of my birth, place, etc. I was born in Onondaga County, New York, on the 10th of July 1828, and hence am in my 79th year. My wife is dead. I have five children, two of whom are here in an American settlement. I make my home around here with them. I joined the Church when a young man, tho I never believed in creeds, and by reading the Bible, I concluded to take heed to the scriptural injunction, "Come out from among them, be ye separate from them," and I came out and have felt better ever since. I came to the conclusion that if the Christian god (imaginary of course) was the creator of all, that he was responsible for all,—responsible for the acts of his creatures. I could not believe that a human being could persuade the Almighty from his intentions, as in the case of Moses, and whose intentions were evil as admitted by the Lord himself. I could not believe that an all-wise and all powerful being would create man with the intention that he should live uprightly and free from sin, and fall in his intentions. Neither could I believe that such a being would send a flood to destroy sin from the world and fall in his intentions, nor that he would be under the necessity of inaugurating a scheme to improve or repair the work of his own hands. I will not occupy further space in showing my conclusions in the matter.

Fraternally,  
—Wm. Hart.

---

Editor of To-Morrow:—

To-day I paid a visit to my old, lovely teacher in the philosophy of life—Lois Walsbrooker, 653 Walnut St., Chicago. I had the rare pleasure to look into the glorious eyes and hear the sweet voice as of old, tell me about the construction of her latest great work, "Woman's Source of Power." No words can estimate its value. By her plan war would be impossible—poverty would never come to us, the world would bloom into a new civilization and happiness steps in and drives misery out. It is the greatest book I ever read on the sex question or any other subject. That none may go without it, she is selling it at the printer's cost, 25c a copy.

One of her boys.



My dear Sercombe:

I hail your monthly magazine and read it with much pleasure and profit. I was much pleased to see the portrait and notice of Judge C. Waite. I look upon him as being foremost in liberal literature—I have his book, "The Fruit of Two Hundred Years of Christian Religion," which shows a deep and thorough research and a happy compilation. I have had a limited correspondence with the Judge.

Perhaps some of your readers would like to know how a nonagenarian feels in regard to the future—you know I am past my ninetieth year. I have no fears nor forebodings when I lie down to sleep. It is the same to me whether it be for eight hours or for eternity. To me it might be a dreamless sleep that knows no waking. I know that what is called the soul—the mind—the spirit—cannot exist outside of matter; matter and force are our life. A spirit is something you cannot see, feel or touch. Some-

thing you cannot conceive of outside of matter. Therefore when the body dies the mind or soul dies with it.

Animals have souls as well as human beings, and some of them have more intelligence than many human beings. There is nothing so terrible in what is called the Arch Enemy, Death. We shall be only as we were before we were born. One thing we do know—there shall be no more sighing, no more sorrow.

As you have the photo of my deceased wife and myself taken at the time of our Golden Wedding Sept. 15, 1889, perhaps you can use it in some way in your January number. If so, I shall be much gratified. My devoted wife of fifty seven years, died Sept. 25, 1896 at the age of eighty years.

My old friend, Dr. T. A. Bland, has kindly sent me his book, "The World Celestial." I appreciate his kindness but I cannot take stock in his theories, perhaps it is for lack of investigation. I believe in only what I can see the best of evidence.

Your octogenarian friend, Silas Rockwell.

Editor "To-Morrow":—

Enclosed I send you a photo of "yours truly," also a view of our home. Must say "To-Morrow" is good to brush the dirt from our eyes and expose some ancient superstitions.

Yes, "the world moves," oh so slow the progress from Rameses to Roosevelt is discouraging.

Having grown up among Puritans, was handicapped until middle age. Am doing what I can in my way to dethrone that infamous trinity, God, Government and Grundy.

Now, let me read a prediction, a seismic change will come in the near future. In fifty years female slavery, commonly called "holy marriage," will disappear, and after that the God myth will go, and finally the worst of all, government delusion will die, and as we became civilized we will cease to eat our distant relatives of the forest. Well, we are all doing the best as we see it.

Yours for the revolution,

Volney Abbey



### LOIS WAISBROOKER IN NEED.

Sister Lois Waisbrooker, now at 653 Walnut St., Chicago, recently fell down a flight of stairs and injured herself so badly that it will probably be several weeks before she will be able to be out. She is among strangers and very much in need of funds. Will her friends please aid her?

Owing to lack of space, the "Old Guard" list is omitted this month, but will be published with new additions, in the February issue.

### ABOUT BOOKS.

Otto Carque has struck the keynote of the progressive forces of this great period of reform and reconstruction in his book, "The Foundation of All Reform, A Guide to Health, Wealth, and Freedom." It is a popular and practical treatise on the mental and physical regeneration of man, touching the solution of social, economic, and ethical problems. 75 pages, cloth 50c; paper 25c; of the Kosmos Pub. Co., 765 N. Clark St., Chicago.

Wm. E. Towne has favored us with his new Emerson Calender of Self Reliance and Inspiration for 1907, which certainly is inspiring, both in the uplifting sentiments given for each month and in the beauty of the dainty pale brown and gold combination of printers' art. Not the least of the artistic and pleasing effect is the portrait of Emerson on the cover page. This gem of a time record will be sent by Mr. Towne upon receipt of price, 25c.

A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago, are publishing Sherwin L. Cody's "Success in Letter Writing," which should be one of the best selling books on the market, if usefulness and instructive value are to be considered. This is the age of complete division of labor, and correspondence is a very important factor in the attainment of any degree of success in any line of endeavor. A clear, forceful, elegant style, gained from careful study, has been the attracting power with many commercial and social successes. "Success in Letter Writing" comprises both business and social correspondence, giving practical suggestions for the cultivation of forceful individuality in letter writing. Tastefully bound in brown and white, contains 224 pages. Sent by the publishers for 75c net.

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### BEHOLD THE CHRIST

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Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass., compiled 27 of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's best poems into a little booklet, "New Thought Pastels," printed on fine, heavy, antique paper, with fancy initial letters, a half-tone portrait and the autograph of the author. Bound in heavy paper cover, two colors, 50c. Special De Luxe edition half-ooze calf, \$2.00.

### CURRENT PERIODICALS.

Dr. J. McIvor-Tyndall in the New Thought supplement of the Sunday Denver Post of Nov. 28, expresses the following very significant sentiment:—

It does not take a psychologist to perceive that we have become victims of the very machinery we have set in motion and that something must be done looking toward a less strenuous, less complex, less competitive life.

"The Divine Life," edited and published by Celestia Root Lang, 4109 Vincennes Ave., Chicago, is a little magazine of 36 pages, devoted to "religious science, scientific religion, a harmonious whole." The first number appeared Nov. 1906, and the first five numbers contain a serial dialogue, "Behold the Christ!" an epic of the new theism.

The strongest, most scathing, and withal the most pitiful arraignment of the attitude of modern "civilized" society on the sex question is an autobiography, now running serially in "Physical Culture," under the title of "Growing to Manhood in Civilized (?) Society"—the life history of a representative young man of all classes, showing the damnable conditions and effects from the prudishness of the day. It lays bare a story that thousands of the growing young men of the country could tell in all the pitiful and degrading details.

One of the most practical publications devoted to character culture and rational living is "The Light of Reason," published by James Allen, author of "As a Man Thinketh," "From Poverty to Power," etc, at Ilfracombe, England, for \$1.00 per year. Two articles, "Precept and Practice" and "Spiritual Strength" in Nov. No. are worthy of deep study.

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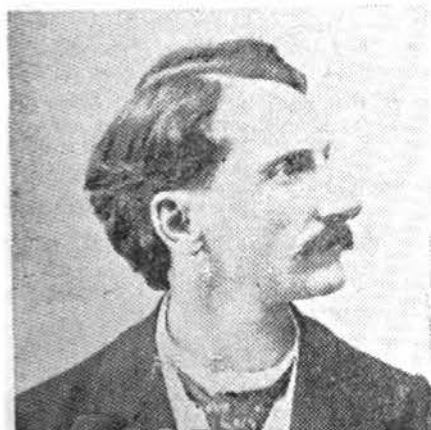
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# To - M o r r o w

## For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, EDITOR.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE.



# HICKS, THE MINER.

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The rescue of the miner, Lindsay B. Hicks, from under sixty feet of muck and rock at Kern River Camp, California, after more than fifteen days of hard work on the part of his comrades, has been variously commented on by the daily press, but it does not yet appear whether he drew his full pay or not, during the period that he was entombed.

The one fact that stands out above and beyond all others is—in a group of "rough miners" who as a rule do not value the life of a human being for more than a thirty-eight caliber cartridge, a fidelity and comradeship, purely voluntary, suddenly leaps to the fore and with a heroism and faith that eclipses the zeal of martyrs, they toil night and day for half a month while the whole world takes a hand in their enthusiasm and when at last the thousands of tons of rock that separate them from their comrade are finally removed, and the leader is enabled to reach between the wheels of the truck and grasp the hand of his comrade, the joyful news is spread immediately to other camps along the mountain side, down into other mines, and telegraphed to cities far and wide throughout the world.

Such is the power of voluntary aid and mutual brotherhood when not interfered with by the fetish of compulsion and authority, and this is the power which stands ever ready to hold mankind together as brothers in solidarity whenever faith displaces fear in the hearts of men.

No episode could more successfully establish the effectiveness of non-resistance than the enormous power and interest generated by this one imprisoned man as soon as he became utterly helpless and entirely dependent upon the efforts of others—only as we are completely undone are we immediately accorded the power that despots seek but never wield.

The personality of Hicks, the miner, pales to nothingness as we contemplate the stupendous force which arose out of his weakness. We are appalled as our vision turns from the miner to witness humanity's reaction for, with a raging cataract in view, whose eyes would dwell upon a single drop of water, even though it were a human tear.

It is strange that in the thousands of daily manifestations throughout the world wherein nature constantly reassures us with unfaltering persistence that the real controlling force in human society is naught but love, it is strange, I repeat, that hate and compulsion should still be employed as tools—weak, miserable, incompetent tools when at every opportunity and under all circumstances that will permit her to do so, kind nature, with wondrous pity and unaccountable anxiety, urges us, indicates to us and brings before our eyes in every fashion that a faithful dog might employ in trying to coax us to where a babe had fallen in the snow, that the one great implement for regulating the word is LOVE and her hand-maiden, Mutual Aid.

Hicks, the miner, felt this great force, he was moved by it, thrilled by it, and he knew at once that his previous living had not been in accordance with its power, and not having any other or better explanation, he thought it was the God of our ancestors, and became converted, and declared that henceforth he should pray, when in fact, not Hicks alone, but the whole race should take the cue and live in brotherhood—it is by the way they live their lives and not by their "prayer talk" that we know what men are.

# To-Morrow

For People who Think

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PARKER H. SERCOMBE, EDITOR.

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No. 2.

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## GOOD CHARACTER IMPOSSIBLE UNDER PRESENT SYSTEM.

Our social and economic system creates liars, grafters, ignor-amuses and smug hypocrites and we pass laws supposed to make them behave like saints, but the law corrects no one and only makes more hypocrites.

Did we but have Good Characters the machinery of the law would stand idle—We know how to develop good character, but strange to say, there is not yet a single institution in all the land, scientifically organized for this purpose.

Silly humanity still judges of people's religion by their "creed talk," instead of by **the way they live.**

We will not have good government, good churches, good schools nor equitable economic conditions until humanity as a whole attains average **good character.**

Good character must become a **racial quality**—it is the foundation of equity in every ramification of life—it is **futile** to arrange ideal conditions with the expectation of just administration and equitable enjoyment by people of bad character.

Graft, special privilege, swollen fortunes, divorce and prostitution are all the natural manifestations of our present state of bad character.

Punishment and jails will avail nothing in the improvement of character so long as the hand of each man continues to be raised against all others in the competitive struggle for existence.

The passing of laws to correct evils will avail nothing because our state of bad character is bound to manifest itself even as a cold water pressure is sure to find the leak in a boiler.

Christianity's defective system of character culture is explained on another page under the title, "Why Jesus Failed."

---

Our natures and dispositions grow in the direction that they are exercised and whether for one or for a thousand generations the law is ever the same.

---

Industry, good character and the art of swimming are all acquired in the same way—by the practice thereof, not by preaching. Bad character is also acquired by the practice thereof, and our present system makes practice in this line obligatory upon all.

---

Only as we have daily practice in patience and toleration and accustom ourselves to deal in a spirit of fairness and democracy with all people of every color, race and condition, can we hope to attain the realities of good character.

---

Our claim that we grant "free press" and "free speech" is merely one of our racial hypocrisies—there is no more free press or free speech now than there was in the time of George III.

---

King George was most alert in guaranteeing complete freedom of press and platform to those who wished to discourse in favor of the **established order**, i. e., himself and the English church.

---

**Ideals only** have changed—we now discuss **some** subjects freely that were "sacred" in the days of George III. but we still have "**sacred topics**" the discussion of which is variously punished with ostracism, imprisonment, starvation and even death. The same old principle holds over, viz:—Freedom to discuss what the majority already believe.

---

**Constitutional Rights?** Our government is not strong enough to guarantee free press and free speech. Try it! Let anyone who chooses attempt pro-negro discussion from press or platform in Atlanta, Memphis or any other southern center, and he will promptly forfeit his life and the government is powerless to prevent it except perhaps by sacrificing a million more, which it is not prepared to do. Free Speech? Not yet—not yet!

---

Under the protection of secrecy the sex life of millions of our race has become a graft, a debauchery and an outrage that publicity would prevent or cure, and yet imprisonment and death has been the fate of some of our noblest humanitarians—victims of collective ignorance and false modesty who in the interest of a wrong system have cried "obscene, obscene," until by sheer weight of numbers they have forced decisions of judges and juries.

Free Press? Not yet nor soon.

**Patriots from Russia.** Those who have imperiled their lives in trying to destroy the criminal autocracy that oppresses, steals from and debauches their race—are they given free speech here in the land of the free, the pretended asylum of the down-trodden?

No—Uncle Sam “must co-operate” in the oppressions of the Czar on account of “trade relations” i. e., we must co-operate with despots and debauchers in order that a few of our millionaires may draw more dividends.—I say, “to hell with Russia and her trade.” If Uncle Sam had an honest hair left in his head he would co-operate as of yore **with the oppressed** and not with the Despots of the Earth.

Freedom in America? **Not under government by the trusts.**

---

Let mild mannered men though they be Quakers, come to our shores, let them be non-resistants, not believing in war nor force nor violence of any kind, yet if they express disbelief in the existing form of compulsive government; they are refused entrance and sent back from whence they came as “anarchists,” all of which means, “you may enjoy freedom of press and speech” in these United States providing you limit your expressions to the views being upheld by this: **THE ONLY REAL ECONOMIC DESPOTISM ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH.**

---

It is highly gratifying to observe how the negro pugilist, Joe Gans, has a way of decisively settling his particular branch of the race question every time it is brought to his attention. **You are invited to take dinner with me, Joe, whenever you come to Chicago.**

The only kind of democracy I know is the variety that extends the same opportunity to every race and color to **win out if they can** without fear or favor, in every field in which the individual may elect to compete. No graft in my democracy. See?

---

### THE FAMILY.

If the daily newspapers of this country were really “educational,” they would at this time make a concerted effort through editorials and special articles to give to humanity the **correct view point** in relation to “**the family**” brought into prominence through discussions of Mrs. Parson’s book on that subject.

We have been wrongly taught that families exist and cohere as a result of law and compulsion, whereas there is nothing in this whole world that coheres because of law and compulsion. All things that do cohere, even the rock of granite, coheres because it is its nature to do so, and if all laws and compulsive methods now employed to hold the family together should be immediately removed, families would continue to cohere on much the same basis as before,

except that realizing that their status is voluntary instead of compulsive, there would be a consequent less friction and the percentage of disturbance and dissolution in families would be decreased in a marked degree.

We have for so many centuries been taught to believe that we do certain things on account of laws and regulations instead of because it is our natures to do so, that it has grown to be almost impossible to make us understand that all the thoughts and habits we have, have **grown up with us**, while laws and regulations instead of making us what we are, merely symbolize the ideal of the majority and in most cases have no other value except as symbols; as witness more than ninety per cent of the laws on our statute books which we no longer heed and have completely outgrown.

There is no law that commands us to eat three meals a day, nor to dress warmer in winter, nor to grow weak through indulgence or grow strong through exercise. We do these things voluntarily in response to impulses, which are more or less guided or effected by environment, and not only do we require no law to force the family to cohere, but on the contrary, no despot or compulsionist of the rankest type could ever enforce a law that would prevent them from cohering.

The wailing and lamenting of a lot of tin horn editors to the effect that Mrs. Parsons or any one else desires, or is able, to "break up the family" is too childish to deserve attention, when we know that compulsion not only is powerless to hold families together which desire to separate, but compulsion has been and always will be powerless to separate families whose desire is to hold together, for it is the nature of parenthood, not only human but throughout all the lower orders, that ties of blood and family are the strongest that exist, and when the family is held together by the strongest bond known to man, to a certainty it does not require **compulsion**, which on every count is seen to have been the weakest, most contemptible and ineffectual chain ever forged by ancestral tyrants.

---

### FREE "TALK" AND FREE LIFE.

Our forefathers thought that they took a marvelous stride forward when they declared for free press and free speech, whereas the conception they had reached was exactly what the Pilgrim Fathers had run away from, viz., a freedom to discuss the affirmative side of what the majority already believed in.

In England the majority believed in King George and the English Church, and every one was privileged to say all he pleased in favor of these functionaries.

Our American colonists, instead of inaugurating free press and free speech, simply set up a slightly different set of ideals and proceeded to punish with ostracism, imprisonment and death, those who opposed them, while the spirit of

"toleration" involved, not only remained unchanged, but is still unchanged to this very hour.

Witness the persecutions even in New England of those who attempted to talk anti-slavery before the war; witness the ostracism, abuse, and reducing to economic slavery of those throughout this entire land who have offended the tobacco and liquor interests by daring to speak against intemperance and cigarettes, witness the fact that a man or a magazine cannot exist at this time in the South or even be assured of life for twenty-four hours, unless he declares himself as a persecutor, and hater of the negro, and witness, too, the conviction and imprisonment of Moses Harman and others, who dare to write contrary to the fashion of the day on matters pertaining to human sex relations.

It is thus seen that even to this very hour, from the standpoint of the race as a whole, what we call TOLERATION is but a dream, for the state, the clergy and our courts only tolerate and only permit free speech and free press to the extent that they actually change their own minds, that is, legislation and ostracism continue to condemn, convict and imprison and despoil those who speak or live contrary to the fiat of the majority.

That which we have referred to as free press and free speech in the past is seen to be only a bluff, a pretense, and we may discern that the reality of free press and free speech can never be experienced in any community of human beings until each individual has achieved democracy in his own heart, a democracy so profound as to be unwilling, not only to control, invade or exploit others, but a democracy based on such keen habits of justice that it recognizes the privilege of others to go wrong as well as right and express themselves in speech and in life according to the inspiration of their own souls.

Thus far in relation to the noble sentiment of toleration and brotherhood—humanity has shown itself to be a race of liars and pretenders. We have not made good, even those who are advocating the freest kind of free speech are seen to be frowning upon others who have different views, and those who with fervor commend the theory of brotherhood, prostitute their days and lie awake nights in diverse schemes to filch the earnings of their fellows for their own enrichment.

It is true that we are enabled to speak and write plainly of many things not permitted a century ago, but only because beliefs have changed and not because the spirit of innate democracy and fairness has yet reached a point in human conception where it is given free opportunity to exploit opposing views and hold up for dissection our tenderest fancies and delusions.

There are now two great questions before the American people, which cannot be downed or set aside, and though these questions are being skillfully avoided by speakers and editors who deal in "dope," they will not be downed and can-

not be set aside. The most important of these questions is the sex freedom of woman, the next is the race problem, which would be no race problem at all if the American people had democracy and a square deal in their hearts instead of all being merely used as sounding phrases.

This magazine gives due notice that these and all other questions behind which the twentieth century despot still hides, will be handled without gloves in its columns. We shall give no heed to the enemies of free press and free speech, we shall not be balked in the slightest degree by any fear of ostracism, criticism, threats, withdrawal of patronage or any other means by which the enemies of fairness and the enemies of democracy in all ages have attempted to crush those who were pressing on for a better civilization.

The fact that our courts are still so corrupt and devoid of knowledge of the controlling power of freedom as to send Moses Harman to prison for merely making use of his prerogative of free speech, and the fact that J. Max Barber, editor of "The Voice of the Negro," was compelled to leave Atlanta on an hour's notice in order to escape death at the hands of a white mob, indicates that in the matter of our free press and free speech pretensions we are in no way in advance of the days of Good Queen Bess.

Moses Harman coming home from prison on Christmas day, was given a public reception in the Masonic Temple on the afternoon of January 1st. J. Max Barber, one of the most brilliant colored journalists in the United States, has established his magazine, "The Voice of the Negro," at 415 Dearborn St., Chicago, from whence he is now able to puncture the free press and free speech pretensions of the white citizens of the South, led by such contemptible brazen tyrants as John Temple Graves and Hoke Smith, in a manner and with an effectiveness which he never could have accomplished had he remained in Atlanta.

While white "statesmanship" in the South has successfully barricaded many of the avenues of negro progress, while more than a million yellow negroes are living testimonies in the South of the number of colored women who have been debauched by white men, while thousands of white hypocrites have busied themselves with inventing stories of negro rapes and assaults which never occurred, it does not yet appear that any legislation has been enacted whereby "The Voice of the Negro" or "To-Morrow Magazine" will be prevented from delivery through the United States mails to subscribers in the South who are hungering for a better and profounder interpretation of democracy than the kind advocated by Senator Ben Tillman.

We therefore have no hesitancy in announcing that the democracy of "To-Morrow" is not the democracy of to-day as interpreted by the courts who have tried to crush Harman and his paper or by the Atlanta News, Ben Tillman, John T. Graves and the whole southern conspiracy of medieval tyrants.

## A DINNER AT SHERRY'S.

It was one of those dinners at Sherry's whereat the head waiter received a twenty dollar gold piece and his lieutenants a more modest five dollars each.

There were six different kinds of wine and some twelve courses including a giant omelet souffle that while astonishing in proportions, when cut into with the conventional harpoon amounted to nothing—a veritable wind pudding.

I was reminded of the red headed stuttering ten year old down on the Kankakee Marsh who, in offering me information in regard to the blue crane said, "No, Mister, that bird don't amount to nothin'—all wings, neck and legs with a body no bigger'n yer fist—shoot one'n it'll fall down like an empty pair o' pants,"—and such was the omelet souffle.

"It didn't amount to nothin'," but it was discussed, and the quail and the fish were discussed and the succulent beef tenderloin with mushrooms were talked about and the pudding and the delicate sauce, and very much conversation was given to the wine, the various vintages being rattled off in quick succession, by nearly all of the dozen men and women present.

Other dinners were discussed and what Miss So and So wore and the very risque story that Mrs. B—— told and how much money Mr. M—— was making.

I recalled another dinner down at Champaigne, Illinois. It was nearly twenty years ago. I was off on an eight weeks trip, and I dropped in for a twenty-five cent Sunday dinner, served by one of the kindest and most motherly looking women I ever met.

It consisted of stewed chicken with gravy, mashed potatoes, the best of coffee and a Sally Lunn Pudding. It was served in wholesome fashion on a scrupulously clean table and on dishes which showed signs of the thorough elbow polish they had received.

I recalled this dinner at Champaigne, Illinois, and knew that then I was a man. In Sherry's I knew that I was a fool, among fools in a fool's Paradise.

Some of the things said at table were very "smart," mostly jokes in relation to those who had not learned all the forms and proper accompaniments to swell dinners.

"The outfit that Mrs. S—— wore at our dinner at Martin's last week was a fright and while her daughter is very attractive and is sought after by the men, I would not think of inviting her into our set again."

At this special dinner was a Western promoter, who had made his millions. He was a bachelor, an art collector, and was really there because he was specially eligible to become the life companion of the niece of the New York magnate who was giving the spread.

Judged by a number of similar affairs, this from an intellectual point of view, was a fair sample of the nightly diversion of countless thousands of "swell" New Yorkers, and



with the table conversation as a tally let us see what they amount to—the latest gossip, much of it maliciously invented on the spur of the moment, smutty stories told by old and young of both sexes, frequent references, by each one, to their appearance at previous dinners and functions with others more “swell” than themselves, the balance of their remarks being devoted to food, drink, dress, and the methods employed to “impress” waiters.

It is needless to assert that in no bar-room or tavern in Oklahoma, on the Yukon or in any other portion of Uncle Sam's dominion, is the table talk so replete with twaddle and so devoid of intelligence and common sense as in the New York swell cafes.

The intellectual status cultivated and practiced in these glittering caves of vanity and gluttony actually outdoes every cross-roads eating house in the land in a struggle to employ only useless and inconsequential talk, and let any person attempt to mar the mental vacuity with an idea and he will be immediately treated to the stony stare and become persona non grata on the spot.

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### SELF CULTURE.

Although the speculations of the average person usually present the panorama of life as but little more than a jumble of contradictions, collective thought, with fuller data and the aid of objective inquiry, invariably discloses reconciliation and harmony.

In these days of awakening for self-improvement, it seems almost sacrilege to assert that a majority of efforts in the way of self development, “self culture,” have not only gone wide of attaining the results desired, but have encountered new dangers, if anything, more perilous and unsatisfactory than the original deficiency sought to be avoided.

While the aim here is to point out some of the dangers and pitfalls of “self culture,” let it be remembered that equally grave errors in the selection of dogmatic teachers and guides often effect a stultification as undesirable as primitive barbarism itself.

In reality all progress is **racial**, the units of life advancing more or less on the same plane, whether they think so or not; still those who wish to become **representative** in the upward trend may as well become correctly conscious of the dilemma which confronts them, as between dangerous teachers unlearned in nature methods, and perhaps the more hazardous fetish of self culture.

We hear frequent boasts from those who claim to be “self taught” in such fields as art, music, language, oratory, literature, dietary, physical culture, economics, etc., but of all these the most numerous is the self taught “thinker” man and woman. Ye gods, what thinks they have!

They go into the silence, seek seclusion, rush from the

maddening crowd, ask their souls questions, and of course their S. always gives back the answer that the heart desires, and thus day by day, fortifies, strengthens, and apparently certifies to the ego's dearest delusions.

A history of the world's thought advancement bears constant testimony that no progress towards truth has been made except by thinking openly, publicly, in concert, through discussion, interrogation and every form of comparison. We know that progress has been slow, to be sure, that no Zeus has stepped down from his throne on high to give us ready made knowledge, and perhaps the beneficence of the plan manifests itself in the fact that we shall one day be able to think wisely and truly because through thousands of generations we have been gradually developing our think powers in the creation of the **thought scheme** which we have been obliged to build up for ourselves.

'God help the poor thinker who never talks with but one person, reads but one book on a subject, comes in contact with but one school of thought, and the devil take the one who in his egoism and self sufficiency comes in contact with himself alone.

I have in mind a singer whose voice and tone culture are entirely the result of self guidance and consequent self appreciation, whose peculiar fantastic purrings, screechings, and abrupt swirling intonations were interpreted by herself as the highest art, but the effect produced upon the hearers was quite as entirely different from what was anticipated as the effect upon the thinkers, of the amateur gyrations of self taught philosophers who in conversation everywhere, in New Thought gatherings, and in magazine articles, give exhibitions of the mad house state of their inner consciousness as much out of place as an Irishman at a peace meeting. For the sake of the rising generation it should be the attitude of every new thought magazine or self culture publication to give out boldly to the world that there is no reliable culture except it is in concert with many others who are also seeking culture.

We cannot trust teachers for they are all in the rut, we cannot trust the silence because it perverts the mind, stimulates the ego, develops self consciousness and has the effect of causing all of our faults to grow more faulty.

It is amusing to observe the conclusions of those who study dietary and physical culture by themselves, and actually develop systems and methods, which though they might fail to account for the growth of the mastodon, would easily convince a canary bird that it could soon become a walrus.

The manner in which this class of new thoughters will come out of the silence and set the right front foot to wrestling with the left shoulder blade in order to inspire certain nerves and muscles into action that might better lie dormant, the way in which they take intense hold of their faculties, expecting their bodies and minds to remain normal and automatic after habitually employing a lot of stunts that amount to but little less than destructive self abuse, and the way in

which rank amateurs in psychology, morphology and ethics set forth views in many publications, scorning any sort of a study of what experts and real scientists have accomplished along these lines, is pitiable and discouraging in the extreme.

Permit me to urge on those who wish to learn to improve in any line whatsoever, to get out among live people, do not let your views become fixed by the first faddist who comes along, study deep questions deeply and take advantage of what the world has accumulated in the way of knowledge on each subject.

Do not trust even the best teachers too much, but most of all, do not go into the silence and trust yourself a little bit, for therein lies greatest danger of dogmatism and stultification that can possibly be acquired.

Even as singers prefer to visit a number of tone experts in order to secure their views of "voice placing," so should all amateur thinkers seek various experts in order to secure something of a judgment as to "thought placing"; in any event, there is a suggestion here of profound significance, which if accepted and irreverently followed may help some.

P. H. S.

### THE STRENUOUS WOMAN.

If every implication of a subject could be stated in a few paragraphs, then lead lines would no longer be necessary. By this I desire to infer that whatever woman loses by strenuosity must ever be lost by **all those** who deal with life in strenuous ways.

Is calmness, poise and patience becoming to a woman, then these qualities are as well becoming to man also and to all living creatures.

Unfortunately humanity's thought habits are so narrow that to simply relate the failure of strenuosity in the experience of kings, men and serpents would leave the smug, self satisfied woman to feel herself untouched by the lesson, hence these remarks refer specifically to **the strenuous woman** who loses out in her ambitions, all for a lack of kindness, patience and non-resistance so essential to the success of womankind.

The strenuous woman is supposed to have nerve, action, vitality, whereas her failure in reality is on account of a lack of all these qualities. Her forcefulness is her weakness, for instead of it gaining her desires it records but one finale, viz:—**alone and a failure.**

The quiet, soothing voice of woman has more in it of control than the howl of the north wind, than scolding, fault finding, or the employment of "protection", police or courts.

Who cannot call up in memory countless numbers of women who with their strenuosity of manner, insistence upon rights, threats of "I'll show him," etc., have ruined lives and prospects for themselves and others.

Granted that strenuous men lose out also, as stated in the

beginning, these paragraphs are especially to call attention to the failure of strenuosity in women, for unless mentioned specifically, the fair sex have a habit of thinking that such remarks apply to all others but themselves.

"You have power—you have the greatest power—your woman power lies in sweetness, gentleness and patience—use these and win."

P. H. S.

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### LIFE.

Life is a unit. It is the one animating force of all manifestations. The brotherhood of all life forms is indisputable.

The laws of life are universally applicable. There is no separation of life into classes, governed by distinctly differentiated codes of laws.

All manifestations, activities, phenomena, throughout the Cosmos, are carried on according to the same, identical universal laws.

These laws are not arbitrary, inviolable commands, but are the working methods of natural and undisturbed processes of life. These are the great, harmonious, rhythmic currents of progression and evolution.

It remains for us, thru experimentation, observation, and study, to discover these natural methods of expression and activity; then to live in perfect harmony with them, make every activity and interrelation of our existence in accord with this magnificent current of rhythmic movement, evolving continuously, beautifully, harmoniously to the condition of Universal Brotherhood, Perfect Character, and Freedom from the inharmonies, wars, perversions, and prostitutions of the Past and Present.

The foundation principle in this evolution is LOVE—Charity—Cohesion.

R. E. S.

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### WHAT THEY SAY.

Dear Comrades:—I have read the Dec. number of "To-Morrow," and feel spiritually revived and strengthened. I send you the names of three of my friends whom I am anxious to see numbered with the forces of the civilization to come.

Yours for the Revolution,

—M. A. Bowen.

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My Dear Editor:—Enclosed please find my dollar for another year of the World's Best—"To-Morrow."

—T. B. Englehart,  
Buffalo, N. Y.

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Editor "To-Morrow":—The three numbers of "To-Morrow" I have had please me much.

—B. Pratt,  
Los Angeles, Cal.

"To-Morrow" deserves success for its fearless policy in attacking the "ills of society." I will do what I can to increase your readers in this vicinity.

Yours for the truth and justice,

—Chas. Avril,  
Denver, Colo.

Dear Editor:—Yes, I want "To-Morrow" for another year. I think it is an excellent magazine.

Yours truly,  
—Esther A. Van Riper, M. D.,  
Circleville, O.

Gentlemen:—"To-Morrow" is more than worth the dollar.

Yours for Independence,

—L. C. Kimberly,  
Circleville, O.

Gentlemen:—I want your magazine at any price.

Yours,

—Dr. G. A. Bradford,  
Columbus, Mo.

I will not lose an issue of "To-Morrow," if I can prevent it. "To-Morrow" is the Gem of the Magazine World.

Yours for mental liberty,

—W. H. Tichbourne,  
New Castle, Pa.

Dear Editor:—I consider "To-Morrow" the most advanced magazine now published.

Very truly yours,

—Thos. Lorenzen,  
Cedar Bluffs, Neb.

Dear Editor:—Your "Brother, are you prepared to meet a thunderbolt?" etc., is the most appropriate phrase that has ever been written.

—Robt. G. Wright,  
Denton, Tex.

My Dear Sercombe:—Herewith I send check for \$1.00 for "To-Morrow" for another year. I think your magazine is improving steadily. It certainly is doing good work. Wish I could help you more than I have done so far.

—Jonathan M. Crane,  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear "To-Morrow":—Sample copy (November) to hand, and am much pleased with the magazine, especially the way in which you deal with the sex question.

—J. B. Phinney,  
Springfield, Mo.

Dear Editor:—I am in sympathy with you, heart and soul, and wish you unlimited success. Keep up the fight against organized superstition—the church—and may the eternal verities play into your hands.

Fraternally and cordially,  
—Wm. Colby Cooper,  
Cleves, O.

Dear Editor:—Am well pleased with "To-morrow." I consider it an eye-opener.

—Wm. D. Harp.  
Kathleen, Fla.

Friends for Progress:—Give us what you know, and you will gain the respect of exchanges.

—Emil Fredrich,  
Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Dear Editor:—I wish to assure you that my subscription will be renewed in due course, as I would not deny myself the thought food contained in every issue of your magazine, for many times the price.

Sincerely,  
—L. W. Charlat,  
New York City.

Dear Editor:—I am a transfer from the "Culturist," and while I do not agree with everything you publish, I like the magazine well enough that I do not want to do without it.

—F. E. Leonard,  
Cestos, Okla.

Dear Friends:—The Nov. and Dec. numbers of "To-Morrow" were received several days ago, and I thank you very much. Regret that I have to trouble you so much about changing address, but would be willing to pay extra to get the magazine regularly.

—Risden Stewart-Asbury,  
Greenwood, Mass.

Dear Editor:—Enclosed please find P. O. M. O. for \$1.50 covering renewal price of "our" magazine, also five extra copies of the February issue. I think I could place a few back copies among my friends to advantage here, if you will kindly send same. With the compliments of the season to yourself and Circle, I am

Sincerely yours,  
—Essie E. Braffet,  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Gentlemen:—While I do not like your views on Free Love or the Negro question, I realize you have odds to fight in

coming to the front, on account of so much superstition, therefore my renewal.

Respectfully yours,

—J. W. Parker,  
Santa Anna, Tex.

Enclosed find Order for 1 year's subscription to your (in my honest opinion) **best** of all magazines published to-day.

I am yours for Freedom,

—John Kemp,  
Pickerington, O.

Dear Sirs:—Your magazine is fine, fearless, and faithful.

Yours ever for truth and freedom,

—Kate A. Unthank,  
Melrose, N. Mex.

Gentlemen:—"To-Morrow" is alright, and if, in my subordinate position of freight brakeman, I can induce one or two others to subscribe, shall be only too pleased to do so.

Yours in the cause,

—F. A. Hearn,  
Salida, Colo.

Dear Editor:—Your magazine suits me exactly. I long to see Justice shown to Humanity and the World set Free.

—Mrs. Lizzie Scoville,  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Comrades:—"To-Morrow" seems to me to be still getting better. Your "Get Busy Philosophy" in the Dec. number is grand. I wish preachers would adopt it. For the dollar bill, set the tab of my mother ahead another year. She writes to me that "To-Morrow" is fine. A number of the boys here have avowed their intention to subscribe.

Yours for success,

—D. C. Millican,  
U. S. S. Indiana.

Editor "To-Morrow":—Say, there is about ten times as much reading matter in "To-Morrow" as there is in the big ten cent advertising magazines—saying nothing at all about the quality.

Respectfully,

—Jay G. Waite,  
Sturges, Mich.

Am proud of the honor to be listed with your "Old Guard of Free Thought" in your bold, bright and noble magazine. I am delighted with "To-Morrow."

Respectfully and fraternally yours,

—Dr. R Greer, Maywood, Ill.

From Grace Brown's report of the New Thought Convention, In Weltmer's Magazine:

"The next and freest bit was from Sercombe Himself—Parker H. Sercombe is a genius. He impresses it upon his magazine "To-Morrow" and upon the platform. When he speaks he has something to say and he does not stand upon the order of the saying either."

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William Marion Reedy in the "Mirror," St. Louis:—

"Among the "Mirror's" exchanges most noted for the ability or the audacity of their utterances, is the unique magazine, "To-Morrow," published in Chicago by Parker H. Sercombe. It is among the better type of thousands of publications that attack the validity of things hitherto deemed more or less fundamentally true by most men, a leading-up movement with which this country will have to reckon some day.

"To-Morrow" is intolerantly "liberal." It has made itself a gospel out of Herbert Spencer and Walt Whitman and it has writers on its staff, like Herman Kuehn, who can write and some others who can't write but are so full of ideas that the ideas get all jumbled.

Sercombe insists that the social evil is a fault of our marriage system. Charles A. Sandburg is one of "To-Morrow's" poets. The Magazine seems to represent the organization known twenty years ago as "The Liberal League," of which Ingersoll was the prophet.

It was Elbert Hubbard with his Philistine who gave impetus to much of this magazinelet propaganda which ranges from the mild dissent of Hubbard to the last limit of denial and assertion of Benjamin R. Tucker's organ, "Liberty."

Little "Ariel" away off in Massachusetts preaches an etiolated Tolstoiism. All of these magazines work for the betterment of the world, each according to its particular plan and each is playing a part in breaking up the foundations of old faith in the party panaceas of the quite recent past."

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Dear Friends:—I was very pleased with much that was given out in the sample copies of "To-Morrow" you sent me, and count myself fortunate if you will enroll me in your "To-Morrow family." I found expression given to many of my views, especially as to the equality of the sexes and woman's freedom. Will do my utmost to interest my friends, and hope to send you their subscriptions shortly. Thanking you cordially, I am

Yours very truly,

—B. M. Burgess,  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

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Dear Friends:—Your favor, date Dec. 26th, to hand. Glad to hear from you. Vol. 2 "To-Morrow" reached me in good shape and was well pleased to receive it.

You ask what I think of the cover and its inscription. I



like the inscription very much; the cover is not exactly "artistic," but is durable, and after all it's "not the wrapper but what's in it" that counts, you know.

At any rate, it is an addition to my collection of books that is wholly satisfactory to me, and I see no reason why the bound volumes of "To-Morrow" should not find favor with your readers.

With sincere good wishes to all our "To-Morrow" friends, from my husband and self, I am,

Sincerely yours,

—Estelle Metzger Hamsley,  
Janesville, Wis.

### MOONBEAM LAND.

By Belle Ada Mac Donald.

Fairy, fairy thistledown,  
Whither away in your boat, so brown—  
With dear little sails like satin plumes,  
And your misty robes of thistle blooms—  
Whither away, I say?

"Sailing," said the fairy bright,  
"To a land where fountains shining light,  
Play on the breast of long, silver streams,  
We, sprites, call it the land of Moonbeams,  
I am sailing away."

"I whirl, as in air I float;  
And trim the sails of my tiny boat.  
Sometimes I dance, on the crystal sand,  
Which sparkles, bright in the Moonbeam land.  
I am sailing away."

"The flow'rs there, are priceless gems,  
They glitter and sway on graceful stems,  
And always fresh, as love, in our dreams.  
Life is a joy, in the land of Moonbeams.  
I am sailing away."

"Come little one with bright hair,  
And sail with me in my bark so fair!  
We will laugh and play, in rainbow gleams  
Of the light in the land of Moonbeams.  
We will sail away!"

"So let your fringed lids droop down,  
Over sweet eyes of velvety brown!  
Give to me, now, that soft dimpled hand,  
And, see! We are off for Moonbeam land!  
We are sailing away, I say!"

# Department for Universals.

For those who can read opinions opposed to their own without getting mad or canceling subscriptions.

This Department is extra hazardous.

It contains strong and diverse opinions, poems and phancies.

It comes under no rule of thought, policy or program.

It is spontaneous. It is irresponsible.

It ignores established fashion and custom in everything, including grammar and orthography.

No one is expected to agree with all of it, though each part will reach the heart of some one.

WARNING—If you are sensitive about your belief skip this Department or read it at your own peril, though whatever your mental attitude, you are just as necessary to the march of progress as any one else.

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## ICONOCLAST.

Awake! ye People, break your idols all—  
Ay, e'en your national and religious ones,  
That keep you from the glorious privilege  
To be the masters of yourself and world.

Too long you crouched beneath despotic rule,  
And let a juggernaut of vain conceit  
Crush out your every hope and joy of life  
And leave but a mass of tortured flesh.

Let nothing fetter you to slavish toll;  
You are the lords of power, and supreme:  
To your content and welfare all should tend  
And be subservient to the very end.

Cast by all clannish niggardliness and greed!  
Then in a brotherhood of Man join hands  
And circle all the world with joy and love,  
And be your own great providence and fate.

You sweltered long enough in servile thrall,  
And fostered hate and bigotry and grief  
Within the soul e'en of your next of kin  
For fetish of presumption vile.

Whatever good there be upon the earth  
It's made and marred by no one but by man;  
So cringe and dream no more, but go abroad  
And live ideally as you made your god.

Thus you will find the source of every worth  
And realize your heaven upon earth,  
And get assurance that this life well spent  
Is the only gate to ever blest content.

—Peter Fandel.

The Harman reception held at Masonic Temple on New Year's day was a notable gathering of men and women far above the average intelligence. Consequently it was animated by a sane insurgency against the survival of mediaeval deference paid to the dicta of little men professing to be clothed with big authority.

Too bad that so capable a journalist as James Creelman should have carried his abilities to Philistia. Surely, surely, the flunkey list grows longer, but surely, too, there is an increase in the number of men whose spines are made of stiffer stuff than White House jelly.

J. C. Northrop, in January "To-Morrow" wants to know how liberty is to be attained without coercion. It cannot be attained with coercion or without. Liberty is not to be attained at all. When men grow wise enough to withhold assent from the silly notion that liberty is to be attained by coercion Liberty is.

Whoso believes that he requires an act of congress to enable him to pursue happiness will pursue in vain and does not deserve to overtake the object of his pursuit.

Hugging outside of matrimony is shocking. But it is admirable to hug our chains. And those who hug their chains most tightly sometimes get a lucid moment which they devote to wondering how liberty is to be attained.

There are some laws far viler than the crimes against which they are directed. There's many a prisoner in jail more decent than the prison-keepers or those who appointed them.

Schools supported by compulsory taxation are in the nature of a bunko game. This is not to say that people who favor them are bunko people. No. They are themselves victims of the game of bunko. First the individual is robbed by special privilege. Then he is led to "come on" for some more of the robbery by the bribe that the same scheme that supports the robberies is educating his children. Oh, a great game is bunko. And sympathetic natures are exceptionally susceptible to its wiles.

### THE CHILDREN OF ZOLA.

While the whole plan of branding certain children as "illegitimate" had its beginning in human greed, and is in direct opposition to the mandate of the power which people variously designate as God, Nature, Evolution, it is gratifying that the demand to remove all legal stigma from the lives of the children of Emile Zola comes from the right direction, from Madam Zola, herself.

Under normal human relations wherein ecclesiasticism and

artificiality are excluded from consideration, the desire of Madam Zola to do justice to her husband's children, would not be considered at all unusual, but under present reigning prejudices with all that modern society holds over from its medieval origin, this grand woman's ambition to do justice to her husband's progeny, stands out as a luminous beacon to the motherhood of the world.

"To-Morrow" readers and others who are alert to the signs of the times, must be aware how this act of Madam Zola and the thousands of related episodes that are now taking place throughout the world are bringing humanity to a realization of how wide afield in ethics we have gone in following the initiative of our forefathers, and how completely our rapid approach toward a truer democracy and a more perfect human comradeship is bound to overthrow all the false guides and tyrannical regulations of the past.

While Mme. Zola deplors the fact that her plan to bring legal recognition to her husband's illegitimate children has reached publicity for fear that opposition by the enemies of Dreyfus and Zola may thwart her plans, we on the contrary, extend our thanks to this spirit of progress knowing that the publicity which will result from the activity of these enemies will not only be futile in the end, but will place the details of this important case before the parents of the world, the educational results of which will be of inestimable value. Nature recognizes no such thing as illegitimacy, and when men become in the true sense brothers and women truly sisters and mothers, the ownership element both as to property and people, will not be so manipulated as to make hell on earth of a majority of our race.

### TILLMAN PEACE MEETING.

An important aftermath of Senator Tillman's lecture on the race question in Orchestra Hall, Chicago, was the Peace Meeting in Bethel Chapel on the afternoon of December 1st, called by the colored people, but wherein about half of the speakers were white.

About one thousand people were present and probably the most interesting idea promulgated was the general cause for congratulation by the colored speakers, first that Tillman had come, heaped insults on the black race, and gone without having been offered a single affront or insult, by anyone with African blood in his veins; and second, that the incident proves to what extent Afro-Americans have arrived at a culture and forbearance that enables them to overlook and tolerate insults hurled against them.

By request Bishop Samuel Fallows presided at the meeting, and it must be said that both his remarks and those of Jenkyn Lloyd Jones were wide afield, so far as being appropriate to a "Peace Meeting" was concerned. Both of these gentlemen having started in by referring to their records in the Civil War wherein "they fought for the Negro," which

was false; they proceeded to indulge in flattery and redundant praise of the Negro with a seeming desire to incite the fighting spirit to the highest point, and by flattery secure, either for vanity or some other accountable reason, a favorable impression of themselves on the part of the colored race.

At this meeting there was not a single white speaker who made a "peace" talk—all indulged in extravagant flattery of the colored man and Patrick O'Donnell, the lion of the hour, falling into the general sentiment, even wondered why an Irishman should be asked to speak at a "peace" meeting at all and not a single speaker took the pains to make a plain, simple, unexaggerated statement of the race situation, that would give a proper point of view for both whites and blacks.

If talking or speaking is in any way to become an aid in the solution of the cruel race question as it now stands, some writer or speaker must come to the front and make a plain, unbiased statement that can be accepted by those on both sides of the controversy.

### NOT A MAGDALENE.

My Dear Doctor:—

Replying to your letter, the story you portray of the "woman who wasted her life," is simply a story of the crudity, cruelty and parasitism with which we are surrounded. I have absolutely no respect for those who censure her. To me the woman herself stands out a shining mark, for I realize what a distinctly lovely personality she might have been were she only living among sweet souls instead of among people of the hyena type.

I am astonished that you, a professional man and a thinker, should attempt in a letter to me to hold up the judgment of riff raff human beings as a true criterion of worth.

You know humanity is unevolved, selfish, hypocritical, and that there is not one person in ten thousand equipped with intellect and imagination to judge that woman truly.

From your own account of her case, I am satisfied she was not a "lecherous woman of unbridled passion," but one who should have had the privilege of living among decent people with proper ideals which she certainly did not have according to your own account.

The fact that she did not care to live in fetters or in bondage does not imply that she wished to go to rank excess in sexual matters and impair her body and soul, living a life of gratification.

My observation is to the effect that it is only the enslaved who permit themselves to perish through excess and riotous living. A little inquiry among those you know who are living riotous lives will disclose the fact that they are invariably of that class of intellectual serfs who, having accepted orthodox criterions with all their cant and hypocrisy, subconsciously lose their equilibrium and go dippy in the maze of lies with which they find themselves surrounded.

The trouble, my dear Doctor, is not with the woman but with her associates and society as a whole and its imperfect and ignorant past.

I beg you, therefore, not to judge her or others by any such standard as the collective opinion of your town. Sincerely,  
—Sercombe Himself.

### BAD SPELLS.

By Sadie A. Magoon and H. P. Cheever.

I would like to ask H. P. Cheever why accoutre should not be spelled akkooter, and the word cough, kof, tho I do not approve of more than one sound for "o," the long sound as in no, go, etc.

Of what real use is the letter "c"? It has no actual sound of its own, and invariably takes the place of either "k" or "s," except when used with "h," thus: Charles, charm. Why not have one letter to take the place of the "ch"?

Unless we give "u" the "oo" sound, like the Germans or Spanish, for instance, I also prefer throo to thru.

**Here is another word, MYRRH.**

At the druggist Lou bought some myrrh.  
While on the street an ugly cyrr  
Barked so fiercely he frightened hyrrh,  
And caused a cat to raise hyrrh fyrrh;  
While from the tree she would not styrrh,  
'Til Lou caressed, and made hyrrh pyrrh.

**Here is another, TONGUE.**

Alf and May gazed at the tongue  
Of the school bell while it rongue.  
With its singing Helen songue  
Tho a cold was on her longue.

**Another, EIGHT.**

Jerry in years was only eight,  
Therefore in size he was not greight,  
Yet at his school was never leight;  
So, afterwards, he dug his beight,  
And from the bank he fished in steight.  
The finny tribe thus met their feight.

**And last, BURR.**

Jay and Ruth found a chestnut burr  
Which he picked up and gave to hurr,  
While she without the least demurr,  
Or waiting the time to defurr,  
Returned to him a thank you surr.  
Said Jim, "I am sick and have the ague."  
Said John, "Then I surely will not plague you."

**Reply to the Above by H. P. Cheever, Anent the "Bad Spell."**

I would say to Sadie Magoon that, while she is right about the spelling of certain words of the English language, right won't prevail during many decades to come, in my humble opinion. In my humble way I have made an effort to simplify spelling during these many years past by ex-

plotting very many of the bizarre and ridiculously spelt words in hundreds of limericks published in the press, but all to no purpose. The people won't have the simplification—the press won't anyhow—being wedded to their idols till death do them part, apparently, and seemingly making idyls of their idols from which they will not be divorced; so as a “simplifier” I acknowledge myself a failure, but not a lone and forlorn figure, for our mutual friend, Teddy, stands with me on the same plane, and if upon him, then upon “me too” beats the fierce darkness of defeat. But I can stand it if he can, and from what I know of him I think he can.

From this time forth, tho I may perpetrate more limericks, it will be for my own amusement and profit and not for the purpose of enlightening others. If the great and overpowering push insists on wasting time, ink and paper in spelling enuf **enough**, tung **tongue**, mer **myrrh**, tisic **phthisic**, etc., etc., it may keep on doing so for all I care, and it would be all the same if I did care, for the push of the English speakers and writers is, I am convinced, with regard to simplified spelling, a body immovable while I'm not a force irresistible, neither is my companion in the stocks of defeat, Teddy—I rather think he is going to let the crowd spell as it pleases and butt in no more.

The cure for our misfit and freak spelling, if there be any, is not yet nor soon, being in the far away future whence not all the would-be simplifiers, led on by doughty Teddy, can pull it in for active service, for the swarm, not wanting the cure, is resistless in its opposition; and what can't be cured in the time of the present generation must be endured for an extended cycle of moons if not for more moons.

Ephraim, personifying the great English push, will cling to and nourish and cherish his idols till the North Pole shall move on Surinam and the Southern Cross shall take up its perch over Bar Harbor. Now and then he will part with one reluctantly, and not at one fell swoop at that, but gradually let it slip from his hold, as he is now letting “ue” slip from catalogue, etc., but taking good care that “ugh” does not slip the leash from though, through, etc. Ephraim is tenacious, if not tenacity itself, and before he parts with any considerable portion of his collection of freaks, such as tongue, phthisic, catarrh, phantom, et al, you and I, Sadie, and several others, will be over the border where freak spelling will bother us no more and forever.

I close this with a limerick showing how the language might be enriched by the employment of “ough” in words that are now forced to get along as best they may in plain and simple attire.

A redskin, who guzzled enough  
Of “fire-water”, villainous stough,  
Peeled himself to the bough,  
Then let out some wild gough,  
And dusted for some scalps on the blough.

# Just a Fly.

By J. Howard Moore.



Have you ever watched a fly "wash" itself, and been so close to it that you could see every little detail of its doings and every expression of its miniature body and almost look right down into the states of its tiny soul as if it were a human being? I watched one a few days ago making its toilet on my hat, which was lying on the grass beside me in the park.

It was a dog fly with its glossy, black "bill" sticking straight out in front of it. How interesting, and dainty and real it all was. Not a part of its beautiful little body that it did not visit in turn with those wonderful brushes and combs.

First its face and neck, using its front pair of limbs, "scrubbing" so quickly and with such exquisite skill and daintiness time after time, each time pausing to clean its invisible brushes by drawing them back and forth over each other as they were held out in front of it. Then its wings, those wonderful films, using its hindmost limbs—first the under surfaces, then the upper, then along the back and sides of its glistening little body, always cleaning its brushes after each effort in that amazingly dexterous way. Finally its abdomen, which it held high in the air, "scrubbing" and massaging until every atom of dust, it would seem, were cast from its unseen setae. How elegant, and refined, and intentional it all seemed.

The little creature stood in the sun scarcely more than a foot from my eyes, and I could see every attitude and expression with perfect distinctness. It was always alert, watchful and conscious. Once another fly lit on the hat, and as quickly as a wink away they both darted for a second or two circling somewhere in the sunny airs. Once it stopped, braced itself for instant flight, and stood as if transfixed, holding its front feet free in the air, while an event went by which I suppose seemed to it to have danger in it—like a boy standing with half-open mouth and bated breath gazing inanimately at something that has suddenly fixed his attention.

Poor little hexapod! With your wee ways, your exquisite little body, and your toy-like soul! I wish I was acquainted with you and understood you. I wonder what you thought of me stretching out there on the landscape; and I wonder what you think of the other big masses of inhospitality like



me which you see moving about in the world. I suppose it seems to you very "small" for us to grudge you the little drink of sweet red wine you ask, when we are so full of it and your poor, little, aching stomach is so empty. How I would like to go with you thru the days and nights of your little summer life and learn all the secrets of your marvelous circlings. I wonder if you are often hungry. And I wonder if you are as lonely as I am in this world, poor, little, living, overlooked one. But you are not overlooked by yourself, are you?—nor by the other flies that wheel with you in your mazy circlings? I know how precious you are to yourself, tho you cannot tell me in words, by the interest you take in yourself and the anxiety you have for your life. I know you are the most real and prized being in the world—the center of this universe, where we are all, like you, pulling and hauling for importance.

## The Story of "The Doom of Dogma."

By Henry Frank.



Columns of criticisms, both favorable and antagonistic, having been written in many of the leading literary journals of this country and England, the editor of "To-Morrow" has requested me to write out the history of the circumstances that brought forth the book. I consent to do so only because I think that everybody becomes more interested in a publication, indeed gets more out of it, when the personal equation enters into its perusal. We all like a book better, or dislike it the more, after we have seen or heard its author.

But in the case of a book like the "Doom of Dogma," which may justly be called a "human document," being indeed a soul's confession of its deliverance from mental darkness to light, from spiritual enslavement to illumination, to know its history makes its contents more intelligible and possibly more instructive. The author never premeditated such an affliction on the race. The book was slowly delivered from thinner consciousness in a manner that could make even the immaculate conception plausible if such a thing has any meaning in the begetting of literature. At least the book was begotten without contact with any other minds or lives that co-operated in its generation, save as they sifted through the soul of the author and came forth as his own offspring.

No claim to originality, however, is made save only to the extent of the production being the author's exclusively, emanating from an experience in many ways painful yet happily conclusive.

Some of the more keen eyed critics of the work have de-

tected the personal quantity in its evolution and have thus referred to it. The Ethical Record, of New York, says: "Mr. Frank tells in this book why the orthodox dogmas of Christianity are doomed. He resumes the experience of his own spiritual evolution during the years in which he has been sloughing off the rusted fetters of orthodoxy. The work is, as it were, a Book of Confessions, and shows naturally the characteristics of such books. It is fervid, soul-emptying, brave."

In the same strain The London Athenaeum, the Censor among Critics, remarks: "The book is interesting as showing the crisis Mr. Frank has himself come through, and as showing how many questions have to be dealt with by one who makes up his mind to renounce authority and, while remaining true to the impulses of religion, to follow the light of reason. \* \* The religion to which the author (who has read many books) shows the way is a worship, on the principles of Walt Whitman, of a God who embraces in himself all differences and all opposites, and whom man discovers as he discovers himself."

Coming from such a high literary source the author feels himself constrained to acknowledge the truthfulness and intuitive insight of the critic revealed in the above words. It is especially gratifying to one who attempts an exposition of a philosophy which is wholly antagonistic to the world's traditional conceptions to mark that the intelligent and unbiased critic discerns his motive as well as the purport of his message, while the bigoted and uninformed critic as distinctly perverts and misconstrues it.

The critic still throttled with the collar of traditional ignorance and bias, such as the Boston Times for instance, gnashes and hisses between his teeth: "Henry Frank pretends a vast deal in this volume. \* \* There is not a single idea in this book that it is not as old as Methuselah (Sic!) \* \* It is part and parcel of that 'higher criticism' which is doing so much mischief among moral peoples. \* \* One chapter is written to prove that a 'man's belief neither makes him a Christian or a Buddhist, any more than it makes him an African or an Indian,' from which it is easy to suppose that is neither absolutely drunk nor sober. \* \* The work is nothing more nor less than the ravings of an unfrocked priest."

Still another orthodox critic, of no less importance than the "Watheman" of Boston, organ of the Baptists, does me the honor of declaring that even St. Paul prophecied my advent as an opponent of Christianity. He exclaims: "A new Hamlet has arisen. \* \* Paul spoke long ago of a time when a 'lawless one should arise to oppose and exalt himself above all that is called God; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God.' But the great apostle did not encourage us that we give large heed to such blasphemous utterances."

My Baptist brother really makes me blush when he writes so. He really must have felt that the book had struck him a knockout blow in his theological solar plexus, or he would not have imagined that I intended to do anything as dreadful as St. Paul said I would. I never knew Paul; but if this critic is a safe authority, evidently Paul knew me. Nevertheless, Paul was too generous in his judgment of me.

The most amusing feature I find in all the criticisms of the work is that they are no criticisms at all. They present slurs, sarcasms, abuse, but nowhere, as I shall show in these articles when I come to review some of the criticisms, do I find a real discussion of the arguments presented in the book. Can it be that it has silenced orthodoxy, and its only answer is either a curse or a sigh!

A minister, J. W. Bashford, of the Wesleyan University of Ohio (Methodist), writes in the *Baltimore Sun*: "This book impresses me as a very shallow type of rationalism." But after this *ex cathedra* denunciation he presents no argument to show wherein the shallowness of the work consists.

On the contrary some of the most interesting experiences of the author are the letters of approval he has received from individual readers. This is always encouraging. Here is one from Mr. J. H. Johnson, a leading jeweler of New York:

"My dear Mr. Frank: I have just finished reading your wonderful book, 'The Doom of Dogma,' and I feel that I must tell you how greatly I appreciate it. Paine's 'Age of Reason' was the greatest book of its time and was my deliverer. I have read it three times, but your book covers so much more ground, and so completely overturns all the accepted orthodox theories, that it makes me wish I had five of Andrew Carnegie's millions that I might send a copy of your book to several millions of families in our God-blessed land. It would do as much good as all his libraries are doing, although I fully appreciate their value; but there will never be any great progress until the multitude learn that so-called Christianity is and has been a hindrance to progress. I hope your book is still having a large sale."

But one of the most interesting experiences, as showing the missionary work the book is doing, is this letter from an orthodox minister in Lansing, Mich., whose name for obvious reasons is withheld:

"Mr. Frank, having read a copy of your book, 'The Doom of Dogma,' I desire that you would do me the favor of sending an extra copy which I desire to place in the Sunday School library that it may do missionary work among my people."

I sent him the book, expressing my surprise at the request; he thanked me and having in the meantime visited an Eastern city, wrote me of his own surprise in hearing an orthodox minister in Philadelphia read approvingly from the work in his pulpit during the delivery of a sermon.

So moves the world! The doom of orthodoxy seems to be at hand.

# The Message of the Ibsen Drama: Ghosts.

By Dr. Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall.



It is generally conceded that Henrik Ibsen was a great dramatist. A fact less generally recognized is that he was also a great psychologist. To the intelligent student of Free Thought, Ibsen must appeal as one of the strongest, most forceful of advocates.

He condenses in a single sentence a volume of protest against generally accepted standards; appeal for a broad comprehension of the purpose of life; a demonstration of the truths embodied in the present attempt to bring about a less limited life for the individual.

Notwithstanding this fact, Ibsen has almost generally been called a pessimist.

I claim that this view of the dramatic sermons preached by the great Norwegian is due to superficial observation. Ibsen compels intelligent analysis.

To the superficial observer, who sees only the dramatic effect, the lesson taught in Ibsen's plays fails of its mission, because he sees only the action of the play itself. His objective vision can take in only the puppets which Ibsen uses to convey his message.

It requires the subtleness of the analytical mind to fathom the depth of meaning in the lines of the dramas, because the meaning is essentially psychological.

And, unfortunately, the world is made up largely of superficial observers. We are but now beginning to look below the surface of things. The average mind sees only the effect and fails to penetrate the cause. But as the study of psychology becomes more general, we are learning to look below the surface—to seek the soul of things—to reason from effect back to cause as well as from cause to effect.

But, in order to make people see below the surface—the manifestation—Ibsen believed that it is sometimes necessary to employ drastic measures.

The world has a tendency to jog along in the narrow path blazed for us by former generations, without apprehending the necessity of accommodating ourselves to a wider perspective, a larger viewpoint than was possible to our ancestors.

Ibsen recognizes this fact and seeks to awaken the public mind, by fearlessly exposing its narrowness.

In "Ghosts" for example, Ibsen portrays, with a powerful pen, the morbid character of Oswald, as an example of the result of a loveless marriage between a woman of strong mentality and a dissolute man, whose excesses and dissipations were concealed in deference to society and the church.

Naturally, the child of such a union could not be a healthy, normal one and Ibsen follows up this logical conclusion to the extreme point. He makes the child of this union—Oswald—a mental wreck and thereby enters a protest against all that is not honest, vital and natural.

He shows that, back of the tragedy of Oswald, is the tragedy of the eager, joy-loving father, doomed to the life of a small town and its narrowness, and its distrust of pleasure.

This is a point in the drama—"Ghosts" that is almost entirely overlooked by reviewers, and yet, the message above all others, in the drama "Ghosts" is the message told so subtly, of the life of the dead Alving.

In this character, although invisible (not represented optically) we find the strongest lesson of the whole drama.

The dead Chamberlain stands depicted as the result upon human character of a life of repression; of deceit, of the unreality of a life lived in the white light of publicity; of compulsory observation of the false concepts that so often stand to human conduct for morals.

Ibsen desires to open the wilfully closed eyes of the world and to teach the truth that disease is mental and moral as well as physical.

And for this, Ibsen has been called "Immoral" and a "Pessimist." And yet, Ibsen's evident object was apparent, and his object was quite sufficiently optimistic.

The iconoclast who tears aside the veil from a condition he desires to better, may have the most auspicious motive.

Ingersoll, for example, lived the life of a consistent Christian, while protesting with all the eloquence of a gifted mind, against the shame and hypocrisies that often prevail under the guise of "Christianity."

So with Ibsen. His evident object was to convey the message that social pretense, rigid discipline, and the narrow view of life taken by many otherwise "good" people, are empty forms and hypocritical self-deceptions.

And he goes on to demonstrate that these hypocrisies, harbored in the mind, and lived from generation to generation, result inevitably in degeneration.

He chose the title "Ghosts," for his dramatic sermon, presumably because, from the metaphysical viewpoint, the "ghost" represents the empty shell of the physical body after the vitality, the soul has left it.

He shows the analogy between these "ghosts," and worn-out creeds, unobserved laws, and all the ethics that were established at a time, when human intellect was not considered trustworthy.

"Ghosts" are non-vital, empty; something that our imagination inspires with temporary power.

When Ibsen says "the world is peopled with 'ghosts,'" he means that the world is filled with unhealthy, non-vital ideas; thought-creations of the carnal mind; primitive con-

cepts that are outgrown and which are lacking in the essential vitality of Truth.

And who can doubt that we are the victims of these ghost ideas when we reflect that to the average mind, work seems a curse. Something of which to be ashamed, something to be avoided whenever possible and at whatever cost in character and self-reliance?

Another "ghost" that haunts humanity is the idea that it is our duty to endure suffering—that life is not meant to be happy and full of the "joy of living;" that we are to undergo trials and tribulations and hardships on earth, in order that we may enter a place called "Heaven" some time in the elusive, intangible future.

Concealment, affectation, pretensions that are absurd on the face of them are "ghosts" that master us, control our every moment and reduce to abject salvery.

"Duty," "economy," "respectability," are synonyms for "ghost."

They are inherited thought-concepts—man-made fences that keep us from entering into "green fields and pastures new."

I know that this will seem almost sacreligious to many.

Duty! Why the word has been made almost sacred. It has been surrounded by a halo and the halo has dazzled our eyes, until we have become hypnotized into accepting the word as a commandment of the Most High.

The duty children owe their parents; the duties of wives to their husbands and of husbands to their wives; the duty we owe our country; the duty we owe society, and the thousand and one other duties that we are enjoined to observe from infancy to old age!

They are "ghosts"—every one of them.

No service that is not actuated by love, voluntarily and freely offered is worth having. The "discipline" that is supposed to result from the performance of an arduous distasteful "duty" is a fallacy.

Children owe nothing to their parents if those parents cannot command voluntary respect by their own force of character.

Duty to one's country is the "ghost" above all others that haunts and frightens human kind. It makes men kill each other and engenders hate in children yet unborn.

Because of the "ghost" of "duty" to one's country, we see rulers of great nations sitting upon gem-studded thrones and playing the game of war with human lives as puppets.

"But," will be asked, "are we not to be loyal to the country under whose flag we enjoy liberty and life, and the right to individual freedom?"

And I answer: Support of such a government-head is in no way allied to what we have been taught of "Duty." It is not "duty," but wisdom, that bids us conserve the interests of a country in which the rights of the individual are paramount.

The difference between an Autocracy and a Republic rests upon this perception of the hypnotism of "duty."

In a Republic the government head is the servant of the people, while in the Imperial form of government, the country, in the person of the country's ruler, is of major importance. The people are the servants, the slaves if need be, of "His Majesty."

As to the "duty" which we are told we owe to society. That duty is, in "Ghosts" reality, to preserve at whatever cost—the conventionalities. That is, your outward life shall be such as to compel no comment, no criticism. With your inner life society does not concern itself, and, therefore, if concealment or perversion shall destroy all that is good within your mind, as in the case of Alving in "Ghosts," society does not care. You shall have done your "Duty."

In the character of Mrs. Alving, in "Ghosts," Ibsen shows conclusively the fallacy of living for society, of sacrificing oneself to the "ghost" of public opinion. He claims, with Shakespeare that all that we owe, we owe to ourself.

' As the Immortal Bard put it:

"This above all: to thine own self be true

'And it must follow as the night follows the day

Thou canst not then be false to any man."

The message of the Ibsen drama, then, is the message of individual released from the tyranny of outgrown codes of ethics; from ideas that have become crystallized into axioms and offered as fixed and immutable laws of conduct for the guidance of humans.

To the discriminating and discerning student of human culture, the name of Henrik Ibsen will stand pre-eminent in this age of Advanced Thinkers.

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### TAINTED MONEY.

By H. P. Cheever.

There's a man with "tainted money."

Who'll refuse it? Not the Church.

Money's money, always money,

Be the getting ne'er so funny,

For the methods, who will search?

Bring along the "money tainted,"

They'll receive it at the Church.

White as angels you'll be painted

In the race for place with sainted—

May be left, tho, in the lurch!

# The Negro's Right to Rule.

By Herman Kuehn.



The race problem at the south is widely discussed and little understood. Few who talk about it take the trouble to analyze it. We hear much of the violation of the rights of the negro. When we come to inquire we find that the claim resolves itself into the plaint that the negro is deprived of his right to vote. As tho the right to vote were a finality. Back of the right to vote is the claim of the right to rule.

'Granting in advance that the negro has quite as much right to rule as any other race I yield

nothing, inasmuch as the right to rule cannot exist without the power to enforce it, and if there were indeed any cogency in the concept of a right to rule there would be equal validity for the right not to be ruled, and the maintenance of this right also depends upon the power to enforce it.

The clamor of the rights doctrinaires is, then, at bottom, an appeal to force, unless the hope prevails on the part of the doctrinaires to convince the white people of the south that it is just to permit the negroes to rule where their numerical preponderance gives them power involved in a count of voters.

It is said that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. The white inhabitants of the states wherein the problem occurs will never consent to the rulership of a race that has proclaimed its inferiority. This the American negro has done, emphatically, unequivocally, and, alas! effectually.

There was a time (at the November election in 1900) when the negro, in communities where his right to vote was not questioned, had a notable opportunity to register his views on the inequality of races. President McKinley was a candidate for re-election. Only shortly before the balloting the president had justified the treachery practiced upon our allies in the war with Spain, by disrupting their young republic, on the plea that the Fillipino people were unfit for self-government, and that our duty toward an inferior people required that we deprive them of their autonomy. Where was the negro then? Where all those illustrious examples of the shining progress made by the race? Not a chirp was heard from their most exalted, whether in the colleges, the pulpit or the editorial columns of their newspapers and magazines. And surely if the Fillipino people are of an inferior race then the negro is no less so. It



is not I who say this. The negro himself has said it, said it in unmistakeable terms. It may be urged that the unanimous vote of the negroes, which in some of the states constituted the balance of power whereby the election was carried for McKinley, was prompted by other considerations. Is it not remarkable, then, that not one of them thruout the length and breadth of the land adopted the course pursued by the late Senator Hoar, who stated that he cast his vote for McKinley despite his abhorrence for that candidate's iniquitous proceedings with regard to the Fillipinos. The negroes, on the contrary, have never since quit making a special merit of the part the colored troops played in the extinction of the first Asiatic republic.

No such conflict as that which we have come to recognize as our race problem could have arisen if mankind were not dominated by the superstition that the maintenance of social tranquility depends upon rulership. There was never in all human experience any enterprise that required compulsion or rulership. There are many undertakings upon which people are so generally agreed that practically unanimous agreement is assured. If there be such divisions as rive a community with reference to its expediency or cost, or any other feature of the enterprise, then those who are in favor of it can still proceed without compelling a minority to engage with them or pay for what the minority does not want. There is a popular delusion (based upon a mass of "sposins" that never materialize in actual experience) that under liberty some men would shirk social obligations devolved upon them by good neighborliness. But experience combines to show that the shirker is always a product of compulsion. Man, untrammelled by the superstition that rulership is an inevitable concomitant of good order, permits his gregarious instincts to dominate him, and these prompt him to social conduct. Human nature may always be relied upon to act in conformity with instinctive good neighborliness, and a like reliance may be placed upon resentment against being compelled to do even that which he desires to do.

Were there no dread on the part of the southern white people of a recurrence of negro rulership, there would be less, if any, harshness in the situation. Nor is this dread unaccountable, or unreasonable. For some years after the war, during the "reconstruction" period, the negroes of the south were in power and successfully demonstrated their unfitness for mastery.

Aside from the "right to rule," the "right to vote" has no relevancy. The black voter gets no more for his cotton and pays no less for his corn than his non-voting neighbor of any race, nor are the exactions of the landlord determined by the consideration of the tenant being one of the voting sort or the disfranchised. True, there is the matter of Jim Crow cars, but aside from a sentimental regard for dignity, it seems that the ride for a nickel is quite as long and com-

fortable in the black man's car as in the white man's, and the distinction will give way when the fear of negro rulership loses its force. Then, too, there are the schools. Of course to those who are under the delusion that it is a god-given right of the ruling class to put the burdens of cost upon the governed, it is nothing short of a crime in the Southern whites to resent being compelled to pay for the schooling of negro children. In the absence of compulsion or the threat of coercion neighborhood schools would not lack support in generous measure, but it is quite as natural for white men to resent being compelled to pay for the schooling of black children, as it would be for the black men to chafe under the compulsion of contributing for the schooling of white children. To the extent that emphasis is given to the "educational" phase of the race problem just to that extent are we justified in assuming that after all the rights of the negro that are being violated consist of the right to compel other people to pay his bills, and if he has not that right what is the use of any of the rights he professes to claim?

Badly as the negro has been treated in parts of the south who dares say that he would have made greater progress under the conditions that would have prevailed had negro domination continued? And granting that much injustice has been done, here and there, to unoffending black men, who dares say that harsh treatment is the rule rather than the exception? And who dares say that there would be any considerable severity toward the blacks at all if the terror of resumption of negro rulership were removed?

He must be an infatuated optimist indeed who would contend that the negro race at the south could have made even the limited progress which is claimed for it, had negro mastership persisted as it obtained for a time. Drunk with the pride of station and besotted with the gluttony for power, that period presented the negro in a very revel of "the beggar on horseback," ruthless, grasping, extravagant and depraved. Nor is it extraordinary that things should have been as they were. Any race, or any set of men upon whom such power is thrust would probably have shown no better results. That the white man's rulership is necessarily good and the black man's bad because of his race is not here claimed. But the white race were not willing to consent to be thus ruled, and they will never so consent. To the negro's claim of a right to rule (and nothing less than this is involved in the right to vote) the whiteman interposes his claim of a right, not a whit more cogent than the one it opposes, to be immune from a rulership to which he declines to consent.

The sincerity of many of the northern friends of the negro race is indubitable, but any encouragement extended to the negroes of the south to hope for political power over the whites of that section will do more to destroy than to uplift. The intention may be kindly,—so too was the intention of the man who threw a crowbar to his drowning friend.

# Individualism and Socialism.

FROM A SOCIALIST'S POINT OF VIEW.

By Philip Rappaport.



The radical element is composed of three factions, or schools, or whatever we may call them, the anarchists, the single taxers and the socialists. In fact, there are only two, the individualists and the socialists, the single taxers claiming to be individualists; but because the single taxers have a theory of their own as to the means of reform, and because an individualist needs not necessarily to be a reformer, as really all the conservatives and reactionaries are, or claim to be, individualists, the best division for the purpose of discussion seems to be that into anarchists, single-taxers and socialists.

In two things all three, probably, agree. First, all of them see in the exploitation of the masses of the people by those who are in possession of the wealth of the nation, in the appropriation of the fruits of the labor of the poor producers by the labor-employing rich, the source of our social ills; and, second, they aim at the emancipation of mankind from this condition and the creation of the highest possible state of individual liberty and welfare. There is, perhaps, no difference between them as to the ultimate end and aim. The difference is in the means whereby the desired end is to be reached, and, of course, the philosophy, the conception of social phenomena, from which the difference as to the means to be used springs.

We all want liberty. But it must become clear at once that there can be no absolute standard of liberty in human society. Absolute freedom, that is freedom from all and any restraints without regard to the effect of human action, could only be attained by the dissolution of human society, by the severance of all ties connecting individual with individual, and the elimination of all causes for strife and dispute. Society is an aggregation of individuals, acting toward each other according to certain rules, be they established by inclination, custom, agreement, or otherwise. Society, therefore, is an aggregation of individuals organized in some way. Without organization it would be no society. Organization implies government, unless, indeed, we imagine all individuals acting always on like impulses, and having like thoughts and wishes, so that divergence of opinions and disputes become impossible. Anarchism, the theory of no government, therefore, means dissolution of society. Is dissolution of society possible?

True, the anarchists (I have, of course, no reference whatever to the blood and thunder anarchists) say organization

does not necessarily mean organization for governmental purposes, that what they want to abolish is authority, compulsion, and what they want to establish is voluntary association. But is there any practical meaning in these words? It seems to me they are nothing but high sounding phrases, catch-words, impossible of realization. They remind me of the so-called inalienable rights with which we were, according to the declaration of independence, endowed by our creator, but which never had any other existence but an imaginary one. How do we know that there is a creator who could endow us with anything? If we were endowed with certain rights, among which was liberty, how is it that there never was any quantity or quality of liberty which was anything else but the result of bloody class contests? Of what practical value is an endowment, if the thing with which one is endowed cannot be got without struggle and combat? These so-called inalienable rights and the demands of the anarchists are both of the same kind, they are mere metaphysical conceptions without a basis of facts either existing or possible of realization. Both are fallacies.

Voluntary association? Absence of authority? Indeed! And if any number of persons form a voluntary association and meet together for the purpose of deliberation, and two or three insist on speaking at the same time, not even such a meeting can be held unless someone is clothed with authority to determine the order of speakers. Authority there must be even if it rests in the majority.

What, if those, forming the involuntary association, are not all of the same mind? Oh, those who agree can start a new organization for themselves. Very well; but suppose there should also arise a point of difference in the new organization? Then they can do the same thing over again, and so on, ad infinitum, which would mean in the end dissolution of society and anarchism, not in the philosophic sense of no government, but in the popular sense of no order.

Yet, considering the matter from the standpoint of production, that wealth is the result of production, that greater wealth can be produced by division of labor and the use of machinery than by single handicraft, that production by machinery makes necessary a systematic combination of the labor of many, the dissolution of society, not to speak of other effects, would bring us back to the mode of production of former centuries, and would result in general poverty.

The trouble with the anarchists or radical individualists seems to be that they are unable to see matters in the light of history, to reason historically, to recognize the force of evolution. We socialists are not socialists for the sake of the socialistic order, or the socialistic state, but for the sake of individual freedom and welfare which we believe will be the result of a socialistic order of society, and we aim at the establishment of such an order of society, because, duly considering the development of the past, and analyzing the

causes and effects existing in the present order of society, socialism must with necessity be the next step in the evolution of society. We are not parliamentarians for the sake of parliamentarism, we are aware of its faults and its shortcomings as much as the radical individualists are, but we find that it is the only practical weapon which can be employed in the present status of the present social system in the struggle for a new system.

There are no rights except such as are established by social order. Nature produces no rights, unless it is the right of the stronger. The cat eats the mouse, because it is the stronger of the two. If the mouse were stronger than the cat the mouse would eat the cat. There is no society, no government, no authority in nature.

Freedom is not a product of nature, but a product of human society, which is ever changing its forms, one form slowly passing into the other. Human society is a living organism, subject to evolution. Through thousands of years it has developed, new forms growing out of the old ones, but it never has happened and it never will happen, that a new form of society has been created by the imaginative power of man and established after the destruction of the old form with new means of warfare. The basis of the new form has always been created by the old form and the means of destruction were those which the old form offered. Every society conceals and develops within itself the germ of its destruction and prepares the soil for a new society.

This process of evolution is eternal, whatever meaning we can convey by that expression. We socialists cannot for a moment believe that socialism, as conceived by us, will be the last form which evolution will or can create; but it would be the height of absurdity to trouble ourselves about an order of society that will come after an order which does not yet exist, although it is bound to come.

There can be no freedom but within a given order of society, and no matter of what kind of government and authority it may be and how much or how little there may be of it, human society is impossible without government and authority of some sort and quantity, lest it will be the case of the cat and the mouse. And if it is the case of the cat and the mouse, we may be sure that the cat will establish its own government and authority and establish a social order just like that prevailing in modern human society, simply because it is the stronger.

Nature produces no liberty. Nature produces human beings in large numbers with certain faculties and certain needs and puts them into certain natural surroundings. Here the work of nature ends and the work of man begins, but not that of individual man, but that of composite man, of man as an integral part of the whole aggregation of human beings. The individual man cannot separate himself from human society, he is part and parcel of it, and no human

action, great or small, significant or insignificant, is possible outside and independent of the individual's relation to human society. No matter how much human will may appear as individual will, or action as individual action, it always is part of the social will and social action.

I remember that Max Nordau somewhere says something like this: "Form a parliament composed of only Goethes and Schillers and other men of such high caliber, and still the results will be quite mediocre." This is certainly true. It is true because the individual intelligence and the individual will are sunk into the composite or social intelligence and will.

If we analyze the so-called individualism now existing, we will find nothing but class government, and if we analyze the radical or philosophical individualism, or anarchism, it resolves itself into a metaphysical dream, a *fata morgana*.

The single-taxers are in a peculiar position. They are neither individualists, although they think they are, nor socialists; or rather they are a little of each. They recognize well enough that the unearned increment in land values is a social effect, but refuse to see it in the case of capital. They cannot or will not see that because land values are the effect of private ownership of land, the institution of private ownership makes land a species of capital. Because land is the product of nature they refuse to consider it capital, and their socialism does not go farther than common ownership of land. But even here they become confused and deny that their scheme is making land common property. They assert that they will not disturb the right of possession, that the land itself is to remain technically the property of its holder, only its unearned increment is to be taken, or as Henry George puts it, we take the kernel and leave to the owner the shell: a sort of private property which is no private property and a sort of common property which is no common property.

This condition is to be brought about by the single-tax, which, the single-taxer says, is no tax. Yet no one was ever more anxious to show that the single-tax is nothing but a tax than Henry George. He tests it by all the canons of taxation, and is very eager to prove it to be not more than a tax for the purpose of showing its conservative character; merely a change in the form of taxation, that is all. It is so easy to reform the world.

But the world refuses to believe that freeing the capitalist from taxation will emancipate the masses of the people from the thralldom of capitalism, and neither the world of science nor the world of labor wants to have anything to do with a theory that ignores profit as an economic category, although it is a basis of capitalistic exploitation. Profit, according to Henry George, is wages, the wages of superintendence, even if they run into millions, the \$100,000 salary of the president of a life insurance company is wages, the \$50,000 fee of a corpor-

ation lawyer is wages and the one-dollar-a-day man receives wages. If he speaks of wages one can never know what he means. A theory which throws these different kinds of income into one category, and on this ground justifies interest, the income of dead matter, possible only because of profit, makes argument and understanding impossible and cannot rightly claim any scientific value.

Fallacious theories find it very often necessary to juggle with words or, to speak more politely, to create a terminology of their own. The anarchist wants voluntary association, meaning an organization without government and authority, a contradiction in adjecto, an impossibility. One needs only think of the complex system of postal service or railroad service to see immediately its utter impossibility. The single-taxer says his tax is no tax, and profit is not profit but wages. I want to see things called by their right names, so that I may know what they are, that is what names are for.

The conception of freedom depends on the state of possibilities. For the present we are unable to conceive liberty without order, order without organization, organization without authority. We can speak of these things but we cannot conceive them, we cannot think them out. We can speak of a God, but we cannot conceive the existence of one. The only order and organization in the future will be the one springing in course of evolution from the present. The thoughts and acts of man are part of that process. Therefore I am a socialist.

#### INTO THE TEMPEST.

By George Vall Williams.

Sercombe, in December "To-Morrow," said in words that shall echo down the ages, "Brother, are you prepared to face a thunderbolt? Give me your hand—The tempest is raging—let us go into the storm together—I see the lightning flashes of truth."

The tempest is raging, the lightning is flashing!  
On forest and prairie, o'er mountain and dale;  
The hall is descending, the thunder is crashing;  
Destruction is borne on the wings of the gale.  
Above the loud tumult I hear a voice calling,—  
It sounds like a trumpet from Sea unto Sea;  
"Tis the voice of our leader—to us he is calling—  
"Come, brother!—Come into the tempest with me!"

The fierce lightnings flash, and the loud thunders rattle,  
The conflict of Right with the Wrong has begun;  
The sound of the trumpet is calling to battle,—  
The banner of Freedom gleams bright in the Sun.  
Oh think of the martyrs of progress departed!  
And strike for the rights of the millions to be!  
Yae! rather than slumber in Peace and in Bondage  
We'll die in the battle, Dear Freedom, for thee!

The stronghold of tyranny towers above us;  
Above us its turrets and battlements frown;  
We'll think of the dear hearts that faithfully love us,  
And swear to our God that its walls shall come down.  
We're coming, dear brother, whatever befall us;  
Whatever our fate in the conflict may be;  
The forces of darkness can never appall us,  
We're ready to go in the tempest with thee.

# The Gillette-Brown Tragedy.

By Samuel A. Block.

In the small town of Herkimer, New York, a jury of twelve sane men have tried and convicted a young man for the wanton murder of his sweetheart. Although the evidence against him was complete, as his later confession showed, the question arises, who is the real culprit, Chester Gillette or the social community at large? For crimes like this can only occur in a society utterly corrupt as the present one.

Chester Gillette, the convicted murderer, is a youth of twenty-two, with a partial education received at a grammar school and a few classes at high school. He is a thoro American boy, no better nor worse than other youths of his age and class. He knew naught of either ideals or principles. He was averse to labor of any kind, but was always ready for some fun. He was a type of the American "sport" found everywhere.

He was very fond of athletics, and also of the opposite sex, acquiring his greatest pleasures from their company. Good looking and always wearing clothes of the latest cut, a nice stylish hat, and a fashionable cravat, and being able to relate amusing stories and anecdotes, and knowing the foolishness of his class of girls, it was no difficulty for him to have women of his acquaintance fall in love with him.

Being fickle and having no thot for the future, he was unable to keep a position for any length of time, because of his lack of interest in his work, and after trying various means of support with no success, his uncle, the owner of a manufacturing plant, gave him a position at a salary of ten dollars a week. In the factory he met Grace Brown, who was employed there. She was a handsome girl, partially educated, sentimental and somewhat foolish, perhaps no better nor worse than the other girls employed in the factory. She was the daughter of a small farmer, knew nothing of the world outside of her surroundings and environment and posed no experience of the relationships of life.

When Gillette met Grace Brown, it was only natural that they should become good friends. It being her first love affair, she was very sincere in her affections. With Gillette the case was different. This was not his first affair, his love was not very deep; but she, blinded by passion and lacking experience, thought only of their final marriage. She loved him with great devotion, and he was gracious enough to permit it. She offered herself—body and soul—and he accepted the sacrifice; **a by no means unusual occurrence.**

Becoming pregnant, she commenced pleading for a legal marriage ceremony. Gillette saw no necessity for haste; neither of them posed any means and the outlook for leading a happy family life seemed uncertain. Grace Brown, in her love for Gillette, was satisfied to live on love if bread was scarce, but he was young and desired to be free.



The weeks and months flew past and the time came when Grace Brown's condition no longer permitted her to work in the factory and she was compelled to go to her parents on the farm. She wrote to Gillette every few days apprising him of her condition and pleading with him to come and assist her to make an end to her suffering. Her letters to her lover may show that she was a poor ignorant girl, nevertheless, though the literature of the world is full of love letters, passionate, brilliant, refined, yet never have the conflicting emotions of a woman's heart been more fully revealed than in the letters of Grace Brown to Gillette. While his replies to her were that he would come, yet he seemed in no haste. The more affectionate and loving her letters were, the more heart-breaking her pleading, the greater was the breach being formed between her and Gillette. Her condition becoming more unbearable, and her letters more threatening, things commenced to savor of a scandal and Gillette was compelled to do something to avoid it. Having asked for a few weeks' vacation from the factory, he wrote to Grace to meet him at a certain town, from whence they would go on a pleasure trip and decide upon some plan.

The meeting was effected, and a few days later her dead body was found in a lake and Gillette was arrested and accused of murder. At the examination, he declared that Grace Brown and himself were out rowing on the lake, and she jumped overboard, and being unsuccessful in attempting to rescue her, she drowned. The theory of the officials, however, was that before he wrote Grace Brown to meet him he had decided to be rid of her and while rowing struck her on the head with his tennis racquet, and then threw her overboard. His final confession, however, proved the correctness of their theory, and after a speedy trial the jury brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree with sentence of death by electrocution.

The tragedy of this case is appalling and independent of Gillette's guilt or punishment, **is not the trap still set**, under our present system, whereby many other well meaning but emotional people will be caught in the same way?

Why was Grace Brown so anxious to have Gillette marry her? Why did she threaten him with a scandal, if he refused. **She was pregnant.** Not that this was a crime in itself, but she could not bear the persecution of **being found out.**

To be condemned by an unchristian state and church, to be frowned upon by devotees of a cruel, heartless system who were no better than she, drove her into a frenzy that caused the overthrow of Gillette's moral balance. Who is the criminal? **Human society** and its antiquated, hypocritical ideals.

Women being economically dependent upon men are helpless when they become burdened with children. They must either sell themselves legally to one man or illegally to many, or perhaps seek consolation in ever welcome death.

Beneath the surface, this is the reason for the condemna-

tion of all women who give birth to children of love without the sanction of state or church. Our economic conditions forbid the joys of motherhood to countless thousands of our best and most capable women and society continues digging graves and erecting gallows for its victims.

### AWAITING THE DAWN.

By Essie E. Braffet.

We speak of an Age of Reason—an age of liberal thought,  
 When man and mind are masters and bigotry counts for naught.  
 We think the dawn is breaking—Superstition's night is o'er,  
 And all that's good seems to beckon us from the ever luminous  
 shore.  
 We feel that all men are brothers, that our interests are but one;  
 That what is best for the poorest is best for the rich man's son.  
 Our hearts are kind, we always hear the far-away cry of distress,  
 We help the needy at our door and think we have done our best  
 Perhaps we have—no man is Judge and each does as he must.  
 We make bad laws with honest hearts and think that they are  
 just,  
 But the man who steals that his babe may live is made a galley slave  
 And he who takes another's life his own life cannot save.  
 "Tis an eye for an eye" and yet we say that Reason's day is bright,  
 Wrong still makes right by power of might, but have we seen  
 the light?  
 There is room for all in the world with you, there is bread that all  
 may get  
 Yet the poor man's sweat pays bounty yet for the privilege of  
 the few.  
 Our land is free for all, yet the Negro and the Jap have yet to see  
 The entrance free to the bridge 'cross Society's gap.  
 Motherhood is a sacred thing in the heart of every man,  
 Yet bigotry's night casts her cruel blight when she speaks of a  
 child of shame.  
 A child of love is a sweeter, purer and truer name for life at best  
 Is but a spark thrown out from Passion's flame  
 And love is ever a sacred thing and should never be cause of shame.  
 We have our creeds, sowing poisonous seeds of prejudice and  
 revenge;  
 Not yet can we hold the shining torch to light a brother's way  
 Nor have we learned that all paths must meet when we reach the  
 perfect day.  
 And whatever may seem unjust to-day; all discords when we pray;  
 Whatever is, whatever was—each fugitive word and deed,  
 We'll find was that best fitted for our peculiar need.  
 And every life so great, so small; each creed so little, so much;  
 While love the blender of the whole is waiting for our touch.  
 No day so gray it cannot brighten, no burden so heavy it cannot  
 lighten;  
 No creed too narrow for love to widen; no life too blighted for love  
 to 'liven.  
 We need no priest to point the way and take our pennies while we pray  
 No book divine in whose pages dwells the path to heaven, the road  
 to hell;  
 In Nature's every move and look she proves herself an open book,  
 Each page may be read a thousand ways, yet read alike for end-  
 less days;  
 The light she sheds to guide our feet, to make of life a song most  
 sweet,  
 Is the light of love, as free as the air and like the sunshine  
 everywhere.

# Life and Destiny.

By Viola Richardson,



Nature's laws are sure and eternal. Man's laws are transient and ineffective, except in so far as they conform to nature's laws.

When the avalanche moves slowly down the mountain side, and man interposes himself to hold it back, it rides him down and his body is gathered up as debris and thus becomes a part of this moving mass that glides irresistably onward.

When man interposes himself between nature's laws and their logical outworking, he is ground to dust and the substance of his life force is mingled with the irresistible onward movement of this mightier life force out of which he drew the vital spark of his own being.

The amoeba, the diamond, the violet, the worm that curls at its root, the oak, the bird that builds in its branches, the serpent, the toad, the lion, the hyena, man—all spring from the same soil, drink from the earth, the sun and the rain the same elements, that through them universal life may express itself.

The dawning of self consciousness having awakened in man, he imagined himself as apart from and different from other manifestations and in this egoism forgot the oneness with all other life, the source of his being and his limitations. As the splendor of the candle overpowers the giddy moth, so the radiance of this first faint perception blinded man to the larger light and the larger life.

Man is not only blind to his relationship with the life forms of the so-called "lower world," the mineral, the vegetable, the animal, but he is also strangely blind to his unity with human kind—and fails to perceive that the destiny of man is wrought out in the mass—in the whole social organism instead of each man standing alone, unique in destiny. He perceives incidents and institutions as isolated and unrelated, and studies men as individuals instead of units of a mass, and interprets all things from the limited view point of his own personal experiences. He regards the evils of any period or society or institution as a something which may be put on and taken off somewhat as a man puts on and takes off his coat. The remedies he has to apply are for external application, and serve no purpose but to suppress external expressions, without touching the constitutional condition which lies back of the outward expression.

And so we have our Reformers—men and women who perceive much that is to be "deplored" in the relationship of man to man—who perceive the injustice and inhumanity which prevail throughout all civilized society—and who believe themselves divinely called to change conditions. The average

Reformer talks much and writes much. He pictures conditions as they are and as they "should be" under what he conceives to be the ideal state.

In reality the Reformer is a prophet. He sees what is, and has perceived the development towards which mankind is tending through the evolutionary process, but he accomplishes nothing directly in the way of changing things. He misunderstands himself and his mission—he is only a prophet—a false prophet.

Reform does not consist in merely changing the mode of life of an individual here and there. To be real, and to mean anything in the history of the human race, it must permeate the whole mass of society lifting it to a different plane of consciousness and new relationships; and however much it may seem otherwise, no individual can lift himself so very far above the consciousness of the general mass, and the motives and the emotions and the methods of the general mass. We rise and fall together as all the vessels on the ocean rise and fall together as all the vessels on the ocean rise and fall with the surge of its waters.

Many brave and devoted men and women are preaching for political economic, and sex freedom, etc. People have been preaching these things for centuries past—but their words fell on the ears and only reached the consciousness of those who were already prepared by life to hear and to perceive. It is the forces of nature working by means of all environment, external and internal, that prepares human kind for the new consciousness, and in this way a new race is being created—a race transcending the ideals of Reformers and Poets who do not create them, but only read the "signs" and read them badly.

I am employed in an establishment where there are 8,000 people more than half of them, women and girls. The same condition prevails in all the mercantile institutions in the country. Women who are economically independent of husband or father or brother are an army in themselves.

The mind loses itself in speculation regarding the infinite changes that will be wrought by the simple fact that to-day there are perhaps over 6,000,000 women in the United States employed in what is designated "gainful occupation," making their own living independent of husband or father or brother. In 1900 one out of every five women were engaged in gainful occupations, and the ratio is no doubt raised considerably by this time, as the last five years have been marked by the rapid entrance of women into the wage earning world. According to the Census, out of the 308 "gainful occupations" there are only eight in which no women are engaged.

These women, dealing with men and women outside their immediate home circle, coming in touch, even though remotely, with the larger work of the world, must necessarily and inevitably begin to have a broader and more independent thought life, and with less personal bias in their judgments.

The woman of the past was dependent on the caprice of a master (husband or father or brother) for her food, clothing and shelter. To meet these conditions she became slavish in mind, artful, dishonest, dishonorable, where these were necessary to secure for her the things needful for her material existence and comfort. She transmitted to her children this slavish attitude of mind, and let us never forget that the master is no less a slave bound by slavish habits of thought than is the prostrate subject.

But the woman of to-day who depends upon her own labor for her living, honest labor, will as she adjusts herself to this new condition, lose the slavish mental attitude, will become more self respecting, less dishonorable and unscrupulous, more direct, as well as a broader and more independent thinker regarding life and human relationships, and her children will be the inheritors of this new thing that is entering into her own mental life.

As the forces of life gather momentum in the onward movement of human society, these children that are to be, born of mothers whose minds are vibrating to larger and freer thoughts, will attain to a greater thought freedom, to a clearer conception of their relationship to life and the laws of being and out of this new consciousness will spring institutions of liberty and equality independent of the dreams of Reformers and Poets.

The destiny of the woman of the past was to become a wife, that is, to become dependent upon some man for her food, clothing and shelter, and so she was frequently bound for life to conditions appalling in their grossness and their cruelty, from which she was helpless to extricate herself, because of her economic dependence upon her husband. There is scarcely a girl of the 200 in the department where I work, earning her \$10.00 to \$15.00 a week who would endure for a day the life that many wives are submitting to.

Many women who now earn their living prefer to have the love relationship without the marriage bond, rather than with it, and the number who will prefer this condition will increase as woman's economic independence becomes more and more assured. The influence this will have on the institution of marriage as it is known to-day, and upon the sex relations of men and women, will be greater than words can express.

These changes are coming—sex freedom, economic freedom—freedom and fluidity in all the relations of life. They are not being wrought by the Reformers who are preaching for them. They are being wrought out by the conditions under which people live and work throughout the length and breadth of the land. The forces of nature working through the men and women of to-day (by means of the very conditions and institutions which the Reformer deplures, are creating this new race which is to be the fulfillment of our hope.

Those in whom the change is being wrought are un-

conscious that it is taking place. The girls in this room with me do not realize at all that they are being developed into different women, with different ideals, different thoughts of life from that of their mothers and grandmothers. Their adjustment to environment is so gradual that they do not perceive it. They do not know that they are part of a great world movement, instruments in the power of nature's evolutionary forces.

The conservative who clings fearfully to the thoughts and creeds of the past may pronounce anathema on the changes that are coming—may strive by laws and penalties to hold back this onward movement—but he is powerless. All his laws, his persecutions, his ostracism, they are as futile as man's efforts would be in trying to hold back the light of the rising sun. They are even a part of this great movement, and he knows it not. The pressure exerted, the condemnation and the persecution, by nature's mysterious alchemy is added to the onward impulse. **Fear** flies before the advancing hosts of **Faith**.

If the mind of man could become fluid, accepting always that which is, as the fulfillment of the past and the promise of the future, able to relinquish the old and outgrown and accept the new without fear—and with a consciousness of the change that is being wrought, the movement might be accelerated—who can say? But man does not relinquish the old until it is torn from his grasp by forces greater than himself, and he does not consciously accept the new—he fears it, and would evade it if he could.

We must believe that whatever reforms are wrought must be in harmony with this movement of nature through the law of evolution—and that they must consist in changing the thought life of man—in bringing a new consciousness, in other words, must be **educational** and **cannot** be forced upon man by external laws and regulations, but must come from his inner self as wrought upon by the forces about him and within him—unfoldment from within and not accretions from without.

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#### OSSIAN'S LAST SONG.

—From the Gaelic—

By H. Bedford Jones.

Here on this soul-sad cypress will I hang  
 Thy silent wraith, Oh friend in weal or woe;  
 How often hast thy silvery-tongued flow  
 Answered, in former days, the weapons' clang!  
 How often, as through Finn's wide hall there rang  
 The joy of feasting, and the heroes' shout,  
 Thy melody, and that of him who sang  
 Hushed all the noise, and charmed the clamorous rout!

Alas, those days are ever past; and I,  
 Alone, amid these puny folk that dwell  
 Where fought of old my heroes, come to die.  
 So take thee, Oh my Harp, this last farewell!  
 Hang here; the wind of evening, passing by,  
 May draw a sigh from thee—my only knell.

# Side Lights of the Race Question.

From an Address before the Chicago Society of Anthropology.

By Kate Kinsey Brook.



The race question is not based on a mere superficial emotion, it is the outgrowth of positive forces, that have been in operation for centuries. This problem can only be studied by actually living in the South and coming into confidential relation not only with the better class of whites, but also the poor whites and negroes, when one will be forced to conclude that the "race question" is merely a matter of educating the white man.

The entire South vibrates with an undercurrent of subtle, unexpressed tension, ready to break forth at any moment in a torrent of sacrifice of human life.

The public does not know the real facts. The whites of the South, for the most part, are not cognizant of it, and those who do know will not tell. The negroes know the facts, but they are afraid to speak.

During two years in the South, I gained the confidence of both white citizens and negroes, and what they did not tell me, I saw, personally.

One of the first happenings, after I took up my residence in Louisiana was the lynching of George Young and his son. All summed up, the motive behind the lynching was, George Young was "Biggitty." He never raped a white woman nor attempted in any way to molest one and never did any particular harm, except that he was accused of shooting hogs which did not belong to him (a species of petty larceny common among the negroes of the South which will be analyzed later). Young was unpopular among his own people as well as among the whites but unpopularity is not yet a crime punishable by death.

Young had gathered a small amount of this world's goods. He had on hand several bales of cotton, which the white merchants proceeded to appropriate. He at one time had the effrontery to consult a lawyer to protect his property rights as a citizen. He had a tendency to be quarrelsome. He had words with the deputy sheriff who attempted to arrest him. To one who has lived in the South all this can be expressed in one word: George Young was "biggitty."

He drove to town, with his wife, to purchase supplies. As he turned to get out of the carriage he faced a shotgun, and was told to throw up his hands. Turning he handed his pocketbook to his wife saying: "Here you take this. I wont never need no mo' money in this world."

Young's son a lad in his teens, who never had been in any sort of trouble was working on the railroad as section hand. He heard the commotion, and when he learned that his father was in trouble threw down his pick and started to follow the crowd that was taking his father away.

"Go back," they said to him, "this is no place for you." "I don't care," he replied, "if my father goes to Hell I am going to go along with him."

The crowd rioting through the woods, along a peaceful road where I have walked many times; tall pines rearing their columns on either side, like a grand cathedral, their green tops arching in a vast dome overhead; dogwood trees blooming alongside the path; ferns growing knee high; everything speaking of peace and quiet and God. It seemed to me, always, as I pictured the happening, that the very environment ought to have checked the mad act. Here in the midst of the woods, they hung George Young, and then after he was strung up, they hung the boy, whose only crime was that he preferred death with his father rather than to leave him to enter the valley alone. Two dogwood trees mark the spot, and the name of George Young and his son, carved in the bark, tell the story to those who pass, that here two black men were murdered by their white neighbors, because one of them was "biggitty."

Here, at dawn, the wife and mother, enciente, griefstricken, mad with uncertainty, found her husband and boy swinging in the breeze that came up from the gulf. With a scream she fell, fainting on the ground beneath them. A few hours later she gave premature birth to a child.

When she found her loved ones dead, some one had stolen a new pair of shoes from the feet of her son.

The dogwoods bloom and flaunt their leaves in the summer, and in the autumn their berries glow like a tracery of coral embroidery on a background of copper satin. The French mulberries rear their purple stem beneath. On every side the blackberry trails its branches, white with bloom or black with fruit. The wild rose follows the violet, the daisy and sunflower follow the rose, but as long as the dogwood blooms, and the violet and the rose and blackberry and mulberry and sunflower follow one another the wind will breathe the story of the lynching of George Young and the lad and in the dark hours will moan the dread portent of a race war.

The frantic mother and wife, in the early morning, "Oh! my husband! my poor son! What have they done to you?" These shall give wings to the undercurrent of hatred in the hearts of the blacks.

As soon as she was able to move after her baby was born, George Young's widow went far away from the scene of her woe, homeless, poverty-stricken (for the merchants seized everything of value) and half crazed with the shock; but always as she recounts the story of the two forms swinging from the dogwoods, black fingers clutch tighter around their



ax handles, crow-bars, and lead pencils, and negro heart-throbs quicken as they declare "This shall not be so always."

It does not require the rape of a white woman to furnish the excuse for lynching in the South. Whenever a negro accumulates a little property and is able to keep out of debt, that minute he faces danger. He lives in a universe of fear, haunted by the thought of the fate that may be his not knowing what moment he may feel the noose around his neck.

Taking up the question of rape which is harped on by white men of the South and editorial writers of the North; nothing has ever been said about the rape of negro women by white men.

As a matter of fact, few of the so-called rapes of white women really are assaults. Let a negro muddled with liquor offer to shake hands with a white woman and it is likely as not exaggerated into a just cause for lynching especially if the negro is prosperous and in business competition with the white. Let a negro jostle against a white woman by accident, and according to the unwritten law of the South he would be signing his death warrant. The mayor of a Southern city, talking to me on this point, said: "If a nigger should come to my house and offer to shake hands with my wife, I would pour the contents of my shot-gun into his heart. There would be nothing left of him to lynch." This same mayor had, in my presence, just a few minutes previous, shaken hands most effusively with an old colored man whom he met on the street. The inconsistency of these astute reasoners of the South was ever cause of wonderment to me.

It may come as a shock to the white women of the South to be told that, in many instances, they are the instigators of murder. Shocking as this sounds, it is true. Many of the lynchings that have stained the pages of Southern history have been caused by woman's hysteria, and her desire for sympathy.

The real difficulty lies in the fact that the South has never looked upon the negro as a human being. The black man is their beast of burden. White men can commit "rape" constantly and nothing be thought of it. In many instances it is not even looked upon as an insult.

With a "negro" the case is entirely different. He cannot make the slightest move which a hysterical woman can twist into an insult, without cutting the leash that holds the Hell-hounds of race hatred, and turning them loose upon himself. If the women of the South would think calmly over the situation, the number of negro lynchings would rapidly decrease. Southern women are on the lookout for trouble of this kind, all the time, and it is just like trouble of any other character, if you go around with a chip on your shoulder looking for it you are always sure to find it.

I can illustrate this by an experience of my own. One Saturday afternoon (or evening they call it in the South one of the two negroes who had been working for me, cultivating

my crop came out from town somewhat the worse for wear. Prohibition had just gone out, and the saloon proved an enticing bate for the negroes, of the locality. He had looked on the wine when it was red, and was not himself.

That negro was a church member, a man of sterling qualities at other times. Had I been a Southern woman, hysterical, obsessed with the thought that he meant me harm, I would have raised the alarm, and before night he would have been hanging to a tree.

What terrible crime did this negro commit? The liquor had made him feel that he was a brother to the whole world through an excess of religious emotion. He saw in me a widow struggling to get along, and he wanted to express his sympathy for me. He came and sat down beside me on the settee.

I rose at once, and he did not realize that he had done a thing which might have meant death to him. He went on to express his sympathy for me and told me that anything in the world that he could do to help me, he would do if I would just send him word. This really was more than the white men of the South ever thought of, for with one exception, they let me go out in the woods with an ax and chop my own wood. One man, alone, among the whites, when he found my woodpile was low turned in and chopped some wood for me.

Many negro has been hung for the rape of a white woman, when the rape was of no worse a character than the circumstance I have just described; the negro in his stumbling, ignorant way, merely wanted to express his sympathy. Many an inoffensive victim has been lynched, just as many an affectionate dog has been shot, when the cry of "Mad dog" has been raised. The hands of the white women of the South are covered with blood as much as those of the white men. The white woman raises the cry, the white man holds the rope.

The men and women of the South are hynotized by the thought of a lynching. It has looked to me, at times, as if they enjoyed the sensation, much as they enjoy attending a cock-fight. The air grows vibrant with the thought of a lynching, and the slightest flurry of emotion may become the nucleus of a cyclone and snuff out the candle of a black man's life. The sentence is pronounced in advance of the act. It was pronounced years ago. It is as old as slavery in the South.

A Southern white man told me, one day, that to a certainty negroes had no souls; that they were mere beasts of burden, meant to work until they die, the same as the mules which they drive. The peculiar fact about this case was, the father of the white man who was talking with me was also the father of numerous black children by his slaves. I knew of several black men and women who were his halfbrothers. It struck me as, at least, interesting that a father should be able to beget offspring with souls by one woman, and others as "soulless as animals," by another.

Now, suppose we consider the rape of negro girls by white men.

When I first moved to the South I was impressed with the fact that there were so few houses of prostitution. I mentioned this and was told that houses of prostitution were not necessary (?) as there were plenty of negro women. As it was told me, I inferred that the negro women were ever willing to accede to the propositions of white men; that they could be bought with a piece of calico to make an apron, a far cheaper bargain than the rates in an ordinary house of prostitution, but I found that there was another side to the question. First, I noticed that negroes were unwilling to allow their women and children to walk alone in the public roads. I never saw young negro girls alone and one of the men would accompany a woman who was compelled to go any distance. I was told it was dangerous for a negro woman to walk alone, as she was likely to be assaulted by white men, in such cases there was no recourse. They must just bear it.

Three instances came to my attention. The first was that of a preacher who had two daughters, one about fourteen, and the other sixteen years old, both of them handsome specimens of negro womanhood. The girls worked in the fields, chopped wood in the forest, indeed carried on the work of the plantation just as a man would do, while the father preached the gospel in various churches, at a distance from home. This negro suddenly sold his home and appeared very anxious to leave the locality. He did not, at first explain why he did this, but later it came out in a burst of confidence. His daughters were in danger. It seems that while they were in the field hoeing corn, a couple of white men came out of the woods near by, pointed their guns at them and threatened to shoot them if the girls did not come into the woods and submit to them. This was not the first instance of such a nature, and the father was impressed with the fact that he must move away. In the instance to which I have referred, the girls ran screaming to the house and the men went away.

Later another negro suddenly made up his mind to sell out. He had cleared up his plantation and built a home, after the greatest privation. I talked with him long and earnestly, advising him not to sell at a sacrifice. Finally he told me that white men had been forcing their way into his yard, on pretense of getting a drink of water from his well, and threatening his wife and daughters. He said he knew it was just a question of time when the women would be assaulted, and he was afraid to go away from home for a minute, even to do the necessary work in the field. I finally talked him into the notion of staying, and in this case it was arranged for the white men to leave the neighborhood, when the negro felt that he dared to make the experiment of keeping on at his old place.

(To be Concluded in March Issue.)

## Informal Brotherhood and Correspondence Club

Short articles, poems and opinions from our readers are solicited for this department. This place is reserved for quarrels, discussions, nonsense or for the welling heart—but make it short.

### THE SHRINE OF SILENCE.

By Henry Frank.

Here is a rare book, with a title as unique as its subject matter. It consists of a series of brief, compact, suggestive meditations. The object of the book is to make the reader think upon the profoundest themes that confront the mind; but the style is so fascinating that it is as interesting as a romance.

It has been called a "bouquet of prosepoems." The thoughts expressed are thoroughly practical though cast in an idealistic mould. The vision of the author is rather on the things of time and earth than on the unseen and fabulous. As he himself says in his preface; "The author seeks to aid and encourage the study of the time that now is—its wants, its demands, and triumphs.

The book contains over one hundred chapters and about 275 pages. It is handsomely bound and just the thing for a gift-book. To give a brief example of the author's style here are a few quotations from "The Supreme Man."

Man is the Climax and Culmination of Forces which for ages have been seeking Harmonious Expression. Freedom bespeaks contention. Nothing is free which has not fought for independence. . . . Without individuality, itself the result of struggle, there can be no order . . . . Hence Repose, or the perfect balance between opposing forces, is the pivot of harmony, the basis of individuality. Man is himself only when in Perfect Repose. In the Secret Silence he attains complete consciousness, oblivious of conflict, aloof from discord, swinging as a bird upon a lofty branch, far removed from what distracts the soul from the Symphonies of Peace."

The book is to be taken up betimes when the mind is hungry, the heart sore, the spirit wavering, for strength, uplift, encouragement. It is the best literary tonic we know of for "jaded nerves," that tired feeling," for waning ambition, and a spur to health and good cheer.

All orders will be supplied by The To-Morrow Magazine, at \$1.50 postpaid per copy.

### "IMMORTALITY."

By James Armstrong.

After reading Dr. Cooper's book I am not so certain of my mortality as before. He has not pulled the atheistic-materialistic structure of soul or mind—annihilation completely down, but he has so shaken it, that if it were a real house I would move out of it.

The doctor, like myself, does not like the hopelessness of materialistic determinism, and he has sincerely done his best to philosophize himself and others into a hopeful view of soul-destiny. He has tried to make life, or continuation of consciousness after death, as much a matter of rational belief as that tomorrow will succeed to-day, or that a new order of cosmic things will succeed the passing of the present. He has not written absolutely to demonstrate that immortality is factual, for that as he well knows were impossible, but simply to show that philosophy is as powerless to negative the greatest hope of man as it is to confirm it. More than this, he has written to show philosophy in the attitude of a friend who can not advise or discourage you, but says, "Go on, you may succeed."

In the power of its logic, philosophy and metaphysics, "Immortality," is unequalled, so far as I know, in all literature. It is the most sat-

isfying of any attempt I know of to set up a doctrine of a belief in a future life. The book was written out of pure benevolence, born of a supernal sorrow, and it is fully worthy of the best of human hearts and brains. As a reasoner, in my opinion, Dr. Cooper is not excelled by any man whose genius has immortalized his thought, and I would be puzzled to name the thinker who has exactly equalled him. He has said all to me that can be said in favor of immortality—he has said more than I have read or can think against it—and while he has not expelled the doubt from my mind that death ends all, he will hereafter cause me to say with greater emphasis, "I do not know."

I ask too much ever to be convinced of the soul's immortality. To be taken upon a Mount Nebo and shown the Promised Land is not enough. I must be taken into it and through it, even as I have come into and journeyed through Ohio.

In Dr. Cooper's book I can not say that I have found a philosophical or metaphysical height from which I can even see the possibility of immortality, but after reading it I am less ready and less able to affirm its impossibility. I cannot say that I am more hopeful, but I am less doubtful, or less affirmative of doubt. The book deals with every phase of the question. The author is like an athlete who seeks the strongest of his antagonists. A materialist himself, he assails the very citadel of materialism. To use a better simile, he is as a banker who after many years of business, suddenly questions the genuineness of his own currency; and though he cannot persuade me to regard the bills he has usually given me as counterfeit he prevents me from thereafter saying they are genuine.

Dr. Cooper is not a religionist, yet he has done more than any believer in any creed for the fundamental dogma of nearly all religious systems. He has put into elegant and forceful language all that can be thought and said that is worth thinking and saying in behalf of the hope that consciousness may pass unscathed through death. His book, however, will not appeal at all to those who are not capable of thought—the highest kind of thought. He has brought to the greatest of all questions the rarest qualities of that product of nature which we call mind. His is the message of a thinker to thinkers. As to the rest, it does not matter, for like the ox they know only the sadness of a foodless stall. His book is essentially for him or her who has mind, and I may say genius, enough to lose sight of earth in contemplation of the stars, to forget its house of clay in musing on the subtle something that lives to love and loving dies in hope of living still to love again.

\* "Immortality by Dr. William Colly Cooper, Cleveland, O., Price \$1.00.

## MY LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE RICH.

By John F. Valter.

My heart cries out to you, my little brothers of the Rich, for I, too, have been Disinherited.

My heart cries out to you and I have wept bitter tears o'er us both.

My heart cries out to you little brothers of the Rich for the right has been denied you to the work ye know only of from the longing in your breast.

To you has been denied the lust of doing something that ye can look upon and say "This is good."

The right has been denied you to pursue an eager, reluctant mate.

The right has been denied you to hear your young clamor with joy when you bring them the food you have won by your toil.

Yours is the unhappy fate to become that which you despise until Life has a bad taste.

I weep with you—ye who have been denied the glorious brotherhood of Faith. Ye who must seek the cold association of disbelief.

My heart cries out to you, my little brothers of the Rich, for there

is a pitiless something that stands between us and robs us of our Common Manhood, and makes us slaves to ourselves and each other.

My heart cries out to you, my little brothers of the Rich, crying that your eyes may be uplifted to the horizon where the dawn of Democracy is bringing into the long dark night the message of a New Faith.

Editor of "To-Morrow:"

When one comes to see that there are also two qualities of Liberty, as well as of Authority, a good deal of the Anomaly and Discrepancy in United States conditions is explained. It does not reach the final causing condition that a person looking backwards to Cause and Effect sooner or later arrives at, which I positively assert to be found in this age of the world in the use of paper money and its concomitants (nickels and little copper coins), but we see that Liberty without Freedom is like Courage without Bravery.

Suppose you were a brave and courageous cavalry soldier, but mounted on a horse that had no bravery, and you could not (as an Almighty soldier can) take the bravery from yourself and give it to your horse. The horse would run away in spite of you; many a soldier goes into battle this way (but saying it **very** scientifically, I think not in physical warfare), and with his full amount of courage, but no bravery.

But bravery is an element of courage, just as freedom is of liberty. Can a man with his full quota of courage be a physical coward? No, the bravery in such a case is lent to a brother man who uses paper money and has no **financial** conscience, and consciousness of **ownership** of bravery is enough to carry a conscientious man through; but freedom is different—we never lend freedom.

Liberty without freedom is insipid—like bread without salt. Liberty includes the **ability** to be free, but does not necessitate the ownership of freedom, like courage always proves the ownership of bravery.

My writing is poor because I have been doing some work in my garden this mild, sunshiny January day.

Davenport, Ia.

—Samuel Toller.

I hope Mr. Dickinson, of Spokane, will make a success of his Sunday school, and that similar schools will spring up everywhere. Would very much like to be engaged in such work myself, but at present have another task which I cannot evade. Have fully decided on writing or teaching in that line if I ever have time and opportunity. Fraternally yours,

Frackville, W. Va.

—Geo. B. Williams.

## A TRAGEDY.

By Viola Richardson.

At least that is what the woman in the case seemed to think it was. She told me all about it. She had been sitting in the parlor and two others came in and took seats near her.

One of them, Mrs. Z——, she had not met, but the other was a stranger; and there those two women sat and talked and talked there in the same room with her, and Mrs. Z—— did not introduce her to the stranger. This woman took the whole of my evening to tell me about this and just how she felt, and how dreadful it was, any way. She had been wounded, bruised, maltreated, battered, mangled,—one might be pardoned for thinking that her whole future life would be darkened, at all her future efficiency affected by this omission of an introduction, judging by her tone, by the time she took to tell about it, and by the feeling which she had about the matter.

She was feeding herself poison.

Any body knows that it does not matter whether one stranger is introduced to another or not. If people need to get acquainted they will get acquainted any way, and so it does not matter in the least. Some of the people who stand closest to my life—nobody introduced us, we just got acquainted—couldn't help ourselves. Once upon a time I fell in love with a man to whom I had not been formally presented!

This woman was feeding herself poison. We all know enough about envy and jealousy to know how it brings a real physical pain—a sting an ache, which must of necessity have its effect on the physical health. Then, too, while the mind is dwelling on these soulkilling thoughts, it can have no room for bright, helpful, living, growing thoughts. This woman, by admitting these thoughts, made herself of less value to those about her, to herself—made herself a breeding ground for miasma, pestilence, and all kinds of destructive things.

Was it worth while—to hurt herself—to plant seeds of disorganization and degeneration in herself, just because Mrs. Z—— forgot to introduce the strange woman to her?

I said to her, "If you wanted to meet the woman, why did you not go up to her and tell her that you wanted to become acquainted?"

But my suggestion caused an explosion—"The idea'—what—I—the idea'—no, indeed—never'."

And, do you know that tragedies often grow out of just such foolish little things? People get germs of envy and jealousy in them, and they nurse them and feed them, and finally hate grows up, and revenge, and sometimes murder and all sorts of deeds that hate makes possible. It seems as if it would be wiser to kill out envy and jealousy when we find them in ourselves. Just cultivate a sense of humor and laugh at things instead of turning them into poison and destruction. Cultivate love, understanding, gentleness, and above all, a sense of humor, so that you will not take yourself so seriously.

## HURT APPRECIATIONS.

From William D. Haywood, Ada County jail, Boise, Idaho, we have the following:—

The poem, "A Call From Colorado," by Walter Hurt in December "To-Morrow" is the Marseillaise of America; more I could not say, but I feel if set to music the inspiration would be as grand as is that of the immortal song of Rouget de Lisle.

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My Dear Mr. Sercombe:—

"To-Morrow" seems to be growing in size, quality, and in every other way. I predict a great future for it. Your December number was particularly interesting.

Being a rhymster myself, I take particular interest in your selections of verse. Most of it is very creditable and some of it exceptionally good.

The poem of Hurt's, "A Call from Colorado," has a clarion ring to it that arouses all the patriotism in the soul given to brooding over injustice and man's inhumanity to man.

The greatness of any cause may always be measured by the poetry it inspires. Poetry has been the guardian angel of humanity in all ages, voicing men, nations and their times; and at this time it seems to me the social conditions are inspiring the best verse. Men must "learn in suffering, what they teach in song."

This poem of Hurt's is a faithful mirror, reflecting not only the sullen sadness that is mournfully murmuring through the world, but the fierce awakening of the slumbering giant of Labor to a sense of his own rights. It is as forcible and stirring as a battle cry. Hurt has the true poetic instinct.

He writes verse, that is now like the ripple of a sylvan stream, now like the leap of a mountain torrent, and now like the sea's sad dirge, when the tempest has raved itself to rest.

Milton saw not and Beethoven heard not; but the sense of beauty was upon them, and they fain must speak.

Likewise, when the sense of human wrong weighs heavily and becomes oppressive to the sensitive nature of our friend, Hurt, even "as the acid of anger eats its way into the innermost soul," he too, must need speak boldly and inspiringly out; and then the sparks of defiance fly from the hoofs of his Pegasus like lightning leaps from the heart of a thunderstorm.

"The Odalisk," by Ivan Swift, and "Love in Chains," by George Vail Williams, of their kind, are equally good.

The encouragement you are giving to the Muse is most commendable, in my opinion, and one of the chief attractions of "To-Morrow."

Sincerely yours,

—J. B. Wilson, M. D.,  
Cincinnati, O.



## COMPARISONS.

For Sercombe Himself:—

You use the terms, "free," "freer" and "freest." Now, why is this not like saying "honest," "honester" and "honestest?" These comparatives and superlatives are awkward, and if an adjective is awkward in the comparative and superlative it is not entitled to the words "more" and "most," like a pair of crutches helping a cripple. The fact is Freedom and Honesty are positive conditions only, and like a laboring man in fashionable society, awkward in the comparative and still more so in the superlative. My opinion is that most people, in most things, are neither honest nor dishonest, neither free nor subject, in short they are neutral.

—S. Toller,  
Davenport, Iowa.

In reply to several communications more or less like the above, one of them coming from a dear "editress," telling us there are no such words in the dictionary as "freer" and "freest," will say in justification of our use of these words, that they express the meaning we desire to convey in classifying "liberal" periodicals, and it is immaterial to us whether they accord with the rules of grammar and orthography or not, as we have long ago issued our declaration of independence against the despotism of the dictionary, and this not only includes such conscious departure as those above referred to, but instances of bad proof reading as well. Must I label this a joke or let it stand as serious. Take your choice. Editor.

## CROATIAN DAGGER SONG.

By H. Bedford Jones.

Oh Blade, so keen and cold,  
Why, oh Dagger-blade, dost thou cry  
Thro the long night so thirstily?  
Oh greedy little thin-steel blade,  
Last night did'st thou cry so sorrowfully, that my heart  
Was maddened by thy song,  
And I gave thee to drink of my beloved,  
Of the warm rich life of my beloved;  
While the moon struck white on the mountain far above,  
And the drink that I gave thee seemed black, not crimson,—  
But thou wert thirsty.  
Dear little keen blade, dost thou thirst so soon again?  
Lo! I have given thee living gems, the rubies of life;  
Art thou not satisfied?  
My blood is hot and sweet—  
Dost thou desire of it, little knife?

## IS MAN CONSCIOUS AFTER DEATH?

By S. H. Chapman, L. M. S.

Is man conscious after death? is a subject that has been under consideration by men of thought for ages.

The majority have decided in the affirmative, leaving a few who declare that consciousness ceases at death.

It is the reasoning faculties or the manifestation of mind called the objective mind, that gives man his consciousness.

We take the low forms of animal life, such as the protozoans and all forms of invertebrates. Here we find little or no consciousness and no brain development.

As we advance step by step from lower forms of life to higher forms, we find that the brain development increases in proportion to the increase of consciousness.

We at last arrive to man, the most conscious of all animals. We note that man's superiority over the lower animals is due to his superior brain development.

Would the forces of nature be arrayed for thousands of years in producing something which was of no use? The man who says that humanity are conscious after death declares in so many words that nature has been at work these thousands of years in producing a high degree of brain development, which according to his idea, is of no use. For does he not declare that after man has thrown off his earthly garb, his spirit will hover around, expressing consciousness, individuality, and reason. If this be so, why does nature produce a brain? Why does she produce a body, and why does she produce material, which, according to his idea, is all on a lower plane than spirit?

All things proceed from the infinite source or God, the infinite source is unobjective mind. As mind develops higher and higher it comes into objectivity as material. Its first stage in objective is liquid; next is solid, then vegetable, then animal, and last to man.

Nature has been going through a process of evolution for ages in producing conscious man. Nature would not have created the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdom if they were not higher expressions of mind than spirit.

Mind can act, plan, and project conditions without consciousness. When in the vegetable life it is called nature, when in animals, it is spoken of as instinct. In man it is known as the subjective mind. It is the same in all or mind acting unconsciously.

Because spirits have been communicated with by the living, seems to be proof to some people that man is conscious after death.

A great many have been known to talk and do feats in their sleep that would seem impossible in their waking state, while they were not conscious of anything during these times.

If we will live after death as individual beings and are

conscious, why are we not conscious of some other life before this?

He who believes in the consciousness of man after death can not believe in evolution, for according to evolution, the manifestation of mind called material, was derived from the spiritual or unobjectified mind and is higher than unobjectified mind.

He declares that objective mind is not as high as spirit or unobjectified mind, so in this case he believes in involution instead of evolution.

My idea is that the manifestation of mind called the subjective mind of man goes back to the infinite source of all intelligence (or God), while the objective or conscious part of man ceases with the loss of the brain.

Any action continued for a time, will become an instinct and act unconscious of man's reason.

Dear Editors of "To-Morrow":—

Here is a "great anti," I do not believe with Mr. Briggs that it is necessary to be ignorant in order to be contented.

I am ignorant, but not especially ignorant. In life I have known death, sickness, aloneness, several kinds of "hell," hard knocks and things, troubles,—if a sane person can have troubles, which I very much doubt,—to say nothing of "a college education."

Thru forty years of discontent these things have been teaching me contentment. I am contented.

I should not be afraid to stand upon the house tops and proclaim this to a jangling city: I am contented.

There is contentment in progress,—or progressive work,—in nothing else under the sun. Men have failed to find it in love. Progressive movement is not a fine discontent it is rest and peace to the living.

Then, I would say: Great throes of the soul are a kind of home-coming. The push of one's self is a pull from beyond us; and the arriving on the new plain is more a labor of love than a work of pure wisdom.

—Anna P. Ferguson,  
Boulder, Colo.

Editor of "To-Morrow":—

I, of course, recognize in myself the voice of original authority, and have done so since I stopped my use of Fiat Money. But there is this difference between myself and Jesus; he spoke in his native land. I am a native of the Planet, of course, but my position is like what a man would be in who once owned forty acres and lost them in coming into possession of the entire Planet. What shall it profit an owner of forty acres if he gain the whole world and lose that forty acres? Well, it has paid me. I trusted to that smiling face supposed to be behind the frowning Providence, letting him have my labor and merchandise till I had nothing left to stock up on, "trusting God," letting him have wealth for "notes" (no interest), until, like the darky's mule, Providence swapped ends and I saw the frowning face

behind the smiling Providence, frowning at me for "trusting" him. I then looked to see if my "confidence" in him was there—and it was, unimpaired, and then Providence swapped ends again. No one who has seen the face of Providence in both these conditions will ever "trust" him again, but make him "pay cash," real gold and silver cash, no matter who yearns for the Infinite, as Ingersoll said. Providence is a man who has yearnings for the Infinite, and would pay cash if we required him to do so.

I am originally authorized. I have authorized myself; and in free America I am not without honor.

—Samuel Toller.

## ATLASES AND CARYATIDES.

By Samuel Charles Spalding.

"Massive, white, and spacious fair, our social structure is,"  
 The rich and smug are wont to say, and fair in truth it is—to wealth's  
 near-sight and to blind ease,—  
 But fairer still were Greece and Rome, and fair were Nineveh and  
 Babylon,  
 Save that beneath their corner-stones enslaved multitudes  
 Were sacrificed in chains to living death.  
 Ye grim work-people are the Atlases and Caryatides of our fair-seem-  
 ing, leisured upper-life;  
 And if 'tis fair, 'tis but an arch of triumph o'er your martyrdom,  
 Or mausoleum cold of your dead aims.  
 To you the credit, if there credit be for it,  
 For you uphold it all upon hunched shoulders and bent heads.  
 Your forms are motionless and cramped and gnarled;  
 Your faces stormy, tear-eroded, dumb.  
 But now your eyes, instinct with suffering and tragedy,  
 Are quick with dawning menace and the setting of despair.  
 How long shall you contented be to let the vaunted structure stand?  
 How long before you shake it off or fling it down, impatiently,  
 And of the riven fragments build anew?

## TO THE MORNING STAR.

(From the Gaelic.)

Oh sweet, pale star  
 Of descending night!  
 Thy glittering crest  
 Casts fair and far  
 A shaft of light  
 From the closing gates of the silvery west,  
 As thine own shorn locks stream high.  
 Cold is thy ghost in the quiet sky,  
 Creeping softly down, while thy sisters die,  
 Soft as a lover's sigh!  
 The salt waves climb to thy lovely hair,  
 And its tranquil beam  
 Is bathed in the wealth of their silver gleam  
 As the snows of their white crests roll.  
 Oh purest spirit, sweet light of my soul,  
 Sorrow wings high on thy silent air!  
 Farewell—farewell!

—H. Bedford Jones.

## THE TRIUMPHS OF PEACE.

By Herman Kuehn.

My good comrade J. C. Northrop thinks he understands history because he knows somewhat about the history of wars. "Peace hath her triumphs no less renowned than war," but written history does not contribute to that renown. Nevertheless one who takes stock of human progress can readily supply the deficiencies of printed histories. Let me cite for the good comrade's benefit, and for the benefit of such others "whom it may concern," that abolition of imprisonment for debt was not brought about by war. Nor was the revolution involved in the discovery of the art of printing from movable type. Nor was the separation of church from state. Nor the revolution in thought which has made us progress a thousand years in the decade in which Darwin and Huxley were busy. Nor was war an incident of the revolution which resulted in gradual excision of the medical functions of the state; and I might go on to the limits of my space without exhausting incidents of the kind. But even war itself, when that was the resort, was not necessarily the only way, tho it may at the time have appeared so. Slavery at the South was a dying institution. Benjamin Lundy had aroused the moral perception of many slave-owners and some four hundred societies had been formed for voluntary, if gradual, manumission, before the war spirit was inflamed by the effort to coerce the very people who had already made progress toward voluntary action. The revolution of the American colonies from Great Britain would have been bloodless if the people had refused to pay taxes and let it go at that. To resist a claim of the divine right of kings with a good humored laugh is always effective, but when we come to fight the kingly rights, or any other absurdity masquerading under the name of rights, with an assertion of counter-rights war is inevitable, for people will fight harder, lie more strenuously, and endure more patiently for a superstition than for a real thing.

## RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

By Willard Cross.

Rights are right. Hence Kuehn is wrong. He does not see Natural Rights. But there are many phenomena of Nature that Kuehn does not see. His failure to see does not mean that what he fails to see has no existence.

True, Kuehn does not profess to be a philosopher. He makes no pretense to be troubled about metaphysical niceties. He declares himself concerned only as to the common good. Well, from the standpoint of the common good we must grant him his point. That the assertion of natural rights always leads to clashes. But what of it? Are clashes to be avoided? Does not humanity progress because of its clashes?

If it be peace we want, and are willing to enjoy it at the

expense of Truth, that's another matter. Yet no one wants peace at such a price.

But even in the interests of peace we need not truckle to error. Men have natural rights. To assert this finds so instant a response in the perception of all men that it requires no proof. Now, if to assert these rights makes for war and we prefer peace, all we need do is to waive our rights in the interest of peace.

Jesus, whose sayings and activities Kuehn likes to cite gave his life for those he loved. But that does not imply that he gave up his natural rights to life. He may have been fully conscious of his rights and waived them deliberately. He was the prince of peace and yet declared that he had brought a sword. And history is written in vain if it fail to convince us that man has gained more from war than from peace. Hence my voice is still for war. And if the doctrine of natural rights produces war, so much the better. And, furthermore, if there were, or could be, any doubt about men having natural rights, and there were nothing else so capable of provoking hostility, it would behoove us to stifle such doubts. And did that doubt ever grow so potent as to overthrow our belief in natural rights he would be the benefactor of his kind who would teach us to restore our reverence for the doctrine.

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### RESPECT FOR WOMEN.

President Eliot is quoted as saying recently: "Democracy breeds respect for women"—now apropos of the editorials in the last four North American Reviews. I hope that you will call attention to the fact that it is **truth** to say that respect for women **might possibly breed Democracy!**

HAROLD S. HOWARD, Newburgh, N. Y.

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### A NEW THOUGHT DAILY.

The action of the Denver Post in establishing a New Thought department in their Sunday issue is worthy of attention and appreciation from all publications that have at heart the principles of Metaphysics. The Denver Post is the only daily paper in the world devoting a page of its Sunday magazine section to articles and discussions on New Thought and Psychic Science.

Dr. Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall is engaged in editing and conducting this department, and the enterprise has so far met with gratifying success.

The proprietors of the Post are daily in receipt of expressions of appreciation of their venture, and it would be well for our exchanges to send samples and offer to exchange with the New Thought editor of the Post. The Sunday Post has a circulation of 80,000, and the good that can be accomplished by this daily in creating an interest and understanding of metaphysical research is incalculable.

# The Old Guard of Free Thought.



## Moses Harman Home Again.

Our comrade, friend and co-worker in the cause of freedom is returned to us again. The fact that government still stoops to such ignorant persecutions as placing such uncomplaining martyrs as Moses Harman behind iron bars, fully accounts for the development of that class of extremists who hate, despise and seek to destroy all government. We shall continue to excite terrorists and bomb-throwers into existence just so long as we permit government to commit such crimes as these.

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## Moses Harman's Release.

(The St. Louis Post of Jan. 12.)

About a year ago Mr. Moses Harman was convicted in the Federal court of mailing an obscene article in his periodical, *Lucifer*. He was convicted, not because the jury considered the article obscene but because the presiding judge instructed the jury that the question of obscenity was not within their province, that the only question for them to pass upon was the fact of the mailing of the paper. In fact the article was not obscene and Mr. Harman's conviction and imprisonment were, as the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones describes them, "nothing less than a crime." It is a subject for congratulation that Mr. Harman's imprisonment has under these circumstances been treated by some of the good men and women of the community as an honor instead of a disgrace, and that they should therefore have greeted him with an honorable reception upon his return. It was no misplaced praise, that of the late Ernest Howard Crosby, when in responding to an invitation to this reception he said: "No one can know Mr. Harman personally or through his writings without becoming impressed by the purity and honesty of his purpose and by the fact that his main

impulse is what seems to him a high ideal." These words we repeat and endorse, not in advocacy of Mr. Harman's views, for we dissent from them, but in the same spirit in which Mr. Crosby added to his personal praise the words: "That such men should be met by the arguments of iron bars and dungeon cells shows that the spirit of Torquemada is not entirely exorcised."

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Editor "To-Morrow": Has anybody ever told you, speaking of the Old Guard of Freethought, about John S. Martin of Snohomish, state of Washington? I knew him personally for years, but he never said anything about his "life." He just went on living, and writing to Freethought editors—not expounding views but naming new subscribers, and his accompanying remarks had a financial flavor impossible of imitation. Jim Read of San Francisco told me that Martin had been his partner in Nevada, and I take it he was a bit of a miner. When I knew him he had a house that floated on the Snohomish river, and that went up and down, vertically speaking, with the tide. And there he built rowboats, which he let or sold, and when the day's work was done or dull he went about asking the persons who professed to be Liberal why they did not give him a subscription to a Freethought paper. He got lots of them. He was perfectly honest, thoroughly respected, and somewhat feared by the orthodox, though his only aim was to do them good. I guess he is there now, working the same old game. He is about 75 years old.

—George E. MacDonald.

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Dear Comrade Sercombe:—I was much surprised to learn that you had received my photograph from (G. E. M.). I was instrumental in having him come here and take charge of the "Snohomish Eye," quite a liberal publication owned and edited by C. M. Packard.

When I wrote that there was an opening here for him to edit a paper he answered me and said that he thought a place on a ranch would suit him better. Later Mr. Putnam came here on a lecture tour and I mentioned the matter to him, and he had an interview with Mr. Packard, and immediately after wrote George. And he arrived here in '91. He joined the Sons of Veterans and was elected captain, and on the eve of his departure for the east he was tendered a reception and was presented with a sword with many eulogistic little speeches. I never shall forget the response he made when he was presented with the sword. As he rose to his feet he said this put me in mind of a funeral. But the corpse was not supposed to respond. You want, you say, a sketch of my life.

"My parents were born in the state of Virginia, and moved to Indiana in 1828 or 1829. I was born in Cass county October 6, 1831. My parents were Methodists, my father a



blacksmith, local preacher, and served one term as county judge. I inherited much of his ingenuity but not much of his religion. I was brought up on a farm, and when gold was discovered in California father got the fever and in the spring of 1850 he sized up an outfit to cross the plains. We, father and one brother older than myself, started on the 11th of March with a very poor outfit, as we learned later. We were six months on the way, but succeeded much better than thousands of others. When we arrived in California we went to mining with some success. Father returned the next year leaving us in the mines and some years later my brother died. In 1862 I accepted a position as advertising agent for an exhibition. I advertised throughout California and made a trip to the Sandwich Islands. When I returned I went to mining again, prospecting for copper as there was a great demand for the metal at that time. There were four of us at the prospect, and here is where I got my eyes open on religion. There was three books for four of us—the Bible, Josephus and the Age of Reason. We read these books, for we had nothing else to read, and would argue a great deal, but the Age of Reason won the day and set me to thinking. I wanted to get hold of literature bearing on the subject but did not until some years later.

"In 1866 I went in partnership with three others and bought a placer mine, and the first winter that we worked it we took out \$10,000.

"I was married the ninth of July, 1868, was appointed postmaster at Pilot Hill, Eldorado county, in 1869, resigned in 1872, and moved to Gold Hill, Nevada. Worked at blacksmithing, carpentering and mining at the depth of 3,000 feet, where it was so hot that it seemed as though we were very little removed from the orthodox hell. I finally turned out as book agent and worked at that for some years. In 1882 I left Nevada for Washington territory, came to this beautiful little town (Snohomish) in 1886 and worked some at house building. I thought there was an opening for boat livery business, so I built a float on logs and built some flat bottom boats, as I did not know how to build any other. I soon found that there was a demand for boats, so I hired an experienced boat builder one week and learned enough so I could build a very good clinker boat. For the last 18 years I have made an easy living with the boat livery and fishing, but my days of activity will not last many years longer.

"I am delighted with "To-Morrow" and I inclose check for subscription and Edward Carpenter's great book, Love's Coming of Age."

Yours for progress,

—J. S. Martin.

Frederick, Md., Jan. 1, 1907.

P. H. Sercombe,

Dear Sir:—Park Ridge, the home of Aaron Davis, little southwest of Frederick, Md., where the flag of the United States always floated in the breeze and the old farm bell rang out sweet music on the birthday of Thomas Paine, 27 years ago.

On Jan. 1st, 1907, the old farm bell rang out sweet music when Moses Harman was given a grand reception from the penitentiary in Chicago, the home of the **free** and the **brave**. Men and women stick to the old flag of our fathers that America was established for the oppressed of the world.

Yours respectfully,  
Frederick, Md.

—Aaron Davis.

(Over 87 years old.)

Editor "To-Morrow:"

I was born October 18, 1819. My father was English and my mother German. They both belonged to the Lutheran church, but they seldom attended service.

When I was twenty I was converted at the mourners' bench and joined the Lutheran church.

I lived an honest and consistent life up till 1845. I chew no tobacco, smoke no cigars, and drink no whisky. I have paid all of my debts and never cheated a man.

In 1845 when I left the school house to go to my boarding house a thought came into my mind and I said what do people know about Christ being born, crucified, buried, rising on the third day and ascending into heaven?

That night I commenced to read the Bible about John the Baptist and Christ being born, one from a barren woman and the other one from a woman who had never cohabited with man. These two births were only six months apart. The one from the barren woman was to start the Christian religion and if it proved successful the other one was put up as a God. This satisfied me that the Bible was not true.

I continued to read the Bible up to 1857 and till this time had never met an infidel nor read an infidel book. About this time my brother who was agent for a Baltimore firm and came in contact with many infidels was persuaded to buy Paine's Age of Reason. He finally gave me these books—the very things I needed to expand the wings of my imagination and I soon became a confirmed infidel. We celebrate Paine's birthday every year. Yours,

Frederick, Md.

Aaron Davis.

Dear Sercombe:—Enclosed find \$1.00 for renewal. Am delighted with "To-Morrow." It gets better all the time.

—W. L. Lightbown.

To-Morrow Bound Volumes for 1905 and 1906 (12 numbers each) in cloth now ready. Sent post-paid on receipt of \$1.50 per volume, or send \$2.00 and receive To-Morrow for another year.

## AN EXTRACT FROM MY CENTURY PLANT.

By Lois Waisbrooker.



The following is taken from page 37 of "My Century Plant," and which I am now offering, the \$1 bound copies for 60 cents, because women are beginning to think on the question of their own rights, and I desire them to have all possible help and encouragement.

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

"Yes, just such freedom, the full ownership of her own person is woman's inherent right, and with my head whitening for the tomb, with the surety that my time is short, I fearlessly assert

that only in such freedom is there such elevation of the race as we all desire and believe to be possible. I declare this in the full belief that it is the greatest service I can render coming generations.

"To those who object I would say, can such freedom for woman give us worse results than we now have? Please remember that I make this one claim paramount to all—assert that all else must be so changed as to make it possible for all women to secure financial support independent of that subjection to the individual man which is legal prostitution.

If a woman must pledge herself for a day or an hour longer than she wishes to any man, it is no more or less than prostitution, and then to be held to an unwilling relation in order to be with her children, or for a support, is adding slavery thereto.

"Can women thus held become the mothers of a race of men and women who, self-centered in all high and noble endeavor, shall be able to make this earth what it is capable of becoming, a veritable paradise? Certainly not. Therefore, recognizing the magnitude of the powers I oppose, I unhesitatingly make the full demand as the first step toward its fulfillment, and declare that if an act is pure it is so independent of any outside sanction; that if impure in and of itself, no outside sanction can make it otherwise.

Pages 38, 9, 10. "This will, must continue until the law of love becomes strong enough to break into pieces the institutions formed on the basis of the old. The love which can do this exists in the mother heart, and in the agitation of thought which is taking the place of the fear of the Lord she will gain the light to see how present institutions destroy her children, and then the kindling power of her love will

burn as an oven. It is aid that prayer is the motion of a hidden fire concealed within the breast.

"Fire in motion is a powerful force. It was fire in motion that, bursting through the rock-ribbed earth, tore the continents from their places, cast up the mountain ranges, and mingling with the waters of the ocean, converted its waves into steam till the sun itself was darkened.

"They say that love is God. Think you that the mother love concealed in woman's heart, when it is once aroused, is going to leave one stone upon another of the institutions crushing her children? Do you think there will be one fetter left upon her limbs when she straightens herself? You may imprison her, you may blind her material eyes, but you cannot touch the eyes of her soul, and she will make such sport for you as Sampson made for the sport-loving Philistines; she will pull the temple down upon you.

"'Rachel will stop weeping for her children' when she once realizes that she has the power to redeem them. But she must be free ere she can do this.

The blind, the insane, the idiotic—all imperfect specimens of humanity give the lie to the idea that sex-relations can be regulated by law, show that no amount of legality can prevent or cover the consequences of visitations of Nature's law, that law which gives to woman the right of her own person."

P. S.—I want to say here that the changes made on page 17 of October "To-Morrow," as to the results of debasing motherhood to the legal standard, are all true. —L. W.

After reading Lois Walsbrooker's most remarkable work, "My Century Plant," I've been seized with an enthusiasm that I cannot repress, namely, to pen for "To-Morrow," the champion of unbound that a recognition of this Eureka of freedom, this tocsin of deliverance.

Her's are no maudlinisms, no "pine and oak" philosophy. Instead, the charge of the old Spartan mother to her son, "Either this or upon this!" namely, the redemption of our race through unfettered, untrammelled motherhood, entire freedom for woman in all the relations of life; no manacles of Church, Caste, Creed or Sex, no tie but Love, owing no allegiance except to herself, and then that herself shall be an almoner of blessings innumerable. Read her books. They are a living fire—an inspiration to more potent endeavor. —J. M. Clarke.

Comrade, here is my hand:—I look upon "To-Morrow" as the greatest literary production it has ever been my good fortune to read. You are certainly a master workman and know how to use the ax of reason.

Your article on Roosevelt and the Dictionary is indeed a masterpiece.

—Dr. P. E. Gold,  
Battle, Tex.

J. C. Barnes, Arcola, Ill.



I was born on the banks of the Ohio river, below Madison, Ind., Sept. 27th, 1835. I got what little school education I received in a log school house, by going three months each winter till I was 19 years of age, when I attended one session of the village school at Hanover, three miles distant from home.

At the age of 20 I was employed by William Rankin, P. M., of Hanover, and country store keeper, to clerk for him where I stayed till I married, April 24th, 1860, to Elizabeth Bower, who was one of six of the first graduates of the first medical college ever opened to women. She graduated in the Eclectic Medical Institute of Cincinnati, in 1857, and had practiced

three years when we married. She was the most wonderful woman I ever saw, intellectually and physically. I lived with her over 41 years and was continually surprised at her reserve of knowledge. To her and my mother, also a very intellectual free-thinker, I owe all the good there is, or ever was in me.

I would much rather write of these women than of their less favored husband and son. My life has been an uneventful one. I was raised on a farm and have lived on a farm most of the time since. I raised our three sons, Elmer, Calmer, and Omer, my tri-mers, on a farm, and call farming my vocation, and other little businesses my vocations.

I came to Douglas Co., Ill., in 1866, and improved a farm eight miles east of Arcola, which I have since sold, and since my wife departed this life, Nov. 9th, 1901, I have had no home. I move around in line of least resistance and greatest attraction, like any other object having no destination.

I was the oldest of eight brothers and as my parents were poor my mother did all the housework, except when I was about the house, and being a dear lover and sympathizer with her, I voluntarily became domesticated. My mother took many periodical papers of that day, and was a good reader, and the best read person, man or woman, in the community. I learned much by hearing her read and talk. Of course, born and reared in the then wilds of Indiana, she had no school education as children now have, tho she learned to read and write and cipher some. She never used any in-grammaticism and never misspelled a word. She contended that to study spelling and grammar was a waste of time, as no one who read any need misspell a word or speak in-grammatically, so I never learned grammar as taught in the schools.

I inherited from her an aversion to violence, so I never owned nor killed anything with a gun in my life, much less a person in war. I was so averse to war that I stood above

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both parties in the war, and reasoned out to anarchy. I called my theory Christianity—but when I read Spencer's Social Statics since the war, I called it Spencerian philosophy, or Christianity. Since I have read on Anarchy, I call my theory any one of the three. I made the discovery that Christian and Anarchist are the same letters slightly transposed, and mean the same thing in ethics.

I never commanded, nor expected obedience, in my family. I never asked a man to vote for me for any office. I never sued nor was sued. I attend to my own business and allow every other person to do as he wills so long as he does not invade my equal freedom. I neither command nor obey. To be compelled is not voluntary obedience.

I reared three as perfect physical, intellectual, and moral sons as I know of. I always respected their rights as equal to my own, and they respect the rights of others.

I am respectably related by blood and marriage. I had an uncle in Congress three times and a cousin once. My wife had three cousins in Congress. My mother was a cousin of Geo. W. Julian. I had a brother in legislature and in the state senate, and he is one of the most scientific men in the state in which he lives, as an astronomer, electrician, and microscopist, tho he like myself, had no school education. I mention this to show that colleges do not produce the only learned men.

—J. C. Barnes.

Dear Mr. Sercombe:—

I read your call for the names of the Old Guard of Liberals. I thought at once of an old friend of mine and one of Utah's earliest and noblest of men, James Ashman. A few days ago I met the good man on the street; he is now quite feeble and nearly blind, being now tenderly cared for by his daughter, Mrs. John H. Buckle.

During our street conversation I told him of your magazine, "To-Morrow," and of your asking for the names of the pioneer liberals.

The old man shook with emotion and delight and though his sight is about gone, his handclasp is as genuine and as cherry as ever. He at once asked me to send his name in with his best wishes for your success, so here it is.

James Ashman, (born in 1829) age 77, he came to Utah, from England in the early fifties. He has always been a deep and earnest thinker, a scholar, a kindly gentleman and my long life friend. James Ashman owned one of the finest liberal libraries in America and the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ashman was a study-room for home and friends for many years. Intellectual development was their life's work. Mrs. A. passed away in 1903, and the old man is going into the shadows as calm and as peaceful as a summer's morning.

In bidding him good bye and while the hand clasps were being made, he said, "John, say to Mr. Sercombe for me that the hope of the world is in the developing of thinkers. The world can not be happy and stupid at the same time."

I am tired and weary, but still,  
 "I am the master of my fate,  
 I am the captain of my soul."

Faternally yours,  
 John P. Meakin.



Dear Friend Sercembe:—

Neglected but not forgotten, Eliza W. Haines, nee Jennings, first saw the light of day April 2nd, 1835, Mahoning Co., Ohio, near Salem, born of religious parents. My mother was a shouting Methodist and my father was a Quaker—representing two churches as far apart as well could be. In 1850 father died of typhoid fever, while mother was in bed with the same illness, and in a few days three of us children were sick and dependent entirely on the sympathy of our neighbors, who were extremely good. Taking care of the sick is one of the good traits of the Quakers. After my recovery, an old lady, Mink by name, said to me, 'You must join church. I haven't a bit of doubt your father is in hell now.' "Well," I said, "if my father is in hell, I want to go there too." Oh, how she scolded me. How could I believe such talk? I commenced doubting, and am happy to say that I have lost all fears of the Old Hot Place.

I married in 1853 and moved to Reipley Co., Ind., living on a farm most of my life. My husband was brought home a corpse in 1886, from a fox drive, the hardest shock of my life. I moved to Versailles two years ago last March, and am taking life much easier than heretofore.

—Eliza W. Haines, Versailles, Ind.

### A CABIN LOVE SONG.

By R. W. Borough.

In the great forest's depths we dwelt that storm-swept fall  
And far from gilded haunt of city-harassed man.  
Into a rough log cabin, old but builded well  
By heavy-sinewed arms, we drew our weary lives  
That all the madness of the world might be forgot.  
Dearest of all the memories of those happy hours  
That rise on lonely evenings when the lights are low,  
Is of a night when thunders roared and lightnings flared  
'Mongst the tall pines and little flames leaped fitfully  
Within our boulder-flanked fire place.

\* \* \* \*

O little Heart, how sweet you were as in my arms  
You lay that night, asleep amid the wild, wild storm!  
So weary from your wanderings o'er the bright-hued hills!  
Dreaming before the fire I sat and held you close,—  
Close to my heart, the soft light falling tenderly  
Upon your slumber. And to my lips as thunders roared  
And lightnings flashed, crashing among the twisting trees,  
A song went ringing, rising all exultantly  
Above the frenzy, "You are mine,—my own,—my own!"  
Upon our rugged roof the rain beat furiously,  
But skilful hands had builded well and you were safe  
In a night-long glow. But once disturbed by passing dream,  
You nestled closer and your warm lips murmured low,  
"Lover," and, sighing faintly then, you sank in slumber's peace

## ROLL OF HONOR.

(To be revised each month.)

When not known to us, date of birth and address  
have been omitted.

Please send in the date of your birth.

Date of birth.	Name.	Age.	Address.
Mch., 1806 .....	John Hart .....	100..	Troy, N. Y.
Jan. 26, 1816.....	Silas Rockwell.....	91..	Covington, Ky.
	David Engler .....	91..	Walton, Ind.
	Mrs. C. K. Smith....	90..	San Diego, Cal.
	Herbert Merrick....	90..	Free Port, L. I.
	D. S. Burson.....	90..	Richmond, Ind.
	John Peck .....	90..	Naples, N. Y.
	Marvin Kent .....	90..	Kent, O.
Mch., 1817 .....	A. B. Pratt.....	89..	Ripon, Wis.
	Elizabeth H. Russel..	89..	San Jose, Cal.
Mch., 1818.....	J. S. Loveand .....	88..	Los Angeles.
June 30, 1819....	E. L. Livezey .....	87..	Baltimore, Md.
	A. H. Frank.....	87..	Red House, N. Y.
	Mrs. J. L. York.....	87..	San Francisco, Cal.
	Aaron Davis .....	87..	Frederick, Md.
Oct. 29, 1820....	Dr. G. W. Brown....	86..	Rockford, Ill.
1820 .....	Sara L. Van Sickle..	86..	Cates, Ind.
	J. M. Peebles.....	85..	Battle Creek, Mich.
	R. D. Moore.....	85..	
	Dr. J. Mendenhall..	85..	Muncie, Ind.
	John Ernst .....	85..	
Sept. 2, 1821....	H. J. Swindler .....	85	Magnolia, Ill.
Feb. 28, 1822 ...	John Stratford .....	84..	Odebolt, Iowa.
	Dr. Mary Thompson..	84..	Portland, Ore
	Dr. A. A. Bell.....	84..	Madison, Ga.
Nov. 15, 1822....	Reuben Roessler....	84..	Los Angeles, Cal.
Feb. 28, 1822 ....	Benj. Pratt .....	84..	Los Angeles, Cal.
	Henry H. Harris....	83..	Bonner, Kan.
	T. B. Englehart.....	83..	Mt. Clemens, Mich.
May 23, 1823....	Dean Dudley .....	83..	Wakefield, Mass.
April 6, 1823.....	B. F. Runnels.....	83..	Hawthorne, Iowa.
	Mrs. C. E. Lee.....	83..	Portersville, Cal.
March 25, 1824..	Joseph Haigh .....	82..	Kankakee, Ill.
Aug. 15, 1824....	T. C. Deuel .....	82..	Fullerton, Cal.
Feb., 1824.....	Dr. Robert Greer....	82..	Maywood, Ill.
Sept. 11, 1824...	Peter Woodhouse ...	82..	Bloomington, Wis.
Oct. 7, 1824.....	N. F. Griswold.....	82..	Meriden, Conn.
Aug. 22, 1824....	Chas. Gyer .....	82..	
	Stephen Barton ....	82..	Isabella, Cal.
1824 .....	James Ashman .....	82..	Salt Lake City, Utah.
April 4, 1824....	Abner J. Pope.....	82..	Home, Washington.
Jan. 29 1824....	Judge C. B. Waite...	82..	Chicago. 474 Jackson Boul.
Aug. 25, 1824....	J. W. A. Macdonald	82..	41 W. 105th St., N. Y.
	Delos A. Blodgett....	81..	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Feb. 3, 1825.....	W. A. Griswold.....	81..	
June 14, 1826....	H. P. Cheever .....	80..	Augusta, Me.
1826 .....	Rhoda A. Glover....	80..	Baldwin, L. I.
April, 1826.....	John S. Holman.....	80..	Pontiac, Ill.
Aug. 3, 1826....	W. T. Galloway.....	80..	Middletown, N. Y.
1826 .....	C. Werner .....	80..	Owensboro, Ky.
	I. W. Scott.....	80..	
	E. C. Wilmot.....	80..	Cincinnati, O.
	Lois Walsbrooker ...	80..	Antioch, Cal.
	G. W. Hammer.....	80..	Bodie, Cal.
	Andrew J. Davis ...	80..	Boston, Mass.
	Susan Reicherter ...	80..	



	Name.	Age.	Address.
Nov. 20, 1827....	Charlotte C. North...	79..	Kewanee, Ill.
	John M. Welsh.....	79..	Louisville, Ky.
Dec., 1827.....	Elmina Drake Slenker	79..	Snowville, W. Va.
April 8, 1828....	I. Hughes .....	78..	Glen Haven, Wis.
July 10, 1828....	William Hart .....	78..	Los Mochis, Sinaloa, Mex.
Feb. 11, 1828....	F. Larabee .....	78..	
	Mrs. Carter .....	78..	Wichita, Kas.
	Lucinda B. Chandler.	78..	170 Circle, Norwood Park, Ill.
	Aden G. Cavins.....	78..	Bloomfield, Ind.
	E. M. Dewey.....	77..	Oakland, Cal.
Sept. 6, 1829....	John Bulmer .....	77..	Du Quoin, Ill.
	B. F. Hyland .....	77..	Corwallis, Ore.
	Omer T. Glenn.....	77..	Cincinnati, O.
March 22, 1829....	Benj. F. Morris.....	77..	Warren, Pa.
Oct. 5, 1829.....	John C. Miles.....	77..	New Haven, Conn.
	Nelson Crane .....	77..	Stanford, N. Y.
	Charles Elmandorf ..	77..	Penn Yan, N. Y.
Aug. 12, 1829....	M. M. Murray.....	77..	Chattanooga, Tenn.
1829 .....	Calphurnia L. Chaapel	77..	Canton, Pa.
Aug., 1829 .....	Olivia F. Shepard....	77..	Home, Wash.
April 14, 1829...	Louise M. Heath.....	77..	6054 Monroe Av., Chicago.
	Mrs. A. C. Macdonald.	76..	Home, Wash.
March 2, 1830....	Dr. M. R. Levenson..	76..	1016 Grand Con., N. Y. City.
March 1, 1830....	S. Toomey .....	76..	Tuscarawas, O.
July 5, 1830.....	Washington I. Fox...	76..	Harvard, Ill.
May 3, 1830.....	Laura J. Andrews....	76..	Port Angeles, Wash.
Jan. 29, 1830.....	C. D. Johnson.....	76..	Escanaba, Mich.
	E. H. Couse.....	76..	————, S. Dak.
April 1, 1830....	r. T. A. Bland.....	76..	231 Hoyne Ave., Chicago, Ill.
	Harriet C. Garner....	76..	170 Circle, Norwood Park, Ill.
	W. M. Martin.....	75..	Mableton, Ga.
	Edward Askren .....	75..	Wathena, Kans.
	Joseph V. Stafford...	75..	Canyon Ferry, Mont.
March 4, 1831....	A. W. Sturdy.....	75..	Attleboro, Mass.
	C. R. Woodward.....	75..	Lockport, N. Y.
	Charles Florence .....	75..	Denver, Col.
	Moses Harman .....	75..	500 Fulton St., Chicago.
Feb. 5, 1831....	Joseph Warwick .....	75..	New York City.
	J. C. Cameron.....	75..	Nat. Soldiers' Home, Va.
1831 .....	F. B. Pratt.....	75..	Canton, Miss.
June 4, 1831....	Albert De Goller....	75..	Bradford, Pa.
Nov. 1, 1831....	H. Kilgore .....	75..	Willber, Neb.
	C. A. Williams .....	75..	Denton, Tex.
	Gabriel Gerardy .....	74..	Wathena, Kan.
	C. W. Inmon .....	74..	Denton, Tex.
Dec. 14, 1832....	J. W. Harrington....	74..	Red Granite, Wis.
1832 .....	A. R. Woodhams....	74..	Santa Clara, Cal.
1832 .....	Flora A. Burtis.....	74..	Watsonville, Mich.
May 1, 1832....	James Laird.....	74..	Sitkum, Ore.
June 4, 1832....	James Craig .....	74..	Toronto, Canada.
	J. R. Francis.....	74..	Chicago, Ill.
	A. G. Humphrey, M.D.	74..	Galesburg, Ill.
	John M. Postlethwait.	74..	Nat. Soldiers' Home, Tenn.
	Hiram W. Thomas....	74..	Chicago.
Feb. 11, 1832....	Lyman C. Howe.....	74..	Fredonia, N. Y.
	James W. Adams....	74..	Home, Wash.
	H. H. Drake.....	74..	Amarilla, Tex.
	C. Maxwell.....	74..	Gomez, Tex.
April 14 1832....	J. M. Clarke.....	74..	335 N. Fiftieth Ct., Chicago.
	H. C. Roberts.....	74..	Bennington, Kan.
	J. F. Marr.....	73..	Fort Madison, Iowa.
	Harry Hoover .....	73..	Carnegie, Pa.
	M. Rowe .....	73..	Monticello, Ill.
March 2, 1833....	Prof. E. Whipple .....	73..	San Diego, Cal.

	Name.	Age.	
	A. Tanner .....	73..	Cannon Falls. Minn.
	Dr. Imanuel Pfeiffer .....	73..	500 5th av., N. Y.
July 1, 1833.....	Dr. J. H. Severance .....	73..	595 60th St., Chicago.
Jan. 15, 1833.....	C. H. Hamond.....	73..	Peoria, Ill.
Aug. 5, 1833.....	N. S. Johnson.....	73..	Sioux Falls, S. Dak.
June, 1833.....	W. G. Markland .....	73..	Allington, Neb.
Feb. 28, 1833.....	C. A. Whitford.....	73..	Chattanooga, Tenn.
1833 .....	Asa Smith .....	73..	Kansas.
Sept. 15, 1834...	Volney Abbey .....	72..	Wathena, Kan.
	W. H. Bean .....	72..	Rock Island, Ill.
	D. K. Tenney.....	72..	Madison, Wis.
Sept. 9, 1834.....	W. W. Wallace .....	72..	5702 So. Ashland Av., Chicago.
	Moncure D. Conway.....	72..	London, Eng.
Dec. 23, 1834.....	T. B. Wakeman.....	72..	Cos. Cob. Conn.
	William Colby Cooper.....	72..	Cleves, O.
March 6, 1834.....	W. I. Ryder.....	72..	Monticello, Ill.
Sept. 27, 1835...	J. C. Barnes .....	71..	Arcola, Ill.
April 2, 1835.....	Eliza W. Haines.....	71..	Versailles, Ind.
	John R. Lippitt.....	71..	Chicago, Ill., 317 Randolph St.
Jan. 18, 1835.....	Copley Cottrell .....	71..	Mt. Clemens, Mich.
Nov. 7, 1835.....	J. L. Buxton .....	71..	Milford, Mass.
	Salome Rowe .....	71..	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Oct. 18, 1835....	Col. B. F. Bennett.....	71..	Greenup, Ky.
	Thomas J. Bowles.....	70..	Muncie, Ind.
	J. W. Patrick .....	70..	Cincinnati, O.
Sept. 20, 1836....	M. H. Coffin .....	70..	Longmont, Col.
	James Beeson .....	70..	Hytop, Ala.
	Dr. D. G. Curtis .....	70..	Chattanooga, Tenn.
	J. W. Gaskine .....	70..	Seattle, Wash.
	Dr. L. M. Hammond.....	70..	Rosedale, Kas.
Sept. 1, 1836 ....	Louis Roser .....	70..	Maysville, Ky.
	S. R. Shepherd.....	70..	Leavenworth, Kas.
	John C. Deuel .....	70..	Rockford, Ill.
Aug. 5, 1836.....	G. W. Gann .....	70..	Denton, Tex.
	C. C. De Rudio .....	70..	Los Angeles, Cal.
	Judge Frank Hobart.....	70..	Ventura, Cal.
1836 .....	Mrs. M. J. Olds.....	70..	McMinnville, Ore.
Aug. 7, 1837.....	John W. Irion .....	69..	Thomasville, Colo.
	W. F. Jamieson.....	69..	Pentwater, Mich.
July 10, 1837.....	G. W. Phillips .....	69..	
Jan. 3, 1837.....	Dexter K. Cole .....	69..	North Port, L. I.
Jan. 31, 1837....	Warner V. Hardy. ....	69..	317 W. Randolph St., Chicago
	E. P. Peacock.....	69..	Chicago, Ill.
	Wm. C. Dunbar.....	69..	Mapleton, Kan.
	Mrs. M. A. Lee.....	68..	Blue Earth, Minn.
	F. F. Franz.....	68..	Sylvan Grove, Kan.
	J. Spencer Ellis .....	68..	Toronto, Can.
Jan. 3, 1838.....	J. E. Burkhart .....	68..	Miltonvale, Kans.
	Col. Thomlinson Fort.....	68..	Chattanooga, Tenn.
	Dr. L. S. Lambert.....	68..	Galesburg, Ill.
Sept. 26, 1838....	Dr. C. J. Lewis.....	68..	733 Carrol Av., Chicago.
Apr. 7, 1838 ....	Otto Wettstein .....	68..	La Grange, Ill.
1838 .....	E. W. Kenyon .....	68..	Chicago, Ill.
	Wm. Drake .....	67..	Montpellier, Ohio.
Aug. 11, 1839....	Joel Richardson .....	67..	Hayesville, Iowa.
1839 .....	S. F. Benson .....	67..	Pierson, Iowa.
Oct. 1, 1839.....	W. A. Gilmore .....	67..	Marshfield, Ore.
July 24, 1839....	John Maddock .....	67..	Minneapolis, Minn.
Jan. 1, 1839.....	Dr. I. S. Curtis.....	67..	Brunswick, Ore.
	Christ Bathman .....	67..	Chattanooga, Tenn.
	Dr. John Kemper.....	67..	Galesburg, Ill.
	B. F. Underwood.....	66..	Quincy, Ill.
	J. Jones .....	66..	Sailor Springs, Ill.

	Name.	Age.	Address.
	P. C. Hanson.....	66..	Greenleaf, Kan.
1840 .....	Marilla M. Ricker....	66..	Dover, N. H.
	Frances R. Dingman....	66..	Detroit, Mich.
Feb. 14, 1840.....	Herman Wettstein ..	66..	Fitzgerald, Ga.
Oct. 31, 1840.....	G. W. Morehouse.....	66..	Muskegon, Mich.
	A. D. Marble.....	65..	Oklahoma City, Okla.
	James E. Mills.....	65..	Dickens, Iowa.
	Mrs. Helen M. Lucas....	65..	Marietta, Ohio.
	E. W. Chamberlain....	65..	New York City.
Mch. 13, 1841....	Harriett L. Sheldon...	65..	Haverhill, Mass.

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facts and forces in their possession, as will yet save and redeem the nation, and with it their own great common interests." The book is one of "The Life Books", is bound in green cloth, and stamped in red and gold. It contains 335 pages, and is published by the McClure Press, New York City.

"Secular Thought," in its issue of Dec. 22nd, has an appreciation of J. E. Remsburg's "Six Historic Americans," which the To-Morrow Pub. Co. has for sale. In part it says: "Mr. Remsburg's volume is one that every Freethinker should possess. Not only does it give us a calm and impartial survey of all the evidence available bearing upon the questions immediately involved, but gives us a close view of the 'Christian at work' in his favorite and perennial occupation of fabricating evidence where evidence is lacking and falsifying it where it is adverse. Mr. Remsburg has treated his subject in an exhaustive way, and his 'Six Historic Americans' will be an invaluable weapon in the hands of those who have to defend the characters of all the great men of history from the attacks of unscrupulous ecclesiastical ghouls.

"Mr. Remsburg's work is handsomely printed in large, readable type, is illustrated with some fine portraits, including a beautiful photo of Mrs. Cadwallader-Guild's bust of Lincoln, and will be a valuable addition to any library.

Another freethought book which the To-Morrow Pub. Co., has for sale, "Pioneers of Progress," by Dr. T. A. Bland, received deserved notice in the Jan. issue of Brann's Iconoclast, somewhat as follows: "Dr. T. A. Bland of Chicago has written a new book entitled 'Pioneers of Progress.' The book contains about 300 pages, neatly bound in cloth, price 1.25. It makes no difference how well acquainted you may think you are with the pioneers of progress, you cannot afford to miss the pleasure of reading Dr. Bland's book. He shows you the great men and women of the Republic in a new light. Most of the characters dealt with in this book, the author knew personally. Therefore he has written, 'not as the scribes, but as one having authority.'"

The Progressive Literature Co., Box 228, Madison Square, New York City, have sent us a catalogue of book on Philosophy, Religion, and the Science of Living, and also copies of four books along the New Thought line that may be of interest to some of our readers. The books are "The New Thought" (Paper), by Horatio W.

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If any of our readers are interested in Astrology, they will appreciate "The Daily Planetary Guide," by Le-wellyn George, published by the Portland School of Astrology, 266 Clay St., Portland, Ore., price 50c. It is bound in paper, and on the front cover is the statement that there are "No symbols. All the favorable and unfavorable days of the year 1907 are carefully and completely calculated according to the science of Astrology, ready for the immediate use of busy people as a help towards success, in business social, and personal affairs."

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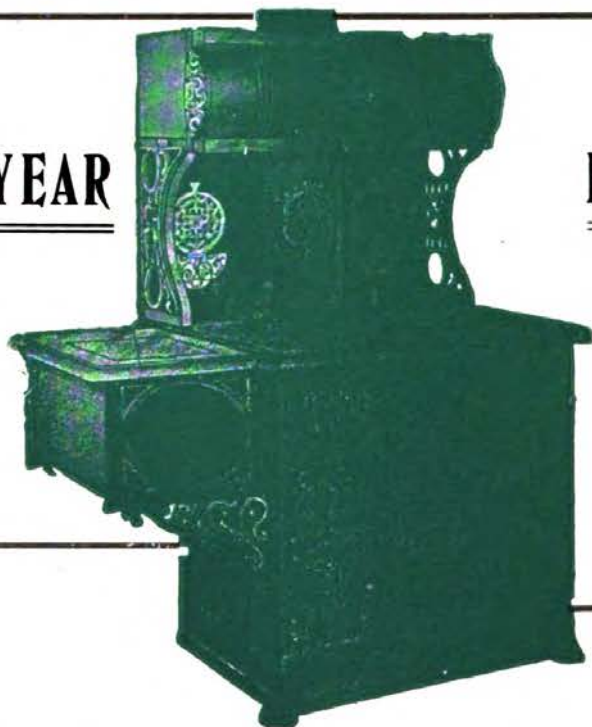


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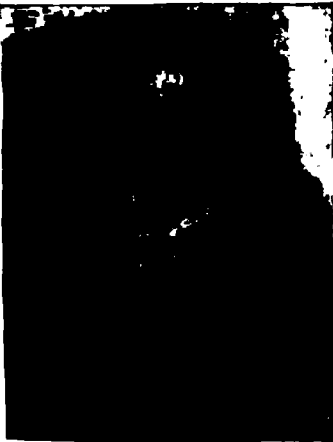
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## WILL YOU SIGN?

With a view to locating several co-operative industrial groups, we wish to secure the names of a few able-bodied men and women who are satisfied to just live well and enjoy the reasonable necessities and luxuries of life, without private ownership of any property, or the receipt of any wages.

Private Ownership is our fundamental curse, the direct cause of our separation into economic classes, the basis of every oppression, of all privilege and subserviency, and it stands in the way of Comradeship, Real Democracy and The High Life.

Group Ownership is the only present means to economic freedom. Hence it is the only direct method to attain nobility of character and to completely overthrow all desire for graft, greed and preference.

---

## NOW THEN.

In order to form Property Owning Groups, some of us must renounce private ownership; we must become permanently cured of "the mania of owning things."

It is understood that those who sign the following pledge do so, not as a means of reformation, but merely to express a conviction and signify their preparedness for right living. We trust that our readers will manifest their interest in this page, by securing as many signatures as possible to the following:—

---

## PLEDGE.

We, the undersigned, in order to accomplish a plan of life that will insure greater health, happiness and harmony, and will supply an environment that will enable us to escape the baneful effects of individual competition, and thus insure a life culture for ourselves and children, that will enable us to live as brothers instead of animals, hereby pledge as follows:—

To renounce all personal ownership of real or personal property for life, and never again, after connecting ourselves with the group of which we arrange to become a part, to accept pay for our services—hirelingship being but the fruit of private ownership.

Signed:—

Parker H. Sercombe, 2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

---

## SEND US NAMES.

Send us names of thinkers.

Send us names of Freethinkers.

Send us names of radical college students.

Send us names of young radicals, old radicals, and all sorts of careless people who think contrary to the fashion.

Send the names of honest people who think.

Send the names of those who are big enough and independent enough to think and live right, in scorn of the fashions set by kings and parasites.

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# To - M o r r o w

## For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, EDITOR.

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## WHY ALL THIS PREACHING?

What is all this confusion and wasted energy? Maybe, we will tell you.

---

What is the "cause" of a hireling?

---

The people of ancient Babylon, divided themselves into owners, slaves, serfs, hirelings, and paupers. After crystalizing into these classes, they began to cut each others throats, and so continued until they had destroyed themselves as a social unit. "Bless the Lord."

---

The people of ancient Egypt, divided themselves into owners, slaves, serfs, hirelings and paupers, then committed suicide as a social unit. "Bless the Lord."

---

The chosen people of God, divided themselves into owners, slaves, serfs, hirelings, and paupers then hacked each other limb from limb. "Bless the Lord."

---

The people of ancient Greece, divided themselves into owners, slaves, serfs, hirelings and paupers, then as a group unit, committed suicide. "Bless the Lord."

---

The people of Rome, divided themselves into owners, slaves, serfs, hirelings and paupers then as a group unit committed suicide. "Bless the Lord."

---

Since owners, slave, serfs, hirelings and paupers, preceded Christianity is not the cause of a hireling.

---

Since the fall of Rome, numberless incipient Christian nations have sprung up and destroyed themselves, because they too crystalized into owners, slaves, serfs, hirelings and paupers. Bless the Lord."

---

All Christian nations are now rapidly crystalizing into owners, hirelings and paupers. Therefore, Christianity is neither the cause nor the cure of social ills.

---

What is the cause of a hireling?

---

Without an "owner" there could not be a hireling—slave, serf, or pauper. Unless the group safeguards private-ownership, there can not be—an owner. Private ownership is an internal, a spiritual thing. At present this spiritual thing is in your estimation the chief part of your soul. If you are saved just as you are—"Just as I am," you will divide heaven into sections, privately owned, and be cutting one another's throats, just as you do on earth.

---

Group ownership is the cure.

J. E. RULLISON.

# To-Morrow

For People who Think

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY.

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, EDITOR.

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VOL. 3.

JANUARY, MARCH, 1907.

No. 3.

## CHICAGO CAVE DWELLERS.

A word of apology and explanation is due those who have been waiting and watching for the appearance of my book "Chicago Cave Dwellers."

At the time of the first announcement we confidently expected to have it ready for delivery within six weeks but two important happenings have occurred, one recently which is of paramount importance to incorporate, hence I thank kind providence that owing to overwork I did not sooner complete the book, for had it been rushed out as intended, it would have gone to the public minus what I now consider its most important factors. With increased help and improved facilities for carrying on our magazine work, I am now able to apply a large portion of each day to moulding "Cave Dwellers" into the form intended, but those who have sent in their dollar and are unwilling to wait, are requested to so advise, and their dollar will be returned by the first mail.

—Parker H. Sercombe.

Dear Sercombe:—In reply to yours of the 26th. Say, old man, here's what we've got to do:—We've got to swap autographed copies of our Cave Dweller stories. If "Chicago Cave Dwellers" is out, shove your fist into it and send it along, and I'll do the same to you with "Before Adam," as soon as it comes out in book form, which will be in February.

—Jack London.

Now I (Mrs. Jack) have taken this letter off of Jack's hands. We recall with the greatest pleasure our visit and luncheon with you in "To-Morrow" Land. Yours sincerely,

—Charmian London.

## NOT A MATERIALIST.

Dear Sercombe Himself:—

You certainly hit high water mark in your forepiece in the January issue, "Not a Materialist." I think it is the tersest, clearest putting of the logical interpretation of recent scientific discoveries I have ever seen. It shows the unconscious effect of your great master, Spencer. It is in my judgment strictly true and scientific, and yet a rational basis for religious aspiration. It is the ground I have myself taken in recent years and I am pleased to read such a convincing and compact enunciation of it.

—Henry Frank.

## TO-MORROW.

### HUGH O. PENTECOST FREED BY DEATH.

**Who Killed Kildare? Who dared Kildare to Kill? Death Killed Kildare Who Dare Kill Whom He Will.**



Hugh Owen Pentecost, one of the foremost champions of the movement against superstition and ignorance, died on February 2d at his home in New York City. The sad news comes to us contemporaneous with the closing of the forms for this number, so that we are precluded from giving in this issue an extended sketch of the usefulness of Hugh Pentecost's busy life. He was a valued contributor to and a firm friend of "To-Morrow" and of the onward and vital movement to which this publication is devoted. Since his emancipation from the thralldom of the orthodox ministry he has been a steady proponent of Freedom of Thought.

not as an end, in itself, but as the opening door to all other freedoms. He attained some eminence in the practice of law, but ever on the side of the oppressed. For some years he has been the leader in a great liberal movement in New York city, holding Sunday meetings at Lyric Hall, "and the common people heard him gladly." His loss will be felt as a personal bereavement by a vast host of freedom-loving people everywhere. In December, 1905, Hugh Pentecost visited Chicago as a guest of the "To-Morrow" group, and while in this city delivered a lecture at the Grand Opera House on "Our Dangerous Classes," and an article from his pen was promised for our April number. Long will his memory be cherished.

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Out of the historic economic classes, owners, selfs, slaves and prostitutes, the hireling emerges as the most profitable survival of our profit system.

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Yes; hirelings rule in the United States. They are in the majority. They have the ballot. Their vote decides, but they also have the Private Ownership Conviction.

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Seventy Million Hirelings hustle themselves into poverty while voting the County's Wealth into the hands of the other ten million—a great joke on the hirelings.

## TO-MORROW.

**How is this done?** The owners keep the hirelings busy discussing the meaning of such words as property, poverty, socialism, populism, democracy, anarchism, single-tax, etc.

The owners run the schools wherein "patriotism" is taught,—not patriotism in the interest of justice and equal opportunity, but a false patriotism that is trained to swallow and pronounce "sacred" special privilege, oppression, graft, private ownership and a host of bad laws.

Show me a Hireling that votes to uphold plutocracy or any part of its system and I will show you either an ignoramus or a man who has been beautifully "worked" by the owners.

Every child in the land is taught theory instead of work—prepared for a talk world instead of a work world and the professional tricksters who own the swollen fortunes are held up as idols until even Tom Lawson is unable to dislodge the conviction of their sanctity.

In order to thoroughly impress the sacredness of property rights, the owners bribe the toiler, hypnotize him to impress the sanctity of capitalism upon his children, hire teachers to keep up the deception, subsidize preachers to employ supernaturalism to clinch the argument, but legislatures to make laws, instigate the form of insanity indulged in by judges and lawyers, appoint mayors, governors and presidents, keep up standing armies, build jails in menacing styles of medieval architecture and is it any wonder that they own us? This is what is called **The System at Work.**

With all of this systematic lay-out to impress upon the toiler, convictions that will perpetuate the control of capital, is it any wonder that they have us muddled relative to the ethics of state, church, economic and family affairs.

**The System preaches** proclaim Jesus, and do not seem to realize that He stood for Brotherhood, Forbearance and such Meekness, that to live under His idealment to live without law, without control and in perfect harmony—a perfectly feasible plan for high class people under **group ownership**, but the preachers are upholding **private ownership**, the parent of privilege, greed and murder.

A short time since a meeting was held in New York City by a group of expounders of the above ideal of Jesus. It was broken up by the police, three were arrested, among them the chairman, John B. Coryell, who described his experience as follows:

"I, too, was innocent, as was subsequently decided in court, but I was dragged through the streets in ignominy because in the opinion of men whose fitness for judgment lay in their brawny limbs, I had sat on a platform from which had been spoken words descriptive of a belief they did not share.

My companions and I were taken before a police sergeant, our names, addresses, and descriptions taken down, and our bodies searched. The information thus obtained was given to newspaper reporters and we, who were subsequently adjudged innocent of any crime, were heralded throughout the civilized world as criminals, a wealth of untrue detail being added in the interest of the tale."

Only Government and Capital have ever been permitted to commit crimes like this.

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All governing is founded on fear—fear of self—fear that balanced objects cannot stand alone—fear that God don't know His business. Thus far, government has always been in the interest of the owner, the trickster, the grafter who has maintained his power by impressing the conviction that he is a saint.

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Suppose we should let fall everything in this world that can't stand alone—then what? We would have a **great race**, a wonderful human society—that's all. This would be a terrible thing would it not?

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What would become of the parasites? There is the trouble. It is the parasites that can't stand alone. We would lose them. The parasites have actually taken control of government affairs. They are afraid lest we insist that they stand alone.

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Let go the parasites and we would have **democracy**, but democracy cannot be a reality as long as **free men** permit hirelings to outdo them in the work of the world.

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"To-Morrow" is not a reform magazine. [We do not expect to **reform** the world nor any part of it. The blessed world is fully organized to **reform itself** and the process is constantly operating to the entire satisfaction of this magazine.

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The editorial, "Why Jesus Failed," announced in last month's paragraphs was left out by mistake but is included in this issue.

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## CONSCIENCE.

What is this supposedly infallible guiding thing called "conscience," which some have personified and even drawn pictures of? Merely, says Bain, "A reflection within of the government without."

What could be more silly than the thought of our ancestors who taught that conscience was the dependable referee for all guidance!

If there even had been an ethical community or group capable of imparting **truly ethical concepts and convictions** to its units, there might be some warrant for imputing pleni-

potentiary powers to the human conscience, but having through all the world's history lacked the soil in which to grow the thing, but one solution remains to the "conscience guidance theory"—our ancestral moralists were blockheads.

When primitive man began to frame up schemes for the intelligent(?) guidance and control of his fellows, an interesting set of phenomena were initiated. First, he had to assume that he was capable of framing up a better scheme than man's Maker had already set in operation; second, the scheme being promulgated and accepted by all the group caused each member thereof to think he knew what was right and what wrong, the criterion employed being not the Maker's scheme but man's revised plan—revised with special reference to his own ego. What man then proceeded to believe was right and wrong according to his conscience was, that scheme or government set forth by parent, teacher, preacher, ruler, whatever their thought might be.

It is plain to the sociologist that all perversion, debauchery, and degeneracy is the result of man forcing in his scheme of life to the displacement of nature and her true methods and among all other forces, this thing called conscience has been the most unreliable and the most pernicious factor of all.

Instead of the horrible total depravity conception, I find that my nature is far more reliable than any ideas that any human being has ever advanced for the purpose of moral guidance. Instead of being obliged to work against my nature as a pernicious thing, I find that it is intrinsically moral, and let alone will do no wrong.

I discover that the natures of others are reliable unless bent from their course by the enforcement of false ideals.

If you ask for my belief with reference to government, competition, love, supernaturalism, and all discussed questions, I refer you not to my conscience, but to my nature, my unerring guide and teacher.

I now affirm that my nature by itself, is no valid criterion; we must look to the natures of all, realizing how the natures of animals, plants and birds have brought them to their status and have correlations by which we may know that we all come under the same set of laws. Perhaps one day the fantastic curbing, regulations, and ideals set before mankind to rule conduct, may be relegated to their place as mere ebullitions of the ego.

Perhaps future generations will grow great enough to have real faith in the great power that rules and permit man's substitutes to take their places among the fantastic memories.

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### WHY JESUS FAILED.

Although two thousand years have passed since Jesus gave to the world that ideal without a parallel, "the brotherhood of man," and though the millions of teachers who have followed him have continued to "preach" this doctrine with



an earnestness and sincerity worthy of success, we still find that the daily life and the social system in **Christian** countries are such as to constantly develop and strengthen the opposite tendencies, viz.:—the characteristics of greed, oppression and trickery.

It must be conceded even by those who are not familiar with the science of education, that as between **preaching** brotherhood on the one hand and living in a state of incessant competition and exploitation on the other, the ideals that are "preached" must eventually be hopelessly outdistanced **in the race.**

While Jesus told his followers that we must know men by their "**works**" and not by their **talk**, it does not appear that either he himself or any of his followers ever made any attempt on broad lines to organize practical institutions for either old or young, whereby the daily routine of life and work itself be the means of cultivating and exercising those mental, physical and social powers that are so necessary as elements of true character and so essential to those who would live with their kind on terms of fellowship and democracy.

I claim, therefore, that Jesus and his followers have failed in their efforts to implant brotherhood in the hearts of men on account of the perfectly manifest error seen in all his teachings wherein it is constantly implied that it is possible to **talk** good character into others instead of placing them in an environment wherein good character habits would become so sturdily acquired by daily practice as to become a natural spontaneous tendency.

There are those who will contend that cloisters, monasteries and various other forms of "brotherhoods" and "sisterhoods" have been attempts in the direction named, but in every instance of this class it will be observed that such movements were invariably organized on the basis of **despotism** instead of on the basis of democracy and that conformity to "Christian" teachings as interpreted by their leaders was invariably demanded through the medium of **external compulsion** rather than internal balance. To say that the tendencies of brotherhood can be developed under any form of despotism, institutional, religious or otherwise, is a contradiction of terms and an analysis of the rituals of every christian creed or sect invariably discloses not only a uniform devotion to the ideals of despotism, but a fanatical dogmatism which we now know is completely out of harmony with any sort of educational success.

The failure of Jesus, therefore, to effect results in the matter of bringing our race to a state of **LIVING** instead of **talking** brotherhood is on two counts: First, that he never even outlined to his followers any plan of inductive education by which brotherhood might be taught; Second, having left his followers to proceed on the false idea that good character could be implanted in them by preaching, he set into

action millions of mendicant doctrinaires who not only have kept aloof from work and down the ages have been the parasites of every community in which they have lived. but they have become **mentally perverted** as to what are the essential principles of good character, and in the meantime right under their eyes has grown up a system of graft, greed, prostitution and debauchery so complete and far-reaching as to practically constitute the entire business of the modern world.

### BLUSH, CAUCASIA.

Blush, Caucasia! Blush for your ignorance and your impudence! Blush for your hypocrisies, for your self esteem, and for your unutterable degradations and brutalities.

WHAT ARE YOU with your horde of greed mad parrots, your twenty million in utter poverty, two hundred and seventy thousand in your jails, fifty thousand bawdy houses and your expenditure of ten times as much each year for debaucheries as for your entire cause of education?

Who are you, you Caucasians, whose speakers and editors rant about your "superiority" and the "purity of your blood" when you have not yet traveled three per cent towards human intelligence, physical beauty, and common decency?

You are not fit to educate your own children, and much less are you equipped to become instructors of the races from Asia, Africa and the islands.

Your claim for superiority is a bluff; you brought millions of the black race here to become your slaves, placed them in the homes of brutal, incompetent people, reared them in that association, and now in your narrowness, hound them because, being imitators, they copied much of your ignorance, laziness and brutality.

You are not fit, I say, to educate primitive races.

The quiet, studious children of the yellow man from the Orient become models of propriety and scholarship in your schools and by their example can teach your children what you are incompetent to supply, but your boastfulness and vanity arises to cast them out, and eighty million of our population become aroused in their self satisfied egoism because ninety-three Japanese children attend our school.

Your prating of superiority and purity of blood is the most expensive joke of our age.

Your thousands of physicians and healers who come in daily contact with millions of cases of physical and mental degeneracy are living witnesses of the artificialities and debauchery of our lives and education.

You prate of freedom and make factory slaves of your children, economic slaves of nine-tenths of your people, opinion slaves of all those who disagree with you, class slaves of every race you can exploit, sex slaves of every mother in your land, whiskey and tobacco slaves of nearly every man that walks your streets, slaves to supernaturalism of every deluded worshipper in all of your churches, brutes of the patrons of all

your slaughter houses and reptiles of the inmates and patrons of your hundred thousand houses of prostitution. Most of you are debauched and deformed from underwork and over-eating. All of you have a lot of silly habits and convictions that you call "sacred" just because they are yours.

You don't know that most of your forms and customs are merely savage rites inherited from primitive barbarism. Blush, Caucasia! Clothe and feed your twenty million American paupers. Set your Idle Rich to work and don't be jealous of the black man just because you see him eluding you and getting out of your greedy clutches.

### MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE IN MODERN SOCIETY.

The genius of Mr. M. M. Mangasarian, who lectured on the above subject in Orchestra Hall on Sunday, January 20th, is more pronounced in his power of discriminating **what not to say** than in his affirmations.

The speaker's remarks were divided into four sections somewhat as follows:—

First; came the "dope," a statement of the orthodox view of marriage with its insistence upon the pretense of "loving for life," whether possible or not, together with an abhorrent view of the lives of Gorkey, Parnell, and all recommendations of trial or "limited" marriages as presented in Mrs. Parson's book.

Second; came the declaration that no stability in the institution of marriage can be expected as long as supernaturalism, "the church," has anything to do with solemnizing the marriage bond, and in this connection the Bible was deftly shown as never in any way hinting that the ceremony of marriage ever was or should be performed by a priest. The argument of the need of separation of church from the marriage ceremony was based upon the same foundation as the separation of church and state, the speaker being alert in the matter of indicating the extent to which church interference must necessarily muddle social affairs as it has in the past muddled political affairs.

Third; the speaker traced the natural history of marriage, indicating its primitive beginning in a form of capture, the male catching and knocking down the proposed companion of his heart with a club and carrying her off to his retreat, and from this as a beginning he traced the economic, social and domestic enslavement of woman down to the present time to indicate that the institution of marriage had no divine origin whatever, but instead had its beginning in the ravages of war, brutality and enslavement, and must be classified as a relic of the past with the "divine right of kings."

Fourth; quoting from the sayings of Jesus on the subject of adultery, and especially emphasizing the words that "the man who lusts after the wife of another already commits adultery in his heart," the speaker deftly indicated the phrase, "What God has joined together let no man put asunder," to

mean that God was love—that what love joins together let no man put asunder—that what love joins together let no priest make mummeries over—that the priest and all supernatural sanction for marriage should forever be barred from tampering with the sacredness of love unions.

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While it is true that Mr. Mangasarian's fourth section was completely contradictory to the first, a fact that his orthodox hearers have not brains enough to realize, the lecture shows the genius of the speaker, his wonderful adaptability if not agility in knowing what to say and especially in knowing what to make obscure to the minds of a certain class of listeners who would be "horrified" if they really understood.

Mr. Mangasarian's lecture placed him squarely in line with the free doctrines of "To-Morrow Magazine," his complete understanding and acceptance of our most pronounced expressions is unquestioned. Did he possess less tact, less refinement, less method in his manner of presenting advance thought, his audience would be only a few hundred, whereas now he truly represents the evolutionary process and speaks to thousands each week.

Could Hugh Pentecost of New York, so refine and distill his radical outbursts, were he able to quell the tumult of his soul and with fine tact hand out packages of "dope" to the orthodox, he would also be talking to thousands instead of to hundreds, and while many of our "To-Morrow" readers may deplore Mr. Mangasarian's ability to cope with the situation as a fault, be content that he more perfectly symbolizes our present evolution than does Mr. Pentecost, and his power for doing good is for the present at least, far greater than would be the case if he struck straightforward sledge hammer blows.

### THE CRIME OF NEWSMAKING.

#### An Open Letter to William Randolph Hearst.

On December twenty-first last, the following letter was sent to Mr. Hearst with the hope that it would "jar" him into issuing an order to his various city editors or perhaps influence an editorial calling upon newspaper owners in general to reform their wicked ways.

No attention being paid to the appeal, and the Hearst papers being engaged in "making up" three pages daily out of the **Thaw murder trial**, we consider that his heart is hardened and so release this letter.

DEAR SIR:—

Being one of those who regards what has become generally known as "the Hearst Movement" as one of the strongest and most vital in our present march towards better civilization, in its ethical as well as its economic and political manifestations, I take the liberty, as a friend, to invite your attention to a prevailing abuse that not only is more pernicious and harmful than any and all private and public grafts combined, but fortunately, you yourself are the one man in this country best situated to right this mighty wrong, or at least lend the largest influence toward betterment.

It is self evident that actual living in democratic relationship can never be reached except people grow into the natural practice of

democracy and fair dealing as between each other and as long as dishonesty, unfairness, and exaggeration, is being daily poured into every home in the land, the educational influences cannot do otherwise than poison the better natures of all; with the result that graft and unfairness must necessarily manifest itself in every ramification of life, in church, state, business, school, home, etc.

I pick up a daily paper, ANY PAPER IN THE LAND, and being thoroughly familiar with the orders given to reporters by every city editor, "Make a Story." I discount each statement perhaps eighty per cent, and often ninety-nine, but the rank and file of credulous readers do not do this, they are not familiar with the machinery for MAKING news, and thus daily, the apparently insignificant crime of "Making a Story," is implanting a distorted set of conceptions, a completely untruthful and unethical network of beliefs and ideas that will forever make futile, so long as this system lasts, the development of any kind of ethical spirit of democracy or good will.

Granted that the preacher in his Sunday sermon usually appeals to wrong motives and expresses himself with certitude about thousands of things he knows nothing about, granted that the actors of our day are mostly engaged in debasing their talents to the status of exploiting the glories of polished hoodlumism, granted that in midnight revels as well as in the brilliant window displays of the modern department stores, we find manifestations of a vanity, frillity and insolence widely separated from the teachings of democracy, the newspaper in its capacity by common consent of "official gossip" is more than all other agencies combined responsible for keeping up and pandering to the spirit of lying, bribery and blackmail, that pervades everything about us.

It has become a matter of common knowledge among intelligent readers throughout the land, that for breadth, ethical concept and constructive morality, the Hearst editorials outclass all others, and now, brother, if you can but take your various city editors in hand and openly, in your own distinguished method make the broad announcement that no reporters connected with the Hearst system of papers, will hereafter be permitted to make stories out of nothing or be in any way encouraged to do so and if through your "Hearst Editorials" you will make plain to the world that your reasons for doing this are to employ the educational power of your papers towards implanting a higher ethical concept, and if by your example and influence you can encourage other owners of dailies to do the same, you will have accomplished as much towards destroying the trusts, breaking down graft and overcoming the prevailing hypocrisy as is possible for any one man to accomplish in his own day.

It is impossible to LIVE democracy until people get democracy, common decency and fairness in their hearts.

Democracy among wolves is an impossibility, hence all movements toward a higher civilization that are to be effective must be directed to elevating the actual characters of the people—not the character that they talk, but the character that they live, hence, the effective work of our great educational forces must be primarily towards the development of character, for people of good character are bound to organize good schools, good churches and good governments, even as those of bad character are bound to have bad schools, bad churches and bad government.

—Parker H. Sercombe.

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## LAW.

### LAW IS.

Law is the working method of natural forces.

There can be no making nor repealing of law.

We may think that we are making law or repealing law—but it is nothing more than empty words, a scratching on paper.

**This is not law.**

Law is not made—it is only discovered—and every attempt to **make** law must fail.

We do not need to make law, because law already **is**; and for the same reason we cannot escape or repeal it.

Neither do **we** need to punish or reward, because the law brings its own punishments and rewards, according as we pervert or aid its methods of unfoldment and progression.

This, in essence, is the basic principle in the "survival of the fittest," the perpetuation of those ideas and forms which most nearly conform to the workings of the law, and the destruction or transmutation of those who are "punished" by perversion or ignorance of law.

LAW IS, and operates, whether we will or not. —R. E. S.

## LOVE AND FAITH.

By Winfred B. Duarte.



The terms God, Nature, Love and Life are used as synonymous in this article. Never mind about your conception of God while reading this, but just think that my "God" is Love.

How many realize what this means? How many allow the God power in themselves to freely express itself? Why do we so often prefer to hate when we can just as easily love? Is it not better to let the love side of our natures rule us?

To be able to feel the love of God in all around us—in the beggar, the grafter, the rum-seller, etc., as well as in the bubbling brook on a summer day, the soulful face of one of God's creatures and the pleasant things of life—there's something for all of us to strive for!

Thru the love of God we are here and should we not love in return? To love God means to love everything and everybody around us—do not all these things contain more or less of the God in their small souls?

Applying this to everyday life, why do we cherish any ill-feeling against any one just because he doesn't see Life as we do? Why attempt to make him come over to your opinion? Will your coercion accomplish anything? I'm afraid it will not—better let him alone and have faith that Nature will bring about her changes and "reforms" in the hearts and minds of men. Have this LOVE in your heart and offer suggestions, if you wish, but nothing further. Go your way in peace and be contented.

What makes any man's opinion of value? The fact that it conforms with the great laws of Nature, did you say? Very

well, but who has the power to judge as to whether such **and** such an opinion is in harmony with Nature or not? Is **not** the opinion of any brain just as valuable to the mass as yours may be? What does one little thot of yours amount to in Nature's inexhaustible and ever increasing store of power? All these "classes" of people and mentalities are necessary to the evolution of Nature and they should all receive the proper respect and love due them. With the proper Love in the heart, Faith is there also and these two are essential if we are to better ourselves and the mass.

Elbert Hubbard has said that, "One great strong, unselfish soul in every community would actually redeem the world," but just what does this promise? Could we not stand two or three of them and—well never mind about "redeeming the world." It is for each and everyone of us to endeavor to be that "great, strong, unselfish soul."

We cannot go about criticising the expression of God if we LOVE them. And so it is, that our Love should not be confined to a select few, as it would no longer be Love—take what is allotted to you from Nature's store and concentrate your powers on making the best of it for the good of everyone, always with LOVE in your whole being.

### OUR TOPSY-TURVY WORLD.

By Samuel A. Bloch.

#### Free Love.

Those who misinterpret Free Love as licentiousness, may find the following clipping from the Chicago "American" of Jan. 24, 1907 of interest:

"A state investigation will be demanded into the circumstances surrounding the removal of Harriet S. Malings, a fourteen year old girl inmate of the Industrial School for Girls in Evanston (Ill.) from the school to the Chicago Maternity Hospital. The girl was taken from the school under an order issued secretly by Judge Plain of Geneva, (Ill.) to Mrs. Nellie M. Stiles, a probation officer."

It is needless for us to dwell extensively on this subject. The officials of the School and the Judge who issued the removal order are connivers of a crime that is considerable worse than what such guardians of public morals are wont to term "Free Love." Girls are placed in such schools to reform (?) them and when they graduate are well-versed in the knowledge of vice of all kinds, and with an abhorrence for the term "free love" as taught by their instructors.

#### Methods of Reform.

It is surprising how inadequate the laws passed by previous legislators are found for the cure of crime, and there is always some greater fool who cries: "Eureka! I have found it" and forms a new bill that will positively "do the trick" and yet crime is increasing constantly.

At a banquet of the Lawyer's Association of Chicago, the

Chief Justice of the Municipal Court spoke very proudly of his wisdom in sending offenders to the House of Correction within three days after the commission of the crime instead of dragging the cases along for months and sometimes years.

What a boon this method is for the poor, unfortunate and homeless tramp in this inclement weather. He can commit some misdemeanor against the community and be speedily sent away to a place where he can have nourishing food and a warm, comfortable bed.

Judge—your honor—I doubt whether your or any other similar methods of reform will prevent or abate crime and criminals. The causes lie deeper and if you will condescend to open your eyes and observe the conditions and environments surrounding the offender you will become wiser and better. Laws are symbols. Laws do not educate. Laws do not purify. Laws do not prevent nor cure crime. Laws cannot force bad people to live together in harmony. Laws do not regulate but merely express the ideal of the majority.

#### Act to Encourage Matrimony.

An idiotic state (Ill.) legislation representative has found no other work for himself than to endeavor to enact a law levying a tax upon all bachelors over 30 years of age. There is no other task that is more vital and important. Small children are no longer employed in factories swelling the coffers of the idle rich; women no longer find it necessary to barter their souls and bodies for bread; you do not see any more men, ill-fed and dressed in rags, tramping the streets from morn to eve and begging at every door for some toil of any kind; political graft has vanished; the necessary sanitation has been improved and the mortality of the innocent babes cut down. Yes, all of this has been accomplished, and now for the poor bachelors. It seems the Fool-killer has not reached the legislative body yet.

#### Co-Operation versus Competition.

The latest news from Russia proves the value of co-operation in combating the tyranny of the Czar as well as resisting and opposing all other tyrannies. The main reason why the Russian revolution has been making such slow progress, is because the forces of revolt are competing with each other. Each leader proclaims a different plan of action. A revolution to be successful must be based upon co-operation. It is co-operation and not competition that will assist all great world movements.

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#### WHAT THEY SAY.

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Dear Sercombe:—You have made a fine start for the New Year. The January number of "To-Morrow" is one of the very best yet issued—your own work is exceptionally strong. Your **Shocks** made a hit with me.

—Walter Hurt.

Original from

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



Gentlemen:—Please find one dollar money order for renewal of my subscription to "To-Morrow." I find I cannot do without it. You certainly are accomplishing a great work. Accept my best wishes for the greatest success, in all departments of life. Very truly and sincerely yours,

—S. L. Webb.

Editor "To-Morrow."

Dear Brother:—I have been getting "To-Morrow" at the local news stands for over a year, ever since it was published in fact, and I must say that I feel greatly refreshed after reading the magazine. I spend, on the average, about \$2.00 a month for papers and magazines, and I would not miss "To-Morrow" if it took \$3 or \$4 a month. Yours revolutionary,

—Lee W. Lang, Sec. Socialist League.

Dear Friends:—Just keep the "people who think" so full of ideas and enthusiasm that they cannot help overflow on those who don't think. Yours kindly,

—Ada K. Schell, Ponca, Neb.

I want to do "To-Morrow"  
What I have to do to-day;  
But I've got to send the dollar,  
While I have my weekly pay.

—J. F. Forbes, McCook, Neb.

Dear Bro. Sercombe:—Here's a little coin of the realm to help along the cause of "To-Morrow." To-day can take care of itself. While opinions may differ and judgments be defective, I have no hesitation in saying that "To-Morrow" is the best publication of its kind. Long may it thrive in the land of the trust and the home of the slave. Sincerely yours.

—Geo. B. Wheeler, Chicago.

My Dear Brother:—We are doing all we can to help swell your subscription list. Your magazine is improving each month, and we hope your courage and strength will not fail for at least 99 years yet. There are many who think, and think well and think great stuff; but I feel grateful to you for having the courage to voice your thoughts. In you I recognize an endorsement of Denton, who said:—

"The time has come to preach the soul,  
No meagre shred; the manly whole;  
Let agitation come! who fears?  
We need a flood; the filth of years  
Has gathered round us. Roll then on!  
What cannot stand had best be gone!

Cordially thine, —John P. Thorndyke.

Dear Editor:—If my subscription has run out, notify me, but keep sending "To-Morrow." Can't do without it.

—M. A. Coleman, Hamlet, Ind.

Dear Mr. Sercombe:—I like "To-Morrow." It brings one in touch with vital things, just as life is, and suggests ideas of upliftment. May the world's best be yours.

—Marguerite Miller,  
City Editor Rochester (Ind.) Republican.

Brother Sercombe:—The Brook Race article (Feb. issue, page 56) is **great**. I enclose list of interested friends who will appreciate samples. Your brother,

—James A. Wilson, Pittsburg, Penn.

Friends:—Walter Hurt's poem, "A Remembered Day," in your January number, is certainly one of the sweetest things I have ever read. He is a prince in the kingdom of words. I hope some day to know more of him and his work.

—Estelle Metzger Hamsley.

Dear Editor:—I cannot spare time to read all the free-thought publications, so for my **perpetual list** I confine myself to those that are most liberal and charitable toward others. so enclosed find subscription price for "To-Morrow" another year. "To-Morrow" is surely foremost in the advocacy of free press, free speech, and toleration. —I. A. Heald.

# UNIVERSITY EDUCATION FOR THE GHOSTS OF SOMEBODY.

By Anna F. Ferguson,

Of Boulder, Colo.

I had a vision this morning of a university founded on the vitalities, humming and buzzing with the necessities.

This department, at present, is run by the "common people" in vicinity of the university—in the hundreds of kitchen's aboiling and baking; in the hundreds of laundries a washing and ironing; by the house-cleaners and bed-makers a-scrubbing and dustin, a smoothing and fixing; by seamstresses, shoemakers and tallors.

The student of Latin, up above somewhere, is in training—in training for what. For what are ye washers and ironers, ye scrubbers and dusters doing your double-time stunts? Did ye never think, woman? Did ye never think man? Ye are doing it not for the student merely, but verily ye are doing it for somebody's ghost!

"When an idea first makes its appearance it is scarcely an idea at all; it is a passion. Nobody has it—it has somebody by the vitals. It masters him and forces him into the arena where, like a gladiator, he is compelled, whether he will or no, to fight for it." And this is an idea, says a Kansas City paper. "A university, properly speaking, exists to get at the truth—the truth of human nature and of the nature of things." And when this idea is realized it must be worked out in real life here in the world.

As I am writing, the morning begins to glow high on the mountains—touches the snow with rose-colored light. And somehow the light and the morning seem to suppose all this accomplished; the ideals realized and working themselves out now—in the nature of things.

## Department for Universals.

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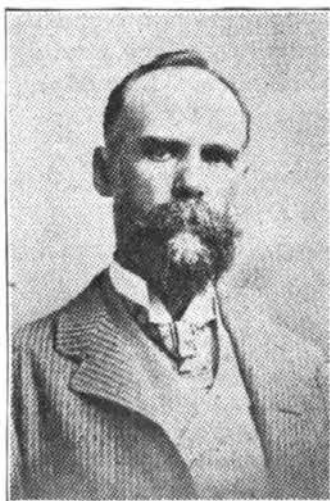
It comes under no rule of thought, policy or program.

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It ignores established fashion and custom in everything, including grammar and orthography.

No one is expected to agree with all of it, though each part will reach the heart of some one.

WARNING—If you are sensitive about your belief skip this Department or read it at your own peril, though whatever your mental attitude, you are just as necessary to the march of progress as any one else.



### O, DIVINE PROMISCUITY.

By J. Wm. Lloyd.

O, divine Promiscuity ;  
O, universality of God's love uttering itself thru human love ;

O, great, tender, passionate, thrilling, irrepressible love of manhood for all womanhood ;

O, great, tender, yearning, hesitant repressed, yet final triumphant love of womanhood for all manhood ;

O, strange, doubtful, beautiful, reproved, yet not-to-be-reproved love of each sex for others of itself, finding the other in itself ;

O, lifting of little hands, O crying of little mouths to the Parenthood Human of all ;

O, divine Benignity of the Larger Fatherhood, Motherhood, in all men, all women, bending in care and blessing to all children;

O, Comrade-love, O Brother-heart, O Sister-touch, shoulder to shoulder, keeping the step, fighting the fight loyally, generously, cheerfully, helpful; supporting the weak, denoting the strong;

O, irrespressible Ocean of Love, everywhere breaking in and wherever breaking out, you are to be vindicated.

Because you have been denied and repressed, condemned and reviled, you have uttered yourself in distorted perversions and deformities, but now you are to be liberated and lifted into all the beautiful possibilities of yourself.

O, Promiscuity, you are to attain the divine of yourself—

For any loving is better than no loving and the lowest form may be uplifted thru pure motive into purer and yet purer forms of itself;

And the highest form may be degraded thru impure motive into vile and yet viler forms of itself;

O, divine Promiscuity.

For everything, every act, has a divine expression to which it may attain, **must** attain—

You promiscuity, the rejected, the basis.

### O DIVINE SELECTIVENESS.

O divine Selectiveness, God-given instinct, choosing ever the best, the most fit for the mating, that the race advance and all improve;

O wonderful intuitive repulsions, telling whom and what to avoid;

O hunger of the eyes for the perfect of form, of the ears for the tones of music, of the flesh for the touch vital;

Not for one moment do we advance the Larger Love by any effort to force our nature to love that which it does not love, to choose that which it does not choose, to suppress its repulsions and compel its affections.

Nay, rather yield yourself trustingly to the inner guidance and love or let alone, love or stop loving as it sensitively directs.

Be not impatient, we shall all get there in time, we shall all be loved by all, but we shall not do so by any force work.

It can only be thru freedom most sensitive, by growth in the most natural and spontaneous way in the world.

I stand for the Larger Love, my soul yearns to all, I rejoice to love as many as I can, as much as I can, as beautifully as I can, but I regard every hesitation and honor every repugnance.

These things stand for real necessities, and do real work, and by the Paradox advance that which they seem to oppose.

Love is for all, but love is for no one until it is deserved till that one is lovable and can 'beautifully fit.

No one forces quarreling colors into proximity, but **when** enough other hues go between and link each to each—lo: your symphony!

Even so with loves—

O, divine Selectiveness, love is for all and you show us the way.

## LIBERAL DIVORCE LAWS—A NECESSITY.

By George Vail Williams.

While in an ideal society any legal or social regulation of the "Love Relation" would be an impertinence, we must not lose sight of the fact that we are not living in an ideal society; and while divorce may look like a farce and oftentimes a dirty one, yet let us remember that it is the safety-valve of the present marriage system, and that while marriage exists divorce must also exist, to furnish something like freedom in human love-relations. If the divorce laws were sufficiently liberal we would really have practical "Freedom of Sex," and marriage and divorce would be merely an empty form, and could exist without harm to a free world, until time and intelligence would render them obsolete.

I know there is a tendency among those who believe in "Sex-freedom" to ignore the form and boldly defy "Dame Grundy." Of course that tendency put into actual practice is the truest, most manly and most womanly expression of the noble spirit of rebellion against "Sex-tyranny," but the circumstances of people's lives are so complex and varied, that an abstract principle will not always apply to every case,—in fact where the rule would work right, would be the exception.

The truest and wisest reformers or revolutionists of human society, are those who seek to effect the necessary changes in the social organism in the most peaceful manner, and with the minimum of human suffering and disgrace. I know it is a sublime spectacle to see a man and woman bravely face a frowning world for the love of each other; and indeed they must realize in each other something **far above** what is known to mere conventional marriage. But Dame Grundy is so cruel to her own sex that man must be knightly and tender to make the way less rugged for her tender feet.

We radicals are accused of being visionary and impractical, and I doubt if anyone ever had that charge brought home with greater distinctness than the writer, and sometimes deservedly. There is a deplorable tendency among ultra-radicals to ignore practical plans for present relief from the conditions against which they rebel, when really every true friend of progress should earnestly engage in every movement for the betterment of human society and the emancipation of human life from tyranny and wrong.

The spirit of Freedom is in the world. Its tide is rising, and the liberal divorce laws are an expression of it. The half of human society, in this country at least, seems to be in revolt against the ancient tyranny of Sex-bondage, and the frequency of divorce and remarriage has caused conservatives to stand aghast; hence the agitation to check the rising tide of liberal divorce and forge the fetters more securely around the limbs of Love—lest he should—

“—Light again the holy fire  
Within the hearts’ deserted shrine.”

Ought the friends of Freedom to stand idle while they forge stronger fetters for the limbs of Love or ought we to simply discuss abstract principles, and dream of the ideal while we allow such an opportunity to go by unimproved? No! a thousand noes! Let us turn some of our efforts on to the lines of least resistance, and work in the most practical way and when we have placed real liberal laws on the statute-books of every state in the Union, a great step will have been taken in the emancipation of the human race.

A great league should be organized in every state—with a national organization—whose object should be—the enactment of more liberal divorce laws, and their enforcement; also the right of every state to divorce its own citizens, regardless of other states. If some of the leaders of public opinion would take the initiative in the matter, such a league would undoubtedly receive the support of many thousands of intelligent and influential men and women.

There is a mighty task before us! The struggle for human liberty is on.

### EXCLUSIVE LOVE.

By Dora Foster.

Monogamy has never been carried out with completeness in any civilized society. The voice of the church, indeed, supported monogamic marriage as a “remedy for sin,” a concession of monks whose minds were unbalanced by the mania of aceticism; but its teaching was only successful as regards women, and that partially only; and until recently there has been little attempt to disguise the fact that the rule of monogamy imposed upon women was founded on the jealousy of man and his ownership mania.

Why this idea of monogamic exclusive love, originating in male jealousy, continued by social pride or slave-owning, and favored by superstition and time-serving church, should become an ideal with many well-meaning persons is a curious psychological phenomenon which I will not now discuss.

But we need to know what has been the progress of exclusive love, and what are its merits if attained; and the upholders of the ideal ought to be able to give us some light upon it.

In the December number of “To-Morrow” Mr. Sercombe evidently assumes this exclusive ideal, and refers with much

unction to "laws of fidelity" "adulterous tendencies," etc., and cites animals in freedom which are not only never excessive sexually but are in many instances monogamous—in which last statement he is not quite correct, for as the naturalist Brehm says "Real genuine marriage can only be found among birds."

Mr. Sercombe says that under freedom men will seek **only** their wives. Men have obviously attained more freedom in love than women have. Has the effect of such freedom been in the direction of exclusive love?

Mr. Sercombe bravely advocates freedom in love, and denounces authority in sexual matters with vigor and cogency; but we find, after all, that he relies upon the powerful co-ercive force of society as a whole to restrain the would-be "erring husband" and others who deviate from monogamy either really or apparently. Why he supposes that the "Grundy" love of gossip would diminish under such continued authority rule is not clear. Legal restriction is comparatively a trifle. All statutes against adultery have been abolished in England for over two centuries, yet Grundyism is at its height and compels hypocrisy in the cultured circles where varietism continues to blossom.

What, according to Mr. Sercombe, is love to be freed from? Mr. Sercombe says freedom will make people desire coition only for the purpose of propogation. Does he know of any robust pair who restrict themselves to this rule, that is to four or five times in a life-time? If such a custom could be adopted, would not the sexes lose one of the most beautiful and enjoyable ways of giving pleasure to each other?

Why does he assume that varietism in love is bad, seeing that we all admit that varietism in all else is good, and seek change of air, variety in food, change of society, and new experiences of all kinds, and return to our first choice with greater zest owing to the change?

All real freedom lovers should agree in one main object—knowledge; and should aim to promote the investigation of facts and abolish all restraints upon knowledge. There is not, and never can be, any freedom in an unlightened society. When human nature is carefully studied, all will agree that its expression and not its repression is to be aimed at.

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## DOGMA AND THE MARRIAGE RITE.

By H. Bedford Jones.

In many institutions of Man a significant phenomenon is to be observed, viz., that the institution arises from and is guided by. Man's primal impulses; until, after a long space of time, it dominates its continuators, whereupon it is overthrown by them, after a more or less severe struggle. This may be seen in the social as in the political world; and the next, or possibly the second, generation after this, will be-

hold the truggle over the old question of marriage versus that which Emerson calls "the strong bent of nature —Love.

Free love is the highest development of civilization, but is seldom sanctioned by a highly civilized state. In primitive ages the bond of man and wife, necessary in a greater or less degree, seldom imposed a restraint upon the parties; for every primitive religion arose amid and for, primitive passions and wills, and was, at the first, dominated by them.

Society (to use the stereotyped phrase for aristocracy) is theoretically founded on the marriage law. The early peoples knew the benefits of free love, and by its rightful practice created prosperity and happiness. Christianity, however, was founded in the midst of races given up to the abuse of free love, and to the end of correcting this abuse the Christian rite was established. It was not destined to **other** races and ages; but nevertheless extended to them and their conservatism remained in the same narrow lines whilst the growth of culture advanced: Thus we have the anomaly, that amid broadminded, highly cultured races exists, a narrow, long outgrown, custom, calculated to hinder both mental and physical freedom. But what, you ask, has all this to do with Dogma? Just this:

Society is based on two things—wealth and tradition. Christianity is based on Society and Superstition. Let the social props of Protestantism and the superstitious supports of Catholicism be withdrawn, and their ruin would ensue. Consequently, Christianity may only live by upholding the basic principals of Society; so the marriage dogma is made a foundation whereon society and Church may co-exist. The whole power of Dogma and Tradition backs up the ceremony; but Humanity is to prove stronger than both combined.

Under ideal conditions, free love is the most beautiful of conceptions; under practical conditions, it would be the most abused—as yet. It can never be otherwise until the long-inherent teachings of Dogma have been eliminated from the race; until, by patient and persistent toil, the truth is struck home to the heart of what is called "the masses"; and until the plane of relationship between virtues and vices has been readjusted. Free love is an admittedly difficult subject to handle—but why? Simply because its antithesis has been constantly instilled into men's minds for 2000 years. But the reaction is slowly taking place; with every year the light grows stronger; and this is denoted, amongst other things, by the rise of women to her true position. Woman has twice the moral stamina of man—if man only knew it; and thru woman will arise—is arising—Harmony and Truth.

Thus are Christianity and Marriage mutually sustaining. The time will come when Christianity will be abandoned for a broader faith, as has every pre-existing religion; and Marriage will become a purely optional rite, having nothing in common with Society, and with such a freedom as has been



looked and longed for during centuries of despair and darkness.

When that time shall come, when the world will no longer look thru its vicious and pervertive spectacles, then will come the final proof—the mighty confession, that the greatest beauty of Life and Love has been trampled upon and perverted for hundreds of years. Is the old dream of a millenium such a vague vision after all? Humanity is working upward with mighty efforts—may we not trust it to work past all the petty evil besetting it in this age? But let be—and trust to Nature.

## SECOND EPISTLE OF JAMES TO PEOPLE WHO THINK.

By Myers Himself.

And it came to pass, that in the days of Theodore—the uncrowned king—there arose many perplexing problems which were very difficult for the king to solve. And lo! these problems caused the king great consternation and affright lest the people should discover the solutions without the aid of his “wise men.” So it came to pass on a certain day of a certain year, that the king called all the “wise men”—magicians, senators, lawyers, clergy, conjurers, governors, soothsayers and somniloquists—of the land unto him saying: “lo, I have great troubles, and pain, and perplexing problems that cause me great anxiety of mind and sleepless nights, and I desire you my servants—O! wise men of my kingdom to haste and solve these problems before next election, lest the people come unto their own and solve these things themselves and the kingdom be destroyed.

So on the morning of the next day, the wise men gathered again (after an adjournment of several hours) before his majesty, the uncrowned king. And after an hour's silence (for the wise men were afraid to speak lest it might trouble the king worse) the king arose from his seat and after scanning the vast and wise assembly who were seated in the great white palace said: “Lo! I have dreamed a dream, and in my dream I have seen what the problems are. They are many and difficult for solution. I dreamed that the people who have been slaves for ages, had learned the Art of Thinking. Their thoughts were many and various. The males thought different thoughts than the females. Some males and females had the same thoughts. Some thought there was something wrong with the government methods of education; some thought that our social and economic conditions were wrong and false and needed to be changed; but worst and most grievous and perplexing of all is the people are thinking that all the evils in society result from too much government.

“Now, O chiefs, wise-men and soothsayers and politicians find if you can a way either to abolish the art of thinking or a way to change the trend of thought from these serious

subjects to topics more foolish or less serious. Do anything O! chiefs to blind and bluff the people so that we may make them believe that things are ordained by God for their own especial benefit that we may perpetuate things as they are."

Now after many days the wise men assembled again before his majesty, the king, to give each his own idea of the cause and cure of the problems that perplexed their king.

But Lo! the remedies and solutions proposed were as many and varied as the problems that perplexed the king. One Governor (of Pa.) said: "Divorce is the cause of the most serious problem, oh king! because if we allow this divorce evil to continue—if we allow mis-mated couples to separate and break the holy sacrament of the sacred marriage ceremony, this will be the beginning of the end of belief in God, and the existence of our Government, because O! King, marriage is the foundation of the home, and the home is the foundation of society and government." (Great applause went forth that shook the great white palace to its foundation.) But one wise man took objection to the chief from "Pa." and said: "I admire O King! the wise suggestions offered by the chief from "Pa." but O King! if we do not allow mis-mated couples to separate lawfully and legally they are apt to ignore the law and customs and separate themselves, freely, without permission from law. This O king! would be the first step to ignore law and authority, and perhaps would lead to the abolishment of government altogether. So, O King! let us grant divorces, even if it is a farce, so that we may fool the people and perpetuate things as they are." Many objections were made to this speech, but the king would allow no further discussion on it. Many silent undertone whispers were made and passed around the assembly commenting on the last speech made before the king. Some of the comments were as follows: A Bishop, remarked, "That last speaker is an infidel and blasphemer and ought to be put out of the palace." A politician remarked, "That speaker is an anarchist and ought to be deported." Suddenly a large stout man rose to his feet. His splendid physical form amazed the vast assembly. His weight was four hundred pounds (not sterling). He measured three yards around the waist (waste), and wore a diamond pin and a gold ring. His voice was very low and weak. Everyone kept silence. It was whispered that the gentleman on his feet was none other than ———, but no one was sure. The king commanded that absolute silence reign while the man, a soothsayer, finished speaking.

The wise man began thus: "Hear ye, O king! the advice which I am about to impart. I am gifted with all the knowledge of the universe, and if the king will promise that there shall be no further comment or discussion on these various problems, I will solve them all." The king granted the request.

"O king and wise men of the kingdom! listen unto me. In

order to perpetuate things as they are; in order to retain our jobs and salaries it is necessary that we keep the slaves in ignorance. But let us, O king, make believe that we are trying to enlighten them. Let us build public parks and libraries and places of amusement. Let us always and continually amuse the people. Let us make them believe that church, religion and authority are necessary for their welfare and happiness. Let us blot out their idea of freedom. Let us build museums and fine art buildings. We know, O king, that the people have no time to use these things, but let us build 'em to bluff 'em. Let us have international yacht races; let us have visitors like Prince Henry. Let us invite all the crowned and uncrowned knobs of the whole world. Let us have war and rumors of war to keep our slaves enthused with the idea of false patriotism. Let us have army practice and parades. Let us have navy maneuvers and sham battles. Let us deport John Turner and Maxim Gorky. Let us deport all the Russians who seek freedom on our shores. Let us have our Postmaster General for our "moral censor," and let his word be final and absolute. Let us break up the Trade Unions. Let us arrest and shoot the strikers. Let us arrest, imprison and fine the Socialists. Let us have more Anthony Comstocks and Mother Grundys. Let us arrest each night prostitutes and let them out the next morning with a small fine. This money, O king, will help support the government. Let us have high tariffs. Let us make believe to curb the trusts. Let us hold on to the Philippines. Let us benevolently assimilate all the lands and people we can. We need their markets to receive the surplus products of our slaves. Let our politicians continually preach and prate about freedom, but only as a joke. Let us have more "Prevention of Vice" societies, but let us perpetuate the system that causes vice and crime. Let the voice of the people be heard, but only on paper on election day. Tell 'em, O king! that you don't want to run again. Open up some Western lands, that are not ours to open, to bluff the poor. Let us advocate larger families: this will help us to recruit more men for army and navy and more militia to shoot strikers. Let us ever protect property rights and wrongs. Let us have lots of "Charity Balls," Horse Shows, Dog Shows, Leg Shows and Prize Fights. Let us punish crime and criminals and encourage the system that breeds them. If these things don't solve the problem, O king, then I leave it to your majesty to revise the spelling of the English language."

Your humble servant,

—The Duc.

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# Side Lights of the Race Question.

From an Address before the Chicago Society of Anthropology

By **Kate Kinsey Brook.**



The next case was that of a young colored girl, about eighteen years of age. She really was a beautiful girl, finely formed, a typical specimen of the race. I knew she had a negro sweetheart whom she expected to marry, and for this reason I was surprised to notice after she had been away for a time, that she was undoubtedly en-ciente. I said nothing to the girl herself but later asked the facts of her grandmother. The tale she told was heart-breaking. A young, white man in the neighborhood had driven off the negro lover at the point of a gun, and threatened to shoot him dead if he ever showed his face around there again.

The reprobate then forced the girl, still with the gun, to leave the house, go into the woods with him and submit to his desires. He told her grandparents if they attempted to stop him or tell anyone what he had done, he would shoot them down like dogs, and that he would shoot the girl on the spot unless she obeyed him, in fact they were all terrified into non-resistance. I asked the grandmother what she intended to do about the matter. She said there was nothing to do, unless they wanted to die, but let her go on submitting to the white man.

I suggested that she speak to the district attorney and she replied: "What's the good of the law, Miss Katie, when you is likely to get shot in the back on the way home from town. It's an awful thing to think that you may be shot in the back any minute. We would try to slip away in the night and hide from him, but he says he will follow us and kill us. There is just nothing to do but let him do as he pleases."

Another case; a negro woman who tried to break a relationship that had been forced upon her by a white man man. She ran away from him but later she met him in the woods and he shot her down like a wild beast. He pointed his gun straight against her heart, and said: "Say your prayers now, for I am going to kill you." The woman thought he was joking and told him to take his gun away. He answered: "I told you I would kill you if you run away, and I am going to do it." Then he sent the contents of his gun through her heart, killing her instantly.

From these cases which might be repeated ad infinitum it readily will be seen that the question of rape is two-sided. The inconsistency lies in the fact that the white man, who ruins as many colored women as he chooses, on the slight-

the same thing, hangs him to the nearest tree, or fills him so full of lead that there is nothing left to lynch. The negro has no court of justice and he must bear the burden silently, without any right to appeal to the laws of the country, of which he is a citizen. The law is there for his protection, but the old negro grandmother struck the keynote when she said: "What's the good of the law when you's going to get shot in the back on your way from town?"

The law which protects the negro in his family relations is effective in the same degree that the property rights are effective, and that is, almost not at all. It seldom occurs to a negro in the South that he has any property rights or that he is exempt from a debt if his property is less than the homestead allows him. The negro is being held in a condition of actual servitude, quite equal to the slavery of former days. The black man has been given to understand that he must remain with his landlord until his debts are paid. Through the workings of the credit system, he is kept everlastingly in debt, and feels that he dare not leave the place where he is, until out of debt. There is an unwritten law in the South that if a negro leaves one plantation for another, the new landlord must pay the debt to the old one before the change can be made—merely the survival of paying for a slave. The negro in debt is as much a slave as before. In some cases the negro slips away in the night. If the landlord can discover him in a certain number of days after his flight, he can seize everything of which he is possessed to apply to the debt. If the negro is able to hide until the time is past, then the landlord cannot legally "seize him out," although he frequently does so without considering the legality of his action. Whatever the white may do, the negro will be afraid to question the justice of the act. When the fact is taken into consideration that, in many instances, the negro is deliberately kept in debt; that the landlord and merchant, between them, make it impossible for him to get out of debt, the same as prostitutes are exploited in northern cities, the injustice of it all is strikingly brought out. It becomes apparent how little chance the negro has to advance, so long as he is held back by bonds which never can be broken without using force to free himself from the yoke, and the whites will not abandon the system until they are forced to do so. Under the present system the merchants make a tremendous profit, it being "a bad year" that he does not make 100 per cent on the investment. Part of the profit is turned over to the landlord. The negro is "between the Devil and the deep," no matter which way he turns.

A white man can go to law and claim exemptions, and keep the little he has, perhaps a few hogs, a broken down mule, a decrepit pony, or an outcast cow. The negro has no exemptions, or if he has, he is ignorant of the fact, and would not dare to take advantage of the law even if he understood his rights as a citizen.

Within the past three years negroes have been whipped

in the South. In Louisiana two years ago they still were talking agitatedly about a terrible whipping which had been administered to a negro in a town about four miles from my home. It used to be that the negroes, when they became so in debt to a landlord that they could not see their way out, would run away over the Arkansas line and there start a new life. Up to a short time ago, it was the custom to gather a posse of white men in the neighborhood, ride over into Arkansas and whip these negroes back to Louisiana, if they could be located, and force them to go on working the land from which they had run away. These negroes were actually whipped with blacksnakes. Since the "Peonage" cases have stirred up so much agitation the whites have been afraid to whip the negroes, and have been rather more careful about forcing them to remain on the land than they used to be. However, Arkansas has set her foot down on the whole procedure of whipping negroes out of her territory, so this matter has been somewhat straightened out. Another force which has made it advisable for the whites to lay down the whip is the fact that, today, most of the negroes carry revolvers, and they do not hesitate to affirm that they will shoot a white man who attempts to whip them, even tho they know they will be either shot or lynched the next minute for doing it. They prefer death to whipping, at least, so they have told me. At any rate whipping has rather gone out of style in Louisiana in two years.

The right of the negro to vote is the merest farce, but he is not so much intimidated in the exercising of his franchise right as he used to be, and an intelligent negro can vote without danger of personal assault, but the blacks have become so accustomed to fearing to vote, that they have quite gotten out of the habit. For this reason the negro vote amounts to nothing at all as a factor in politics, unless the white people wish to vote down prohibition, when the negro vote is made use of. If there should be evinced the slightest sign of a general negro vote, the white population would rise up and intimidate them into staying at home on election day.

The negro is wanted in the South as a beast of burden, and as nothing else. So long as he is willing to remain such, to hold himself as a servant, and to ask no questions about his rights as a citizen, the South wants him. Just the moment he begins to open his eyes to his possibilities the South throws off all pretense of friendship and recognizes in him a menace to her civilization, which it is her duty to muzzle.

If the negro is lacking in the quality or virtue, the white man is to blame for it. The difficulty started far back in slavery days. It was the duty of the slaves to increase and multiply and replenish the purses of their owner, hence he encouraged the pro-creative act. When the negroes did not breed fast enough to suit him the white man took a hand in the matter himself, and helped along the process of evolution and incidentally added to the value of his personal property.

by bringing into the world as many half-breeds as he was able to produce. But now the white man complains bitterly because the tendency of the negro of today is to reproduce his species irrespective of the law. **The tendency was inherited from his ancestors, and originally was fostered and encouraged by the white owners themselves.**

As a matter of fact, immorality is still encouraged in the negroes, and when not absolutely encouraged, is winked at. The law in Louisiana, at least, has been made very elastic, in order that a negro may marry as often as he pleases, and secure a divorce without difficulty. It is strange that there should be one divorce law for the white man, and another for the negro. Perhaps the erudite law makers and interpreters can explain it. The fact remains that without going into court, without spending more than, perhaps, fifteen minutes of his time, without the expenditure of more than \$15, the negro can secure a divorce, which entitles him to marry again. I have wondered, always, just where the "graft" comes in, for "graft" there is in this for someone.

In many cases negroes are married without going through the formality of a divorce and are actually married by a preacher. All preachers will not perform the ceremony under the circumstances, but there are many who do. In such cases the marriage does not "bear the Eagle brand," as one negro woman expressed it. But no one interferes with the relation thus established.

It is told that one woman went to town to secure a license to marry, who had been married and divorced so many times the Recorder would not help her out any longer, and would not give her a license. She went right on, serenely, and married the man, who was not divorced from his own wife, and they have never been molested in any way.

It is readily seen that there must be unwritten law, as the State does not sanction it except in that it does not put a stop to it. Incidentally who gets the money paid for negro divorces secured in this loose way? Does it go into the public treasury or does the lawyer split up the \$15 with the official?

"Why don't you turn that woman out and get another wife?" She is no good to you. You ought to have a wife that could get out into the field and work," was the advice of one landlord.

Outside of other tendencies toward immorality, the crowding of large families into one or two small rooms, to put it mildly, cannot but lead to broad views on the subject of virtue. Entire families, as many as ten persons often sleep in one room, in which they also cook, sit, live, move and have their being. Morality is much like cleanliness. It depends a great deal upon the environment. Perhaps we would not be so ultra-clean if, in order to take a bath, we were to carry water up three or four flights of stairs from a basement, as so many of the poor in the cities must do, and then bathe in

ice-cold water in a cold room because too poor to buy coal. In judging the moral standard of the negro, put yourself in his place, realize if possible, all the conditions that surround him, take everything into consideration, including the bad example of his teachers, the slave-holders, and then judge.

Summarized, the conditions as I found them in Louisiana are somewhat as follows:—

1. Negroes are lynched in the South for reasons other than rape. They have been lynched for no other reason than that they were "biggitty."
2. The crime of rape for which the negro is so often lynched is seldom rape, in fact. The actual act committed is distorted into that crime.
3. The white women of the South, by giving way to hysteria, and expecting to be raped by every negro who comes to their door, keep themselves constantly in a frame of mind to distort facts. At the slightest move they will go off into hysteria and before the real facts come out the negro is dead.
4. White men of the South, through lack of thought, deliberate prejudice, absence of self-control and giving way to the emotion which craves excitement, are, in many instances, the cause of the murder of innocent negroes.
5. Negro girls and women are constantly being assaulted by white men. They are considered legitimate prey.
6. The negro, as a matter of fact, has no property rights in the South which he dares to claim.
7. While under certain conditions the negro can vote, through fear he does not exercise that right.
8. The immorality of the negro is due, mainly, to conditions provided by the whites originally instituted by the former owner of slaves.
9. The education afforded the negro of the South is a mockery and a farce.
10. Through collusion; between the merchant and the landlord, the negro is kept constantly in debt and through the workings of the unwritten laws of the South he remains a slave to the landlord as long as the debt is unpaid.

You cannot persuade the white people of the South that the negro is not worthlessly lazy. You will be told that it is impossible to get a negro to work. The cause of this is easy to locate. The Southern people expect to pay a negro "two bits" for a day's work and require that he shall give them a dollar's worth of work. The negro figuring the matter out, quietly takes the difficulty in hand and straightens it out to his own satisfaction by giving "two bits" worth of work for "two bits." When he is paid a dollar for a day's work and put on his honor, he gives a dollar's worth of labor, and even more, in return.

I was utterly unable to impress upon Southern employers that their labor was "scrub" purely and simply because they paid "scrub" prices, and that they would have better quality of work, if they paid living wages. They thought I was crazy



because I paid a black man a dollar a day for ordinary labor.

The black man has a stomach which craves food, just as the white man's stomach demands attention. It costs the black man even more than it does the white man to buy food. No one would dream of expecting the white man to work for less than a dollar a day. At least one reason why the negro is lazy is because he is underpaid. It is the way he has figured out whereby he can balance the ledger.

On one hand you have the whites, tyrannical in their attitude toward the negro, strangely inconsistent in their relations with him, now treating him almost as an equal, speaking to him intimately taking him into their confidence in regard to their family affairs; on the other, the whites standing on their dignity and denouncing him for assuming the same attitude toward them. The whites have the idea firmly fixed in their minds that the negro was born for the express purpose of bearing their burdens, serving them, making a living for them, while they take life easy and the attitude would be assumed toward every foreigner coming to our shores if these people could get the power to enforce it. Meanwhile the negro is gradually becoming acquainted with his possibilities, realizing where the trouble lies, understanding the remedy which would change conditions, knowing that he will never be given a chance to rise in the world or claim his rights unless he uses force to throw back oppression.

The fact is, the negroes are advancing faster than the whites. Unless the white people of the South awaken to the idea that conditions have changed; that slavery has ceased to exist; that the black man is a human being, endowed like them with the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, a volcano will burst forth that will sweep everything before it. The whites are now sowing the wind, they will reap the whirlwind and fifty million northern whites will when the time comes stand ready to help see that justice is done to our guests—our brothers of African blood.

(Conclusion.)

A YOUNG MAN of quiet habits who has been reared in a family of Freethinkers, one with a receptive mind and willing to learn and lend a hand, can secure a permanent position as assistant to the Editor of this Magazine. The educational advantages will be second to no university in the land. The pay will be a living and something more from the start.

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# Self Valuation.

By Viola Richardson.



The other day on the "L" there was a passenger who was evidently a farmer, unused to the ways of the city. He asked the conductor a question which betrayed his ignorance of "elevated train," and a young man standing near laughed loudly at the ignorance thus displayed. The old man looked embarrassed and said, "You need not make fun of me if I am a farmer."

I looked at the two. The farmer, somewhat grizzled, rather roughly dressed, but with a rugged strength of character indicated in his general makeup. The young man, well dressed, vapid countenance, hands soft and altogether unused to manual labor. The farmer could use many tools—could make things—had the knowledge and the skill by which he could raise food for hundreds, or produce the material by which to clothe his fellows. His work required originality, judgment, industry, and ability to use his muscles. The young man I knew had a clerical position with a mercantile house. He sits at his desk from eight in the morning until half past five in the evening, with forty-five minutes at noon for lunch. He dictates letters to a stenographer and these letters are all simply the adjustment of a certain "form" prepared by some one in authority, to fit the individual cases which he has handled. The work can be done with only a very little real brain power, practically no originality, and as a consequence the activities of his life run in a groove so narrow that it requires only a mere fraction of the powers which lie in the human makeup. Compared with the farmer, who was acquainted with the nature of soils, who knew all about fertilizers and the rotation of crops, who knew the names of numberless kinds of trees and their value as fuel and as building material, who knew how to prepare the ground and sow the seed and cultivate the crops for many kinds of vegetables and grains, who knew how to build corncribs and granaries, how to care for cows and horses and sheep and hogs, how to construct ditches and build fences—by the side of this knowledge which the farmer wrought into his daily life, the young man was ignorant beyond words to express.

The farmer was ignorant of many things he might find outside of the sphere to which his life and activity had been confined, just as a watchmaker would be ignorant of the mechanism of an automobile, as a cashier of a bank might be ignorant regarding the digging of canals, or a cab driver might be ignorant of the method of constructing skyscrapers.

This young man, by laughing at ignorance, betrayed him-

self for he indicated that he believed the horizon which bounded **his** life held what was really important and worthwhile of all knowable things—He betrayed his lack of the realization that outside his horizon lay a world of activity and knowledge, too great even for his puny mind to comprehend.

But the ignorance he displayed is the common ignorance of humanity, it is the ignorance that stands for appearance instead of for real worth, the ignorance that has stood squarely in the way of progress throughout all the ages—and which, to-day, seeks to balk progress and investigation and experimentation. Not only that, but it also stands in the way of our becoming brothers,—and raises between man and his fellows barriers of misunderstanding, condemnation and hatred.

The **self** labors through pain and weariness to build a wall out of the opinions, the prejudices, the narrow concepts of its own life, shutting in itself, and shutting out the sky above and the world about it. We invest our own manners, customs and thought-habits with a halo and think them “sacred” just because they are **ours**. This smug egoism is nothing more than consummate ignorance, and alas, it is the ignorance which hedges in most of our lives.

Why should I believe that the experiences of my life are of more beauty or value or worth than the experiences of other lives; why should I believe that the few facts of life that come under my range of vision are of more importance than the facts that come under the vision of some other individual; why should I believe that I have more right and life value than all other individuals have; why should I exalt myself by depreciating others? **It is for want of democracy in the heart.**

When men and women are able to act under the assumption that life is limitless, that each life has much that is worth while, that each life is a legitimate expression of life force, that their own life is only a mere drop in the great ocean, then will there be much more rapid growth toward real civilization, real wisdom and real brotherhood.

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—May M. Bostwick.

# Copernicus.

By J. Howard Moore.



On the 24th day of May, 1543, Copernicus proclaimed his well-known theory of the solar system—the Copernican or heliocentric theory. For twenty years the great Pole had revolved this theory in his mind, but was afraid to publish it. He feared the ferocity of his fellow men. The Ptolemaic conception, that the earth was fixed and around it as a center circled the sun, moon, and stars was so unreservedly accepted by everybody and was supported in the popular mind by such incontestable proof that no one but a knave was supposed to be adventurous enough to question it.

Copernicus was led to doubt the old conception on account of its complexity. The complicated system of cycles and epicycles

which had been formulated by the metaphysical school-men, did not seem to him simple enough to accord with nature as he observed it every day around him.

They told him that if the earth rotated the water and air would be thrown by the force of rotation, like water from a grindstone. This was the most common objection to his new theory, and was considered by its authors as absolutely conclusive.

Copernicus replied that these fluids were a part of the earth, were endowed with the same motions as the solid parts, and hence necessarily moved with these solid parts.

It was commonly felt, in addition to the inherent absurdity of the doctrine, that the dignity of the earth was seriously impaired by the new theory—which practically turned the earth loose in space with nothing to do but dance as a subordinate around other centers and spheres. This of course would not do at all. Man was plainly as was well known and as anyone could verify for himself by looking into a mirror, too august a being to have such an inglorious and renegade place of abode as that. Was not the earth a "foot-stool?" Could a foot-stool do what would naturally be expected of it if it were sailing around in space all the time?

How these old fogies of the ancient world remind us of a lot of people who are living now—especially those who worry about what would become of human dignity if man should turn out to be an "animal." Is human dignity more precious

than Truth? Is it of any importance at all, in fact, if it is a mere fiction? And is it not about as harmful to human dignity as anything we can do, to resort to the ostrich-like trick of sticking our head into the sands every time we imagine ourselves in peril of seeing something we never saw before?

Copernicus replied to his critics that it seemed more in keeping with the fitness of things for the earth to move about than for the heaven to do so. And this seems forceful. For it would certainly be more convenient to have an itinerant foot-rest than a peripatetic throne. He said heaven was the most honorable place in the universe, and was, for this reason, also the most likely to be stationary. If the sun, moon and stars moved around the earth, he argued, they would have to move much farther than the earth and at so much greater speed that they would be more liable than the earth to be dashed to pieces.

Copernicus was on his deathbed when a copy of his book was brought to him. He touched it and expired a few hours later.

People generally, both protestants and catholics, denounced his theories as absurd in themselves and contrary to the plain teachings of scripture. The people of Nuremburg had a medal struck with inscriptions ridiculing the philosopher and his teachings. "This fool," said Luther, with characteristic assurance, "wishes to reverse the entire science of astronomy. But sacred scripture tells us that Joshua commanded the **sun** to stand still, **not** the **earth**." Melancthon, the disciple and co-laborer of Luther, was not less intolérant than his master toward the new astronomy. "The eyes are witnesses that the heavens revolve in twenty-four hours," said he. "But certain men in order to make a display of their learning, have concluded that the earth moves. Now, it is a want of honesty and decency to assist such notions publicly, and the example is pernicious. Such impious teachings should be restrained. The earth can be nowhere if not in the center of the universe."

The experience of Copernicus is not an unusual experience. It is simply the experience of everyone who attempts to add anything of importance to the scanty stock of human information. Men do not want to improve. They want to be comfortable. They want to be let alone, to teeter out their dreamy existences in the lazy seesaws of respectability. And a man who starts out, in a world like this, with the intention of introducing great and lasting improvements in the stream of human consciousness may add to his outfit of precautionary wisdom the assurance that he will sooner or later have more trouble than the usual soul knows what to do with.

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# Starvation in High Places.

By Josephine Conger-Kaneko.



"The woman, after all, is least to blame."—London Times.

She had risen from a morbid sleep, which she had obtained by a drug. She had been manicured and bathed and clothed by maids skilled in the art of beautifying. She had swallowed a costly breakfast by the aid of spirits and seltzer, and had driven off to a day's racing and betting in the company of a *cavalier servante*.

A high-born girl of loving and passionate temperament, she had been married not many years since to one, who, in the eyes of society was in every way her fitting mate. But the laws of high society are seldom recognized by Nature, and she had failed to find her life complemented by the mate that had been chosen for her.

Nature rebelled. It cried out against the unnatural union, and longed for its own. And the girl, at sea as to the meaning of the disturbance in her soul, sought surcease from her unhappiness by plunging into fashionable society. She failed to find satisfaction, and her dissipations increased. Her house was becoming the resort of men of questionable character, and she was setting at defiance every conventional dictate of propriety. Her young husband went to Africa to "shoot big game." Letters and telegrams followed him after a time, beseeching him to come back; his wife needed him.

He refused to return, and plain hints were given that should he be forced to return, it might prove but the opening of revelations in regard to his own life that would surpass hers in dissipation, and furthermore might involve half a dozen other high families.

He was afraid to return.

And she got along quite as well without him as she had done with him. In any case her life was unsatisfied, her heart hungry, her soul starving.

It was a bright day that she drove off with her cavalier to attend the races. The sun was high and warm, her cheeks and lips were tinted with the fever in her blood. Her eyes

had a deep yearning in their depths as she looked out upon the world glowing with natural beauty and peace. She heard the birds singing from pure joy, and her heart grew sick within her. To be alone in a world like this!

The man at her side was relating a bit of scandal. She was not listening.

As the horses turned a corner, they came near colliding with a road cart going at full speed. They were saved from being dashed to pieces by a man of the common people, who saw their predicament, and like a flash sprang at the horses' heads. She had not realized the danger; it had passed too quickly, and her mind had been absorbed in other thoughts. Half unconsciously she looked at the man who had rescued them. Caressing the horses' noses, with the endeavor to quiet them, he looked at her. Her eyes opened wide, and looked into his full, earnest, unabashed. He wore the garb of the common people—a small business man, school teacher, or clerk, perhaps—but he was every whit a man. Through his eyes shone such a soul as she had never seen before in all her life. Such a soul! It cooled the burning in her blood, and caressed her lonely, aching heart. But it was only for an instant.

With a word of thanks—which the man did not hear—and a slight pull at the reins, her companion drove on, leaving him far behind. The action tore through her sensitive being like the stinging lash from a whip. She crushed her hands together in her lap. In the brief space of a moment she had realized what her nature had longed for all her life—recognition, true companionship.

But the man belonged to the common people. There was a gulf between them that could not be passed. With the consciousness of this thought, darkness enveloped her. She closed her eyes and groaned in an agony of despair.

"What is it?" asked her companion.

"Nothing—only I am a little warm, and would like a drink."

He laughed suggestively. He thought she wanted wine.

Dear Comrades:—Your insertion has been of great service to us in bringing a few subscriptions, and many requests for sample copies. I greatly desire to have you continue the insertion as long as you are willing to do so, and I will try to make up the difference to you, in addition to the insertion of your ad in our paper as often as we can issue it.

I am greatly pleased with the liberality and liveliness of your magazine, and besides the general good it is doing for other movements, I expect soon to offer you something for publication in regard to our special plans for securing a better way of living, and which I think would be equally profitable to both of us.

—A. Longley,

Editor "The Altruist," St. Louis, Mo.

# The Story of "The Doom of Dogma."

By Henry Frank.

## CHAPTER II.



To go back a bit in the history of my theological evolution, I entered the Methodist ministry a number of years ago full-fledged with orthodox enthusiasm. While it was the bent of my mind to find my way rather by sight than by faith, contrary to the Paulinian doctrine, nevertheless, after my reason was satisfied my enthusiasm and zeal were proportionally enhanced.

But the range of reason which an orthodox mind purposely allows itself is so circumscribed that one may think he reasons and still reasons, and yet keep within the bounds of the faith. Orthodox reasoning is much of the nature of the ostrich's means of defense. Its head is stuck in the sands of the ages and there buried it imagines the light of day will never attack it.

So for many years I found I could conscientiously keep within the institutional traces and still seemingly obey the dictates of my sense of logic as well as my moral sense. Therefore, though feeling that I was pursuing my way through the utmost demands of logical limitations, I found no scruples compelling me to desist from the psychological madness of the revival seasons, but plunged into them with the avidity of a scientist fascinated by his laboratory experiments. Rather, should I say, I led in these mad attacks on the citadel of common sense with the dash and recklessness of a new commander whetted with an appetite for marital distinction.

Yet, whether it was in my mental mood which my outward enthusiasm seemed to belie, or in the keen intuitive cement for heresy which is a part of the organism of every orthodox proboscis, there was a feeling of uneasiness among my ministerial elders that made them halt at my theological classification. They could not fully decide whether I would finally drop into the class of orthodox, demi-orthodox, heterodox, pseudo-orthodox, semi-heterodox, or heterodox final, full and formal! Many were the vague hints that fell from presbyterial and episcopal lips at which I shied.

I remember once when a venerable presiding elder made his quarterly visit on my circuit and sat behind me in the chancel critically listening to my youthful effort. Physically he was a monstrous fellow; the immensity of his body being duly disproportionate to the size and acumen of his mentality. Incidentally I might remark that his name was **Cobb**, by which I presume fate intimate that he was quite thoroughly **shelled** of every grain of literary culture.

He said nothing till we had retired to the feast of the "yellow legged" victim which the gracious hostess had done



to an ogre brown. At last his pomposity gave way to the pressure of his critical and paternal duty. He began, gravely and with suggestive deliberation: "I have heard many sermons on the 'Atonement,' young man, but I never before heard one like that." In my greenness I blushed, thinking he was intending to hand me a piebald bouquet.

"Young man what do you mean by imposing your own ideas of this sacred doctrine on your hearers instead of telling them Wesley's and Paul's meaning of it?" I swallowed the second joint almost entire and stuttered that I didn't mean any offense to Paul or Wesley, but I couldn't understand their point of view except by looking at it from my point of view. That seemed to strike off the last lingering grain of intelligence from the venerable Cobb and he blurted, "So! You mean to use your reason, do you, in trying to understand the mysteries of God!"

Rising abruptly in his chair, overshadowing me with the vastness of his physical proportions as the earth's shadow covers the moon in an eclipse, he raised his hand to heaven, praying for my forgiveness and remarking: "Beware, beware, my young friend, the ways of God are devious and past finding out. He who uses his reason shall fall in the pit of heresy, and be forever cast in outer darkness!"

He made me think not a little of Jack Cade, acting as Earl of Mortimer in condemning Lord Say by denouncing him for corrupting youth because he "erected a grammar-school," and because "he hanged men on account of their inability to read, while on that account only," he insisted, "should they be worthy to live."

Slowly it began to dawn on me that to be true to the faith once delivered to the saints meant to be true to the traditions of ignorance and to delegate the elders in the church to do your thinking for you.

On another occasion my youthful ardor was somewhat dampened by the reception of a paper I was invited to read before one of the Conferences.

In my callow enthusiasm I had chosen the shocking title of "A Plea for Liberty," to be read to a gathering of ministerial grey beards labeled orthodox. Amid much trepidation and misgivings I managed to pronounce the entire essay, wondering what criticism would be made upon it. After I had finished a dead silence fell on the assembly, such as usually precedes the deliverance of the funeral sermon in the final obsequies. I begun to fear it might be my funeral and I would be read out of the Church.

After a few halting criticisms had caused the air to coruscate with scintillating verbosity, up rose the Chairman, who in this case proved to be an Episcopal superintendent and who among the Methodists moves somewhat as an adorable deity.

His name was Foss, Bishop Foss, and he proved himself in this instance to be a real foss for the orthodox forts I had attempted so willfully to attack. Pointing at me the finger

of warning he cries with reddened face, "I observe our young brother has been wasting his time reading Draper's Conflict Between Religion and Science! (Jack Cade again!) Let me inform him that he cannot read Draper and his Bible at the same time. He must soon decide between them: Science or Religion; the Bible or Draper, which shall it be?"

I must explain that at the time of this interesting episode in my ministerial career Dr. Draper's book was the particular eel that was crawling up the shivering back of orthodoxy. And like the reputed electric eel each of its arguments gave the orthodox nerves a powerful electrical shock.

As I now become reminiscent and recall these ancient experiences I perceive how incipiently "The Doom" was already germinating. I was slowly, and in a manner obnoxious to my native sensitiveness, coming to understand that a thinking mind could not continue to be honest with itself and long remain under the pall of orthodox limitations. Nevertheless, I was somewhat dimmed in my vision when I observed that many of those who were loudest in the declaration of their faith were boldest in their surreptitious violation of the strictest rules of the Church.

I found for instance that the most popular ministers, not excepting even those who had ascended to Episcopal heights, were those who could evidence the rarest skill in the vulgarizing verbosity of obscene and smutty utterances. Indeed, I had come to learn that just as a physician's mind is much bent on the picturesqueness of obstetrics, so the ministerial mind cultivated an affinital fancy for the extravagances of sexual association forbidden to the uninoculated imagination.

The smuttier and more repellant the story, the more popular and promising the minister, whether licentiate or ordained, even to the extreme of loathsomeness. I know of one mighty man in these days who since has been honored in the episcopate and was so skilled an expert in the vocabulary of impudicity, that he became to his sprouting confreres "the glass of fashion and the mould of form."

But one thing I also observed, that following a night of such labial libidinous indulgence, the unctiousness of the morning prayer was four-fold more oily. Mental bawdriness seemed to go with spiritual incontinence.

I began to ask myself, "Why do ministers so love to dwell on these forbidden subjects?" and the answer soon came: "What the lust craves the mind reflects!" After that I was not so often shocked when I discovered an announcement of another minister gone wrong in the realm of pornocracy.

But of some of the specific incidents that finally forced me to see that the Church itself was actually responsible for the concealment of sexual lapses among the ministry I will speak later.

Meanwhile I had seen quite enough even in my earliest Methodist period to give ample excuse for the promulgation of such reactionary doctrines as I was finally prompted to propound in my "Doom of Dogma."

# In the School of Life.

By Will J. Erwood.



Fear has lost more battles than courage ever won. If we are afraid to discuss problems that have to do with the physical and mental welfare of men and women, individually and collectively, we shall be slowly, yet surely bound with the chains of a slavery more terrible than anything we have yet seen. Therefore it behooves us to eliminate "fear" and go out into the world and face it, with a smile on our lips, and a smile in our inner consciousness, and unafraid, for thus, and thus only, can we be the victor in life's battle.

We have seen truth bound, like Prometheus of old, to the rock of ignorance and have feared to strike at the chains which bound it, because we feared that terrible thing called "authority." We have said that we were so situated that it were useless to change the current of events, because we were born thus and so, and so we must remain. Hence we have bowed our heads meekly and submissively, that the "system" might forget the shackles about our necks. Don't you think it is time for us to rise up in the might of our Godhood, and be free? Should we not say to the tyrant with all its wage and mental slavery, **begone!** I am a scion of the house of God, born to be free, **and I will be free!**

Great humanity! don't you know that we need to remain down in the mire just as long, only, as is required for us to realize that there is "God Stuff" in every one of us, and that there are better things to which we are just heirs? Listen! there has never been a great innovation forced upon the human family, by the law of progress, that has not been preceded by some great cataclysm of terror, which served to arouse the thinking apparatus of individuals, first, and then the masses, to a realization of their true status, in the world of life, and.....progress again "struck twelve," and another beam of light from the dawning sun of mental, intellectual, spiritual and physical freedom struck athwart the horizon of human life

Under the prevailing system, these crisis are necessary, because we must, perforce, learn only by "hard knocks"—by actual experience.

We may set it down as a truism, that the same chemicals obtained in the physical composition of A, as obtained in the physical composition of B. In the course of their experiences, they are brought in contact, and A observes that B

is given to the excessive use of intoxicants, and that it debauches the truer manhood in B, and renders him unaccountable, at times. A, if he has learned the law of analagous comparison, and is logical, will reason thus: "B having the same chemicals in his makeup, as I, it stands to reason that this habit—the use of these ingredients—has such an undesirable effect on him, it would, if indulged in by me, have the same—or practically the same, on me. Therefore, having seen the effect upon B. I know the dangers thereof, and will abstain." This plan would always be followed, if we were guided by our reason, instead of our feelings and natures. Intelligence is not yet humanities' guide.

Life is the school, and Nature is the School Mistress. She demands that the pupils learn the lessons written in the text-books everywhere, and while she prefers that we learn willingly, will eventually force every one to learn the needful, or perish.

If every human would act upon the relationship existing between thinking and doing; If they would make thought the parent of the deed; if they would use their faculties they would soon arrive at the condition of freedom, of which we sing so much and see so little. Truly, every experience has its effect for good, and we are ever in a formative state, a crisis is ever upon us.

The Rev. Charles Mann said, in a discourse recently: "Every man is all of God—not a part." Do you get that? That means that we have within ourselves every potentiality that belongs to Deity. That we are filled with—nay, that we are DYNAMIC ENERGY, and when we awaken to a full use of that power, we will be Free, absolutely and unqualifiedly FREE, this when we come into possession of all our faculties.

Cease "star-gazing"; quit looking aloft for heaven and happiness; stop gazing afar for God; get into the game of living, and know that Heaven, Happiness, and God are all right here. Build, Create, Do! The power that runs this Universe can get along very nicely without any interference on your part. Let us attend to **our** work, and all will be well.

When we have grown to be clean; physically, mentally, spiritually; when we have learned to live naturally; when children are loved into being; when husband and wife are "bound" by love; when the home is the center of education and harmony; then, and then only will we have fulfilled the mission of man. By the Eternal, what love, real genuine LOVE hath joined together God Almighty—whatever that is—can by no means rend asunder. When that day comes we'll sing with the writer who says:

Then revealed, to my clouded vision  
 Were the glories of life's vast deep;  
 Revealed was the truth of the maxim—  
 As thou sowest, oh soul, shalt thou reap.

And I saw that the soul that was idle,  
 Had naught to expect from life;  
 And the soul that was fearly—doubting—  
 Had naught in the future but—strife.

I arose, in the strength of my longing—  
 I smote at the wall of despair;  
 I threw down the shadow of ignorance—  
 And, before me, Truth's Angel, stood there.

Then sing, oh my soul, with gladness—  
 Then shout, oh my soul, with glee—  
 Thou art freed from the shackles of ign'rance  
 From the demon of fear, thou are FREE.

#### A VISION.

Dear Sercombe:—

I'd like to go rail-splitting with you.

In my visions last night I saw us together with large beetles and huge wedges working on a clearing in the midst of the great wordly junkyard. As the beetles swang the mortal specimens awakened and ran about in much confusion. And they gazed in great amazement and wondered what had come to disturb them and to move them. And they fled to find the preacher and the priest that they might be comforted, for they were much troubled.

The work went merrily on and a clearing was made, and one small spot glistened with the glory of the new time, when candor, reality, justice and truth, settled as a nucleus to an improved and more perfect civilization.

And the spectators came and gathered about in large numbers, and there was a great moving of "Official Authority" for the Idols and the Idolitrons were many. There could be seen Presidents, Preachers, Priests, and Police, as well as their Puppets and Pimps mixed with Pinkertonosity. And yet they jostled and moved and looked insane, seeing themselves as they really were. They tried to step upon this newly made spot, but they lost all power and could not reach it, falling down upon their knees. And they asked. How have we lost power? Truly, we are dead to all truth, and our time has fully come. And the newly cleared plot enlarged in expanse and all of the old was submerged and passed away.

With our beetles and wedges in hand, we will now watch the new move forward to the age when it must go and another clearing made necessary, following out the universal law of change, advancement, improvement, and experience, of all inanimate and animate things.

—J. E. Rullison.

#### O LOVE! O LOVE!

By Victor Robinson.

O love has sent no joy to me,  
 Nor has caused these eyes to shine,  
 But it has brought much misery,  
 Into this heart of mine.

Yet ev'ry night, and ev'ry day,  
 To ev'ry darling dove,  
 To those anear, to those away,  
 I cry, O love! O love!

# What Shall We Believe?

By Donald B. Campbell.



It is hard enough to think at all, in the midst of the modern business maelstrom, and when one does think then comes a chaos of conflicting facts and thoughts, that need to be very carefully sifted and classed according to their merits.

The creeds of our fathers are crumbling away, the central figure of the white man's many religions, Christ, is being revealed to us, with more truth every day; the Protestant church is daily making concessions to the clamor for the enlightenment of reason; alone Rome holds out desperately. New dogmas spring up from all sides, a good many of them apparently, seeking novelty rather than Truth, and in the midst of all, the average man is drifting away from the cult of higher things toward a mental aphasia. Spiritualism, Esoteric Buddhism, and kindred mystic creeds strive with Materialism, Christian Science, New Thought et tutti quanti, for public favor.

It would seem, judging from the World's History as it is known to us, that some new religion, belief, creed of some kind, should arise, and put an end to the present state of affairs. As no such event has happened, I ask again, "What shall we believe?" There are certain fundamental moral laws, but these do not contain sufficient instruction for the ignorant, nor yet for the young.

There must be a spiritual education, of some kind for the rising generation, unless indeed, it is considered a fit and proper thing, that they should grow up to be mere mechanical wage-earners and money-getters, a type, unhappily far too frequent already.

Those who shake mankind's belief in the accepted if faulty traditions of Christianity, have taken away and not given, they have left no other or better creed or code of morality in the place of what they have destroyed.

That the present Church system is, in itself, unwholesome and contrary to the general progress of man, I think, very certain, the "Class" we, which means, money to the fore having been so exploited by certain of the clergy, as to render the church noxious even to believers and communicants. Nevertheless this shattering of beliefs has left many in a terrible state of mental perturbation, for so far, nothing very satisfactory has been presented to the man or woman, who thinks, to take their place, and the great majority, even of "thinkers" need a specified creed or moral code.

Some people, wide awake, educated and intelligent people, fly to Roman Catholicism when their mind is suffering

from the travail of uncertainty. "If I follow my reason it will make an atheist or a sceptic of me, therefore, I will flee, for refuge, to the arms of an infallible authority"—but the majority of us want to avoid that same shirking of responsibility, because if we hide ourselves behind the curtain of a belief, that we do not honestly think true, then we shirk an enormous responsibility, namely that of seeking Truth.

The young carpenter of Nazereth, when he set forth, evidently meant to do what is very necessary should be done now, namely, he intended to preach to men Love, not Eternal Love, but universal love, the kind that prompts you to smile at the newsboys when you are on your way to work in the morning; the kind that would prompt you to afford practical aid to the D. and O.—the down and out; where the Christ made his mistake was that he revolted against authority and nature; that he should have, secretly or openly, defied existing authority, among the Jews, was morally right but diplomatically an error; but that he should have revolted against nature was grievous; in no place does he speak of women; he denies his own mother,—“Woman! I know thee not,” and to us any creed, belief, religion, moral code—call it what you will, must have woman enshrined as tenderness, love, pity, incarnate. The Roman Catholics have introduced that beautiful fiction, the Virgin Mary, to which the Ritualists of the Church of England and Episcopalian persuasion are a giving faith.

To believe something with fanatical blunderers is a mild but dangerous form of lunacy. Calvinism, the Holy Inquisition, both bear witness to the terrible results of blind so-called Christianity. The father of a family who quotes Scripture to justify any harsh punishment or sweeping condemnation, is no better than his more historical predecessors, in the gentle art of persecution.

When will it all cease, corrupt Rome; divided England; cynical France; astonishing America, astonishing because of the great human sympathy and great selfishness to be seen there side by side.

Why should not the great New Movement start here in the U. S. A.? Before ever I came here, I heard Americans, tired of Europe's most beautiful nooks, curse the fates that kept them from “God's own country,” as they called it. It is true they were mostly rich, or at any rate excessively comfortable, with regard to money matters. Do the poor regard this as God's country too? Many of them do; even the hobo who sits languidly by the railroad track waiting for the kindly and available freight train would offer immoderate combat should you malign his U. S. A.

There is such a spirit of patriotism in this country, carefully veiled by a thick coat of cynical humor, or rather humorous cynicism, that in order to better the country's state, in time, a body of simple wholesome-minded citizens will gather together, in all probability, and frame a Religion as their ancestors framed a Declaration of Independence. There

are these powers in the country, that are generally estimated as the relief powers, Federated Labor, Combined Capital, and last but not least, the Press; there is, however, a fourth power to be reckoned with, that comprises the vast majority of the American people, and to questions, like the one this article asks, **they** will be the ones to answer.

Somebody, I forget exactly whom, says, "All these creeds and dogmas are but passing phases in mental evolution, they are not religion."

The end sought for is Truth. We all know what Truth is way down in the cellars of our being, we all know what Alfred Musset voices in his poem about a wasted life, when he says concerning Truth

"Et pourtant ceux qui se sont passe d'Elle  
Ice das ont tout ignore"

"Yet those who have done without her  
Have been ignorant of all things here below."

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### TO SAMPLE COPY READERS.

Greeting:—This magazine has been sent to you because you are said to be prepared for its thot and it should be to you a publication of more than vital interest.

"TO-MORROW" is a periodical of FAITH, LOVE, TRUTH and JUSTICE. It is published with the knowledge that evolution is certain and inevitable and that the Dawn of the New Civilization is near, and its highest aim is to enlighten and educate every one to comprehend all phases of life: Social, Economic, Religious and Ethical.

"TO-MORROW" does not uphold any creed, dogma, ism, fad or fancy. It is rational, unbiased, unique and practical. It stands for Purity born of Knowledge and Wisdom born of Experience. It stands for facts based upon the corroborations of Nature and not upon the opinions of Man. It stands for the true Fellowship of Whitman, the perfect Brotherhood of Jesus and the philosophy of Spencer.

This is not mere talk. We practice what we preach. The cadets who literally **make** "To-Morrow Magazine," live in a more democratic spirit of co-operative brotherhood and good fellowship than any other group or set of workers. We have the power of Faith and Love and employ it in all the details of our organization.

We cordially invite you to become a subscriber and thereby assist in this great work. We need you and the world needs US and with co-operation on your part we will gain our mutual ends.

If you are not ready to send in your subscription at once, let us at least hear from you in regard to your idea of our work.

Fraternally yours,

—Winfred B. Duart, Circulation Mgr.



# Inspiration in General.

By Grace Moore.



It is a common remark that writers depend upon inspiration to do their work. "Where do you get your inspiration to write?" is a question often asked.

The writer gets his inspiration to do his work exactly where the groceryman and the hod-carrier get theirs. And without this inspiration the groceryman cannot keep his store, the hod-carrier cannot carry bricks nor the writer keep alive a department in a magazine.

The groceryman, no matter what the quality of his goods or how attractively he may present them, is dependent for the success of his business upon the people who buy; the hod-carrier, whatever his ability, relies upon the builders of a wall for his occupation of brick-carrying; and the writer of articles for a magazine necessarily looks to readers and publishers for approval or disapproval of what he

writes. This we call incentive, inducement, economic valuation, etc., etc.

Inspiration is not the mysterious, miraculous, Omnipotent thing that it is generally supposed to be. It is nothing more or less than incentive but it is incentive of a different degree than that which pertains exclusively to personal and physical satisfaction. Incentive is the exterior, inspiration the interior moving cause of human action. Incentive may be said to be generated in the physical body and brain, inspiration in the human mind and soul, but the ultimate source of the energy thus generated, is in both instances the same.

The street laborer, dependent upon the labor of his hands and feet for a crust of bread, is "inspired" to labor, exactly as the artist, the musician, the poet and the preacher are "inspired." The impulse of the laborer to labor, that he may have something to put in his stomach, is in the last analysis the same as that which moves the player to play, the singer to sing and the writer to write. At the last the child slides upon a toboggan for as good a reason as that for which Martin Luther inveighed against the indulgences of the Catholic

Church. The child is following its natural bent as Luther followed his.

The urge of the Pilgrim Fathers to seek religious freedom in America is today the urge of their far descendants whose ideal of freedom is the freedom of the mind from religious superstition and church regulation. The early Christians were "inspired" by their religious ideals—the need of ceremonies and a church in which to perform them, was their incentive. The present sentiment against creeds and organizations for their perpetuation "inspires" the people who call themselves liberals, socialists, humanitarians, etc.—the necessity for a more rational view of life and a more equitable social order, is their incentive.

All are laborers in the employ of the Most High, whether at the desk, in the market place, the factory or the street. All are dependent in some degree for the incentive to labor, upon a necessity or excitation from without. Each man is dependent upon some other man, each class of men upon another class.

Old and New Religionists are equally in error with regard to inspiration. The Old Religionists contend for the mysteriousness, the miraculousness, the exclusiveness of inspiration—it is by personal choice of the Almighty, they say, that men like Paul of Tarsus and John the Baptist were divinely illuminated. God has elected that some shall be inspired and others not. The New Religionists point out the seeming inconsistencies in God's choice of men to be illuminated. So many men are obviously "inspired" that it is impossible to tell who are the chosen and who not. In fact, they say, there are no elect—all are pre-elected and predestined to be inspired. All are essentially "sons of God" and "saviors of men."

The New Religionists seem to be reactionary, as all religionists have been. Finding that inspiration is common to all men, because within man himself is the essence and source of power, they conclude quite naturally that all other sources of power than those of the individual himself, are only his personal aids or handicaps. The individual, they aver, is complete in himself and responsible only to himself. His responsibilities to his neighbor and to society as a whole are incidental.

At this point the sociologist and psychologist comes upon the scene. He announces a scientific evolutionary basis for inspiration and interdependence and collaboration as the conditions of human existence. He consents to "inspiration" but denies the power of the individual disassociated from other individuals. A man by himself, he tells us, whatever his development or degree of self-sufficiency, is as helpless as the sands upon the sea shore. As the sand moves with the tides, so man moves.

As the earth receives moisture and sunlight and sends forth leave and blossom, so does man respond to the same

creative forces. Only man being conscious, his means and incentive 'to growth are in the conscious world. The rain and the sunshine are as necessary to his physical comfort and well being as they are to the plant and the giant trees of the forest, but the warmth and vitality of human souls are also necessary to his comfort and well being. They make possible his own humanity. But for the action of other intelligences than his own, he would have no intelligence. He is but an atom, a spiritual atom no doubt, but without identity except for other atoms.

Recognizing the ultimate cause of action in the writer of scriptures and painter of Madonnas as different only in degree from that of the street laborer, our motive then is a universal, not an individual one. As separate personalities we act upon incentive, as parts of a great Unity, we are "inspired."

The artist and the road digger are moved or "inspired" by a force common to them both. **They are brothers.** Unequally endowed they are nevertheless equally the product of Life and of Life's operations.

"Where do I get my inspiration?"

Where the road digger gets his.

#### IDEALS.

By Herman Kuehn.

O, weary the pace and dreary the chase,  
And cheerless the long futile quest  
Of the phantom grace we follow apace  
With th' unrest of "Hope," in the breast.

O, sheer are the steep and endless the deeps  
We climb in conviction's pursuit;  
Of dreamtime heaps one sees as he sleeps—  
And awakes to find ashes not fruit.

Why yield to the thralls of phantasy's call  
Toward the faraway "castles in Spain,"  
On whose listening walls the ghost-lights fall,—  
And whose portals no mortals attain?

The reason why we aspire and die  
In fruitless pursuit and vain,  
Is that reared in a lie we follow a lie  
And sneer at the truth in disdain.

Ideals we chase and we fall in the race,  
Aweary and spent with despair;  
While the bliss we have sought in our headlong pace  
Has been close to us everywhere.

Yet preachers will preach that Ideals b'yond reach  
Are more blessed than joys close to hand;  
And we blindly believe as blindly they teach  
What nor pupils nor sage understand

But this we may know as wiser we grow,  
That we lay up but treasure of sorrow,  
If from us we throw the joy and the glow  
Of to-day for the hope of to-morrow.

# Louise Radford Wells.

Editor New Thought Magazine.



At the age of twelve, Louise Radford Wells having graduated from the grammar school was, for what reason deponent sayeth not, placed in a convent school, and in a private letter to a friend she writes of that period of her life as follows:—

"I have quite romantic recollections consisting largely of visions of black robes and of deep courtesies which I dropped at the bottoms and the tops of stairs to the "madams" ascending and descending. I recall also, visions of little black gowns that we were all obliged to wear, and of reciting algebra in a cool corridor speckled with leafy shade and

looking out on the high walled school garden. Here I studied Shakespeare, Saint Augustine, English Literature, and History of the Saints and Martyrs, and other phases of knowledge until chicken pox and scarlet fever descended upon our household and temporarily laid low five children in succession, making school an impossibility for several months."

From the best of authorities obtainable, for what reason none of Miss Wells' biographers seem to be able to state, she never became conventional again, that is, she never returned to the convent school, but instead, her father became interested in several thousand acres of land in Southern Illinois and built a home on a twenty acre tract in the forest, to which he moved his family at this time, with the idea of supervising his property, laying out the immense tract into smaller farms and devoting his energies to finding purchasers therefor. Undoubtedly the business ability for which Miss Wells has since become famous was developed as a result of the vibrations received from her parent at this time.

The family home, a big comfortable house, was built in the center of some deep woods in a place selected by Miss Wells' mother. The park around about was full of giant trees, there were flower beds, drive ways, and a deep shaded, fern-hung ravine crossed by a rustic bridge and it was on the banks of this ravine that the editor of New Thought spent a large portion of her time reading, writing, dreaming, and no doubt doing some new thought thinking.

Six years in a country like this, especially such years from fourteen to twenty, in the life of a woman of Miss Wells'

temperament, meant much in the way of inspiring depth of thought, romance and all those delicate touches of mind which the readers of her editorials will now associate with the delicate tracings of the fern-hung ravine, and again with the giant trees whose moss-covered branches drooped low to the green carpet beneath as if endeavoring to meet the grass half way.

In the private letter above referred to, Miss Wells writes as follows:—

“Really, I think the most interesting part of my life was the six years in the country, where I wept over Mrs. Browning, adored Thackeray, read and re-read Dickens, allowed George Elliot to wring my heart, insisted upon teaching my little brother and sisters things that they did not care to know, wrote verses, kept a diary, read Rossetti’s poetry, and found the history of Egypt romantic, even to the extent that on moonlight nights when I strolled down through the park to the big gate and looked up at the moon, I had not the slightest difficulty in imagining myself an Egyptian princess walking by the banks of the Nile.”

Of course, Louise, during this period from fourteen to twenty, did and thought a great many things that she does not say anything about, and so, notwithstanding the fact that the true biographer realizes that he cannot give a perfect portrayal of his subject, at least not until fifty years after death, still it remains his pleasant and fearful duty to mention just a few of these things.

It is said of Louise that during these years she sometimes became strenuous, was often restive, and even spunky, and at one time, responding to the last impulse, she started a Sunday School, directly against the wisest counsels of her most intimate friends and supervisors, who objected, not because they did not favor Sunday Schools, but they seemed to have their suspicions that Louise Radford Wells was ordained for a newer thought than this. It is further said, to paraphrase Marmion on Flodden Field, that no other Sunday School was “ever ought like this.” Louise had never been to Sunday School more than three or four times in her life. She called hers a “Union” Sunday School, and the first organ in the neighborhood was introduced as a part of the working appliances for regeneration, much to the consternation of the country people who, up to this time, had depended upon the tuning fork.

The Union Sunday School was not really, strictly orthodox, it taught no set creed, and it has been said that any one might attend it without having their politics or religion interfered with in any way. Some day I will get the permission of the board of directors of the New Thought Publishing Co. to tell some of the episodes and describe some of the characters who, many, many years ago crossed the path of the heroine of this romance. At all events, Miss Wells was bound to teach. Her little brother and sister objected, and not hav-

ing equipment for teaching regular school six days each week, she started a Sunday School. Now she teaches 365 days a year, her great magazine goes to 100,000 readers located in every part of the world, and no other writer in the New Thought field teaches more wisely, with an uplift more profound or a delicacy more true and womanly than the founder of the Union Sunday School among the tall timbers.

The failure of the company interested with Miss Wells' father in the land enterprise caused her and the young lady governess who had charge of the small children, to come to Chicago together to seek their fortune, where they arrived practically penniless, and settled down to earning their living together, sharing one small back bed room in sweet companionship.

They taught kindergarten and dancing and were fairly successful in fully living up to that other requirement of genius—they were always short of money. They had experiences of course—gay, sad, daring, so different from the dreams on the old rustic bridge, but all necessary in their way, in the matter of developing the kindness of heart, the intellectual daring and a knowledge of all those intricate details of life that have enabled Miss Wells to reach the waiting souls of her readers.

"New Thought" is not Miss Wells' first magazine venture. She began to write stories as soon as she could write anything; when she was eight years old and going to school she wrote stories and read them to the children as they walked home together; and she and a precocious boy of the mature age of nine, actually started a magazine together and brought out three numbers, all written in long hand, he furnishing the tales of adventure and she the fairy stories.

I forgot to say in the beginning, that Louise Radford Wells "was born," and that without even consulting the map, she had selected St. Joseph, Michigan, as the place of her nativity. Think of being born in "St. Joe"—and still unmarried! But this is not more strange than true. As to the date of Miss Wells' arrival in St. Joe, historians are silent upon this point, and the records have been searched in vain, hence the incident remains shrouded in mystery. An early document, supposed to be a certificate of birth, has been discovered with the label "Ne Wtho ught Thou Ghths," which same bears the date, 1770, but a sister of Miss Wells, it is stated, has insisted that this is an error in figures, that the date should be 1870. However, it makes but little difference **when** it occurred, the world is much wiser and better because Miss Wells has lived in it. Historians of New Thought will be bound to chronicle the fact that this age of literature had been beautified, broadened and rationalized to a great extent through the writings and personality of this excellent and most successful woman.

# The Human Face of To-Day.

By W. Augustus Pratt, B. S. M. C.

(Some remarkable changes it has undergone since creation, and how certain improvements are produced.)



In the beginning of the world, God is said to have created man in his own image, and pronounced it good, but just how he appeared in that early period is entirely unknown. We do not know that the original man possessed features such as are familiar to us of the present generation. We know not whether he had a nose, eyes, ears, lips, or chin, nor their shape or size, did he possess them; however this is certain, all animals, man included, have changed considerably since the beginning

of history.

The early writers in the Talmud, tell us that the stature of Adam when he was first created, "reached to the heavens," while "the splendor of his countenance surpassed that of the sun;" that "every angel stood in awe of him," and that "All creatures hastened to worship him."

In the first few words concerning historic man, we find the splendor or beauty of his face, (countenance) taken into consideration, and the power of beauty recognized by the following: "All creatures hastened to worship him."

Then "the creator in order to show the angels his power over Adam caused a deep sleep to fall upon him, during which time he removed a part of each limb and Adam then lost his vast stature but remained perfect and complete." It says nothing concerning his features, whether they were reduced proportionately or not.

The same early writers tell us that his first wife was Lilith and that "she fled from him after his stature had been reduced" and "after his great sorrow Eve was created for him."

Again we see by the loss of beauty the loss of admiration, for after the Creator had reduced Adam's beauty, Lilith lost all love and admiration for him and deserted him for another.

According to the Koran or old Mohammedan bible, "All angels paid homage to Adam excepting Eblis who on account of his refusal to do so was expelled from Paradise and afterward for revenge caused the downfall of Adam and Eve." The Koran also tells us that after the separation of Adam and Eve, Adam was penitent and dwelt in a tent, alone on the sight of the temple of Mecca, and was instructed in divine commandments by the archangel, Gabriel, and after two hundred years of waiting and separation, he again met Eve on Mount Ararat. Thus we see the influence of beauty, a factor in influencing others way back when Adam was created and before we dwelt on earth.

The above synopsis compiled from the early Chinese, Jewish and Mohammedan records, four hundreds years before the advent of Christ, seems to be the earliest description of man and woman, from which we may gain any knowledge as to how they appeared on earth near creation time. Very early pictures of drawings show man with a face out of all proportion to his stature. The oldest of such drawings may be found among the reproductions of early Chinese art, wherein aboriginal men are depicted as monstrosities, some possessing but one ear situated at the top, and in the middle of the forehead; other with but one eye, proportionately large located in the middle of the forehead above the nose, etc., and the entire face covered with hair. Prehistoric anthropology seems to consider the ape, gorilla, and man, identical, or nearly so, excepting in intellect. Huxley compares early man with gorilla. Darwin, LaMarck, and others with well defined reasons and considerable proof taught the "evolution of man" and point to the present close similarity between man the lower wild type, and animal of the higher order. One strange fact is that culture and refinement of intellect, seem to go hand in hand with refinement of features.

Be the origin of man (and woman) as it may, it is exceedingly interesting to note the difference of opinion as held at different periods by different races as to what constituted beauty or facial perfection.

For instance the Chinese and Japanese artists think facial beauty consists in smallness of features, perfectly straight nose, small regular ears, small thin lips, eyes of almond shape, set obliquely with eye-brows far apart, extending outward and upward.

The original negroes' idea of beauty consisted principally in the thickness and protruding of the lips, the breadth of nose, the extent of the characteristic receding forehead and greatness in size and expansion of the nostrils. In consequence of his idea of "beauty" the zulu or negro belle accentuated the particular features by introducing in the nose and lip very large rings for ornamentation. Gold, silver and ivory were worn penetrating the nose, upper and lower lips; some rings being four and six inches in circumference and from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch in thickness.

The ornamentations were not confined to the female alone. The negro chiefs, dudes and dandies all participated in this mode of beautifying. The Indian beauty consists in the large size of her features, large straight nose, large eyes, ears, cheeks and chin—all regular and proportional in size.

The Arabic and some other of the dark race seem to think that beauty consists of regular medium-sized features. The Jew, or more strictly speaking, the Hebrew, is the only race whose idea of beauty is not in keeping with the racial featural characteristic feature of the race. The hooking end nose or humping bridge does not appeal to him. The Hebrew artist



is very careful to obliterate from his painting every suggestion of "hump" or "hook."

Just what hereditary influence has constantly transmitted this peculiar features abnormally is uncertain, for the origin is unknown. However the idea of beauty in different races at different periods has changed considerably from time to time. One fact, however, is constant, that is, "the secret of beauty lies in harmony."

Harmonious notes produce beauty in a chord of music. Harmonizing colors produce beauty in a picture, fancy dress, or a bouquet of flowers. Harmonious features produce beauty in a face.

One artist paints a woman's picture, of large stature, with bust, neck, eyes, ears, forehead, cheek, chin and nose, all perfect and regular with a slight graceful curve to the nose (not a hook or a bump) and it is beautiful.

Another paints a Grecian medium-sized stature, bust, neck, ears, eyes, chin and nose (not pointed, a pug, turnup, flat, short or squatty) and it is beautiful.

Gibson's world-famed creations have medium-sized regular features, with characteristic, graceful, slightly retrouse nose, and are beautiful, but only when the rest of the face harmonizes.

Thus the secret of beauty is harmony. Paint a Roman nose on a Grecian face, a Gibson nose on a Roman, or hooking nose on any face and beauty is lost. The "hook" nose will not harmonize with any set of features, and so destroys beauty wherever seen. We have progressed in art from the weak baby face of Raphael to the strong forceful face of the modern American beauty, which is the most perfect of all—full good-sized regular features, in perfect harmony, with none of the extremes,—no thin lips of the Chinaman, nor the thick lips of the African or Zulu, nor the extreme size of the Indian. There are no discords.

There was a time, when the Roman Empire was at its height that man and woman reached the pinnacle of perfection, in face and figure when it was considered a crime for anyone to appear on the streets, or public places with a featural defect, of any kind of sufficient consequence to appear odd, and anyone violating the ordinance by committing such a crime was punishable by fine or imprisonment. The Roman originated and enforced the law, preventing the marking of the unborn babe, by maternal impressions, and in order that the race might become more beautiful and perfect in feature the maternal chamber was carefully decorated with beautiful paintings, statues of perfect figures, and nothing but the beautiful was permitted to reach the gaze of the prospective mother. Consequently in that period man and woman reached the zenith of physical and facial beauty.

Modern progress in facial improvement is the result of a demand for good appearance. At no time in the history of the world has appearance counted for so much in affairs of

heart, society and business, as at the present. Therefore again "necessity" has proven "the mother of invention."

J. V. Shoemaker, A. M. M. D., late professor of Surgery in Philadelphia, was one of the first to consider the subject of sufficient importance to devote his talent to publish a treatise on beauty. Since his advent other physicians of renown, in different parts of the world, have written to a greater or less extent on this subject. Our own professor Nicholas Sims has, perhaps, unknowingly, contributed one of the most important discoveries of all, for out of his preparation of decalsified bone-chips has grown the method known as the "Immediate Process," for instantaneous filling of sunken noses, hollow cheeks, deep face furrows, frown, etc., completely restoring the youthful contour of the face.

During the past twenty years various materials and methods have been used with more or less success to remove the excessess and fill out the deficiencies of nature, and it is interesting to note how different materials came to be used and were finally discarded.

Bone, in various forms, was used, over one hundred years ago, to build up artificial nose bridges. Later a celebrated surgeon introduced silver wire, for suturing, and shortly afterwards silver bridges were introduced. Later on gold bridges were advocated, then came the paraffine bridges originated by a professor in Vienna. Next came Professor Sims' discovery, and the decalsified bridge resulted, which proved the most reliable of all.

As the body does not take kindly to the introduction of minerals into its tissues, and therefore occasionally repelled the paraffine, gold, silver and true bone, owing to the mineral constituent, Dr. Sims, by decalsifying the bone removes all its mineral, forming a basis that nature will not expel if properly introduced, and which soon becomes imbedded in the surrounding tissues, thoroughly infiltrated in the part where it is introduced—a great advantage over all other filling substances.

My own method, known as "The Immediate Process" or Protoplasmatic Profrigeration, obviates the necessity of cutting the skin, the material being introduced by means of the hypodermic syringe and no incision is necessary, there is practically no immediate or after trace.

I have been asked to give a reliable list of what can be done to improve the human face by advanced scientific methods, suggesting briefly how each improvement is accomplished, but in so doing I beg to caution those who contemplate having operations performed, to employ only practised experts as those less competent might produce conditions that would require the skill of a specialist to overcome.

You would not expect your family doctor, however capable he might be, to skillfully fill your teeth, nor put on a gold crown, nor your dentist to treat your eyes. Each man to his

specialty, is safest and best. Plasto cosmetic surgery is not taught in colleges, consequently but little is known concerning the science, by the "general practice" physician or surgeon.

**SAGGING CHEEKS.** The skin of the face, in course of time, loses its elasticity, sags and becomes completely stretched out from the weight of the flabby muscular tissue. When the stretch is all out the skin will stretch no further, consequently it is shortened by removing an oval or diamond-shaped piece of skin of the necessary size, in the edge of the hair, where it won't show; the sagging cheeks are lifted, lessening the excessive skin around the neck and chin, and incidentally lifting up the drooping mouth-corners.

**UGLY FROWNS, DEEP FURROWS, ETC.** The part to be filled in is thoroughly cleansed with antiseptic, local anesthesia produced, and with a hypodermic syringe sufficient filling is introduced under the skin and moulded into shape. It leaves no more mark than the prick of a sewing needle.

**HOKED AND IRREGULAR NOSES.** After the part to be reduced or modified has been made antiseptic, and complete local anesthesia produced, an incision is made, sometimes within the nose, sometimes on the outside, depending on the change to be made. If it be a hump or hook it is reduced. If a pug, ball or knob it is narrowed and shaped. Outstanding or projecting ears are set in normal position, within twenty minutes time by a simple operation on the cartilage, back of the ear. Flabby eye-lids, over and under the eye, and crows-feet can be removed permanently by removing the excessive skin, surgically, or by electricity and external application.

**PITS, BLOTCHES, AND SCARS.** The best method of removing a scar depends upon its size, depth and shape. The principle is, first to remove the scar tissue and bring the normal skin edges close together. This is accomplished either by electrolysis or plastic operation. The success of the plastic operation depends almost entirely on the skill of the operator, the extent of the scar, and the location. Ordinary blistering of the top skin will suffice to remove small scars where the normal skin has not spread too far apart or too much scar-tissue intervenes.

When the breadth of the scar is not great, by blistering, the new eidermic is stimulated to spread across and cover over the mark, leaving little or no trace at all.

**THICK LIPS** can be shaped by a plastic operation.

**DOUBLE CHIN** can be reduced by plastic operation, electrolysis, or catophoretic application.

All the improvements of the face are usually made by some one of the above mentioned methods. There are other methods applicable to certain cases, but I have only mentioned those which are always reliable when performed by a proficient operator or plastic surgeon.

## Department of Our To-Morrow City.

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We are finally shaping up a definite plan to locate an intellectual-industrial colony on a river plot about one hour from Chicago—within good market distance for our agricultural and manufactured products.

**Experience** is back of this movement and it will not be entered into until it is well financed, with a good surplus, so that its future will be assured.

The nucleus formed for this movement is now composed entirely of young men of exceptional good habits and industrious inclinations and as the present number is extended, only such will be received for probation who are unanimously acceptable to those already here.

Our arrangements comprise **Group Ownership**, the same economic status for all, no rules nor regulations in the matter of diet, habits, etc.; but as our present group are voluntary abstainers from meat, tea, coffee, liquor and tobacco, it is not probable that anyone who has these habits will be received on probation.

Our young men are self-contained, capable, ready to wait on themselves and do all kinds of outside and inside work and when the time comes we expect to lay out our own grounds, erect our own buildings and as far as possible, be independent of outside paid labor.

Our work in the matter of publishing this magazine, etc., is already on a sound financial basis and **we shall remain on this basis**, as no expansion will be entered into except fully warranted by our income and by the capital and surplus on hand to carry matters through to permanent success.

Besides farming, truck gardening, publishing, book-binding, etc., it is our intention to add to our industries from time to time such branches as pottery, furniture, boat-building and ornamental metal work, these to lend variety to suit different tastes and furnish periods of exercise to those engaged in clerical and literary work.

Correspondence and articles intended for this department will receive prompt and careful attention and we trust that this movement will arouse the interest among our readers that it deserves.

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Dayton, O., Jan. 20, 1907.

Dear Sercombe:—You're a host. Your February cover, to say the least, is audacious.

William's poem is a gem. You have been publishing some strong stuff of late, so strong as to make me feel apologetic for my twittering.

Have you these lines of John Blake, called the peasant poet, written in the mad-house, where he spent most of his life.

"I am, yet what I am, who knows or cares? My friends forsake me like a memory lost. I am the self consumer of my woes. They rise and vanish an oblivious host, and yet I am—I live; tho I am tossed into the nothingness of scorn and noise. Into the living sea of waking dreams, where there is neither sense of life nor joys. But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem and all that's dear, even those I loved the best, are strange, nay they are stranger than the rest.

I long for scenes where man has never trod, for scenes where women never smiled or wept; there to abide with my creator, God. Full of high thoughts unborn. So let me die. The grass below, above the vaulted sky."

Of course he was crazy—ask anyone, Hinkey Dink, Bathhouse John—for instance—I don't know about Chancellor Day.

I spell colony in your February cover. I am interested in the sociological significance of colonies. There is a strong tendency that way at present—to me it is "symptomic." I have never made more than a very, very superficial study of communities—hardly worth mentioning—but if I may butt in. I would suggest that you include as few old time colony experimenters as possible.

It is my belief that we are entering on a period of hunger. That as a nation we have gone daffy over manufacture, and that the demand for many manufactured products will shortly be on the toboggan. That we have an immense brand new alien horde—being driven to the limits of endurance. That we will see compulsory labor laws soon. That the south will not even wait for the laws. That we will see penal settlements soon, etc., so it behooves a colony to consider its food supply, fuel-power supply, and sanitation—first and not be unduly dependent on an erratic market for whatever products it may manufacture. All great thinkers get to the land, George, Tolstoi, etc.

People take what comes to them in the way of comforts with never a thought of the "cost" at which they are produced.

"Thou shalt earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow."

The colonies that have been most stable, if I am not mistaken, were those founded on industrial ideals rather than on lugubrious religious philosophy. Their success was due to a unity of common purpose.

Making a real forceful community will be more than playing at tiddlewinks.

Why not adopt an Industrial Army plan—an **Army** with one slogan, "The Common Good." Start every day with the bugle call. The bugle is more cheering than a factory whistle. The basis of your success must be work, work, work, with song instead of tears, and not talk, talk.

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent

Doctor and Saint and heard great argument

But evermore came out the same door wherein I went."

Voluntary hard co-operative work—with a purpose, there lies the joy.

It requires self-discipline for a "Common Good." Imagine a creative industrial army instead of an army of senseless destructiveness.

With your flowers beside, beauty you have bee culture and honey for the nice old fogies.

I'm going to stop before I put Colonel Sellers to blush.

Don't laugh too hard old man, I'm an anomaly and am most serious when I jest. Yours, —John F. Valter.

### THE ASGARD COLONY.

Editor "To-Morrow":—I am 38 years old, and own 160 acres of land, and about \$1,000 worth of personal property. Am not particularly particular about the occupation, just so it is something necessary, useful or both. Have farmed most of my life, but set type four years—"Job" and "News"—in Minneapolis, Minn. I am handy with tools and can readily take up carpenter work or blacksmithing, and I think would have but little trouble in taking up electrical work. Have been studying telephones the past few months, and expect to install a farmers' mutual line here soon. Could safely be called an "all 'round practical workman."

Religion—Atheist—materialist by nature, but am willing to examine evidence tending to prove claims made by Spiritualists. Am generally slow to decide a question in my mind but once a decision is rendered, it stands until I find something that convinces me of my error.

My social and sexual creed is **Liberty**. Let each individual determine from their own experience, and by studying the experience of others, what line of conduct in sexual and social matters is most conducive to the health, happiness and general welfare of him or her, as the case may be. The only test I apply in determining the morality or immorality of any act of sexual association, great or small, for an hour a year or a life-time is: Is the act or association mutually desired and agreeable? If "Yes," well and good; if "no," then there is something wrong.

I do not believe there is any one course or line of conduct in social and sexual matters, that is adapted to the needs of all men and women, of any race, nation, or station in life; nor to any one individual at all times and under all circumstances. Therefore the need of freedom, so that when a mistake has been made, it will be the more easy to correct, and thus conduce to the happiness and welfare of all.

I think we should, at all times be honest, fair and reasonable with one another, and not try, by deceit, treachery, or falsehood, to secure favors from, or advantage over, some one else.

I think I have answered the questions fairly well, but will add a few words more that may help you to a better knowledge of myself. I am of medium height, weight about 145 pounds, normal, active and energetic; quite simple in my tastes; love the beautiful and grand in natural scenery and am a lover of the beautiful in human face and form especially (I do not mean fashion-plate models, but a natural well-developed form).

Am very fond of children if they are loving and lovable but can get along without many of the other kind. Am attached to home, and very much desire the love and companionship of women and children that I may call my own (or, more properly, **our own**); but failing in that the next best comfort will be to have the association of other people's children.

Do not use tobacco, or intoxicating' liquor, nor tea and coffee, but as an offset to that, when things go wrong, I sometimes lose patience and **cuss** a little.

My education is rather limited, but have read much for one who follows my calling, and the desire for knowledge is one of the strongest factors in my mental makeup.

In conclusion, if you wish to know any more about me, ask specific questions, and I will try and answer correctly.

Best wishes,

—F. E. Leonard.

#### READY FOR ASGARD.

I am intereted in "Asgard," and would like to know more about the movement. I send particulars of myself, as requested.

Name and address:—Wm. L. Lightbown, 1707 6th St. N. W., Washington, D. C. Age, 53. Capital, zero, except my tools and personal effects. Occupation, machinist and carpenter, and can turn my hand to any kind of work, skilled or unskilled. Have had experience in farming, gardening, and poultry raising. Was for several years road expert on Lanston monotype machine. Have been a freethinker since 18 years of age. Am a member of the Socialist party. Have been a free-lover in principle for many years.

Am married and have a family of seven children, the youngest of whom is 16. I have lived according to the vows made in my youth, rather than force my own better ideas and knowledge upon the unwilling, but I hope to see the day when a group of intelligent freelovers will get together, and put the principles into action in the light of modern science. I would cheerfully devote the balance of my life to such a cause.

Am strong and in good health, and ought to have many years of usefulness ahead of me yet.

I have visions of society in the future, when love will be broad and all-inclusive, instead of the travesty we now see, with its narrow jealousies and exclusiveness.

Yours for To-Morrow,

W. L. L.

#### ASGARD LOCATION.

Dear Mr. Sercombe:—

I was reading in your December "To-Morrow," and am very much interested in Garner's article about the location of Asgard.

I have a pretty good home here, and we are getting along well, but if your plans for a kind of a communistic settlement work out, and enough persons become interested in same, I think I can be able to put in \$100.00, and do my share of the work.

Have worked at nearly everything, principally electrical work and farming. Will do anything that leaves me a few hours each day for study.

Some of my friends and I have started a Liberal Mental Science Society, of which I am recording secretary. We study anything—politics, religion, mental science, hypnotism, physical culture, evolution, etc.

I will keep track of your doings in "To-Morrow" regarding Asgard.

Yours truly, .

—Clifford Higby, Boise City, Idaho.

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**"SOME DAY."**

**By Estelle Metzger Hamsley.**

I love thee! Thy white soul  
Appeals to me as naught on earth  
Hath ere appealed,  
Unto my heart and reason.

I love thee! no meagre dole  
Of love I bring, but, from my birth  
The passion of my life revealed  
I give, as fruit in season.

I love thee! Oh, that thou,  
So passion pure, so sweetly cold,  
Might comprehend the fire that burns  
My soul, within, might understand.

How well I love thee. I bow  
In adoration as thy charms are told,  
And half forget thy virtue spurns  
My love's entreaty and demand.

Beloved, let not the ties  
Forged, ignorantly, ere we had met  
Be as a barrier our hearts between,  
When—all the while

For love of thee, my soul dies.  
Thy coldness doth but whet  
The keen edge of my desire. Scarce seen  
And yet, suggested in thy smile

Is a half-promise that, some day,  
When I stand free to give and take,  
Thou wilt come to me, leaving all,  
And ardently repay my love for thee.

I love thee; Earnestly I pray  
That in thy breast there may awake  
A kindred glow to that which, past recall,  
Is now consuming me.

So—loving thee—I wait  
Counting the hours, as penitent his beads,  
Until, all other ties out-grown,  
Thou wilt come to me and say,

"I love thee!" Let others prate  
• Of cold Minerva's joys. My needs,  
In the Court of Venus, thou alone  
May satisfy;—in that coming perfect day.



## Informal Brotherhood and Correspondence Club

Short articles, poems and opinions from our readers are solicited for this department. This place is reserved for quarrels, discussions, nonsense or for the welling heart—but make it short.

All matter intended for the Informal Brotherhood Dept. should be addressed to the Dept. editor.

Conducted by Ralph E. Sammons.

Much interest has been manifested by the members of the "To-Morrow family" in our Informal Brotherhood columns, and the discussions have been of great benefit, both to the "discussers" and to the readers.

We want to make this the best part of the magazine—and we can do it.

There are so many, many questions and problems that need greater discussion and more airing in these columns.

There are many of our friends and co-workers who do not care to write a long magazine article, but prefer to condense their thoughts and opinions into a few paragraphs—and it is for these that this department is maintained.

There is space here for us to touch upon the whole field of life and all its manifestations, if we "make it short," and we can make the good derived inestimable. Here is a chance for you to give forth thoughts that could not possibly find expression elsewhere.

Send in your opinions, convictions, thoughts, and even what you think you think—prose, poetry, or just plain talk. And the editor of the department will take the privilege of some "talk" too, from time to time.

Some of the subjects upon which the editors should like to have discussions, and which would be very appropriate are attempts at founding brotherhood, communistic, and socialistic settlements, their results and the cause of their success or failure (?), and other various movements aiming at the establishment of a more or less universal brotherhood. Only "be brief."

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### COMPULSION?

Comrade Rappaport, in February "To-Morrow" makes a convincing argument against brotherhood and for compulsion. I quote him *literatim*:

"Voluntary association? Absence of authority? Indeed! If any number of persons form a voluntary association and meet together for the purpose of deliberation, and two or three insist on speaking at the same time, not even such a meeting can be held unless some one is clothed with authority to determine the order of speakers. Authority there must be even if it rest in the majority."

Let's see whether Comrade Rappaport may not have

put the cart before the horse. A voluntarian association, we are justified in assuming, is composed of persons who subscribe to the voluntarian principle. They come together to deliberate and tacitly or expressly they agree upon some orderly process. The chairman represents the prevailing purpose. He recognizes the several speakers. Having recognized one, another, or two or more who have not been so recognized insist (according to the Rappaportian "sposin'") upon speaking at the same time. Does it require a superior intelligence to understand that it is those who so insist who are exercising authority? Even persons of a very low order of intelligence ought to be able to see that! There is no compulsion involved in the chairman's recognition of one speaker at a time. Those who insist upon speaking without being recognized by the meeting, as the chairman represents it and its purpose, are invaders. It is the invasion principle that Rappaport really pillories while he thinks he is spitting the libertarian. As a matter of fact such "sposins'" do not come to pass among voluntarians. It is not usual for authoritarians to attend voluntarian meetings. If such a thing were to happen at a meeting of a voluntarian association, I fancy the members would rather submit to the authority than to make a fuss about it. But it would be the authority of authoritarians and not the authority of libertarians. And as to majority rule, no voluntarian objects to it so long as it is agreed in advance that in a common purpose matters of details would be decided by numerical preponderance. Majority rule under such circumstances is entirely within the bounds of voluntarianism. But if some measure not germane to the agreed purpose should be sprung upon an unwilling minority the latter would not feel bound by it. And the majority would be entirely free to go ahead and do the thing their way at their own cost. Not so, says the scientific school of which Comrade Rappaport is a distinguished disciple. Not so. The majority having ruled they are justified in compelling the minority to pay for something the minority does not want. If Comrade Rappaport does not mean this, what'n the world does he think he means.

—Herman Kuehn.

## THE POLICE MISS AN OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN SOMETHING.

By Bertha W. Howe, in the Truth-Seeker.

Emma Goldman has been arrested again, this time, according to the newspaper reports, for saying that government is ridiculous. I have myself thought that government as now constituted is of little use except to enable the potentates of the financial world to take what they want legally and safely. For I have not seen the militia or the Federal troops called out to make the potentates hand anything back.

And I have observed the long-headed cunning with which the idea of government seeks, like everything else, to perpetuate itself. It teaches school-children the "sacredness" of law (laws made by men); the "sacredness" of the judiciary (men, all of them), and of the executives of the law, from the gentleman in Washington with the big stick to the patrolman on the beat similarly armed. None of these splendid creatures are mere men—to anyone but their wives.

"Respect for authority" is the text of every school book and the refrain of every teacher; for the slave mind is the only soil in which a government of men can grow. Children absorb what they are taught, and upon this diet grow up willing to let others think for them, rule them, and find jobs for them.

Let me digress a moment to say that the last sentence illustrates one difference between Miss Goldman and the conductor of "Woman's Point of View." Instead of using my words, she would have said that government produces a race of cowards and sycophants (unless her vocabulary contains expressions more contemptuous). The two statements are practically synonymous, but mine lacks sufficient force to get me arrested. I rejoice in Miss Goldman's uncompromising way of saying things, for it is the privilege of discretion to admire boldness.

Admitting that government is no more unjust or corrupt or ridiculous than man himself is, it had not occurred to me until after reading the incident of last Sunday, how particularly well the word ridiculous fits it. I had forgotten that policemen arrest boys for making faces at them and men for laughing at them. I had forgotten that I had to stand stock still on Broadway, a few days before, to avoid having my toes stepped on by a huge, young, vain policeman who was crossing my path at right angles, aware of nothing and acting like nothing but the pompous conqueror that he was.

Miss Goldman is a little, unpretentious woman, without influence, at least of the kind that counts with the police force. Worse than that, she knew, from close and frequent contact with the government, just what its weak points were. Now, an honest, judicially minded police department would have said to itself, "Here is a woman who has been clubbed into our Black Marias and put through our third degree and spent a year in our penitentiary. She knows all about us; she is intelligent, and her comments will be valuable. We will be valuable. We will send as large a delegation of the force as we can spare to hear, for once, some honest, courageous criticism."

I can hear the loud guffaw with which such a suggestion would be met. Ridiculous? The officer who seriously proposed it would be sent to the psychopathic ward at Bellevue for examination! Instead, an order went out more like this: "The Goldman woman (this is the polite term by which several of the gallant newspapers name her) is going to talk kindness and universal kinship for all mankind, regardless

about "Mother Earth" tonight. She knows more about us than she does about her magazine. We'll send a delegation of plain clothes men and nab her if she attempts to show us up. If she makes fun of us, we'll nab everybody."

Being bold to the point of recklessness, Miss Goldman proceeded to tell them how ridiculous they and their government were, and the police showed their utter lack of dignity by arresting her and two of her companions on the spot. In doing so they seem to have proved her case. If she had been in a court of law, it is easy to imagine the sharp, incisive tones in which she would have announced, "The prosecution rests."

### Compulsion Fails.

The following is taken from the "Mirror" (St. Louis) of Jan. 24th, being an editorial comment on an article on "The Wrong of Modern Marriage," to which Mr. Kuehn replies characteristically. The article was a calm, reasonable plea for greater freedom in the discussion of the sex question, and greater freedom in sex relations.

"Very logical; but take away the contract and destroy its enforceability and weaken the sense of legal obligation, and the result will be only more woe to woman. Weaken the marriage bond to the extent of free love and men would flit from woman to woman even more than they do now, leaving deserted "wives" in every city, every block. Love may fail and change, but the sense of duty to the woman must be held fast. The law must protect the weaker party in the marriage contract, against this changing love which is mostly only lust after change."

Mr. Kuehn's reply:—Brer Reedy has a good mind and writes good stuff. But no one mind is expansive enough to deal with every subject without bias, and in a calm, dispassionate and judicial temper. The fear that Brer Reedy entertains is unwarranted. When people are wise enough to live freely and love freely a man will have to court with might and main to catch and hold "just one goyl," to say nothing at all of multitudes. In our present state of hypocritical debauchery, masquerading under the cloak of morality and a pretence of enforced monogamy, the very condition that Reedy would avoid actually exists. Voluntary monogamy is possible only in freedom. And freedom alone will serve to make monogamy inevitable to the extent that it is natural and normal. Compulsion has failed to accomplish this. And always will.

### PRACTICE BROTHERHOOD.

By Ralph E. Sammons.

All the readers of "To-Morrow" are interested in the New Democracy, the New Civilization—in the ideals and "talk" in regard to a higher and better brotherhood of man, that state of society which will be brought about by the feeling of

condition or state must be based on the feelings in the hearts of the mass—each individual in the mass. And we can begin **now**, to cultivate this spirit of brotherhood and love in our hearts.

We, who talk brotherhood are always the ones upon which the rest of the group look for the evidence that our talk—our ideals—are good and well for the practice of the mass. The majority of people judge a movement by the lives of its adherents—their actions, and their treatment of those with whom they come in contact.

So, it is "up to us" to live our talk—practice what we preach, and prove to those who are scoffing that brotherhood is a possibility even in this age of "modern business methods." For of a truth, brotherhood is nothing more than the feeling of charitable love for all things, a knowledge that all things have their place and part in our onward evolution—that everything has a lesson in it for us to aid us in our progression, and does not depend on any "system" of society. But what possibilities for building a new social order there lies in just "loving thy neighbor as thyself!" Let all our discussion in this department be dominated by this feeling of charity, and try to find the lessons that lie in all the phenomena that we may chat about.

#### AN ECHO FROM DIXIE.

My Dear Mr. Sercombe:—

I have read your article on the Race Question, thought about it and in my opinion you have hit the nail squarely on the head. While I am not yet prepared to say much on that subject, I am observing every day and gaining knowledge at first hand.

In so far as I have observed and in so far as I have learned thru conversation with southern people, I agree with you when you say that the southern whites have made the blacks what they are; that the black are not yet free; that the whites can claim no credit for whatever soul-cleaning the negro has received thru oppression; that race war would serve better to horse-whip the whites into decency and democracy rather than to elevate the negro or eliminate him; and what is more, I believe the negro can attain high ideals, pure blood, a pure heart, and a pure mind by the same process which gives to any one else those attributes.

Many a white man will say that the negro is lazy, irresponsible, filled with disease, and incapable of any high or permanent degree of civilization. And he is partially right. Yet the southern people could not live without the negro to do their work, and whenever such labor is employed the standard of living is lowered. The slave does work in a slave-like way. There is not the joyousness about it that one ought to find.

Other men say that they want the negro because with him their work is done without so much cost; and further, they can boss the negro about as tho he were a brute. The negro does not get the least encouragement, or even a fair chance, at the hands of the whites.

I like your last "To-Morrow." It still shows its great aggressiveness and fervor of soul.

With best wishes I am fraternally yours,

—H. G. Rawlings, Montgomery, Ala.

#### IN PAINE'S HONOR.

Editor "To-Morrow," Liberal Friend:—

I desire to thank you for copies of your excellent magazine, which

I have read with interest. It is gratifying, once in a while, to find someone who appreciates one's work in behalf of that great reformer, Thomas Paine. I have always believed that the best work, in all walks of life, has been done by volunteers, with no hope of reward, and often by personal sacrifices, and I judge from your letter that the "To-Morrow" magazine is run largely on that principle, and I should like to add the same to the list of those already compiled by the Paine Memorial Association.

Our Association has now entered upon its fift year. It was born on the centenary of Paine's return to America, and hopes to live until the 100th anniversary of his death, when its usefulness will have been ended so far as my secretaryship is concerned, as I will have reached, by that time, the three score mark and if some of the rising generation wish to take up the work they will find the material, that we have secured, of value to them.

Briefly, we have done work that has been overlooked and neglected by the biographers and historians, for the reason that they were largely freethinkers and socialogists, and naturally, the officers of the museums and historical societies, were antagonistic to those who had formerly undertaken to do anything and did it as representatives of freethought. They failed to examine the rules of historical institutions and did not live up to their requirements—to furnish the original editions of the works presented, but sent modern re-prints, which were declined.

Since we were organized we have presented to the permanent museum in Independence Hall the original edition of "Common Sense and Crisis" published by Robert Bell 1776; a portrait of Paine by Bass Otis 1876; a marble bust by Morse 1904.

A representative was sent to the dedication of the monument at Red Bank and a laurel wreath was placed upon the monument. o

A large portrait of Paine was sent to St. John's Exposition, in honor of Paine's recommendation to Pres. Jefferson of the Louisiana Purchase and we circulated literature calling attention to the fact.

Had photograph made of key of Bastille. Attended the acceptance of the monument to Paine at New Rochelle, and had photographs made during the ceremonies, and collected materials and photographs of all those who participated in the event.

Had Paine's house in New York City photographed, which should have been done by the Truth Seeker twenty-five years ago. It had been reported that the same had been purchased by a Bible Publishing house, etc.

It is to be regretted that the Blade does not appreciate, and other Freethought journals see, any value in the kind of work our association does, but it is important. The Blade shows scant attention to woman's work which is also important to Freethought, and those magazines like Humanitarian, Beacon, Searchlight whose readers have not become fossilized, we have to rely upon for spreading the Gospel Thomas Paine taught.

I assure you there has been a great change in the attitude of the public toward Paine, in the last quarter of a century. I could furnish you an article "The Aftermath of the Paine Portrait Struggle," by the speeches that were made in opposition to, and the articles that were written to prevent the acceptance of Paine's portrait and bust in Independence Hall.

When the "Telegraph" of this city opened its columns to a public vote for the "Hall of Fame" at the state capitol, I selected from the members of our Association, the most capable writers, to write in favor of Paine, and the result was—Paine was selected, by a large majority, as having all the qualifications for a niche in the Hall of Fame.

We have also been able to recover every known portrait of Paine, and have given the history of many, and will continue to the extent of our funds.

Faternally yours,

James B. Elliott, Sec'y.

Thomas Paine Memorial Ass'n.

# The Old Guard of Free Thought.

Conducted by Samuel A. Bloch.

Owing to lack of space we are compelled to omit from this issue the publication of the complete ROLL OF HONOR. There are constant changes taking place relative to the OLD GUARDS—which we are arranging to compile into book form—necessitating considerable labor and when crowded for space we will only publish the additional names as they come in.

We cannot do too great honor to those who comprise the OLD GUARD OF FREE THOUGHT. We of this generation know little of what these sturdy pioneers of intellectual freedom have been compelled to contend with. They have patiently endured the intolerance and ostracism of their Christian(?) neighbors, who instead of looking after their own individual souls, made strenuous efforts to condemn those who were better than themselves.

The steadfastness and courage of these evangelists of intellectual honesty and good sense have been the means of the progression toward the New Civilization now at hand. The Dawn is here at last—you can see the light in the near distance.

All hail, brothers and sisters of the OLD GUARD.

In looking over the letters that come to this department, I am stirred by the intelligence, wisdom and pugnacity of the writers; they show no waning of the mental and physical forces that are generally associated with old age. Their strength of mind is undoubtedly the result of their lack of fear of a malevolent GOD who will damn their souls; they have been students and thinkers all of their lives, hence have given the brain no opportunity to become dormant and weakened.

May their mental and physical powers never grow less and may they reach the age of their oldest brother, John Hart, who has attained the century mark, is my hearty wish.

—S. A. B.

## SMASHES FROM THE IMAGE BREAKER.

Editor "To-Morrow":—I thank you for the publication given my short article in your September number but there is one intelligible sentence which I would like corrected. In the second sentence of the second paragraph what I aimed to say was:—"If I live to see the 13th day of December next I will have passed my 70th mile-stone on life's journey, standing solitary and alone, in this God damned, priest ridden, politically monopolized country. It may have been my fault, as I

sometimes have fits. For instance I take fits of cursing the dolts and asses of the laboring classes, for not taking their rights, when they only need to stand united to overthrow the parasites that live off of their labor. But then they are less to blame than some of our intellectual giants, because they make no pretensions to self-control, but depend on leaders to take them out of the wilderness. Our savants should unite and call on the masses to follow, instead of each one wanting to save mankind, through and by his own pet hobby. For instance Mr. Kuehn can't see any truth in socialism. Well, that depends (1) on what truth is, and (2) on how we apply it. Pontius Pilate is said to have asked the reputed Savior of mankind, "What is truth?" It must have been a stunner, because if the Savior replied to the question, the inspired writer fails to give his answer. There have been so many gods and saviors that have told the truth and no mistake about it, that it begins to look as if Miss Truth is a very fickle-minded creature, now and always been; so much so that witnesses sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in our courts of Justice(?) tell nothing but lies from start to finish.

I am not going to advocate socialism or any other ism, unless it be some ism, that will break the hypnotic spell that causes me and others to stand spell-bound while a few bandits of the religio-political advocates of our own commercial system rob and then kick us because we haven't more for them to take.

A Catholic Bishop once said:—"An honest confession is good for the soul." Well, I am going to make an honest confession and as I have no soul it may be good for my intellect. I would now like to be in E. V. Debs' place enjoying the renown and praises he receives, whether I merit them or not; and if Socialism succeeds and he is elected president of the United States then I would like it better. There is the truth in a nut-shell. But as I can't be Debs I can help him push the truth as he sees it, and if he succeeds I will be just as well off as he is, because he will have to kill privileges to the few, and create instead equal opportunities for all. Why can't Mr. Kuehn and other individuals join in the same refrain? And help Debs baffle the plutocratic minions back again? Back to the dark ages of a dead and barbarous past from whence they came! Isn't it just because these kickers can't have victory through and by their own ideas of conducting freedom's battle, that they choose to stand off and see the laborers crushed by the cohorts of the plutocrats? It looks so to a man up a sapling.

I was a rebel soldier (and by God I am one yet) from 1861 to 1865 and when we won a victory we didn't talk about who led the battle; but when Bragg turned his back on the enemy at Murphreesboro, after they commenced retreating, we said some very unholy things about him according to an orthodox



preacher's opinion of profanity. One Johnnie said: "Bragg is a good dog, but Holdfast is a damned sight better." Now if Debs turns his back on the enemy with his winning start, it will be time to curse him and I will help do it. There is no chance for Eugene Debs to retain his popularity except he gain a victory over plutocracy or die in the last ditch. In case he turns his back on the enemy then I wouldn't want to stand in his place. But I wouldn't want to stand in Roosevelt's, or in Bryan's place should he be elected president unless I wanted notoriety of the new kind. In the first place Roosevelt never struck a blow for his own notoriety; neither would Bryan, should he be elected—and both are the accidents of an already dying regime of high-handed robbery. Now the pluts will say I am a liar, but if they tell the truth, I plead guilty, for I say, to Hell with the truth as they see it. I am for uniting every class of reformers against the common enemy of humanity, the lying, thieving, murderous plutocracy advocated by the old party leaders. To Hell with their vested and legal rights. The owners of chattel slaves had the same kind of vested legal rights to their slaves and howled just as long and loud when their rights were questioned; but now no one wants to buy or sell a human being. No more will they want to buy land and tools after socialism gains the victory.

—James Beeson, *The Image Breaker*.

### DANIEL KENT TENNEY.



Daniel Kent Tenney, the tenth and last child of his parents, Daniel Tenney and Sylvia Kent, was born at Plattsburg, New York, December 31, 1834. When he was about six months old the family removed to LaPorte, Lorain County, Ohio. In the tall woods of that primitive region his boyhood was spent. His education commenced in the old style common school of that little village. He soon developed a remarkable memory. At the age of eight the school at which he was attending was challenged by another, three miles away, to a spelling contest. About one hundred and fifty contestants, old and young, stood up for the trial. He spelled them all down and carried off the prize. His father was a man of large family and small means. He concluded to utilize the skill of the eight year old son by entering him as an apprentice in a printing office at Elyria, in that county. There he remained two years, making considerable advance in learning the "art preservative." When twelve years old he committed to memory, and could recite with accuracy, the first two chapters of Genesis, the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, capturing thereby the Sunday School prizes with ease. About this time he entered

a printing office at Hudson, Ohio, with the purpose of working his way through the Western Reserve College then located there. He was to work half of the year and study the other half. The proprietor refused to keep the contract and required the young man to work twelve hours a day. Submitting to this imposition for two years, he became a good printer, but was dissatisfied with the requirement which prevented his better education. At the age of fifteen he went west to Madison, Wisconsin, where, by means of working in a printing office during vacations and on Saturdays, he was enabled to take four years in the University of Wisconsin. Determined to study for the legal profession, but without money for expenses, he took the position for a year as foreman in the largest printing establishment in Madison. At the end of that period he entered upon the study of law, and on the 11th day of December, 1855, being a little less than twenty-one years of age, was admitted to the Bar. On the same day he was taken into partnership by a prominent lawyer there who needed a younger assistant. His efforts as a member of the legal profession have been quite successful from that day to this and he has not received a dollar not earned by himself since he was eight years of age.

By persistent endeavor, within three years his firm acquired the largest and most successful business in Madison and so continued to the year 1870. At that time, having reached the age of thirty-five, Mr. Tenney determined to enlarge his sphere of action by removing to Chicago. There he organized a law firm whose income in about two years reached one hundred thousand dollars annually, and so continued for the twenty-seven years that he resided there. His specialty was commercial and corporation law. In this line his was the leading and most successful firm during most of that period. Its clients consisted of bankers, merchants, manufacturers and others of that general class. With criminal law he would have nothing to do nor with family quarrels, divorces and the like. His particular genius was shown in unravelling and adjusting business entanglements, pacifying controversies arising out of business troubles and compromising and settling litigations. It used to be said that he thus satisfactorily arranged on terms of peace nine-tenths of all business difficulties in which his services were employed. He used to insist that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," and that he preferred to negotiate for it with the opposing lawyer rather than to submit the matter for adjudication to a crotchety judge or a feeble minded jury. His success in this direction ensured him a large and valuable clientage, but if war was necessary he was always ready for it and exhibited rare vigor and determination toward gaining success for his clients. His achievements in this direction, in many cases involved amounts running up into the millions.

In 1897 he became tired of bearing burdens for so many other people, turned the business over to his partners and returned to Madison, Wisconsin, to spend the remainder of

his days. Here he organized a law firm and in a more quiet way continues in the practice of law and in the care of his very considerable property there, he being one of the largest individual tax payers in that city.

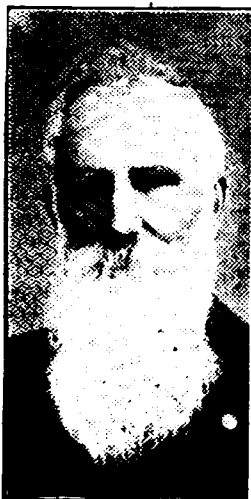
Though an ardent Republican and a liberal contributor to the campaign funds of that party, he has always kept out of the political realm himself and has many times refused nominations or appointments to high political and judicial position, preferring to maintain his independence among men. As he states it, "I could never see my way clear to being all things to all men for my own glory." He has been an extensive traveler and journeyed in every state and territory of our Union, except Alaska. In most of those of the Canadian Dominion, in Cuba, Mexico, several tours in Europe, Western Asia, Northern Africa and in the Madeira Islands. A tour which he took a few years ago extended to most of the prominent points on Mediterranean shores, including Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Turkey and Greece. During all his travels he has been a frequent newspaper correspondent, giving usually a humorous view to the surroundings. In magazines, papers and private pamphlets he has also contributed much to the instruction and pleasure of his readers on topics political, social and economic.

Though the father of Mr. Tenney was a clergyman and his early education of the Great Book quite extensive, the germ of theology did not descend upon the son. He has always been a diligent searcher for truth and a persistent student of literature, both ancient and modern. At an early age he became convinced that the idea of a divine revelation is an ancient chimera and that its customary propogation is as much a profession as is that of law or medicine. That while there is much good in all these professions, there is much fiction and folly intermingled, which, in the natural progress of mental evolution will gradually fade away. He has been gratified to perceive in the course of his long and successful life that theological dogmas and superstitions are disappearing before the increasing light of higher intelligence. During all his business career Mr. Tenney has been a most generous and high-minded citizen, having devoted to charities and public and private needs, without ostentation, and usually without the knowledge of the community, large sums of money, from year to year. His principle of life has been that it is conduct, and not faith, that counts. So it is said, he has expressed the wish that on his monument may be truthfully inscribed:

Revered the truth;  
Despised the creeds;  
Loved his fellow-men.

Mr. Tenney was married on the 14th day of September, 1857, to Mary Jane Marston who was a native of Montpelier, Vermont. To them have been born two children, John Marston Tenney and Mary Sylvia Tenney, the former now deceased, and the latter residing in Chicago.

## J. W. HARRINGTON, WANTONA, WIS.



I was born in the town of Durham, State of Maine, on the 14th day of Dec. 1832 was therefore 74 the 14th of last Dec. 1906. My father Wm. Harrington, was a Methodist, read his bible and prayed daily, and always "said grace" or asked Divine Blessing at meal time. My mother Betsy Osgood Harrington, though a good Christian, was more devoted to her family than to any creed.

In my earlier boyhood I had little opportunity for school education, but when nearly grown up I returned to school for 2 short winter terms and later entered a commercial college for a short term. At the age of 20 I went to Mobile, Ala., and worked in the cotton yards during the winter. I returned north, just before the great epidemic of yellow fever in 1853. But after a few months, I returned again to Mobile; was for a year or two in the employ of Daniel B. Crane, furniture and undertaking business.

Then I opened a private school in the suburbs of the city, which I continued for about 2 years, until I bought a small soap factory, which I operated until the war began in 1861, when I was given the option, of either taking the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy, or leave the state within 48 hours; I chose the latter which ended my career as a soap maker, rather abruptly.

Having been raised in unquestioning belief in the most **Orthodox**, **Puritanical**, **Christian** religion, I naturally drifted to the church, soon after my first arrival in Mobile. And though I found many good people in the church—people who would be just as good and perhaps better—if they had never seen a church, I also found that those who were the most aggressively religious were not generally the most righteous, just, truthful nor humane. In fact, those who carried an overload of love for their favorite imaginary **God**, kept a very small supply of **Love**, lesser **Justice** and lesser still of **Humanity** for their fellow men and women; and especially, for those who could not accept their fanatical views on the subject of religion.

I found that "saints" were not better (except in their own opinion of themselves) and were far less tolerant than "sinners". Then I began to inquire of my older "brothers and sisters" in the church, how it was, but they couldn't answer and referred me to their preacher, whom I soon found to be as unable to give any satisfactory explanation as his dupes had been. I then withdrew from the church followed by the blessings of some and the anathema of others.

In my search for truth, I did what very few Christians have done: I read the entire Bible, carefully, from the first of the **Genesis** to the last of **Revelations**. Before this I had read the Bible much as other Christians usually read it—not for the stored up knowledge, or wisdom it contained, but to fulfill a **Christian duty**. But now I was earnestly in search for more light on the subject of religion; and long before I reached its concluding chapters, I became convinced that if it contained any "divine truths" they were so obscured by contradictions, frauds, falsehoods, obscenity, injustice, cruelty and other crimes and errors that its influence upon the average mind must be more **DEMONIC** than **DIVINE**.

There can be little wonder that so many of those who accept the Bible as their moral guide are vicious and intolerant towards all other religions. They cannot do otherwise and follow the precepts and examples of their Bible, and yet there is much of interest in the Bible, to the student of history; not historic truths as such but its mythologies and legendary stories point to us a semi-savage period and a barbarous people with a crude and in-

coherent literature, part of which was borrowed from surrounding nations and some of it simple fabrications. As an historic record, a scientific or moral guide it has no value whatsoever. ALL religions, ancient and modern have invented Saviours; and all Saviours were myths or metamorphosed and deified persons. The Christian Diety was made up of fragments from several more ancient Dieties.

When my good Christian friends ask me what I would give them in place of the Christian Religion; and what book or books I would recommend in place of the Bible, I advise them to acquire knowledge and truth, and apply justice and humanity in all of their affairs. And as to books, there is a long list; at the head of all, is the Great Book of Nature, which is always open to the inquirer for truth; I also advise them to read Humboldt, Hume, Voltaire, Darwin, Tom Paine, Volney, Gibbon, Spencer, Buchner, Draper, Huxley, Haeckel, Ingersoll, and the Bible to be read thoroughly and carefully and critically.

To those who insist upon having something to call religion, I recommend the religion of Humanity, which requires no unreasonable sacrifice of anyone, and will uplift every man, woman or child who embraces it.

Yours ever, for Freedom of Thought, Speech, Press, Politics and Religion,  
—J. W. Harrington.

#### SARAH STONE ROCKHILL, ALLIANCE, O.



Dear Comrade:—

I have wondered if my name did not belong on the Roll of Honor. I have ever been willing to stand up to be counted.

At the age of 20 I became interested in Spiritualism, not from choice but it came into my home and I was forced to investigate its claims and must say I consider its advent the greatest impetus for reform in the ages and the greatest inspiration to free thought, as by its light orthodox Christianity is completely wiped out.

My parents were of sturdy New England stock; honest, intelligent and conscientious, coming from Conn. to the Western reserve in Ohio by canal boat over 72 years ago. I was the sixth of 8 children all environed by the superstition of the "blue laws" of Presbyterianism. We were not allowed to run, laugh nor whistle on Sunday, or read secular books. I

remember lying awake nights in my bed listening to the rain and fearing another flood and fearing if I died of spending unending time in the fires of Hell.

Oh, the agony of sensitive little children fearing a God of revenge and expecting eternal punishment for something they never did—original sin. But when the light, the truth of our being under the control of Natural Law—that miracles were impossible—and the power that held life and the universe in its thrall was munificent and not malevolent—the rest and peace that came to me was unspeakable.

I am wondering why in the life of our brother Dr. E. B. Foote they should say that while not excepting Spiritualism yet he advocated its right to be heard—as tho to admit its truth was a disgrace. I will say that in the list of the old guard I recognize quite a number who are as earnest Spiritualists as myself; but I am not sectarian even in that—I believe in progress—in reform of all things; Free Thought; Free Love; New Thought; and in allowing our illuminated thoughts to shine into all the dark places and help the world to evolve to better things as best we can.

In place of a picture I send a poem as our most honored sister

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Lois Walsbrooker says it is not the personality but the thought we wish to get before the people.

So now I want to say that we cannot appreciate and honor too much the two martyrs of Social Reform: Moses Harman and Lois Wallbrooker. Their two names should be linked together as they have both felt the weight of the laws' virtuous (?) hand.

Yours for the great uplift,

—Sarah Stone Rockhill.

Born Nov. 18, 1834.

#### STEPHEN BARTON, ISABELLA, CAL.



I was born near Rockaway, Morris Co., N. J., on Nov. 2nd, 1826. In 1846 I went West to seek a place for my father to establish a home for himself and family and we settled at Knox Grove, Lee Co., Ill. In 1850 I went to the lead mines of Wisconsin and in the Spring of 1854 I commenced a trip across the plains to California. I arrived 1854 I commenced a trip across the plains to California. I arrived at Placerville on Sept. 11, 1854, where I remained until Feb. 1866, when I joined my brother James in Tulare Co., and thereafter for many years devoted myself to writing and surveying.

My father, Eleazer Barton was an officer in Col. Jackson's regiment of New Jersey militia in the war of 1812. My grandfather, William Barton, commanded the guard at the Hibernia furnace, during the darkest hours of the Revolution. This furnace was under the control of Lord Sterling and was for some time Washington's sole reliance for solid shot. Lord Sterling was serving in Washington's army under the name of Gen. Alexander.

My great-grand-father died at the battle of Monongahela; but as no report was ever made of this battle to the British crown, the only report being the one of the Commander of Ft. Cumberland rendered to Gov. Dinwiddle of Virginia and who was not near the battle ground, it is only through the hazy mist of tradition that I am able to trace my paternal ancestors further.

On my mother's side my sister received a porcelain cup and saucer from our great-grand-mother, which in turn was presented to her by her great-grand-mother while residing near New Amsterdam, (New York).

Yours for Freedom,

—Stephen Barton.

#### JORDON FEUTRELL, UPLAND, IND.

Editor To-Morrow:—

I am now past 71, and when quite small my parents came to Grant Co., Ind., with the earlier pioneers and I recollect in those days the preacher as a missionary and who also was a circuit rider came around occasionally to hold prayer-meeting for the backwood's people, and how we children as imitators got out into the loom house where mother used to do the weaving for our family and the neighbors, and did the same.

Once I tried to pray for the removal of things in there, I supposed to be devils, but I could never speak unless there was something or some one to speak to; I have always believed that GHOSTS, DEVILS AND PREACHERS WERE FAKES, and the GOD OF MOSES AND OTHER GODS WERE MADE FOR IGNORANT and not for people who think.

I am very well pleased with your magazine, and may your efforts bear fruit at driving out superstition and ignorance.

Yours for Freedom,

—Jordon Feutrell, Upland, Ind.

## ROLL OF HONOR.

Complete list was published in the February issue.

When not known to us date of birth and address have been omitted.

Please send in the date of your birth.

Date of birth.	Name.	Age.	Address.
	J. J. Greenough	95..	Brookline, Mass.
1819.	James Hart	88..	Monroe, Jasper Co., Ia.
Nov. 11, 1826.	M. W. Hazelton	80..	Oneonta, N. Y.
	William Porter	78..	Marion, Ind.
Mar. 31, 1832.	Alexander Longley	75..	2711 Franklin St., St. Louis, Mo.
Nov. 18, 1834.	Sarah S. Rockhill	72..	Alliance, O.
	Jordon Feutrell	71..	Upland, Ind.
	John Dickerson	70..	Upland, Ind.
April 2, 1836	C. E. Alexander	70..	Chanute, Kans.
Nov. 8, 1837	Ed. Thurstin	69..	Chanute, Kans.

## ABOUT BOOKS.

"Unmoral Maxims," by Abraham Miller, is one of the unique and remarkable books, which will push forth into the vast crowd of mediocre and listless and uninteresting works of would-be "authors," so many of whom merely copy the style and even the material of others who have preceded them in the literary world. The author of this new book of epigrams is a young man, a teacher of English in a New York school, but strangely enough he has escaped the hypocracies and stultifications of such atmosphere. Some of these "points of wisdom" are amusing, some sharp, some heavy, some pitiful, and a very few are cynical. The tone of the book is decidedly refreshing and will brighten the wits into eager action. The book is bound securely in black cloth stamped in white with an unusual design of the title and name of the author. To keep up the "aura" which clings about the little work, the publisher has printed only on one side of the sheets, putting the 75 pages of pithy, original sayings on as many sheets of paper. It is "A Book for Revolutionists," and will delight every thinker, who has gained any degree of freedom of thought. There are 13 headings under which the author has classed these unmoralities. The book is published by the Broadway Pub. Co., 835 Broadway, New York, and may be had from them for 50 cents.

One of the cheeriest and most helpful little books that we have seen in a long time has come to us recently, from the publishers, A. C. McClurg

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Some 50 or more of the editorials of Gaylord Wilshire, editor of Wilshire's Magazine, New York, have been compiled by the Wilshire Book Co., into a book of about 400 pages, bound in dark green cloth and stamped in white and black. These editorials have appeared in "The Challenge" and "Wilshire's Magazine" during the period of Mr. Wilshire's editorship.

Wilshire's Magazine has been, and still is one of the leading Socialist periodicals, and Gaylord Wilshire's writings have had great influence in shaping the beliefs and methods of Socialists, and have been fairly representative—"what the Socialists say of Socialism."

These editorials deal with practically every phase of our economic and political situation, prescribing Socialism as the cure-all for the evils of grasping competition and capitalism. But Mr. Wilshire, being a good Socialist, sees only the "system," and attributes all evils to it, failing to discern that the "system" is the outgrowth of natural causes and that the evils of the "system" will not disappear until the causes of the "system" are removed, not by any man or set of men, but by the whole of humanity. And the prime cause of the "system" is our universal benighted selfishness. Until this is removed from the hearts of all men, the ideals of Socialism will remain unrealized. In so far as the agitation of Socialism and its ideals bring about this necessary change of heart, these ideals will materialize. The book ably represents Socialists and Socialism however, and is well worth careful thought and study. Send a dollar to Wilshire Book Co., 200 William St., New York.

"Easy Lessons in Occult Science," by J. C. F. Grumbine, author and publisher, Brookline, Mass., is a paper book of 35 pages, arranged in 11 lessons, with experiments with each lesson, and priced at 50 cents. The

SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TO-MORROW."

## J. C. F. GRUMBINE'S New Year's Offering.

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work deals with Sensitiveness, Clairvoyance, and Inspiration. While the editors of "To-Morrow" are liberal enough to try to give everything its due and look upon all things as natural phenomena produced by discoverable causes, and as all having their place in our onward progression, we believe that the spiritist and occult philosophies work much harm to individuals, and take away a good deal of the natural qualities of character, often incapacitating them for practical work, and often ruining the nervous organism and the health. There is now much mystery about these things that repels practical thinkers—but experimentation and study must eventually get to the bottom and lay bare the real causes of these phenomena, which are now so hidden, so that they may be better known and better controlled. There is a unity in all life, and natural causes for all phenomena, which "will out."

"Science and Religion," by Benj. F. Loomis, proved a surprise to the literary editor upon peeping into its contents. The work is based upon Astronomy, Astrology, and Phrenology, and is quite orthodox, in its tone, attempting a scientific demonstration that Jesus is the Christ on these for a basis. The one redeeming feature of the work is the chapter on "Holy Maternity," by Estella M. Loomis. Bound in bright green cloth, stamped in gold, 397 pages, price \$1.50, of Fowler & Wells, 24 E. 22nd St. New York.

Here is a book! One of the books of "to-morrow," one that will be a potent force in moulding our ideas and sentiments, naturally and rationally, to the plane of common-sense living and doing. "The Origin of Supernatural Conceptions," by J. J. Greenough, author and publisher, is written to discover and set forth truth, with the purpose of showing the natural growth and development of religions and religious ideas, out of the imagination of the human mind, deriving them from unexplained natural phenomena before a true knowledge of the cosmos or psychic laws were perceived. The development of religions is very carefully, clearly and naturally traced, and incidentally all the well known cults are compared and correlated. The work is quite complete, with logical continuity. Mr. Greenough is 95 years old, a new addition to our Roll of Honor, and has

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Surely, numerous and variously differentiated expressions of the ingrown greed and graft (synonyms for narrow selfishness) are being "discovered" and placed before the public gaze. In the Feb. "Cosmopolitan," Josiah Flynt exposes a phase of expression of this grade of selfishness, and a quite common phase, in an article on "The Pool Room Vampire and its Money Mad Victims." Other articles of equal and greater interest are "Why Women Don't Marry," by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. "The Smoke of Sacrifice" (on Child Labor), by Edwin Markham, and "Christian Science, An Impartial Estimate," by Chas. Klein, author and playwright, who has recovered health and strength from the adoption and practice of the principles of Christian Science.

"Everybody's" for Feb. is replete with mental meat. Arthur B. Rieves', "Our Industrial Juggernaut," is a humanitarian appeal from the carelessness in regard to the dangers to human life, in our reckless hurry and worry about twentieth century commercialistic enterprises; "Dollars vs. Pedigree," by Geo. Barr Baker, is a study of international marriages; Jack London's "Before Adam" is concluded in same issue.

The January number of "The Arena," contains much of deep interest to the student of, and worker for the higher humanism, touching upon "The Railways for the Nation," by Alfred Russell Wallace; "The Truth at the Heart of Capitalism and Socialism," by Prof. Frank Parsons; "Why I am a Socialist," by Ellis O. Jones; and an attempt at a fair judgment of Christian Science, by Editor B. O. Flower.

"Current Literature" for January contains the usual mead of good things in the various fields of international, national, and domestic and social affairs, among other things, having articles or editorials on "Has the President become a Democrat?", "Confidential Census on Race Suicide," "A Critical Onslaught on Shakespeare," and "The Crapsey Verdict and the Church."

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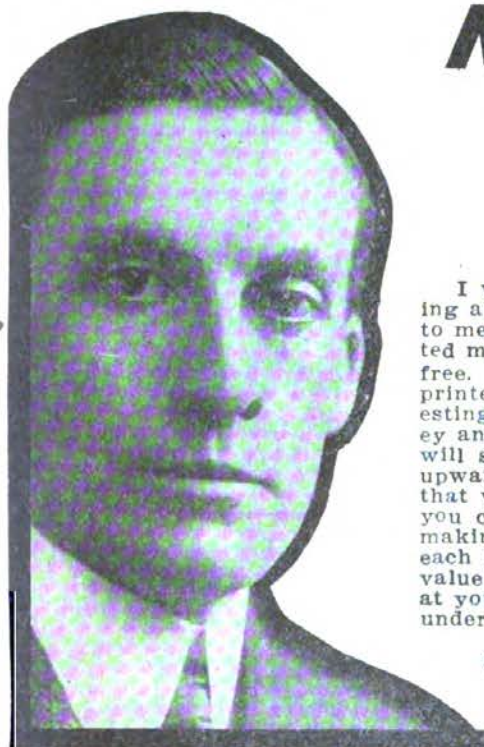
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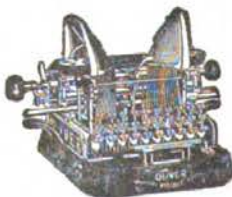


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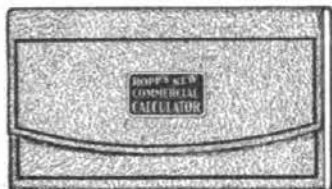
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With a view to locating several coöperative industrial groups we wish to secure the names of a few able-bodied men and women who are satisfied to *just live well* and enjoy the reasonable necessities and luxuries of life, *without private ownership* of any property, or the receipt of any wages.

*Private Ownership* is our fundamental curse, the direct cause of our separation into economic classes, the basis of every oppression, of all privilege and subserviency, and it stands in the way of Comradeship, Real Democracy and The Higher Life.

*Group Ownership* is the only present means to economic freedom, hence it is the only direct method to attain nobility of character and completely overthrow all desire for graft, greed and preference. Now then:

In order to form *Property Owning Groups* some of us must renounce private ownership; we must become permanently cured of "*the mania of owning things.*"

It is understood that those who sign the following pledge do so, not as a means of reformation, but merely to express a conviction and signify their preparedness for right living. We trust that our readers will manifest their interest in this page by securing as many signatures as possible to the following:

## RENUNCIATION

We, the undersigned, in order to accomplish a plan of life that will insure greater health, happiness and harmony, and will supply an environment that will enable us to escape the baneful effects of individual competition, and thus insure a *life culture* for ourselves and children, that will enable us to live as brothers instead of animals, hereby pledge as follows:

To renounce all personal ownership of real or personal property for life, and never again, after connecting ourselves with the group of which we arrange to become a part, to accept pay for our services—hirelingship being but the fruit of private ownership.

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For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, Editor

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# Liberty to Love

An Answer to "Love In Chains."

BY GEORGE VAIL WILLIAMS.

My long fettered Sister!—I hear thy voice calling,  
'Tis borne to my ear over mountain and plain,  
O'er fields where the truest and noblest are falling;  
Where Virtue and Justice weep over their Slain.  
In Tyranny's dungeon—Oh, Sister! I found Thee  
Where despots and priests for long ages have bound Thee,  
Tho' all the dark legions of Hell may surround Thee—  
I'm coming, my Sister! to sever thy chain.

The sacred white lily once bloomed in profusion,  
And roses most sweet on Earth did abound;  
'Till came the cowed priest—with his hand of pollution  
To strew with the "brambles of Error" the ground:  
The beautiful rose—that thy fair hand had nourished,  
The lily so pure—that the heart fondly cherished,  
Grew scentless and pale mid the brambles—and perished.  
When Thou—lovely Goddess!—in fetters wert bound.

Man—blindly Sweet Nature's pure Statute disowning  
Sought "offering of blood"—for "the Sin" to atone:  
Made "Mother and Wife," but a victim of Passion,  
His Goddess—a virgin of marble or stone—  
Gave beast and "fair Woman" but one common level,—  
An hour to "the Mass," and a night to "the revel";  
"His Soul" to his God—and his flesh to the devil;  
Put Love in a prison—and Lust on "the throne."

The cold pallid virgin no longer enthroning,  
Man—in thy pure temple—shall yet "bend the knee";  
And base, selfish Passion forever disowning,  
A warm-hearted consort his goddess shall be.  
Devotion's sweet incense forever ascending  
From bosoms and souls that with rapture are rending,  
Shall sweeten this world with a Joy that's unending;  
When fetters are broken—and Love is set free.

Oh, Sister, take heart! I shall soon burst thy prison,  
And end the long night of "red Tyranny's" reign:  
Earth's knightliest souls—in their might have arisen,  
The legions of Liberty cover the plain.  
Arise!—thine oppressors in majesty scorning,  
Look up to the East—where "the first steps of morning"  
With "crimson and gold" are the heavens adorning,  
*I'm coming—Sweet Sister!—to sever thy chain.*

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For People who Think

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PARKER H. SERCOMBE, EDITOR

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VOL. 3.

APRIL, 1907.

No. 4

## TO-MORROW PROSPERITY

With this number TO-MORROW comes forth in an entire new dress.

During the past year, for economy's sake, we have endured bad printing, garbled passages, and typographical outrages without number, but thanks to the generous patronage and support of our readers and friends we are enabled to enter into a new printing contract that will insure TO-MORROW a more respectable garb.

We have been constantly aware to what extent people, as well as magazines, are judged by their "dress," and we have the satisfaction of knowing that there are several thousand who would not be deceived even by our beggarly tatters and insisted on judging us by the *thoughts expressed* rather than by the homely presentment of them.

We believe in good printing, even in artistic printing, and some day when TO-MORROW enthusiasm grows to the point that will warrant it we expect to put up a gem of a book on paper and in typography that might be the dream of Franklin, and when that day comes we may also be able to afford to exclude certain kinds of advertising to which some of our readers object, but thus far we need the "price."

A civilization held together by a network of *make-believes* cannot endure upon the face of the earth.

The most pernicious make-believers we have are the daily newspapers; next to them the government make-believers, then the preacher-teacher class, judges and babies who play "grown folks."

*We make believe* that this is a Republic, when in fact, despotism has only shifted from a political to an *economic* basis.

*We make* property rights sacred, while we know that all forms of graft, greed and crime are the outgrowths of private ownership.

*We make believe* that war is glorious, when it is self-evident that the entire system of warfare is an inheritance of brutality, greed and false pride so gross as to be impossible except encouraged by money maniacs who are after "war profits."

*We make believe* that jails and gallows are civilizing agents, whereas we know they are manifestations of our degradation.

*We make believe* that our courts are just, whereas litigation is largely a "game" wherein decisions are rendered against small thieves in the interest of the large thieves.

---

*We make believe* that preachers are necessary though nature continues to operate the only perfect scheme of salvation—Eliminating the unfit, and thus depending more largely upon the fit to survive and propagate their kind.

---

*We make believe* that certain topics are too "sacred" to be spoken of or written about; a subterfuge invented and perpetuated by debauchers, whose avocation depended upon secrecy.

---

*We make believe* that newspapers are educational, whereas our financial system has reduced every daily to one ideal, "*circulation*," the accepted means to which is to pander to, and thereby stimulate the grossest and most debased elements in human character.

---

We build railroads, invent machinery, measure the distances of the stars, study the sciences and apply the principles of biology and heredity to the improvement of animals and plants; but do we yet apply any of this knowledge to the improvement of ourselves? Not one particle of it—by common consent we are still so mean and egotistical that methods by which we improve oranges, roses, sheep and cattle, become "obscene," "unmailable," "dreadful," "vile," when applied to our precious selves. Damn!

---

*We make believe* that laws and regulations will make us pure and good although animals and birds that have none of these laws are entirely free from the contentions and disgusting diseases that these laws have been the direct means of inflicting upon suffering humanity.

---

Almost all the human experimentation that takes place is *make believe*. The philosopher must ever admit that he is not a factor of progress. The real factors are always the lowest, the most disreputable, the rebellious units of every organism.

---

Stanford White was a TYPICAL NEW YORKER in his habits, diet and his methods of entertaining himself.

---

Evelyn Nesbit was a typical chorus girl—the class who are in constant competition to get THE NAME of standing in with millionaires and lavish "spenders," at any cost. The records show that the average man IS NO MATCH against the wiles of these warbling wenches.

---

Harry Thaw is a typical ordinary bum with a mean disposition who never did a worthy thing in his life. Michael Angelo was a sex pervert no better than White but history does not record that he was slugged by a boot-black.

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There are less than ten thousand men (of fashion) in this country who for years have made a practice of collecting LIN-

GERIE SOUVENIRS from the willing women they entrap (?) in their bachelor apartments. Only recently in a college town near Chicago a gay bachelor exhibited a collection of thirty odd "pairs" labeled with names and dates to four friends whom he had invited in to lunch.

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The Hearst papers are "shocked," "astonished" at the depravity of White, knowing all the time that New York City will average a hundred thousand a week of similar episodes on a less artistic scale perhaps.

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It is a SOCIAL CONDITION, Mr. Hearst—a problem OF THE MASS, which moralists do not solve or touch upon—a problem to be solved not by the wise and good but by the scum, the dregs of which the Hearst papers are the natural exponents.

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Do not despair—we are not going to the dogs—stop analyzing—trust Providence—we are undergoing a change, that's all. The change will be economic as well as social and domestic. NEW IDEALS ARE in the air.

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The moralist press and pulpit are powerless—philosophy does not lift a pound—Life, God, Evolution are in the saddle while slang and gossip hold the reins. On, on to purity! If you can't think, have faith—have faith.

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Why did Evelyn win out over her colleagues, the other chorus girls, and catch a millionaire? She had a MANAGER—an adventuress—her mother—the woman who dressed her for the WHITE dinner and discreetly stayed away, knowing just what it was, for those New York chorus girl affairs in bachelor apartments are more or less all alike.

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Granted that to high-minded people the doings of the fast set are as uninteresting as the sex affairs of so many rabbits or squirrels. Suppose Evelyn WAS a woman of the world two years before she met White? Who cares? Of what interest is the doings of two people when there are a million at least who are as deep in the mire as they. It is a SOCIAL CONDITION that is confronting us which defies courts, jails and homicide. It is simply a story of the daily lives of the IDLE RICH.

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WHAT IS THE CURE? Yellow Journalism, Hearstism, Make-believe, Hypocrisy, Graft, Hobo-worship—everything that proves the worthlessness of present ideals—I HEAR AN ANGEL SINGING A SYMPHONY OF THE SLUMS.

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"Supernaturalism must take its hands off of marriage the same as it has been forced to do in the separation of Church and State."—M. M. Mangasarian.

Yes! that which love has joined together let no priest meddle with or pronounce upon. With this question solved and *all* motherhood raised to respectability, there will be no more Thaw-Hearst Tragedies.



IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING the murder of White the Hearst papers denounced Thaw as a degenerate.

WITHIN TWELVE HOURS every Hearst editor and reporter had become "rooters" for Thaw—they had been ordered to "play up" Thaw. From Ella Wheeler Wilcox down the line—the management had been "seen" (liberally).

HEARST EMPLOYEES BOAST that they free and convict whom they please in New York, Chicago and Frisco.

Like all else in Nature, human society is gradually eliminating discord and friction in the relations of its units and whatever remains of non-adjustment is what we variously term immorality and crime.

To attain human morality, to reach perfect equilibrium in human society, will be impossible until all units under voluntary co-operation grow to such harmonious adjustment as to make external control unnecessary.

The above implies two propositions of immense importance:

1—That no one can be truly moral until all with whom they come in contact are also moral.

2—That moral progress does not result from theories, creeds, or any form of conscious self-guidance but from the interaction of the life forces under the same law of natural selection that maintains throughout the rest of Nature.

TO-MORROW—is not a publication in the interest of any "Good Health" graft. Any normal person will have good health if they live normally, viz.: a few hours of USEFUL physical work each day interspersed with a few hours of intellectual work or recreation. Every healer and publication that offers schemes to keep people healthy while they continue to live artificial lives is purely a fake and a graft appealing to the egotism and muddled consciousness of weak disorganized minds. Instead of "HOLDING THE THOUGHT" of health, change your manner of living, work out of doors every day, this year and every year, put things into the ground and then pull them out again in season and be joyous and you will live out your full rhythm of life.

There is no New Thought or Mental Healing cult ever invented that can insure health to those who continue living artificial, empty, in-door lives.

Most people are still arguing, searching and trying to discover truths that are well-known and understood.

What the world is now gradually learning is, how to recognize truths when they are met with.

All of the mystic, esoteric, and occult MUSH CONVERSATION you hear now-a-days is by people who are too lazy to carefully post themselves as to HOW TO KNOW TRUTH.

Every truth is a part of and harmonizes with THE GREAT NETWORK OF TRUTH and every thought of mystical dreamers is necessarily out of harmony with the rhythm of life.

Our race is growing gradually to comprehend its place and relationship to Nature which has been obscured by centuries of egoism and lying.

Naked and not ashamed—Me and Adam.

A Portent—Grover Cleveland and John L. Sullivan both seem to be coming back to popularity at the same time.

We are brought face to face with the awful and absurd state of our civilization as we consider how under this system men shoot each other for LOVE (?) and women suicide when they find themselves pregnant—both unaccountable from a rational viewpoint when separated from ancestral convictions.

Some of the forces working for the liberation of man and woman are:

The growing economic freedom of women—six million in this country are now self-supporting.

The growing greed and debaucheries of the idle rich.

The farce of our courts congested with controversy.

The plethora of our jails with their quarter of a million convicts.

The growing *class consciousness* of the masses.

The growing disbelief in Churchianity.

The distrust of *government by a greedy minority*.

The gradual overthrow of belief in Authority, political, economic, social, ritualistic.

The influence of our criminal newspapers toward degeneracy which are gradually disgusting all thinking people with the prevailing ideals of life.

As long as free men permit wage slaves to outdo them in the work of the world, they will be unfit for democracy or comradeship.

The geniuses and benefactors of the past have been those who were jealous of each moment that they were kept from their chosen work.

#### DECORATION DAY FEATURE

We have a pleasant announcement for May that will interest TO-MORROW readers to the extent that many will wish to order extra copies of that number to send to their friends.

For the May number Walter Hurt has written a special *Decoration Day Feature* that will appear as frontispiece, which is decidedly the most unique, forceful and original contribution on this subject that has ever been printed in this country.

Those who are familiar with Walter Hurt's power and style and know that he is now engaged in writing a romance of the Rocky Mountains, founded on the kidnapping of Moyer, Heywood and Pettibone, may well expect something unusual in our May frontispiece.

## Hugh Pentecost Converted

A report has been given out that our lamented Hugh Pentecost before he died became converted, got religion and all that sort of thing.

We do know that his brother, who is a Christian revivalist, went on from Detroit and spent the last days with Hugh, and of course it was the desire of his family that he should die in the "belief of his fathers."

They read the Bible to the sick man and when he found he had to bear the ordeal, it is said that he requested that they use the revised version. Be all this as it may, the whole affair is about as important as to whether one had beans or turnips for dinner.

We all know what Hugh was, and what he said when his mind was well, and it is entirely immaterial what happened when his mind became sick.

Those who consider beliefs so important to one's salvation had best consider how unreliable all our faculties are, after all, even when at their best. The eye is deceived by the vitascope; the ear is ever deceived by a succession of sound waves that appear to be continuous; the observation is deceived and the power of description is so full of errors that we often cannot recognize the same story when told by two different persons.

If a man becomes mentally sick after a hard mental life devoted to truth and vigorous denunciation of fraud, what's it to us what kind of a job his fanatical relatives may put up on us in his last moments?

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## Christian Science Children

If we read aright the Christian Science articles appearing in *McClure's* seem to indicate that all there is of value in Christian Science practice was supplied to Mrs. Eddy by Brother Quimby, her only addition to the Quimby plan being the denial of "matter" where Quimby rationally denied "evil," hence placing the prophetess of the cult in a position where she must constantly be apologizing for God.

The *practice* of Christian Science, so far as it demands an optimistic and elevated state of mind as an aid to throwing off morbid conditions of body, has of course been attended with much success, and has been the means of securing multitudes of proselytes to the cult, but this was exclusively the Quimby end of the proposition.

Those grown-ups who have been "converted" to Christian Science and have been influenced to deny matter as a dogma of the cult are going to come in contact with a new factor as their children grow up in the thought and learn from babyhood to become accustomed to the denial of obvious truths.

Children have been and always will be imaginative, and as thousands of Christian Scientist children grow up to womanhood and manhood and become accustomed to denying the many obvious, plain facts that the Eddy addition to the Quimby doc-

trine demands, these children will become unmitigated liars and falsifiers, and this is one of the penalties which always must follow the teaching of a deception of any kind.

## Our Sacred Topics

Notwithstanding the guarantee of 'free press and free speech' in our constitution, we retain a considerable number of "*sacred topics*," the public discussion of which disturbs the upholders of "*vested rights*" and variously subjects the "offenders" to snubs, criticism, ostracism, loss of salary and position, imprisonment and death—all survival of ancient despotism, but still administered, mind you, *in this country* for no other offense than *speaking on "sacred topics."*

"Sacred Topics" now are and always have been those that opposed the interests of the ruling class and threatened its network of convictions. In England under the Georges, and in France under the Louis', there were many topics that could not be discussed, under pain of being reduced to poverty, ostracism or death, because *publicity* would have ruined *a graft*.

Weary of the espionage of lords and owners, many Europeans sought the shores of America, and in defiance raised the standard, "free press and free speech," but steadily *vested interests*, reaching out to protect private graft, church graft, and state graft, all tarred with the same stick, again established the reign of "sacred topics"—variously safeguarding them with the fear of poverty, ostracism, death penalty, etc., ever realizing that *publicity ruins privilege*. Purity is its own defense, and needs no guard. Secrecy has no office except to protect vice. Why do our "southern gentlemen" visit such hatred upon those who demand equal opportunity for the negro? Sacred topic.

Why is ostracism accompanied by the condemnation of the clergy, visited upon those who suggest the separation of supernaturalism from marriage? Sacred topic.

Why is there so little revolutionary spirit in our schools and colleges, wherein all are taught to bow down to the god of gold, while rank privilege and bought legislation are all served up under the label "patriotism"? Sacred topic.

We are supposed to quietly acquiesce, while thru tricks and bribery, a select few assume possession of the country's wealth and caution you to observe the "rights of property." Sacred topic.

Why does the clergy frown and ostracise, when you declare that the Bible is merely the preserved literature of the Jews? Sacred topic.

Why do our United States laws provide for the imprisonment, execution and transportation of those who are opposed to organized government? Sacred topic.

As marriage originated purely as a property contract, and later developed as a means of assuring private ownership, inheritance thus becoming an essential part of the *system*, those who disregard its mandates most are the loudest in crying down others who discuss marriage or sex. Ownership graft, church graft and state graft, all are in it. Sacred topic.

## Grover Cleveland in Chicago

The visit of Grover Cleveland to Chicago as the guest of President Eckles, of the Commercial National Bank, is significant in many ways of the trend of future political and economic affairs.

Eckles, who has won his way by subserviency, as President of a Commercial Bank more than anyone else, represents the "system" in the West, and the anxiety with which ex-President Cleveland was dined and entertained at both the Democratic Iroquois Club and the Republican Union League Club indicates forcibly to what extent the devotees of the "system" are preparing to throw down party lines and work solidly for those who stand ready to perpetuate the outrageous network of graft and privilege that still controls the affairs of this country.

This magazine has no political affiliations and, therefore, in the light of this "meaningless" visit of Mr. Cleveland's and his entertainment by the *aristocratic* clubs of both parties, merely suggests a simple plan of politics for all hirelings to follow, viz., take note who it is that the *non-working, idle, rich grafters* favor and then vote solid against them, no matter who runs on the other side.

It is not so important whom you vote for in these times as it is whom you vote against, for if all the toilers of this land should simply for one election stand solid against the candidate of the idle rich, they would win such a victory as would forever place privilege and special legislation beyond the control of their present owners.

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## Why Jesus Failed

So many letters and responses have come to my editorial den during the past month making protest against the article in our March number under the above title, that a further reference to the matter seems entirely necessary.

Several writers under considerable pressure of excitement have declared that "*Jesus did not fail*"; that he lived a perfect life; that his life was a success and not a failure, etc.

While Mr. Mangasarian and many others declare that *Jesus is a myth*, suppose we take the ground that he did live and the general statements of him contained in the New Testament are true.

According to the unanimous declarations of the Christian clergy, Jesus came into the world "*to save us from sin*," and the world is acknowledged to be much more sinful now than it was when he came. My March article was not for the purpose of showing that Jesus failed, but it was to tell *why he failed*, taking for granted that his coming to save the world from sin was *a failure manifest to everybody*.

One excited reader was not satisfied with registering her protest in writing, but called merely to reiterate the fact that Jesus did not fail in his purpose, and while she readily acknowledged that he came with the avowed purpose of saving the world from sin and he had not done so, she continued and does still continue

to reiterate in low murmurs that he did not fail, which implies to her that, according to orthodox belief, there is no longer any sin in the world, in which case she is right.

## The Thaw-Hearst Tragedy

The public have perhaps not generally observed that at various points in the country the Hearst papers have in a number of instances undertaken the task of either liberating or condemning certain accused persons who have stood for trial in several courts.

In Chicago the Hearst papers have openly boasted that they secured the liberation of Jocco Briggs and brought about the conviction and execution of Johann Hoch, this by forming public opinion in advance of the trial by scientific, persistent lying and every form of prevarication, until the pressure of public opinion became so great as to influence the court and jury.

This procedure is a matter of such common knowledge that to merely recall certain incidents of the Thaw-White murder is enough to establish a most perfect sequence in connection with this "*newspaper-made-famous case*."

The details of the Thaw-White murder are surely quite as insignificant and disinteresting as thousands of other cases, but there being a salacious, smutty, morbid tale, besides millions of money connected with the affair, the Hearst papers have been induced to especially play it up to the extent, where other periodicals have given it one and two columns, the Hearst publications, owned by the man who expects to be a future President, has given up three pages or more to the rotten stuff.

Aside from all the slush, White was a great artist, a great architect, one of the active figures of our time and, like Michael Angelo, he seems to have been a sexual degenerate.

Harry Thaw is a spoiled child, a loafer, a creature with a natural, mean, teasing, diabolical disposition and a sexual pervert.

There are at least half a million high-flyers among the men and women of New York that know the type of these men by actual experience.

From the standpoint of the life values back of the actors in this death drama, White being killed by Thaw was analagous to Michael Angelo being slugged by a bootblack.

The back files of the Hearst papers in New York and elsewhere will show that on the day of the murder a great blast went forth from the Hearst "official gossipers" condemning Thaw as the murderer of Stanford White, the great artist architect. The second issue following the Hearst papers took on an entirely different tone and instead of Thaw the murderer it became Thaw the hero, and Stanford White was pictured in the vilest colors. So apparent has been the interest which this entire system of papers have since taken in framing every sentence, arranging headlines and in making the most strenuous efforts to favor Thaw and establish a favorable public opinion in his behalf, that Stanford White has actually faded from public view in the matter until the tragedy becomes a "Thaw-Hearst" episode, and by

right this now artificially made famous case should go down to posterity not as a "Thaw-White" but as a "Thaw-Hearst" cataclysm.

Not satisfied with the round million dollars which this Presidential aspirant no doubt receives for undertaking to free Harry Thaw through the pressure of public opinion, the unaccountable nerve of the youngster goes further and even succeeds in subsidizing Evelyn to advertise the Hearst papers in her testimony—like the dialogue sandwiched in between Lillian Russell's songs wherein she is asked what brand of cigar she smokes, and replying that she does not smoke, she adds, "If I did I would smoke the Lillian Russell, of course."

We have had many brazen, fraudulent grafters perjure themselves in court, sometimes securing their liberty thereby and sometimes a sentence. We have public knowledge of thousands of grafts in the way of illegal rebates and trust combines that would-be-mayor-governor-President Hearst has pretended to frown upon, but never in the history of trusts, politics or common crime has this country known a more brazen exhibition or ordinary graft than the manifest undertaking of the Hearst papers to secure the acquittal of the contemptible pervert, Harry Thaw, through exciting public opinion in his favor.

How was it done? Why, the next day after the murder Hearst, through his confidential man, having been "seen" and terms arranged, all the city editors and reporters concerned promptly received orders to "Play up Harry Thaw," and promptly every scribbler taking a hand, from the \$6.00 a week reporters up to Ella Wheeler Wilcox, began to turn out copy extolling Thaw and expatiating on the depravity of Stanford White, even to declaring that it was a blessing for all such men to be killed and calling upon the young men of the country to do likewise under similar circumstances, not stopping to consider the fact that to carry out the suggestion would cause a material rise in the price of coffins, as a million or two would be in demand at once.

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## Psychological Momentum—Tolstoi

That the title hereof means much is made clear in the statement that it stands as an explanation for all time, for every mental operation and concept whatsoever of every creature from a traglodite to a Shakespeare.

Not only are the peculiar mental habits of a cat "that stalks by itself"; the dog that is more friendly and sociable; the deer with its exceeding timidity, and the tiger with its treachery; but each individual of us through acquired habits of childhood and through hereditary transmission from our ancestors have certain thought habits which we may define as a form of "momentum" which to a large extent we seem powerless to control.

The law holds good among the most brilliant as well as with the most stupid, and we may expect when humanity reaches the point that we really know how to educate ourselves, a beginning will then be made to implant forms of psychological momentum that will enable us to be rational instead of ridiculous.

Those who acquire the thought habit of controversy and continuously practice it do not, as a rule, dream that they are merely establishing in their own minds a "controversy momentum" which finally grows to such proportion that they gradually lose sight of the life factors which initiated the discussion, and their minds wander in a maze of words and wrangling until to them controversy becomes the real thing in life.

Nine-tenths of all our correspondents are of this class—their momentum for controversy and the ego unease that lashes them on has blinded them to the real life factors until words, words, discussion seem to them the end, the all.

A few days since I listened to a long, closely argued discussion as to the relation of man's reason to the instinct of animals. Many illustrations were employed placing various domestic and wild animals to the test, seeking "word definitions" of "reason" and "instinct"—in fact, the whole talk became a battle of each to define *his* meaning of these words.

Needless to say these talkers had not assumed a basis nor a point of view from which they could get anywhere, and it is well to emphasize at this point that all "choppers of logic" should invariably seek the *fundamental viewpoint* before they begin to discuss any subject; for the controversy on "reason and instinct" which lasted for hours and the volumes which have been written on the same subject are shown to be all for naught when viewed from the standpoint of Nature.

All progress is racial—we advance enmasse, not as individuals—all faculties, physical, mental, social, every detail of development in reason and instinct are the results of racial progress. Races and species not requiring certain faculties in their struggle for existence gradually lose them, and conversely requiring certain faculties and giving them daily exercise thru countless generations those faculties remain.

All that remains with us or with any life forms whatsoever are such faculties, parts and attributes as have received exercise thru many generations.

From this it is seen that what one person or another means by the terms "reason" and "instinct" is inconsequential, for these words do not and cannot describe the constant and endless variations which the law of natural selection and the effects of use and disuse establish.

Briefly, as each organism acquires under racial growth various faculties needed in the life struggle, in some instances what we call reason faculties if those are needed, and in other instances what non-technical people call "instinct" and "intuition" if they are needed, it is seen that not only no dividing line between these terms is possible, but from the Nature point of view the definitions become worthless and inconsequential, and those who place value on that class of discussions are merely shown to be afflicted with a "psychological momentum" consisting of an unfortunate mixture of quibble-lunacy and egomania.

One of the most startling instances of "psychological momentum," without any Nature basis which has extended thru a long, active life, is seen in the works of Leo Tolstoi, where thru



all of his written works he constantly employs the exploited intuitionist theory, reliance on conscience, and the need of our fulfilling the will of God in order to attain human progress.

Tolstoi says: "I cannot know the whole of the universe, nor can I know my position in it; but I do know with certainty what God demands of me." Again: "Man's life does not belong to him who has received it, but to him who has given it, and therefore its object should be solely to fulfill the will of him, the Creator of his life."

Were this conception voiced in one place or in one book alone in the writings of the great non-resistant it might be overlooked, but it permeates all his writings and all of his essays—is entirely contrary to the law of life; is out of harmony with all the known principles of psychology; it makes impossible the coming to a final basis and practically throws us back upon the apologists and quibblers of the middle ages in order to discover *what the will of God really is*, that we may live by it.

Without reaching any fundamental principle or a basis of that by which an enduring answer may be obtained, Tolstoi early in life, being educated to orthodox ideals, gave way to this form of "psychological momentum" from which he has never been able to release himself, altho the discrepancy is as easy to see as twice three is seven.

He who knows what the Creator demands of him must be orthodox, indeed, and Tolstoi in his multitudes of contradictions resulting from his wrong momentum must understand that every individual attempting to fulfill the "will of God" must interpret that will in his own way, hence the self-justification of every despot, the purity of the motive back of the inquisition and all the bloody crimes that have been committed by fanatics—"who knew the will of God," all in the name of religion and morals.

Turning to Nature instead of Tolstoi for an answer, we immediately have one that will last thru all time and eternity that will not be subject to contradiction, or be flavored with egoistic interpretation, for the big I-AM idea is just as manifest in the field of philosophy as in any other phase of life.

Instead of Nature depending upon each individual to search out the will of God for self-guidance, she simply eliminates gradually, generation after generation, those who fail most completely to conduct themselves to her phase of life and thus by *racial advancement* instead of conscious self-guidance she breeds constantly in greater percentage from the fit, the staunch, the true, the rational, the clean, until gradually the most uncleanly, irrational and impure ideas, people and species disappear on account of every decreasing stamina.

That Tolstoi has an immense following all over the world is no proof of his philosophical correctness, but of exactly the opposite, for he himself will admit that fundamental truths are still hidden from the rabble, that the people of the world so long in darkness are incapable of judging and estimating truth, and that to be popular and secure a large following like the Catholic church, the Christian Science cult, Mormonism, etc., a philosophy must contain ignorance and inaccuracy in very large degree or

it will not be accepted, hence a large following must in this age be accepted as proof of the ignorance and incompetence of the one followed, a proof which no instance in the world can be found to refute.

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## Pain

Pain is the report to consciousness of inharmony, injury or disease; and where there is error there is pain, there is suffering, there is unhappiness.

Where there is truth there is peace, there is faith, there is love.

Pain is but the logical, natural effect of causes or motives based on error, ignorance, benighted selfishness.

Pain is but the instrument of perfect justice—the inherent law of compensation for wrong thinking and wrong feeling. We get just what we need—just what is “coming to us,” in the very nature of things, and pain is one of the things that we need at times to balance our account with Nature, for infringement of her beneficent methods of life and work. We bring pain upon ourselves by our habits of thought, of action and of feeling—for the perversion of the life forces from their natural processes.

Pain is never visited upon us from without, but arises from within ourselves, and is the greatest refining force of Nature, of all life, of all time. It is the mother of all advancement, the teacher of all truth.

Moralists, preachers and doctors would have us believe that pain, suffering, sorrow and grief are enemies and evils, and would suppress and deaden their insistent voices and would have us believe that they are visited upon us by an arbitrary and despotic being, from its throne, to test and try us; that we must suffer meekly and repeat meaningless incantations and perform rites and ceremonies to appease this whimsical monster.

But pain is kind. It is a friend. It is a force of universal love.

Thru pain and sorrow we are led to see wherein we have erred from Nature's all-wise plans—wherein we are ignorant and perverted; wherein we are narrow and cramped.

If we regard its first gentle call and look to the cause, search out the wrong thought or habit and eliminate it, we are then on the road to freedom from pain and sorrow.

But if we ignore the friendly warning, persist in our perversion or error, then pain becomes a terror, registering as it does the disintegration and destruction of the organism or organization. For error and perversion persisted in, leads to death and destruction—the law of the survival of the fittest, thru the elimination of the non-fit.

A realization of the office of pain brings us to see it as the ever faithful guide, leading us up the rough heights, down into the low depths, beside chasms and over narrow trails—kind, loving, helpful—onward ever to the beautiful, rich plateau of truth, wherein abides all peace, brotherhood and universal love.

R. E. S.

# Socialism and Altruism

BY WILLIAM CASSANDER COPE.



Two paths lead to Socialism, the path of Assimilation and that of Radiation. Those who come by the path of Assimilation have ever in mind the question, "What is there in this for me? What do I get out of it"? The ego is ever foremost in their thought and self-benefit their main desire. Hatred and envy are often largely developed in their hearts and narrow vision prevents the highest development of their minds. "It is better to receive than to give" is their practice if not their preachment.

On the other hand are those who come the Radiation Road. Not "What do I get"? but "What may I give"? is their chief concern—not self-interest, but Brotherhood is their bright ideal. When they assimilate it is in order to radiate.

Hear the parable of the Vulture and the Dove: High in the air a Vulture soared over a radiant landscape on a day in June. The grass and the trees wore their loveliest harmonies of color and the wind played gently with the grass-blades and tender leaves. High in a treetop also sat a Dove. She looked over the landscape with delight and gave utterance to her pleasure by soft cooings of contentment.

But the Vulture saw nothing of the beautiful blends of color in earth or sky; for in the distance he saw a dead carcass and on this alone he set his eyes and flew away to his carrion feast.

Both vultures and doves are gregarious in habit—both are Socialists in their own way; but one represents the unselfish type and the other the selfish type of Socialism.

The human soul is a complex thing. Everyone contains potentially the vulture of self-interest and the dove of disinterestedness. Even exploiters of their kind show in a feeble way a desire to radiate benefits after their gigantic assimilation of wealth. Teach them Brotherhood and they will want to radiate Socialism rather than to build libraries and colleges that only the rich and idle have opportunity to use.

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## OUR WORK

Foundation principles surely express themselves wholesomely thru Sercombe, in March To-Morrow Magazine, which has just come to my table. It is very complete in its fulness of principle that bringeth hope, truth, reconciliation, and reality. It bloometh like the rose in the valley of a new birth. May it be tasted by all those who are advanced to be fair enuf to pass it on to all who desire the road to freedom. May the universal mind force here expressed stimulate the nations into action toward the saving of themselves. May you continue to collect these forces and, thru your magazine, continue to spread them broadcast over the world.

J. E. RULLISON.

# What They Say

Dear Sercombe Yourself:—Will you send sample copies of your brave magazine, *To-MORROW*, to some of my friends who *need* such a tonic? Please send February number, as that is the one that has impressed “meself.” Yours for the only life,

MRS. E. E. WEBER.

Dear Editor:—*To-MORROW* has done a great work. I believe that you have entered a life work that will *count*; that you’ve already done enough “to show the purpose for which you’ve been,” as the pebble said to the acorn. *To-MORROW* has published *one poem* from the pen of George Vail Williams that is alone worth all it cost to establish the magazine, no matter what that sum may have been.

J. W. MILLIKAN.

Dear Sercombe:—I hope every one of the persons I mention will subscribe. I believe that you have struck the key in magazine making. Am glad for every avenue for free expression. I don’t agree with all you write, but like your style. We grow by expression, and humanity is bound to grow. I want a copy of your “Cave Dwellers” when it is out. Regards to the group.

MYRA PEPPER WELLER.

Dear Sercombe:—I got the copies, and can’t tell you how they fit me—those good things on the cover of *To-MORROW* are good enough for me. Really, I cannot tell you what a “feast of nectared sweets” both numbers were. Hoping you will live and live and live, I am,

ALEXANDER BLACK.

Moody, I. T.

Dear Folks:—No use talking, *To-MORROW* is hot stuff and still heating. It is the largest, freest, truest publication I know of. You stand for the truth and nothing but the truth, and therefore express the culmination of all “isms.” Cordially,

H. E. SAWDON.

Long live *To-MORROW*! It comes as near being right on all subjects, and as truly liberal, as any publication I know of.

Springfield, Mo.

J. B. PHINNEY.

Friends of *To-MORROW*:—Inclosed find order for \$1.00 for current year’s subscription. I note gladly the growth of *To-MORROW* and the development of “Sercombe Himself.” May both continue the uncompromising foes of folly, ignorance, superstition, fear, slavery and robbery until *To-MORROW* becomes to-day. Very truly yours,

J. J. POINTS.

Omaha, Neb.

*To-MORROW*, Parker H. Sercombe, Editor, \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a copy. This is a magazine “for people who think.” The current number has on its front cover four sermons, truth boiled down. It is a paper for progressive people—those not afraid

of the truth. While it is not especially adapted to the goody-goody people, yet it would do them no harm. Sercombe hits the solar plexus every time—and, too, without ceremony. It is the avant courier of the coming new time.—*The Voice of the Magi.*

Dear Mr. Sercombe:—The best thing I've read since a few million years *before* I was born is your Jesus article.

Chicago.

DR. E. R. MORAS.

Gentlemen:—I think the world of your magazine, as I admire people who are not afraid to say what they think. In my estimation, Carpenter's "Love's Coming of Age" is a masterpiece. Very truly,

Denver, Col.

C. G. CARLSON, JR.

Dear Friends:—May your work grow as swiftly as the importance of its nature deserves it should.

Montpelier, O.

C. S. FORD.

Gentlemen:—Have enjoyed very much reading Mr. Sercombe's article, "Self-Culture." I think it hits the nail on the head.

Chicago.

CHARLOTTE PECK.

Dear Friends:—I do not expect to agree in all things with anyone, but you are just *it* for giving all thots a fair show. Yours truly,

SAMUEL BLODGETT.

Gentlemen:—It has been many a day since I have read anything so refreshing as TO-MORROW. Between the lines I see the great principles expressed, as embodied in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. Your arraignment of Senator Tillman and other such characters who are advocating class and race hatred is nothing more than just, and I regret that I have not language sufficient to commend you for the stand you have taken. What the South needs is peace agitators—men who advocate square and honest dealing with all mankind.

Birmingham, Ala.

A FRIEND.

Editor TO-MORROW:—Many say that they enjoy reading your magazine, and I certainly say that there is nothing in our "Reading Room" I have liked better. It is unique in many ways. Accept our warmest appreciation. Fraternally,

Helena, Mont.

ELLA L. STOUT.

Dear Sercombe:—All success to your endeavor, for that means all success to the natural brotherhood to which I am selfish enough to claim a birthright. Tell me about your proposed "To-Morrow City." I wish I might be considered and join you when ready. What is required? I am earning some money to hand back again, and suppose I should give to Cæsar the things of Cæsar's and unto TO-MORROW the things of TO-MORROW. Let mé get next, as I wish to come into my true self. Fraternally,

CHAS. J. HOWE.

Dear Mr. Sercombe:—You are doing good work. I always carry TO-MORROW conspicuously on the car, going to and from my work, so that everyone can see it. I can at least help a little that way. Yours,  
Minneapolis.

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MARY C. BREKKE.

This office is in receipt of a new magazine called TO-MORROW, one of the many hundred journals published in Chicago in the interest of reform along political, religious and social lines. Its editor, Parker H. Sercombe, "speaks out in meeting" without fear or favor, cutting right and left at hypocrisy in all its different forms. The articles are so plain in tone that no mistake can be made in regard to the meaning, but glitter with truth that none need fear. The price is \$1.00 per year, and cheap at that.—*Rochester (Ind.) Daily Republican.*

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Friends of TO-MORROW:—TO-MORROW is a power in the world, and deserves well of all thinkers. Long may it wave!  
Cleves, O.

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W. C. COOPER.

My Dear Sercombe:—In "Self-Culture" you crack the nut. There are a very few leaders, and none of the followers apprehend the object of the march. They move because the pressure is from behind.

CLIFFORD GREVE, Editor of *Humanity*.

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Dear Editors:—TO-MORROW is like all outdoors for refreshment. One doesn't bump his head on the firmament, and the horizon-line doesn't pinch him. Besides, the simple existence of you is a "faith cure."

ANNA F. FERGUSON.

Boulder, Col.

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Dear Friends:—Received October and November numbers of TO-MORROW and found great pleasure and edification in their perusal. I greatly admire your style of handling the subjects which are of such vast importance in this day and generation. Keep right on. There are many good men and women sending out their strongest thots of approval and good fellowship for you. Strike hard. The light of love and freedom will e'er long gladden the hearts of many who are now under the clouds of despondency.

MRS. BISHOP.

Grand Junction, Col.

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Dear Editors:—Never before have I read such a splendidly combined magazine. No nonsense about it. A thinker can promptly see that it is written by people who think, and thinkers of a higher sphere of culture. It suits me down to the ground. No party "isms"—only honest facts, honest truths and common sense. My sincere congratulations.

GERALD CHRISTIAN.

London, England.

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An Exceptional Offer:—TO-MORROW Magazine for one year (12 numbers), and Edward Carpenter's great book, "Love's Coming of Age," beautifully bound in cloth, both for \$1.00 while the books last.

# Department for Universals

For those who can read opinions opposed to their own without getting mad or canceling subscriptions.

This Department is extra hazardous.

It contains strong and diverse opinions, poems and phancies.

It comes under no rule of thought, policy or program.

It is spontaneous. It is irresponsible.

It ignores established fashion and custom in everything, including grammar and orthography.

No one is expected to agree with all of it, though each part will reach the heart of some one.

WARNING—If you are sensitive about your belief skip this Department or read it at your own peril, though whatever your mental attitude, you are just as necessary to the march of progress as any one else.

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## Elizabeth

BY WALTER HURT.

Your ways are free from all pretense,  
Your heart's the home of innocence;  
As pure as lilies from the field,  
Your goodness guards you like a shield;  
And guile can give no wrong replies  
To questions of your eager eyes.  
Your brow in chaste perfection gleams  
Like chiseled beauty glimpsed in dreams.  
A saint, I know, would seem more fair  
Crowned with the halo of your hair.  
To make their music, mocking-birds  
Have need but to repeat your words,  
Their consonance is so complete.  
The morning song is more than sweet  
Beneath the blessing of your breath—  
And life is love, Elizabeth.

Your limbs are lithe and lily-white,  
Your face is fair and blossom-bright;  
Your step is like a spring of steel  
What time your small, resilient heel  
Makes quick rebound, then greets the ground  
With soft suggestiveness of sound  
That seems the whisper of a walk:  
The insects hush their tiny talk  
In grottoes green of tangled grass  
And listen while you lightly pass.  
Your presence is an answered prayer  
That exorcises ev'ry care.  
While through the days you grow in grace,  
I look into your living face  
And strong love dreams there is no death  
Because of you, Elizabeth.

Your breath is like the balm of flowers  
 Blown henceward from Edenic bowers;  
 Your touch, releasing rapture's flood,  
 Sends strains of music through the blood—  
 Who knows the contact of your hand  
 Can heaven's transports understand,  
 Wherein abides no finer bliss  
 Than perfumed promise of your kiss  
 Nor sweeter sound than that which slips  
 So ripplingly from your red lips.  
 One moment's pressure of your cheek  
 Would make a warrior's purpose weak.  
 Your thought is set as some high star  
 Where angel inspirations are.  
 And "Love" shall be life's shibboleth  
 While both shall last, Elizabeth.

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## Child Labor, Education, Socialism

By Francis B. Livesey.

Senators Beveridge and Lodge, Republicans though they be, have been contending for the championship of a national child-labor bill, in reality a Socialistic measure of the most pronounced type. With President Roosevelt approving of such a measure, and with the majority of bishops, ministers, educators and social workers demanding it, the right of the American child to "opportunity to labor" seems destined to be totally ignored.

It is not a question of how much money capitalists and parents "coin from the life blood of the child," but it is a question of the child becoming acquainted with some useful calling at which it may become self-supporting in future years. A few years ago a body of world-famous scientists announced, that after some two thousand experiments, along lines peculiar to themselves, they had concluded that the child had not been trained to work before reaching ten years of age could not advantageously be trained at all.

And yet the ideal now sought by the Socialists is that no boy or girl should be allowed a stroke of work of any kind until the eighteenth year has been reached. Toward this ideal all our ministers, educators, social workers and politicians favoring them seem to be tending, while year by year, as this preachment goes on and child-labor laws multiply, we see the rising generation becoming more and more inclined toward idleness, discontent, sharp practices and crime. Especially are these sad tendencies noted in localities like Boston, New York and Chicago whose restrictions are the most pronounced.

One sad feature of the situation is that men who began life as "wee tots" in mill or other labor too often forget the bridge that carried them over the child work that laid the



foundation for all that they are—and shout the loudest for the restriction of children from following in their path. Senator Beveridge, himself is one of this class. He says he was nearly killed by work when a boy, and that he can never think of a long period of his youth without a shudder. He should know that his work in boyhood has made him the virile man that he is now.

Then there is the Rev. Robert Collyer, of Brooklyn, New York. He is now hale and hearty at eighty-three as the result of working in a mill from eight to fourteen and at blacksmithing from fourteen to twenty-one. His life speaks louder than his words for "child-slaves." Frank G. Carpenter recently interviewed Dr. Collyer and got the usual confession from him adverse to child labor for the children of the present. Dr. Collyer fails to see that he built up his physical man by hard labor and thereby laid the foundation on which he later built his lasting mental structure.

Then there is James H. Gary, of Baltimore. He recently celebrated his golden wedding, with the press of the country noting the event extensively. His picture in the Baltimore papers showed him to be a magnificent old man—one of "nature's noblemen"—and what is his history? He began work at the age of eight, in a cotton mill and followed it up through all its variations, until he became mill owner, leading citizen and Postmaster General of the United States, ultimately. And Gen. Gary's father before him began work in the mill at seven.

Charles Rogers, of Chicago, just writes in the *Chicago Chronicle*, that he began work at six years of age, and that it gave him health and made a man of him. Hundreds of others there are who are coming out in confession of their "child slave" life and of the foundation it gave them for useful and happy lives, among them Senator Samuel H. Piles. These men are needed just at present, before the public. They should form a national "child saving committee" that would really save the child instead of imbeciling it, and preparing it to become either a tramp, a criminal or a Socialist.

The labor of the mills is not at all the ideal labor for the child. Its sphere should be in the home or on the farm until it is capable of applying itself to the longer labors required by others than its parents. One-quarter of a child's time, applied at intervals suited to its taste, is enough for it to apply to labor. Yet even with this a practical knowledge of work is obtained and overburdened mothers and fathers could be greatly relieved. But the whole spirit of popular education admits of nothing but "study and play," and the machine education bears its print in making the child a machine fitted only for the mill work it so often flies to.

Thus the very educators who are among the loudest in condemnation of mill work for children are the foremost in preparing the children for that work, yes, in actually compelling them by compulsory education laws to submit to the

preparation. The friends of Herbert Spencer, in England, have already made a point of this in that land where child labor and compulsory education are rather more tyrannical than here, but where a corresponding antipathy to them is arising. Mrs. Lew. Wallace has well said: "It is not the factories that are killing our children, but our boasted and beautiful schools."

Very true it is that the press of the land fails to teem with the harrowing details of murder, suicide, revolt, disease, and nervous breakdown as coming from the mills, while it does teem with the same as coming from our boasted and beautiful schools. Nor has the charge made against the schools by Edmund Bok ever been disapproved. Some years ago he charged that the public schools killed fifty thousand yearly, and more or less injured for life double as many more. A little later he again went over his ground and found himself more than sustained. Facts should speak louder than sentimentalism.

Every child that begins its school-life begins with vaccination. To many that is a horror to begin with. Then almost every year every school has more or less of measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, typhoid fever and numerous other diseases, as a matter of course. What these are in the aggregate, what in worry, work and doctor's bills to the average mother, is beyond computation. They are all the result of motley crowds and unsanitary surroundings in the schools. With all our boasted science, the matters of light and ventilation alone have not been sufficiently attended to, in the schools.

But the more the complaints the more the educators multiply the fads, and the Socialistic remedies, and the result now is, that almost every conceivable demand that Socialists have made for training of children by public processes has received due recognition. With this being the case, is it any wonder that Socialism grows? Is it any wonder that the young men and women now stepping on the stage of life, want themselves helped in food, shelter and business as a continuation of the process they had actually had forced upon them in their youth?

The nation can slumber on its peril. With Socialism covering the details of family life, and with centralization smothering the States, the slavery and chaos of Socialism is at our very doors. Herbert Spencer said it was coming, not that he wanted it, for he did all that he could to oppose the state education and other follies that he saw bringing it. But there is time for resolute men to rise and save the country from the impending doom. These men must be of another mould from those whose utterances are ever in the lime-light. The nation has them and they will fit in the places after the Socialistic chaos, if they do not before; but the country's best interests demand that they come forth, at once, and that their constituents rally to their support.

# Hypocrisy

Editor To-Morrow:—

One of the most liberal lecturers in this city, in speaking about Shelley and Mary Wollstonecraft, after pretty thoroughly glossing over the fact that he went to Europe with her, leaving his heartbroken wife to commit suicide in England, said: "He (Shelley) might have made her his mistress; instead, he chose to make her his wife." The idea that they were two separate, free individualities evidently did not occur to this speaker; he did not realize how absurd it would have sounded had he said, "She might simply have loved him, but instead she decided to make him—her husband."

The writer also wonders if Mr. Sercombe can not elucidate another point on which she has long sought, although in vain for information: Why is it that these gentle Christians, who we constantly hear have done so much to elevate womankind, are forever reviling and defaming those women who do not choose to regulate their lives or their minds in accordance with a barbarous creed patterned upon a book greatly out of date (and not particularly good, moreover, for the time in which it was written); and yet have so little to say about the men who do believe in that very creed, yet constantly break it, and therefore are in very reality and truth, miserable sinners? Infamous hypocrites and imposters that they are, who denounce Gorky, upheld by his own wife, and subject to the rigor of the Russian divorce law,—and pound their hands together in honor of Caruso, not yet cleared of the charge of the most abhorrent conduct; or who crowd the divorce courts for no other reason than the gratification of the varying whim and fancy of the moment. Some of these good(?) folk have in their libraries unexpurgated editions of George Eliot, who pursued exactly the same line of conduct as did Gorky; some of them would, one may venture the assertion, hail with no decided displeasure an invitation to meet Sarah Bernhardt, notwithstanding the fact that she does not belong to any man. Some of them, entertain in their parlors and introduce to their 'eligible' daughters old rascals not good enough to be consigned to the duty of wiping Gorky's shoes. The logic of the situation is indeed past finding out.

Our present social system is full of unspeakable wrong. The writer knows of this case in instance. A man married for the usual conventional reasons;—it was time for him to become the head of an establishment; the woman whom he asked to marry him was of a good family; her clothing was in good taste; she understood something of the making and overseeing of pies, etc. He did not love her, and finally, in response to insistent inquiries on her part, acknowledged to her that he did love another woman, whom he had not thought worthy to become his wife,—although it is not at all obvious why he, who had associated with her, was of too fine a character to become her husband, or was worthy to be-

come the husband of another woman. The wife wept a little at this discovery; but she had never been given any useful training which should enable her to support herself; she was at the time living in pleasant surroundings, and had a "social standing" conferred upon her by her husband's abilities; and therefore this legalized condition of Mormonism was continued with her acquiescence. They had one child, for whom it was sometimes noticed the father seemed to have but little feeling.

If this is not a disgraceful story, the writer has never heard or read one. The French novel can with difficulty surpass it. Is it a solitary instance of the practical working out of our modern **Christian** civilization?

—J. H. Dana.

## The Speech of Polly Baker

(From the Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin by Smythe.)

The Speech of Miss Polly Baker, a Court of Judicature, at Connecticut near Boston in New England; where she was prosecuted the fifth time, for having a Bastard Child: Which speech influenced the Court to dispense with her punishment, and induced one of her Judges to marry her the next day—by whom she had fifteen children.

May it please the honorable bench to indulge me in a few words: I am a poor, unhappy woman, who have no money to fee lawyers to plead for me, being hard put to it to get a living. I shall not trouble your honors with long speeches; for I have not the presumption to expect that you may, by any means, be prevailed on to deviate in your sentence from the law in my favor. All I humbly hope is, that your honors would charitably move the governor's goodness on my behalf, that my fine may be remitted. This is the fifth time, gentlemen, that I have been dragg'd before your court on the same account—twice I have paid heavy fines, and twice been brought to public punishment for want of money to pay those fines. This may have been agreeable to the laws, and I don't dispute it; but since laws are sometimes unreasonable in themselves, and therefore repealed, and others bear too hard on the subject in particular circumstances, and therefore there is left a power somewhere to dispense with the execution of them, I take the liberty to say that I think this law, by which I am punished, both unreasonable in itself, and particularly severe with regards to me, who have always lived an inoffensive life in the neighborhood where I was born, and defy my enemies (if I have any) to say I have ever wronged any man, woman or child. Abstracted from the law (may it please your honors) I cannot conceive what the nature of my offense is. I have brought five fine children into the world, at the risk of my life; I have maintained them well by my own industry, without burthening the township, and would have done it better if it had not been for the heavy charges and fines I have paid. Can it be a crime (in the nature of things, I mean) to add to the king's subjects, in a new country, that really wants people? I own it, I should think it a praiseworthy rather than a punishable action. I have debauched no other woman's husband, nor enticed any youth; these things I never was charged with; nor has any

one the least cause of complaint against me, unless, perhaps, the ministers of justice, by which they have missed a wedding fee. But can this be a fault of mine? I appeal to your honors. You are pleased to allow I don't want sense; but I must be stupified to the last degree not to prefer the honorable state of wedlock to the condition I have lived in. I always was, and still am willing to enter into it; and doubt not my behaving well in it, having all the industry, frugality, fertility and skill in economy appertaining to a good wife's character. I defy anyone to say I ever refused an offer of that sort; on the contrary, I readily consented to the only proposal of marriage that was ever made me, which was when I was a virgin, but too easily confiding in the person's sincerity that made it, I unhappily lost my honor by trusting to him; for he got me with child, and then forsook me.

That very person you all know; he is now become a magistrate of this county, and I had hopes he would have appeared this day on the bench, and have endeavored to moderate the court in my favor; then I should have scorned to have mentioned it; but I must now complain of it, as unjust and unequal, that my betrayer and undoer, the first cause of all my faults and miscarriages (if they must be deemed such) should be advanced to honor and power in this government that punishes my misfortune with stripes and infamy. I should be told, 'tis like, that were there no act of assembly in the case, the precepts of religion are violated by my transgressions. If mine is a religious offense, leave it to religious punishments. You have already excluded me from the comforts of your church communion. Is not that sufficient? You believe I have offended heaven, and must suffer eternal fire. Will not that be sufficient? What need is there, then, of your additional fines and whippings? I own I do not think as you do, for if I thought what you call a sin was really such, I could not presumptuously commit it. But how can it be believed that heaven is angry at my having children, when to the little done by me towards it, God has been pleased to add his divine skill and admirable workmanship in the formation of their bodies, and crowned the whole my furnishing them with rational and immortal souls?

Forgive me, gentlemen, if I talk a little extravagantly on these matters; I am no divine; but if you, gentlemen, must be making laws, do not turn natural and useful actions into crimes by your prohibitions. But take into your wise consideration the great and growing number of bachelors in the country, many of whom, from the mean fear of the expenses of a family, have never sincerely and honorably courted a woman in their lives; and by their manner of living leave unproduced (which is little better than murder) hundreds of their posterity to the thousandth generation. Is not this a greater offense against the public good than mine? Compel them, then, by law either to marriage or to pay double the fine of fornication every year. What must poor young women do, whom customs and nature forbid to solicit the men, and who cannot force themselves upon husbands, when the laws take no care to provide them any, and yet severely punish them if they do their duty without them; the duty of the first and great command of nature and nature's God, increase and multiply; a duty; from the steady performance of which

nothing has been able to deter me, but for its sake I have hazarded public disgrace and punishment; and therefore ought, in my humble opinion, instead of a whipping, to have a statue erected to my memory."

## Unwritten Law

Is it not time that the unwritten law—the law of vengeance—should be repealed and the law of Love and Faith substituted in its stead?

The so-called "unwritten law" is based entirely upon the idea of ownership of woman by man and conversely the ownership of man by woman, which conceptions are but a "harking back" to the slavery period of our existence.

There is no just or rational warrant for the brutal "unwritten law conviction" aside from a belief in *depotism*—the right of one individual to dominate and control another, and *ownership*—the right of one individual to make another his or her slave.

Many of our laws are bad and brutal enough, but the "unwritten law conviction" is so bad—so brutal and so cruel that it is not even admissible into a code that authorizes hanging and imprisoning of our fellow beings.

The state is already the greatest criminal. Its present status gives it the right to commit greater crimes than is permitted to any other institution or individual, and if the "unwritten law" is too brutal to even be admitted into the code of the state it must be vile, indeed.

One day when humanity becomes so civilized that each person of either sex has the Love and Faith of all of their fellows to the extent that they are granted the full control of themselves, with no right to be owned, controlled or protected by any other person, we will laugh uproariously at such fiascos as the "Romeo and Juliet" comedy and deplore that there ever was an age in which it was thought that a woman's "honor" could be purchased by shooting the "other fellow."

## The Palace of Glass

Inscribed to Dora Foster—BY WALTER PULITZER

The Palace of Love is all of glass,  
 So the World sees through for the World must pass;  
 And it's sad and troublous for those within,  
 Since the World only sees the *drab* of a *sin*!  
 And not God's purpose when lips meet lips,  
 As is His when the bee from the rose's soul sips,  
 As is His when the dove to its mate coos soft,  
 As is His when the Sun woos the planets aloft!  
 But the World may peer with a Pharisee's sneer,  
 For Love, fair Love, has nothing to fear.  
 God sees too, nor is deaf to the Mass,  
 That Love's creed holds in her Palace of Glass—  
 So the World may pass, the World may pass!

\*The word *God* in this poem stands for *Nature*.

# Our Network of Make-Believes

Among the network of *make-believes* on which the foundation pillars of human society now rest several phases are being brought out in the Thaw trial, at this writing still occupying the attention of three pages a day in the Hearst papers.

The judge is obliged to make believe that he thinks the opposing lawyers and the witnesses are honest.

The jury is obliged to make believe that they do not know that the Hearst papers have been hired to secure the liberation of Thaw.

The public is expected to "make believe" that the behavior of White, Thaw and Evelyn are by all means the most shocking thing that ever occurred, whereas every one who knows anything about the inside facts relating to the habits of high life devotees, knows that there are no less than ten thousand men in this country who have a collection of the lingerie of the various women and girls of whose favor they boast, and large numbers of these men have the fad of keeping a special room or museum where they display their trophies with names, date and ages of original owners to their admiring friends and comrades.

The public is expected to "make believe" that it is "horrified" at the recital of the experiences of a chorus girl in the bachelor apartments of a New York high liver, when in fact, every one who knows anything about the lives and conversations of thousands of chorus girls and tens of thousands more who are not so "chorus" are aware of the struggle that all of them make and the sacrifices they are willing to endure if at any cost they can become known as the friend of some millionaire, some owner of an automobile, in fact any *bon vivant* who is known to be a good "spender."

The cross examination of Evelyn Thaw, as well as her alertness of wits, even though "so young and tender," will corroborate the fact that even two years before she ever met White she was a woman of the world with experiences; that her mother was her manager and aider in her escapades; that Evelyn was her mother's capital and she used her as such, and even at this time she was able to make any fifty-year-old man who would "take notice" lie down, roll over, jump through a hoop, and be a dead dog according to her bidding. As they run, what fifty-year-old man is any sort of a match in the game of life with the ordinary "sophisticated" chorus girl?

Not only do these morbid-minded collectors of lingerie souvenirs glory in their trophies and admit their intimate friends to the sanctum wherein they exhibit them, but these chorus girls visit these sanctums also, and in many instances take great pride in seeing to it that a part of their own outfit is added to the collection. *These are facts*, not make-believes, and as they exist by the thousands it is not the lone instance of the depravity of Stanford White that should arouse the wrath of the world, but it should excite the student to study the underlying causes that are responsible for people engaging in these morbid and fantastical entertainments with which they employ their leisure hours. It is a *condition* deep-rooted, underlying our social and economic fabric that is responsible for these morbid tendencies of the idle rich.

# Human Nature

BY SAMUEL BLODGETT.

"Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;  
The proper study of mankind is man."



There is nothing that we can learn that compares in importance with a knowledge of our kind; and there is nothing that is more difficult to grasp in a comprehensive way. To understand human nature in its fullness is to take cognizance of all the emotions that human beings may feel, and of all the kinds of knowledge they may attain to, and to comprehend the degree of influence that each intellectual and emotional faculty ought to have in the perfect man. This wisdom is not to be gathered in any kind of a school, nor in all the schools on the face of the earth.

One must be organized perfectly in order to sense it, and to have grown up under environments more perfect than has fallen to the lot of any individual. We are compelled to judge of what ought to be, in a great degree by our own feelings; and our feelings are the result of our innate sympathies, in connection with our acquired prejudices. There is no one so abstractly intellectual as not to have his findings largely colored by his emotional condition. As every one is more or less one-sided in this respect, no one can be a perfect guide in any proposed reform. Nor do we get perfect reforms. The combined judgment is not combined in the right proportions, and there is more or less failure. Changes never fulfill the expectations of their promoters, and this fact shows error of judgment. The leaders are few in any social or political change that takes place; the many acquiesce and follow, and this is as true in a republic as in an absolute monarchy; yet the many frequently become greatly enthused in the following. The good effected in any reform is in proportion to the wisdom of the leaders; and wisdom in this respect is in proportion to the insight into human nature, the one having the most comprehensive knowledge of human nature being the best statesman. The very best fail to grasp the full significance of any great change. It frequently happens that agitators are further away from the normal than the present conditions, and to follow such is to make matters worse.

If a person is naturally an extreme case of honesty and kind heartedness it will color his judgment in relation to others and will make him try to excuse their shortcomings. He may be a good reasoner like our friend Keuhn, but it does not prevent him from taking on such vagaries as these: "Every one is born with a paramount desire to deal fairly with all and assist them on every occasion. There must be some reason why they do not all act in this way. This reason is found in the fact that there



are social combines all over the world demanding certain rules of conduct morally speaking towards their fellow men. If there were no external pressure towards righteousness, there would be no incentive to meanness and crime. In new mining settlements the first thing is a combine giving notice that robbery, theft and murder shall be met with death, and this makes many desire to engage in such pastimes, and so make these combines appear to be necessary. Governments, whether improvised in this way or instituted in a more regular way, have but one effect, that of causing crime, which would never be thot of except for their existence. It is because our government tries to prevent the holdups and murders that are being continually perpetrated that makes them possible. It is because the government objects to the doings of Rockefeller & Co., railroad unfairness, and all stealings, both public and private, that is the cause of these terrible outrages under which the masses groan." Their very goodness unfits such people for the exercise of their sense in the light of history and their own observations, and they bark around the vacant hole their imagination has made as long as they live. No one can be a good judge as to what is best in a public way who has not a good personal balance of faculty. This is because we cannot see human nature, except thru our own organism, tho to the extent that they realize their own unbalance it will help. Phrenologists tell us we are composed of 38 different faculties, each demanding its own gratification, and that one is good or bad according to the degree of control the moral faculties have.

I am not after giving a phrenological lecture, and shall not try to show how many we do have, or how much truth there may be in their findings. My own opinion is that they do not know as much as they believe they do, but that their fundamental idea is correct. At any rate it is convenient for me to use in illustrating what I am trying to present. We know that none of us are uniform in our emotions or expressions. Ordinarily you can be very kind and affectionate towards your dog, but if your anger is aroused you can treat him in a cruel manner. One can treat his wife in an affectionate manner while he thinks her affection is wholly bestowed upon him and be a perfect fiend if he gets jealous. Some are naturally quite religious, and a few do not think much about a Creator. Some are trustworthy, and some are treacherous. Some will always deal honestly, and some will seek every opportunity to defraud. And the qualities manifested in all are embodied in degree in each specimen. And when the conduct of an individual is so different and so contradictory on different occasions, it is not because he has changed his qualities of mind and heart, but because one set of faculties are particularly active on one occasion, and comparatively dormant on another. There are many people who in the ordinary are comfortable to live by, who may be angered, either with, or without occasion to a point where their judgment is no guide, and an external restraining influence is desirable, till time cools them off. There are others who, even when they are in the normal condition, are dangerous elements in society. They had much rather commit burglary, rob or murder than to earn their living by honest toil. Such need a restraining influence all the time.

The average person knows this and there is no danger that Keuhn & Co. will ever have a menacing following. And we are getting to understand that there are some financial giants who do not need legal restraints to put them up to reprehensible practices, injurious to their competitors, and to the community at large, just thru their inherent greed, which it is impossible to satiate. They may feel generous qualities of heart, and really love their fellows, but they always love themselves more, and their best efforts will always be to gratify their greatest love.

Those who have a decent knowledge of human nature know that to discontinue the social supervision would be to invite an anarchy that does not have the merit of being peaceable. It invites anarchy that is both violent and chaotic.

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### BEFORE DAWN.

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Thru all the large years upon years  
 Man labored despoiled of his due  
 At task of presumption throned lords;  
 Yes, e'en to this day he's enslaved,  
 If not, as before, to a king,  
 To Mammon, that Moloch of gold,  
 And who even crueller sways  
 Than self-drunken monarch of old.

The proverb "The darkest of hours  
 Is that before dawn" may be true  
 E'en of the sad travails of Man;  
 For, e'en as the night's, now the clutch  
 Of Tyranny doth slowly relax  
 And Hope takes new heart to behold  
 A Day with his luminous shield  
 Come Victor-liked over the hills  
 To institute broad-visioned reign  
 And make Man the man he should be.

—Peter Fandel.

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### WHO ARE WE?

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Editor "To-Morrow":—

As American representative of the Occult Review I have your favor of the 24th inst. requesting exchange with our publication for "To-Morrow" I am afraid I cannot comply. Your publication is not such as would be of the slightest interest to Mr. Shirley or myself. It is on the lines of matters long ago discussed and passed up by educated people. The Occult Review on the other hand is altogether out of range, being of interest only to the student and highly trained mind. It has nothing whatever to do with Socialism—Free Love and what I feel constrained to call the rest of the bunkum, mental food for the ignorant and disgruntled.

Faithfully,

—J. M. C. Hampton, Chicago.

# The Squaw Man

By GRACE MOORE.



Among the inconsistencies of our social life is that of despising the economically dependent man and at the same time holding in the highest esteem the economically dependent woman.

The dependent man, leisurely reading his paper in the parlor while his wife rolls pie dough for twenty or thirty people who will be on hand at the tinkle of the boarding house dinner bell, excites our contempt. We avoid him, no matter how intelligent and well informed he may be. We note that he is "sitting around" in the parlor and we go on to the kitchen and chat with his wife. We feel sorry for Mrs. Landlady. She is up at five o'clock in the morning and in the kitchen until ten at night. She has our heartiest sympathy and respect, but what ever caused her to marry that good-for-nothing man?

In the evening we go to a reception in a well known mansion on the boulevard. We enjoy the platitudes of the men and women in the magnificent drawing rooms of the Richclarks. The ladies are beautifully

gowned. The bright lights and scent of flowers, the orchestra music and the fine wines are all restful and delightful to us. The Richclarks are valued friends. There is no economically dependent man there, "sitting round."

But Mrs. and Miss Richclark will be "sitting round" to-morrow and next day. They will sleep, lounge about in flowing robes, and gossip, while the "servants" prepare the establishment for the next social function. We do not pass them by and go on down to the nether regions of the workers upon whom they are dependent for their creature comforts and hours of ease. We are not concerned about the woman who makes the salads and ice cream and who has somewhere a child or perchance an aged father or mother to support, and herself to clothe, with but four paltry dollars a week. We do not hold Mrs. and Miss Richclark in contempt for their matter-of-fact acceptance of the material comforts and luxuries for which they render no material equivalent.

In what respect is the dependent woman in the parlor superior to the dependent man?

"She is the wife, daughter or mother of Mr. So and So, and as such is entitled to support."

Entitled to support because she is a woman! Then logically the husband, father or son of Mrs. So and So is also entitled to support. If a woman should be supported because she is a woman, a man should be supported because he is a man.

If society has an establishment, an automobile and some measure of affection for the economically useless woman, why such contempt for the economically worthless man to whom it gives only a cot in the rear hall, an occasional order at the tailor's and three meals a day? To be sure there are a few squaw men who wear diamonds and ride in automobiles, but their number is a small proportion of the number of women for whom diamonds and automobiles are bought and sold.

If Mrs. Landlady's industry is so much to be commended and the fact that her husband renders no material service in return for her labor, seems to us so deplorable, why do we not also commend the industry of the woman who makes salads and ice cream for four dollars a week, and deplore also the fact that the beneficiaries of her toil "sitting round" in the parlor render nothing in exchange?

We despise the man who lets his wife and daughters support him, not considering the ambitions and efforts of his life or the human experiences he may have had. At the same time we felicitate the "Miss" or "Mrs." who is dependent upon some "Mr." for a living and who may never have baked a loaf of bread or earned a dollar in her life.

The "old man" who has failed in the race for a commercial footing, no matter what his degree of intelligence, nor what the experiences of his life, is in poor social and domestic standing, but the woman in a stunning gown, with bon bons and engagement lists for occupation, may rank high in the social scale and enjoy life in her own way, without disparagement or contempt. Her inefficiency is rather an advantage than a detriment; for society gives her the right to be supported.

"But man being physically stronger than woman should support her."

If the principle holds that the weak are entitled to the support of the strong, society, or that portion of society which is materially strong, should support that portion which is materially weak. Woman is physically weaker than man. Correspondingly man is weaker than the commercial system of which he is a part and upon which he depends for support, as woman depends upon man.

The system owns and controls the means of procuring sustenance and well being for the individuals who instituted and contribute to it, and being stronger than either man or woman, should support them both, else society's rule for the support of the weak by the strong, does not work both ways.

"Woman having a share in man's development of the power he holds, should share also in the material results of that power."

By the same reasoning, both man and woman having contributed to the development of the social and commercial system upon which they are dependent for support, should partake equally of its advantages and disadvantages, its successes and its failures.

Society is adding to its stock of squaw men. It makes the conditions and puts up the fight in which the sensitive non-resistant man gets the worst of it, and it refuses to care for him because he relaxes his grip and no longer fights back.

Poor squaw man! He has in most instances been extraordinarily ambitious for a home and family and is usually of an affectionate kindly disposition. His business failure is due to poor management and oftentimes to a too generous trusting nature. The man has lost heart and nerve. He is broken in health and spirits and is timid and afraid. He has ceased to put a valuation upon himself and society will not do it for him.

This undervaluation of himself is alone devitalizing and precludes further effort toward economic adjustment. The system by which commercial success is attained being upon a basis of special privilege, paralyzes in advance the efforts of the man who has lost self-confidence.

Commercial rewards are to the successful manipulator, not to the individually industrious and frugal.

Society finds it to its commercial interests to put millions of its woman and children in factories and department stores, and its men who formerly supported entire families cannot now support themselves.

It is so organized that it places a maximum of pressure upon all men alike, instead of adjusting the pressure to the man. More than this it judges all men by one standard and that a commercial one. It places no value upon human nature or human experience and cannot interpret or direct human experience, yet presumes to both reward and discount it.

The dependent man is such by reason of the qualities he innately possesses, but those qualities are on the whole superior to the qualities of the man with Rockefeller ambitions and tendencies. Society instead of rewarding only its Rockefellers, should reward also its plodding modest non-resistant men. It should have such knowledge and appreciation of human nature and of the evolutionary possibilities of human beings, individually and collectively, as to put to shame its present commercial scheme. It should be so organized that instead of an equal amount and kind of pressure being placed upon men of different types and capabilities, and the possibility of but one reward to them all, there shall be a scientific application to the individual of the particular degree and kind of pressure which will best develop his social efficiency and most effectually reward it.

Until society shall have evolved knowledge, efficiency and responsibility of its own, so that no errors of omission or commission in its relations to the individual may properly be attributed to it, it may not with justice or consistency frown upon its irresponsible members.

Let it not despise its "squaw men" for it has itself produced them.

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An Exceptional Offer:—To-MORROW Magazine for one year (12 numbers), and Edward Carpenter's great book, "Love's Coming of Age," beautifully bound in cloth, both for \$1.00 while the books last.

# I, The Revolution, Am Life

BY JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO.



I am the Revolution and the Life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

I am the creative force. I never sleep, I never languish. I am the spirit which springs in the fullness of youth from decayed institutions. I was born to-day, though I lived with the first peoples and directed their course. I am forever unfolding. As I unfold I direct your course. I prevent your deterioration. I lead you upward.

I am the Light of the World, the Hope of Society. Without me would men die of their own inertia. I am Justice. I hold that all men shall have equal right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

He that is against me in this contention cannot endure. Czars cannot endure. Emperors and kings cannot endure. There comes a time when there is no place for them in the economy of things. At that time my spirit fills the hearts of the multitude.

I say no man shall be master over another, but that all men shall be masters of themselves. I say that all

women shall be masters of themselves. And that little children shall not be mastered, but that they shall be directed in love.

I am a fire that burns. I consume the husks of outgrown creeds. I lick up the dross of society. I sunder the bands of deadening superstitions.

I am Life; therefore I am Law, and must not be ignored. He that would oppose me flies in the face of his own salvation, and must fall into the pit which he has digged for himself.

There are those who would say, Leave me; I know you not. But they are those whose minds are hid in darkness, and who are afraid of the light.

I am the Light of the world. If any man close his eyes to me then shall he be in darkness. But he that looketh upon me will desire me because of my radiance.

He that taketh up my burden, that singeth my song, shall find my burden pleasant and my song a delight to his soul.

I give fleetness to the feet, eagerness to the heart, wings to the soul.

My people love me, and give up their lives for me.

Hear then my voice and heed it, for I am the Revolution and the Life; no man cometh unto salvation but by me. But he that heareth my voice and doeth not my will, the same shall be consumed in the fire which his own resistance has kindled.

This is the Law.

# The Story of "The Doom of Dogma"

## CHAPTER III.

BY HENRY FRANK.



One keen reviewer of my book, Dr. J. H. Crooker, in *Unity*, the Western Unitarian organ, with surprising intuition remarks: "There is a chapter headed 'The Defamation of Deity or the Scandal of Theology.' In all probability this acidity of tone, prompted by a desire to startle, if not to shock, is due to the painful experiences through which the author probably passed in freeing himself from superstitions. In this respect his is only one of the many similar cases that deserve great sympathy. Orthodoxy has a great deal to answer for; it has sent into revolt thousands of earnest souls."

This statement constrains me to recall some of "the painful experiences" through which I passed in my early ministry. If my book has any tendency to "startle if not to shock" my uninformed readers, the tone is doubtless the reflex of my own shocked and startled spirit when my innocuous soul came into closer contact with the hardened officers and ambitious "privates" mustered in the service of the Methodist ministry.

Having at an original really great personal sacrifice entered the ranks, my earnestness was intense, my enthusiasm almost unbounded. My faith in the justice of the church's authority and my submissive duty to my ministerial elders was as sweetly innocent as that of a new born nursling. I took everything as a matter of course and never thought that I dared for a moment question the sincerity and trustworthiness of those with whom my lot had been cast. I was as faithful and devoted to my obligations as a sworn officer or a green private in the ranks of the military.

When that time that truly tries men's souls arrived, the annual conference which must decide the fate of each minister and his struggling family for another year, I stood up bravely and heard the noble Bishop read me off to some far outlandish corner, where primitives prevailed and the "terrapin" consisted of floating pork-fat in a yellow bowl of swimming grease.

I uttered never a protest, but went meekly and demurely "as the shorn lamb to the slaughterer." I thought that the Bishop was inspired as he claimed to be by the Spirit of God, and had learned, by "wrestling in prayer" like Jacob at Peniel over night, just what disposition the Almighty wished to make of me.

The only thing that troubled me at first was, why the Bishop's inspiration was so frequently contrary to that of the peoples' oft-expressed desire to secure my services elsewhere. I could not quite understand why the Bishop heard the voice of God commanding him to relegate me to the rainless plains and the

snake-infested sod-houses of western Kansas, when the people in the larger eastern cities having occasionally sampled my brand of preaching clamored for the privilege of "salting my tail" and capturing me for their pulpits. One day, however, the freshness of my green innocence was suddenly seared by a startling exposure of deception and hypocrisy that made me begin to doubt the common honesty of mankind.

We had been profoundly inoculated with the instruction that the bishops who presided at the annual conference never allowed themselves to be influenced by any personalities or corporations, but listened only to the voice of God, uttered in the silence of their own consciences, when they parcelled out the trembling militants to their several appointments. But this same well-shelled Cobb to whom I have already referred, in a moment of blunderbuss absent-mindedness revealed to a few of us "innocents" the fact that for several years past he had himself caused the Bishop to appoint to each of his churches and circuits exactly the man who in his own capacious wisdom he had thought best. Whereupon the following conversation ensued evoked by my own tremblingly rebellious lips:

"Why, Elder, I thought it was the unwritten but absolute law of the Methodist Church that the bishops only in consultation with the Almighty made these appointments, and allowed themselves to be influenced by nothing human against the divine voice."

The few lingering grains of common sense that still clung to the Cobb began to fall away as with much hemming and hawing he responded:

"O, well, doesn't God have to use human agencies when he wishes to communicate with human beings?"

"Yes," I said, "but pardon me, Elder, why couldn't God talk directly to the Bishop without employing your lips to assist him?"

The ministers around me to whom the "game" had long been known and who seemed to be immensely enjoying my childish innocuousness, could not restrain their blithesome smiles as they turned the corners of their eyes on me and began to marvel at the fathomless depths of my spiritual gullibility.

The Elder's reply, however, was ready and was as candid as it was confounding. "Brother Frank, you will have to learn that what we teach the people is for public consumption and what we among the ministry know is for private consumption."

My spirit was instantly in revolt. "This, then," I cried, "is the secret of my failure to receive the appointment at ——— where the people wanted me; but as you did not think I had pull enough with the powers in the church you determined to send me out in the wilderness! I see; my eyes are beginning to open!"

By this time the Cobb was cleanly shelled and stood forth in his naked hypocrisy. The first serious doubt had entered my mind. The first seeds of the "Doom of Dogma" had unconsciously been planted. And the secret soil in which they lay was well watered by some of the "privates" who wonderingly looked at me and exclaimed, "Why, Frank, you really did not



in your soul think, did you, that the Bishop and God alone made the appointments?"

I could say nothing. I merely looked, and I think my eyes were wet! It was not long after that saddening experience that I was forced to hear what even more shocked me from the lips of one of the most respected and venerable among all the "privates." He had been in attendance on one of the General Conferences, which meet only once in four years, and which constitute the legislative body of the great church. Here assemble all the wit, wisdom, sagacity and arrogance that merge in the pompous magnificence of what constitutes a representative and ideal Methodist Minister.

On the occasion I refer to this aged "private" arose to inform the blasé myrmidons of the desecrated Messiah that "though he knew considerable of the machinations of politics and the Machiavelianism of diplomacy, never in all his observations had he found so much log-rolling, unscrupulous trading, bare-faced bribery and downright lying, as he had witnessed among the honored delegates to the national General Conference, which he, as a delegate, had attended!"

What the more affected me, whether the shocking disclosure of those venerable and honest lips, or the listless and indifferent manner in which the amazing declaration was received, I cannot even at this day decide.

Enough, it made me see that I was being duped, and not only I but the millions who had consecrated their lives to the church and the ministry, and who in like innocence with myself believed that the proclamations of faith by the "anointed" were the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Already I could feel the seeds of "The Doom" begin to stir in the under soil of my consciousness. It was a mere matter of time when I must finally revolt.

But Faith is "patient and long-suffering;" so I continued yet several years in the church hoping I might have been self-deceived.

One day a thing occurred that struck even nearer the core of my heart than anything I had yet witnessed. There had been a loud call for my services at a certain city church in eastern Kansas. One of the best "berths" in the conference. I had been invited to make a few addresses and assist in the awakening of a "revival," which had been startlingly successful and the flame of maddening enthusiasm had ignited the entire vicinage. Nothing would do than, that despite my youth and inexperience, I must accept the "call" to the pulpit aforesaid. I protested my own youth and want of ability. But they had assured me that the elders and stewards had been in conference with the Lord and He had inspired all of them with the realization that I was indeed "the man!" Thus convinced I was willing to leave my fate in the hands of God. But when I attended the conference that year my monotonous fate was again repeated and I was appointed to preach to the "cattle on a thousand hills," to wandering herdsmen and devoted shepherds. In my stead to this place was appointed another, who for physical pulchritude and Adonian physiognomy was far my superior. He was not inaptly

called "a ladies' man," for the ladies of the soubrette type, the blondined haired and pearly-teethed sirens, were the inspiration of his pictorial eloquence.

One day, however, the poise of his eloquence dipped too far and dropped unconsciously on a blooming widow in a near-by pew whose roseate response was so illuminating it radiated throughout the entire congregation. The smile was not only illuminating but enticing. The swift ensuing and oft-repeated proximity of the widow and the preacher on many and divers, clandestine and conspicuous occasions, soon gave rise to a scandal that rose rapidly from suspicion to crimination, from crimination to conviction, from conviction to threatening condemnation. To be convicted of such an entanglement is for a minister forever to forfeit all his right and tenure in the service of the Lord. But alack! thus publicly convicted and condemned, what became of him? Let the next chapter reveal the experience that most of all satisfied me that the church had more regard for gilded hypocrisy than golden virtue, for the man that could draw the crowd regardless of his morals than for an honest man who could not lie even that the Lord might be enriched.

#### POINTS TO BE REMEMBERED.

Remember that you are good, that your neighbor is bad.

Remember that you are breeding children and forcing many of them to become paupers and prostitutes, that your neighbor is engaged in the same business, that you are good, that he is bad.

Remember you are doing what you can to ruin and exterminate your group, that your neighbor is engaged in the same business, that you are good, that he is bad.

Remember that you belong to a group suicidal club, that your neighbor is a fellow member, that you are good, that he is bad.

Remember not to change your convictions, and see to it that your neighbor does not change his, for you are good, and he is bad.

Remember not to hang this motto on the inside of your skull, "Let the Group Own the Stuff," for you are good, and your neighbor is bad.

Remember that you are not trying to become a wise man, but are worshipping yourself as you are, that your neighbor is of that same brand, still you are good, and he is bad.

Remember that it is much for a single anarchist to take a single life, but it is nothing for an anarchial society to take up arms and murder thousands, that your neighbor believes as you do, still you are good, and he is bad.

THE MAN BEHIND THE FACT.

#### WITH US.

I am glad your force is increasing, and if Providence or Fate should throw wealth in my lap, about the first thing I'd do would be to increase the circulation of TO-MORROW, and come *right to you* and give my service as well, for I don't know of any work that would *really count* for human progress like that. I do hope I can do more for you some time.

GEORGE VAIL WILLIAMS.

# Some Thoughts Concerning Heaven in [General and a Certain Heaven in Particular

By H. P. CHEEVER.

Heaven! What is heaven? Where is heaven? Up to within a comparatively short time the consensus of religious opinion was to the effect that heaven is a *place* of palpable tangible area, which could be surveyed by surveyors, and which presumably had boundaries, though the location of the territory was undetermined.

The late lamented Talmage, he of the ever-working mouth, he, the pulpiteer of notoriety, and one of the vice-regents of the ruler of Elysium, affected a knowledge of heaven surpassing that of any pulpiteer or laymen I ever heard of—a knowledge so cocksure that he was enabled to describe the *place* with more or less minuteness, and the goings on there, on one occasion at least, he, describing the hosts as riding around on milk white horses, of pure Arabian blood, with gilded hoofs and golden shoes; as solid as Halifax, for real horses be they Arabian steeds or plugs plebeian, shod with gold or iron, cannot go prancing about on airy fairy intangible ether, but being creatures of substance themselves must have substantial footing in order to cut any figure at all as horses other than that cut in mid-air after a plunge from a towering cliff, which “cut,” by the way, would be anything but graceful and pleasing to the eye.

Now this picture of the white cavalcade, as painted by the late lamented pulpiteer named, seems to settle the question as to the status of heaven, if any question there was previous to the date of said story, and christendom felt perhaps a little easier in its boots than it had before said story's publication, heaven then seeming a substantiality and not an airy fairy intangibility.

All would have been well, no doubt, had not some other pulpiteer, envious of Talmage's notoriety, bobbed up and serenely proclaimed that heaven is a “state” and not a *place*, which proclamation so joggled the notorious pulpiteer named that he soon after slipped a vital cog and slid into the Unknown, never to know whether it were “state,” “place” or Nit!

I don't know what vogue the “state theory” obtained, but not great, I think, for I fancy heaven-seekers yearn for something more pronounced, a *place* where that white cavalcade—blue-blood Arabian steeds, the gilded hoofs and golden shoes—can parade, and they themselves, be part and parcel of it. If a “state,” in what does the Christian differ from the Buddhist heaven—Nirvana? And would the Christian be satisfied with the Buddhist order of beatitude? No, perish the thought!

The Christian wants all there should be coming to him—or her. The Buddhist's heaven—Nirvana—wouldn't fill the bill. What! is the Christian who has shed more blood—oceans more—than any other religionist in the cause of religion, to be put off with the heaven of the Buddhist? Not much, if the Christian knows himself, and the average Christian thinks he does. His heaven, to meet his approbation, must be as sensible to the sight

and feeling as are earth and the things thereof—the heaven of Mahomet would answer his purpose very well, but that of Buddha—never.

As a Christian example there is the noted and notorious Jondee—noted as a pietist and notorious for his methods of accumulating the mazuma, of which he holds a larger store than any other of the “captains of industry,” he being the chief of the plunderbund.

For a long time the eminent Christian and mazuma gatherer has been “greasing the ways” for the launching of his bark on the waters of Elysium by paying into the box-office of said Elysium (the church) large blocks of mazuma—large as such blocks go on the whole, but which in the aggregate cut a small figure beside the total of his yearly income, but which, nevertheless, he must think sufficient for the “greasing” as aforementioned or he would “raise his ante” by a wad so colossal as to astound all christendom—that is, *he could*, if the spirit moved him.

Now is the Colossus of Scads, the High Bidder for Beatitudes, and the Beloved of the Church (of the right denomination), is he, with others on a lesser way, to be satisfied with anything less than a material heaven, where white cavalcades—sorrel, bay, black, or gray, for that matter—can turn out for dress parade and other show performances? Not that Jondee would ever think of getting a mount, but that a solid place that would afford footing for cavalry, would allow of golf-playing, and might possibly prove rich in oil-fields?

But satisfied or not Jondee, and other heaven hunters will have to put up with what they get, and though the majority are betting on “place,” the writer feels assured they will meet up with a “state”—the state of Nit!

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Editor TO-MORROW:

I thank you for sample copies of TO-MORROW. I am sending them to friends every now and then who may later feel as I do now,—

Onward! Onward is the word  
May thy voice be farther heard.  
Sing thy song through all the land  
“To-morrow” does for *Freedom* stand!

Liberty spreads wide her wings,  
Soaring heights above she sings  
Adown all ages yet to come,—  
To-morrow’s song that’s just begun.

Sings of Freedom yet unknown  
To earth’s millions now o’ergrown;  
Superstition’s awful pall  
Covers them, but soon must fall.

’Neath a mighty sword of light,  
Sercombe’s heart is for the right;  
“To-morrow’s” blade is sharp! All speed  
The day, it crushes cruel Greed!

Sincerely your friend,  
MAY M. BOSTWICK.

# The Interlude

BY VIOLA RICHARDSON.



George and Jean had been discussing in a desultory way the evolutionary tendencies of the relationship between men and women and what it meant for the future man and woman.

"Dudley says that men and women will never reach the state of true and abiding love and real comradeship until man has quit showing woman any deference on account of her sex," Jean said in response to a remark of her husband's.

George straightened up from his lazy restful attitude, and when he spoke there was something hard and compelling in his tone. "Say, when are you going to drop your foolishness about Dudley?"

Jean's face went white and a fire lighted up in her eyes. "What do you mean?" she asked coldly.

"What do I mean?"—in a tone of utter exasperation. "I mean that I want you to stop your eternal running over to see Dudley. That is what I mean. Do you understand?" George really did not mean to say it in that way, but with that still, white face opposite him, with a something new and strange in its expression, he could not choose his words nor his tone.

"Why do you wish me to quit running over to see Dudley? Are you jealous?" in the same cold, steady, intense voice, with a touch of scorn, hardly above a whisper, and yet terribly distinct.

"Look here, Jean, you are my wife—"

Jean arose. "Dudley has been my friend for years. You knew that when you married me. He has been mother, father, brother, friend, to me, and I have never implied to you in any way whatsoever, that I would or could relinquish the friendships of my life for the sake of being your wife. Friendship is sacred to me—it has its obligations just as any other relationship—he needs me now because his work must be done, and his eyes are not equal to the strain put on them—you have no right—" she stopped because she could not keep her voice from trembling, and she did not wish to break down. She held tightly to the back of her chair.

"You are my wife, Jean, and I have the right to tell you not to do the things that you ought not to do—just as I have the right to take care of you." He was arguing now, rather than commanding, but his voice carried the positiveness of his own conviction.

"The right—who gave you the right to choose for me what is right and what is wrong?" Her anger flashed out like a whip.

"There is no use to get angry about it, Jean. The thing is innate—it is my right by the very nature of things—you did not need to give it to me—it is mine by the very fact that I am your husband." It was so very plain to him that it seemed to him he needed only to state the thing to her for her to see it clearly as

he did. He laid his hand affectionately over hers on the back of the chair. His touch seemed to break her self-control. She flung out her hands and her eyes blazed. "Why do you not put manacles on my hands and feet so that I may not move save when you give your permission? Why do you not seal my lips so that I may not speak—so that you may speak for me—why do you not cloud my mind so that I may not think or feel or hope—why do you not stifle all the life out of me?" she cried wildly.

"Hush, hush, Jean, you must not talk so. You know that I love you, that I desire above all things your welfare and happiness. You must not give way to such feelings as these—you will make yourself sick. Run along, now, and get ready for the theatre."

Jean went unsteadily to her room. She walked back and forth, speaking aloud, her words broken with dry, hard sobs for which no tears came. "No—no—it is not innate—I gave myself to him for a friend—a comrade—not for a pawn for him to move according to the caprice of his will and pleasure. I will not submit to it. I would rather wander through any desolateness—any suffering than to become just a slave—a thing owned, with no freedom, no right—only as it is given me by him—only to follow obediently and unquestioningly the will of my master—surely love would leave me free to live my life—to make my mistakes—if it is in me to make mistakes—love would not bind and coerce—no—no—"

The clock on the mantel struck and the sound caught her attention. She noted that it was yet an hour until they would start to the theatre. A sudden thought gripped her, and in response to it she dressed feverishly and threw on her wraps. She slipped softly down the back stairway, and out into the street. She ran to catch the car, and ten minutes brought her to Dudley's home. The light shone out from the window of his library. She went softly up the steps and opened the door and stood in the hall a moment—shaken by a fear that some one was with him or that he might not be in. She tried to listen, but the tumult within her made it impossible for her to clear her senses sufficiently to tell whether there were voices behind the closed door or not.

She opened the door of the study softly, so softly that Dudley did not hear her, as he sat at his desk with his head leaning on his hand.

"Dudley!" her voice was intense, like a cry of pain. He turned as if the voice were slow in penetrating his consciousness.

"Dudley, I hate my husband—I hate him—I hate him—I hate him—" She stood there like a fury repeating "I hate him, I hate him," because she could not stop.

"Come and tell me all about it." Dudley drew a foot stool up and she came over and sank down on it weakly. Dudley took her hands in his. They were cold and shaking, and he held them firmly in his strong, quiet clasp. He was so big, so gentle, so loving, so just, already his calmness and serenity were pervading her, and she felt the fire of her passion die away. "He said I should not come to see you any more."

"Well?" Dudley smiled. "How does it happen that you are here, then?"

Jean laughed—a hysterical laugh, but it indicated that she was returning to the normal. "I will always come—every time he tells me that I shall not."

They sat without speaking for a little while. "I have only thirty minutes to stay. Put your watch out here."

Dudley laid his watch on the table and Jean went on.

"He has commanded me to quit coming to see you. He says he has the right to tell me what to do and what not to do. He thinks he owns me. How can I desert friends—why should I desert you—it is not right—it is not just—I will not submit—if that is the basis upon which I must live with him I will not live with him. He knows what you have been to me—how your goodness has filled all the years of my life—how you have taught me and cared for me—he might just as well tell me to relinquish my relationship with myself as to relinquish my friendship for you or for any one. What I give to him is his—no one can take it from him—what I give to you is yours—no one can take it from you. He knows you need me, that the need is imperative just now.

"Why did you come tonight, Jean?"

"I came because—"

"Shall I tell you why you came?" Dudley tilted her chin up and smiled down at her and she smiled back through tears. "Don't scold me—" she said with a little gasp like a frightened child.

"As if I ever scolded you. But you came tonight because you wanted to do the thing that would be the most exquisite revenge you could think of."

"But he does not know that I have come—I shall not tell him."

"Of course not—but the spirit of revenge is there just the same."

"Go on, Dudley, I have been bad."

"You have a problem, Jean. A big and vital problem involving your life and his. Remember that you can never solve it through the way of hate. Never! There is but one way through the snarls and problems of life and that is the way of love."

"Yes, you are right. I know you are right—you are always so terribly right. But, Dudley, I cannot submit to this he has commanded of me. I cannot submit to this attitude of his towards me that he is my owner, that I must have no independent life of my own, outside of his domination. Must I learn to submit to that, to break myself to that—is that innate in our relationship—is that the price I must pay for his love—for the sake of being his wife?"

"I do not mean, necessarily, that you must submit. I simply say that you will never find the way out of the matter through the way of hate. It must be found by the way of love. There was something in George that appealed to you as being worthy of your love, something which made you want to be his companion—"

"Yes, there is so much that is beautiful and lovable in him—" Jean broke in with a tone of tenderness.

"That, whatever it is, is still a part of him, able to respond to something in you. It may be that the end will be that you and he will find that you cannot adjust your differences, and that you must live your lives apart—but it is entirely possible for you to come to this decision together through the way of love instead of through the way of hate."

"Yes, I see what you mean. I do not know if I am wise enough and good enough, I do not know if I have enough love—but I see what you mean. You could do it, but I may not be wise enough."

"Trust George to have a part of the wisdom and a part of the love."

Jean sat still for a moment looking into the quiet eyes above her. "You are like a great ocean, you make the little ripples and rills seem so trivial—everything melts away into the quietness of peace of immeasurable space and time. I feel as if God were looking at me through your eyes." She lifted up her face to him and he kissed her.

"I must go. The time is up. Good by, how good you are. Shall I come to read to you tomorrow?"

"If you wish. Good night. Do not forget, the right way can be found only through love."

Jean hurried back and ran softly up the back stairs and into her room, her whole being filled with a love that wanted to forgive and be forgiven—a love that wanted to find the way to greater love. A door opened and George called up to her, "Are you ready, girl? It is time for us to go."

"Yes, dear."

George met her at the foot of the stairs, with tenderness in his eyes, tenderness that wanted to wipe away the hurt of an hour ago. She stopped so that her eyes were on a level with his. She laid her hands on his shoulders and he clasped his around her waist. They stood thus for a full minute. The tears at last brimmed over on Jean's cheeks and George gathered her close to him.

"Can we search the way together, George," Jean sobbed. "Even if it is difficult and if it seems to lead through places that are dark and full of pain—can we search it out together?"

"We will try, my love, we will do the best we can."

#### APPRECIATION.

My Dear Herman Kuehn:—

I cannot quite agree with you on the Mrs. Parsons theory of family and marriage, but I go quite a long way with you. I, too, am against all compulsions of that sort.

I again compliment you upon the method in which you chop logic with John Z. White in your article in "To-Morrow," which I read before, as you remember. You seem to me to be about the only genuine ontological ratiocinative "sharp" not in captivity.

Here is more power to you and good luck.

Very truly yours,

—William Marlon Reedy.



# Literature and the Pedagogos

BY CHARLES W. HOLMAN.

In approaching this theme which is one of the most popular among pedagogical authorities, college students and a certain class of publicists, one which has been worn threadbare even with the second turning, the writer must own to no small amount of fear and misgivings. He realizes that he must necessarily leave much unsaid and that much of what he will say is yet a question unsettled in the educational world. Also the smile or contemptuous indifference of those who are in authority must be met, because he is a youth, yet does not a certain amount of suffering in helpless impotence give some excuse for protesting against the present methods among college professors which are causing brain stagnation in productive literary circles of college men?

Before entering into this article it should be distinctly understood that this is a protest. And more distinctly understood that it is directed against the teacher of what is known as the "analytical or dissective method" in literature. As for the university, that is a question which comes under a different problem; but the small college undoubtedly needs a leavener of literary ideals.

There are many college professors, not teachers of literature who conceive themselves to be makers of and rulers over "sensitive and impressionable minds," that think they are ably qualified to judge the throng of literary men as they pass, to borrow from Goethe, his study window. It is immediately apparent that the writers of to-day are not like the writers of yesterday, and the muck rake is passed thru the groups and the poorest singled out for wholesale slaughter; for our professor finds much literary corruption under the moon. His designing eye soon singles out the fakirs and plagiarists in the craft, and he frequently makes the mistake of narrowing the visual angle to such an extent that none but the second rate writers are seen. The results of his delving into the dumping grounds of literature are usually summed up or simmered up in a lecture—intolerably long, stilted and dry—which sounds something like this:

"Since the days of Plato, there has been a definite standard of literary taste: poetry, deriving its form from the ancient sacred dances which moved back and forth in rhythmical movement, eight steps forward, a pause, then eight steps backward, has gradually formed around itself a definite set of requirements; prose, of earlier use but of later refinement as a phase of literary art, may be said to be completely bound by standards of form. A standard is something derived from the custom of best authorities. The paragraph structure, the plot development, the climaxes, of our standard writers of the past has conformed to certain standards. A departure from established standards is a degeneracy of literary form. The present day writers have altogether ignored the ideas of literary style that have given the world its great works of the past. They are entirely wrong in their presumptuous liberties with the speech. Their practices are almost nefarious. There is no need of any more novels any way. There are already a half million never read. There is too much commercialism in our literature." \* \* \* and so on for endless passages of time until the impression that a work of

literary art must conform to certain fixed—perhaps stiff—standards is firmly embedded in the cranial cavity which is alleged to contain a student brain. Thru it all is the dictum "A work of art must conform to literary rules" and the accompanying question "What is a work of art for, if it is not to conform to rules?"

Those who have been sent to college to get the much envied "education" which is a sesame to good society in the cities when accompanied with money, and means leadership in the smaller communities—a distinguished atmosphere surrounds the college graduate and an admiring finger is pointed at him with these remarks "he is educated, holds a diploma from blank college"—will no doubt recognize the brand in the summary just given. And they will recall the emphatic monotony of the never ceasing words, the general effect of positivism about the whole that smacked too much of the didactic ever to be worth much. They will also remember the seditious thoughts which often arose as to where he got his right to make such positive statements, radical in their conservatism.

I once asked a learned man, professor in one of our well known educational institutions, upon what authority teachers of literature were enabled to pass such absolute opinions upon men of letters? This disciple of the "true and beautiful" glared me from over his spectacles with his Medusa eye and deigned no reply, but floored me with his lofty expression of contempt; but I was not and am not satisfied. The question stands, Upon what grounds can a college professor or a critic judge products of a modern environment by standards of a past?

There is one consolation for us poor deluded ones who refuse to accept the set rules for literature, and that is that reputations live despite adverse criticisms of the holders of English chairs and die with all their praise. Unless a man strikes the dominant passion, his words will die. Cryptic oracles from the university tomb will not preserve for veneration words that are dead.

This same college professor who delphizes concerning our language and its future, drugs the student brain by his methods of studying literature. His is what is known as the "dissective literature." He is counted most successful when the bent of the student has changed from original thought and natural love for the spirit of the work to the structural development and the finicky parts of the study. He diverts from the true feeling to the mechanic of the composition. He pays more attention to meter than to rhythm, and cares more for the particular brand of the sonnet than for the sonnet itself. He would rather that an essay have an introduction, body, conclusion, main points, sub points, points galore, after the approved order of the pedagogical construction of the "model essay" than to have the student absorb the spirit of the style or delight in the assonance of vowel sounds. And for the mighty spiritual forces which are dominant in a Shakesperian tragedy, they are frequently overlooked in the settlement of some chronological point or some mooted question of the editors until one verily believes Dogberry when he says that "to be a well favored man is the gift of fortune but to write and read comes by nature."

It may be that the average student cannot, and very likely does not, grasp the full measure of a soul's conflict in one of

these great works, or feel the emotional frenzy of a Byronic rhapsody, or the spiritual meaning of Browning's elliptical writing; but there is a relative standard whereby the student may be said to appreciate this and it is undoubtedly the first duty of the teacher to nurture the love of the literature at the expense of the technicalities. Given a lover of literature for its emotional qualities and the learning of the other necessities will be easier; but given one versed in the facts of the science of literary dissection, and you will never in all probability achieve a lover of the magic that is in words for its own sake.

The fault lies with those teachers whose ideas are in line with those of a prominent teacher in Texas whose Ph.D. was won as a result of five years' study to prove that the absolute participle of the Saxon is borrowed from the ablative absolute of the Latin. And he wrote two volumes in his thesis proving the fact. The gentleman's erudition, I admire. But will perusing those two volumes aid us in using it with more ease?

The question of moment with us is, Can we use the construction? Life is a trifle too short to spend it reading dry discussions which might be epitomized into a few words that would give us the life essence. Somehow this sort of thing smacks too much of the old schoolmen's disputes. We will take the gentleman's word for the matter.

But this question of construction, of teaching grammatical forms in the colleges. If the student is not prepared to take up the literature course when he enters, then the trouble is lower down than the college. It is in the schools. The standards of the college should demand that the rules of construction be learned before entering. In college, he is supposed to form his style after methods somewhat his own, he is supposed to have reached a point where the construction will to some extent take care of itself. If he has not by this time, he may reach a point of commonplace facility in the use of the language, but the beauties of the written word and the recondite secrets of expression will not be revealed.

Literature is not created after the order of music. In the latter, one must understand all the rules, all technicalities such as harmonics, counterpoint and the like. Not so with literature. It frequently happens that one unversed in the finer technic of the art produces a great masterpiece because it is the spontaneous production of a virile nature finding its easiest expression in written words.

The college professor of English who teaches the dissective method is doing as much to create brain stagnation as any other force. Now, honestly, now, had not they better cease drying up the springs of inspiration by their present practices and teach life, not verbs, before they cram interminable lectures about "Commercialism in literature" into our weary ears?

They need not worry about the future of literature. It will take care of itself. But, in the name of the whole suffering tribe of college students, I implore them to desist. And pray do not read to us theses like the relation of the absolute participle of the Saxon to the ablative absolute of the Latin.

Ease up on the dissective method.

# "Parasitic Wealth"—A Review

BY HERMAN KUEHN.



The author of the book "Parasitic Wealth" has made a diligent study of socio-political conditions. Perhaps it was modesty that animated him to withhold his identity from the public. He writes under the pseudonym of John Brown. Doubtless those who have a like faith with his would, on reading the book, declare its greatness.

He finds something wrong with our monetary system as well as with our land-title-owning system, and he thinks he has discovered a method of making these two wrongs produce a right. And why not, indeed? Surely the process is no new one.

All parliamentary effort is of that same character.

The book is one of some thousands written in the hopeful and eager expectation that it is destined to become another Uncle Tom's Cabin of a new emancipation. I like people who write in that spirit. They have hearts in them, and rich, red, human blood. They would benefit humanity. And ingrate humanity, ignorant of its lost condition, does not crave salvation. And so these thousands of incipient Uncle Tom's Cabins accumulate on bookshelves, and benighted man goes blithely on, unsaved.

And while I love the kindly hearts who ache to be up and doing things for humanity, I do not forget that it takes a combination of heart and brain to make a symmetrical redeemer. John Brown's big heart overbalances John Brown's capacity for analysis, and his Uncle Tom's Cabin remains cribbed, cabin'd and confined.

However, John is not the first man to write upon a subject he does not understand, and there will be no need of the writing of books of the same sort. A book on Parasitic Wealth partakes of the same cogency as the famous classic on the snakes of Ireland: "There are no snakes in Ireland." And there is no Parasitic Wealth. Wealth is always properly included in the classification of "goods." Not that the title matters. If the book dealt capably with any human problem and offered an intelligent solution the title would be of smallest importance. But what is to be expected of a writer on "the money question" who has not discovered that money is (in the best definition of the term) merely a labor-saving device in lieu of book-keeping, and that its chief use is the simplification of Credit. To deal with all the fallacies of the book would require another book, and such a work would not be worth while. So I will select a few specimen fallacies only, and I know that my comments upon them ought to stimulate some interest in the book, for all who are assured that the organization of credits should be prohibited by law will find in John Brown a sympathetic proponent. I am free to say that in the eyes of all such he has made out a good case, and presented a solution

of our industrial problems that ought to please those who are afflicted with the governmentally perverted mind.

"One of the most surprising propositions is that which advocates leaving the issue of the people's money to private enterprise. Here is a most essential and vital State function to be surrendered to individuals!" (Page 107.)

The exclamation point at the end of the above excerpt belongs in the text. It is put there as an evidence that breathless horror of such a calamity required a "really horror" mark. Think of it! That people having business relations with one another should have the hardihood to even think of such heresy as to employ their own book-keepers and their own system of keeping books! Great Scott! What next!

The author somehow never discovered that the period of monetary exploitation in this country is contemporaneous with the passage of the National Banking Act of 1862, and the consequent prohibition (by a ten per centum tax on circulation) of all competition with monopoly money. Nor has he ever learned that this prohibition was made by way of a bribe to buyers of government bonds, which were alone to serve as basic resources of national banks authorized under that act. What he discerns is the ill effects of governmental meddling with an economic tool of exchange, and his only remedy is some of the hair of the dog that inflicted the bite. Hear him:

"The State has done about everything it could do in violation of its true functions, and has left undone about everything it should do in the legitimate scope of its duty."

Bereft of all rhetorical and meaningless "guff" about the functions and duties of the State, this means that as the State has proved false to all the expectations of its devotees it is THEREFORE the very center of our hope. Could fetish worship go further?

Without State meddling the flux of credit will automatically find a tool that will facilitate exchanges. Governmental systems load upon us a tool that effectually hinders exchanges and the blackmail we pay for the removal of the hindrance is dignified with the name of Interest, and is justified by a catalogue of "make-believes" that satisfy people who are lacking in ordinary intelligence. Not that I hold them to blame for that. Dear me, no! There are lots of mighty decent people who do not assay high in intelligence who have many other admirable qualities. And of such is John Brown, the author of "Parasitic Wealth," a great book for governmentally-perverted minds, and one that ought to have a large circulation among those who are assured that the King or the Kingthing, can do no wrong. God bless them every one!

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# The Real "Staff of Life"

By WM. A. HUCKINS.

**Nature is quick to aid every effort to assist her, and will surely punish every perversion of her law.**

From the beginning of time, bread has held the distinction of being "the staff of life"—the principal food of mankind.

The early inhabitants throughout the whole world possessed the knowledge of making some manner of bread from the cereals grown in their respective countries.

Their bread constituted the principal article of their diet, and a strengthening, satisfying meal could always be had, if only this natural crude bread was served alone. Long journeys were made and extreme hardships were endured while subsisting wholly on their bread, prepared and baked previous to their

departure upon these long tramps.

It may well be questioned by thinking people of today why this crudely made bread would impart such life sustaining properties, and maintain normal strength and vigor, when used as an exclusive diet.

Will the product of our modern bake shops, or homes, do the same today? Verily, no.

Let us look well into the matter and determine the cause for the depreciation in the value of "our" so-called Staff of Life.

It is a historic fact that the earliest bread was made from crushed or pounded grain, from which no element was removed, without the use of leaven or ferment of any kind, baked until fairly dry, and carefully laid away for future use, and sometimes kept for many months before the last portion of the batch was used.

The writer has eaten bread, made in this manner, which had been baked eighteen months before.

Of all the various grains, wheat comes the nearest to being the perfect food for man, as it contains all the fifteen or more elements found in the human body. All of these elements are absolutely necessary to repair the daily waste and wear of our mental and physical forces.

But instead of grinding the wheat kernels into a meal and retaining all these life giving elements, the modern miller runs the crushed grain through several bolting cloths, thereby removing the more valuable elements, and places on the market his highly advertised "Superfine Flour," endorsed by the leading "chefs," and containing mostly the starch or inner portion of the wheat kernel, so lacking in bone and teeth-building elements.

So impoverished is this so-called "superfine flour" that the consumers spend hundreds of millions of dollars annually for yeast, baking powder, soda, cream of tartar, etc., to lighten the articles made from this flour, and lard, butter, and other greasy materials to fatten and revive this disorganized substance into shape to tickle the palate.

The direct results of this mark of modern progress, are decayed teeth in early life; nervousness, appendicitis, general ill-health, and constipation of the bowels, that "life-killing condition" that is the basic cause of a multitude of diseases.

Think of the millions of dollars expended in dentist and physicians' fees, patent nostrums, and sanitarium treatments largely, yes, *very* largely, because we refuse to eat the wheat as God made it in the laboratory of Nature, but rather take the devitalized product of the modern flour mills as our principal article of diet.

Look for a moment at the much varied products of our average American bakeries, and what do we find? A countless number of food articles of various names, forms, and flavors, prepared by as many different methods, with the aid of hog fat, processed eggs, spices, sugar, and other ingredients to tickle the palate, at the expense of our health, and even life itself.

What do we find as the base material of all this conglomeration of eye-enticing, palate-tickling, stomach-destroying trickery? The very same impoverished, devitalized wheat flour that the wealthy millers are urging you to buy, by spending millions of dollars on bill-board and street car advertising. Should we wonder at the vast amount of disease and general ill-health all around us?

No indeed, for the cause is so well defined, that it is quite remarkable that *all* are not stricken down.

How long shall these conditions exist?

There is, and has been for many years, a great cry for Pure Food, and while the necessity is great for the absolute purity of all food products, we need vastly *more*, if we mean to build and maintain healthy bodies, that our foods shall be *Natural*.

That they shall, in addition to their purity, be composed of the natural and necessary food elements, that go to supply the natural demands of the body. The world is in great need of honest-hearted, conscientious, food experts, who understand the chemistry of foods and realize the crying need of honest foods and possess the moral courage to supply such, and nothing *short of it*.

We should take heart, however, from the fact that here and there, we *do* find a real man who has developed strong convictions, relative to the need of natural foods and has an unwavering courage to back them up.

When we find such a man, who has been tried and proven, we feel it is a duty to introduce him to the public. Therefore we offer no apologies for calling your attention to Mr. F. H. Benold, 401 E. North Ave., Chicago, who has long been a close student of Nature, devoting an untiring energy to a faithful search for Truth. He, having long felt the necessity for a *Natural* bread, took up the study of the subject and worked out the details in a manner that has brought success to himself, and good health to many hundreds of grateful hearts, who have used his bread in their daily diet.

Mr. Benold found that during the common process of baking, which consists in mixing the dough with yeast, a large por-

tion of the nutritive ingredients of the wheat is destroyed. The yeast germs, which are animal organisms, consume nearly twenty per cent of the starch in the flour, converting it by chemical changes into alcohol and carbonic acid gas, two injurious substances, the latter causing the expansion of the dough.

Only recently, Dr. E. Palier of New York, writing in *The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette*, claims to have found in yeast, and also in the bread "raised" by that yeast, numerous disease germs, and particularly the bacillus coli communis.

All these evils are avoided in the *Unfermented Bread*, made by Mr. Benold, from the unbolted wheat meal, prepared from selected hard wheat, thoroughly cleaned, and ground in a mill of his own, which enables him to exercise a watchful care over every operation, from the grinding of the grain, to the finished loaf ready for the consumer. As the wheat is ground in small quantities, fresh every day, and the utmost cleanliness observed, he is enabled to guarantee the very best bread that can possibly be produced, and positively free from all animal fat.

Benold's Unfermented Whole Wheat Bread is superior to any other cereal food, is more nourishing than meat, cures stomach and bowel troubles, and is a natural remedy for constipation. If this bread is kept in an airy and cool place, it will keep for several weeks.

Scores of successful physicians of Chicago and elsewhere, attest these claims and statements relative to this "Real Staff of Life," and never fail to recommend its use to all their patients. It has been served at the Physical Culture restaurants for the past three years, where it has been most heartily appreciated by their thousands of patrons. These *Pure Food* Restaurants are located at La Salle and Madison streets (Tacoma Building) and corner of Madison street and Wabash avenue.

Mr. Benold's Bread finds its way into the homes of scores of Chicago's most prominent families, and may be obtained of L. G. Kuntze, Purveyor of the World's Finest Fruits and table delicacies, No. 60 State street, near Randolph street, Chicago.

Mr. Benold conducts a Pure Food Store at his bakery location, 401 E. North avenue, where a dependable line of Natural Foods may always be obtained. In this he is assisted by his bright and cheery wife, who has, all along, been his co-worker in the slow, but most honorable labor of bringing a deluded people to the knowledge of the Truth, viz.: that Natural Foods are absolutely necessary for the building and repair of Natural bodies. In this work they have the whole power and force of Nature, to support their position.

When God created our food, He knew best, what elements were necessary for us, and it is nothing short of a criminal act for unscrupulous manufacturers and food dealers, to manipulate and corrupt the plan of God, established for our good.

The above article is no advertisement. It is a clear, enthusiastic statement by a man who knows what he is talking about, and we publish it for the benefit of our readers in order that they may become possessed of the knowledge contained therein. We realize that we have departed from the usual "magazine ethics" in giving the names and addresses of the maker of and dealers in this unfermented bread, but we know, too, that, in his fidelity to his task, Mr. Benold has been largely inspired by his



love for humanity, and it is pleasant for this magazine to do whatever it can to supplement his efforts. We believe that it is a part of the duty of every magazine that claims to be in any way educational along general lines to devote part of its space to the consideration of such questions as this one that come up so constantly in our daily lives, and of which we are yet very ignorant. We hope to begin a "Pure Food, or Health, Department" in an early issue of "To-Morrow," tho we are already very much crowded for space from the fact that our advertising is creeping into the body of the magazine more rapidly each month, and we should like very much to have the opinions and suggestions of our readers in regard to subjects to be treated. The "To-Morrow Family" is making some practical experiments which will be of interest to our readers; besides that we have numerous co-workers in this field of investigation who will aid in the making and continuation of this department, and we hope that *you* will respond at once with your expressions of your needs and desires.—Editor.

### LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

BY ESTELLE METZGER HAMSLEY.

All night long I waited, in vain,  
For a gleam in the eastern sky;  
Waited and watched, in sorrow and pain,  
While it seemed that my soul would die.

I went to the casement and kneeling there,  
Stared out into star-strewn space  
And vaguely wondered what "God of Air"  
Held each in its well-kept place.

Beneath my window a garden lay,  
A bed of slumbering flowers,  
And, as I watched the shadows play,  
I thought of the happy hours

We two had spent together, dear,  
And the thought of you brought peace;  
I shook from my soul the garment of fear,  
And bade my sorrow cease.

For out of the silence you came to me,  
And claimed me as your own,  
From the passion of pride and grief made free,  
I yielded to you, alone.

As dawn, with rosy finger tips,  
Beckons the coming day,  
As day, with noiseless footsteps, slips  
O'er the threshold, far away;

So Love, the great, the silent power,  
Illumines the way of Life,  
And in our darkest, saddest hour,  
Gives courage for the strife.

'Tis ever thus: Love's radiant light  
Dispels all doubt and fear,  
The vanquished shadows of the night  
Proclaim its presence near.

The springing hope, the courage strong,  
The will to do and dare,  
Are notes in Love's triumphant song  
That wakes us from despair.

# A Contrast

BY WARREN EDWIN BROKAW.

Just think of it it! *Under the present, or any other inequitable land tenure system:*

"The natural (?) price of labor is that price which is necessary to enable the laborers, one with another, to subsist and to perpetuate their race, without either increase or diminution."—David Ricardo.

"\* \* \* the total *real* value of the country, reckoned on the supposition that all the effort of the country be employed *under the most unfavorable circumstances*, DEDUCTIONS IN ALL OTHER CASES BEING MADE IN THE FORM OF RENT, will be divided between the labor force and the capital force of the community in such a way that labor may receive *enough to maintain it*. The remaining share of the total value will appertain to the owners of capital *as profit*."—David Ricardo.

"\* \* \* in all countries, and at all times, profits depend on the quantity of labor requisite to provide *necessaries* for the laborers, *on that land*, or with that capital *which yields no rent*."—David Ricardo.

"Wages \* \* \* represent that amount of commodity which habit and appetite render *absolutely requisite* for the preservation in being of the classes dependent on them."—Introductory Essay to David Ricardo's "Principles of Political Economy and Taxation."

"Rent is the sum paid to the landlord for the use of the land, and for the use of land only."—David Ricardo.

"*The whole surplus produce of the soil*, after deducting from it only such moderate profits as are sufficient to encourage accumulation, *must finally rest with the landlord*."—David Ricardo.

"It must be admitted that Mr. Sismondi and Mr. Buchanan \* \* \* *were correct*, when they considered rent as a value purely nominal, and as forming *no* addition to the national wealth, but merely as a transfer of value, advantageous *only to the landlords*, and proportionately injurious to the consumer."—Ricardo.

"\* \* \* what the landlord gains in this way, he gains at the expense of the community at large. There is no absolute gain to the society by the reproduction of rent; it is *only one class profiting at the expense of another class*."—Ricardo.

"\* \* \* when land is most abundant, when most productive, and most fertile, it yields no rent."—Ricardo.

"The earth \* \* \* is \* \* \* the \* \* \* agent of nature which \* \* \* one set of men take to themselves, *to the exclusion of others*; and of which, *consequently*, they can *appropriate* the benefits \* \* \* but happily no one has yet been able to say, the 'wind and the sun are mine, and the service which they render must be paid for.'"—J. B. Say.

"\* \* \* no one would pay for the use of land, when there was an abundant quantity not yet *appropriated*, and, therefore, at the disposal of whosoever might choose to cultivate it."—Ricardo.

"\* \* \* nothing is given for the use of air and water, or

for any other of the gifts of nature which exist in boundless quantity \* \* \* because they are \* \* \* at every man's disposal."—Ricardo.

"If air, water, the elasticity of steam, and the pressure of the atmosphere, \* \* \* could be *appropriated*, \* \* \* they, as well as land, would afford a rent. \* \* \*"—Ricardo. "To some extent *they are so appropriated* \* \* \* because the opportunity for enjoying them is confined to those in possession of the land—other natural forces temporarily by patent rights."—Footnote to Ricardo's "Principles of P. E. and Taxation," by Prof. Gonner.

That is

*Under every inequitable land tenure system*, the total wealth (produce) of a country is divided between producers and non-producers, the producers receiving only that proportion which is "absolutely" "necessary to enable" them "to subsist and perpetuate their race." Of the remainder of the land "owners" get all except what can be produced "under the most unfavorable circumstances" "which the quantity of produce required renders it necessary to carry on production." The rest is absorbed by other non-producers—proprietors of privileges—usually called capitalists.

"Hence, LET OTHER CONDITIONS BE WHAT THEY MAY, *the man who, if he lives and works at all, must live and work* ON LAND BELONGING TO ANOTHER, IS NECESSARILY A SLAVE OR A PAUPER."—Henry George.

And—"IMPROVEMENT, NO MATTER HOW GREAT, and REFORM, NO MATTER HOW BENEFICIAL IN ITSELF, CANNOT HELP THAT CLASS WHO, *deprived of all right to the use of the material elements*, HAVE ONLY THE POWER TO LABOR. \* \* \*"—Henry George.

BUT,

*Under EQUAL FREEDOM in the use of the earth* there will be *no non-producers*. Hence the purchasing power of products, "or the rule which determines how much of one shall be given in exchange for another, depends \* \* \* exclusively on the comparative quantity of labor expended on each." (Ricardo.)

And, "the reward of the laborer" would be "always in proportion to what he produced," "the quantity of labor bestowed on a commodity, and the quantity of labor which that commodity would purchase, would be equal, and either might accurately measure the variations of other things." (Ricardo.)

"\* \* \* the proportion between the quantities of labor necessary for acquiring different objects seems to be *the only circumstance* which can afford *any rule* for exchanging them one for another." (Adam Smith.)

Rent would then be "the difference between the produce obtained by equal portions of labor" "employed on land" having different "advantages of situation;" and it would be paid to the persons who produced those "advantages" by their labor of maintaining the commonly held portions of the earth in the desired condition for common use.

Hence, Wages would be *the whole produce of labor*, rent being but that *part* which the laborers on the highways (common lands) produced, and there being *no* Interest or Profit.

The *only way* by which Equal Freedom in the use of the earth can be secured is thru the restoration of the Equilibrium of Equity; by which the advantages of exclusive possession of locations are equalized; the land tenures balanced; the titles to property in products secured to producers; property in privileges abolisht; highways made free, and SELF-GOVERNMENT finally and permanently establisht.

The process is as scientific as the making of a fotograf—requiring only a sufficient knowledge of the operations of the forces of nature to enable persons to conform their inter-relations thereto. As surely as thot works out in action will the dissemination of this knowledge bring about this restoration, without any exercise of physical force whatever.

### ANACREON.

By Victor Robinson.

The Telian bard is singing, love,  
The merits of his bowl;  
To judge by his glad ringing, love,  
It is of life the goal.

He turns from Jove and Vulcan stern,  
His themes are not of war,  
He only cares of love to learn,  
And women to adore.

His only God is Cupid sweet,  
His only shrine is love,  
He worships but at women's feet,  
And knows no God above.

His chants are filled with blushing girls,  
His chants are filled with kiss,  
His chants are filled with flowing curls,  
His chants are filled with bliss.

His are the songs of pressing arms,  
The songs of lovely dreams;  
His are songs of female charms,  
The songs of tender themes.

Sweet bard, I nope your songs ne'er cease,  
For they exult no war,  
But tell of wine and love and peace,  
And women you adore.

### MONOGAMY DYING.

MY DEAR MISS RICHARDSON:—

Your article, "Life and Destiny," is timely. You have hit the oppressive old institution a solar plexus blow. That grizzly old superstition, lineal descendant of the Indian suttee—compulsory monogamic marriage—it is woman's greatest enemy if she but knew it. It has ground her into humility, and robbed her of her natural rights. Oh, that I might live to witness the final act in this great drama of reform, when she shall place her lovely little foot on its accursed neck and strangle it.

WYATT MILLIKAN.

# Bureau of Group Organization

We have organized a bureau which without charge of any kind and with no other object except to help on GROUP PROPAGANDA however and wherever organized, with the aim to assist all those desiring to live in coöperative groups to find their way to the one best suited to their tastes and inclinations.

We invite correspondence from groups and individuals. We shall publish each month a list of names and addresses of various groups and from time to time we ask all of our readers to coöperate with us in the matter of sending in the names of any new or established movements that do not appear in our list.

It is immaterial to us whether the groups we list are organized on conservative or radical lines, whether they be religious or irreligious communities, whether their basis is sound or weak, fanatical or otherwise.

We stand ready to aid and encourage GROUP LIFE wherever and however planned or organized, and from our point of view EVERY FAILURE WILL BE A SUCCESS, because those who fail will be valuable in showing the way which others must not tread.

The following is an alphabetical list of coöperative and group movements, the number to be increased and corrected from time to time as the information comes to our hands:

Altruist Community.....2711 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.  
Amana Society.....Amana, Iowa  
Beacon Company.....Aberdeen, S. D.  
Bryngolen.....Ilfracombe, Eng.  
Central Western Coöperative Association.....  
.....Commercial Bldg., St. Joseph, Mo.  
Colorado Coöperative Company.....Nucla, Colo.  
Commonwealth of Israel.....Adullam, Texas  
Coöperative Assn. of America...5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.  
Coöperative Brotherhood.....Burley, Wash.  
Coöperative Commonwealth.....Bow, Skagit Co., Wash.  
Coöperative Mnfg. Company..315 E. Wall St., Fort Scott, Kan.  
Coöperative Vegetarian Colony.....Highland, N. J.  
Equality Colony.....Equality, Wash.  
Evergreens.....Ollalla, Wash.  
Fellowship Farm.....Westwood, Mass.  
Fraternal Homemakers' Society...70 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.  
Freedom Colony.....Fulton, Bourbon Co., Ky.  
Freeland Colony.....Bow, Wash.  
Gibbs Coöperative Colony.....Gibbs, Santa Clara, Cal.  
General Industrial Company.....Ruskin, Ga.  
Golden Rule Fraternity..604 D. S. Morgan Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.  
Helicon Home Colony.....Englewood, N. J.  
Henry Clough Industrial Home.....  
.....3808 Eleventh Avenue, N. E., Seattle, Wash.  
Home Colony.....Lake Bay, Wash.  
Home Employment Company.....Long Lane, Mo.  
Koresshan Community.....Estero, Fla.  
La Hacienda.....Alpine, N. J.

League of American Homesteads.....	
.....	425½ So. Campbell St., Springfield, Mo.
Le Claire Group.....	Edwardsville, Ill.
Lloyd Group.....	Westfield, N. J.
Martha McVister.....	Kenashaw Ave., Washington, D. C.
Mutual Home Association.....	Home, Wash.
Oneida Community.....	Oneida, N. Y.
Physical Culture City.....	Spotswood, N. J.
Right Relationship League.....	185 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Roycrofters.....	East Aurora, N. Y.
Ruskin Commonwealth.....	Ruskin, Ga.
Salvation Army.....	120 West Fourteenth St., New York City
Single Tax City.....	Fairhope, Ala.
Spirit Fruit Society.....	Ingleside, Ill.
Straight Edge.....	1 Seventh Ave., New York City
The Israelites.....	Benton Harbor, Mich.
The Ruskin Coöperators.....	516 Reaper Block, Chicago, Ill.
To-Morrow City Movement....	2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Universal Brotherhood.....	Point Loma, Cal.

The above are all successes whether they fail or not, because they are planting the ideas of group life and group ownership.

If you cannot select the one with which you prefer to unite, let us assist you to do so.

#### Editor of To-MORROW:

Throughout all time the cry has always been: "God give us men!"

Thank God for Sercombe Himself! Here's a list of half a hundred broad-minded souls, who will I know be glad indeed to help us spread the Light of Truth abroad in this Man-made Wilderness.

My wife and I would be quite inclined to join colony at Asgard were we not enamored of the glorious climate and scenery out in California. Having spent sixteen months there, where one can change from hot to cold by a single day's travel afoot, from the valleys to the mountains—Summer or Winter—the attractions of any other state seem beneath consideration entirely.

We find dozens of our friends anxious to join us in a colony there and at least a dozen will start together next Autumn. Had not the Kawesh Colony in Tulare County, California, been ruined by the connivance of the National Government with the iniquitous Southern Pacific Railroad, which took away the colonists' land after they had spent some \$40,000 worth of labor in road building, together with the robbery of the colony funds by their secretary, we, with doubtless a hundred more, would have been living with them in the enjoyment of all Nature's bounties and beauties for the last decade or longer.

Our present intention is to look through the state extensively before choosing a location—really there is little need of choosing, for every foothill acre of California nestles close indeed to Heaven.

May I say a word about the exceeding profits obtainable from growing eucalyptus trees for fuel and lumber? Although it is a wood as hard and strong as hickory, they grow in fifteen years to a marketable size—12 to 15 inches across the butt and 60 to 85 feet high, selling at present prices at a clear profit of \$5,000 per acre. With the ever increasing scarcity of timber it is quite possible the profit may be double this figure in the near future.

In the February 9th issue of a San Francisco journal called: "Electricity, Gas and Power," three pages are devoted to an exhaustive account of this most beneficial industry—the price is 10 cents a copy.

Most heartily yours for the future in the Distance,

JOHN V. L. PIERSON.

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Referring to the above letter from Comrade Pierson, especially the part in regard to location, it is our idea at the present time to organize three self-governing colony groups, one in Illinois about one hour's ride from Chicago; one in the east, probably in West Virginia, and another in the west, either in Nevada, California or Washington.

From the character of those who already form the nucleus of the Illinois group, it will probably be composed only of those who are voluntary abstainers from meat, tea, coffee, liquor and tobacco. The other two groups which we will assist in establishing will be composed of users of any or all of these articles as the members may elect, it being our idea to make no rules for any groups, all to be self-governing and on a basis of pure democracy.—Editor.

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## Our To-Morrow City

We are finally shaping up a definite plan to locate an intellectual-industrial colony on a river plot about one hour from Chicago—within good market distance for our agricultural and manufactured products.

*Experience* is back of this movement and it will not be entered into until it is well financed, with a good surplus, so that its future will be assured.

The nucleus formed for this movement is now composed entirely of young men of exceptional good habits and industrious inclinations and as the present number is extended, only such will be received for probation who are unanimously acceptable to those already here.

Our arrangements comprise *Group Ownership*, the same economic status for all, no rules nor regulations in the matter of diet, habits, etc.; but as our present group are voluntary abstainers from meat, tea, coffee, liquor and tobacco, it is not probable that anyone who has these habits will be received on probation.

Our young men are self-contained, capable, ready to wait on themselves and do all kinds of outside and inside work and when the time comes we expect to lay out our own grounds, erect our own buildings and as far as possible, be independent of outside paid labor.

Our work in the matter of publishing this magazine, etc., is already on a sound financial basis and *we shall remain on this basis*, as no expansion will be entered into except fully warranted by our income and by the capital and surplus on hand to carry matters through to permanent success.

Besides farming, truck gardening, publishing, book-binding, etc., it is our intention to add to our industries from time to time such branches as pottery, furniture, boat-building and ornamental metal work, these to lend variety to suit different tastes and furnish periods of exercise to those engaged in clerical and literary work.

Correspondence and articles intended for this department will receive prompt and careful attention and we trust that this movement will arouse the interest among our readers that it deserves.

### A READER SUGGESTS LOCATION

ST. THOMAS, NEV., Jan. 27, 1907.

Dear Sir: Replying to your inquiry as to the capacity of Virgin River for supplying city with water, there is no limit to a water supply, as we are only twenty-five miles from the Colorado River.

There are no volcanoes, nor any signs of an eruption for ages. The altitude is about 1,100 feet, and it is simply one of the most delightful and healthful climates on earth. There are no cyclones or blizzards.

There will, in all probability, be a railroad down the Muddy Valley in the course of eighteen months, built from Moapa, on the Salt Lake route. We are only twenty-three miles from Moapa. There will also probably be a branch from the Santa Fe near us in the very near future.

It is one of the finest farming and fruit countries on earth. Last year for the first time it shipped fifty carloads of cantaloupes. There is fine grazing ground in the mountains near us.

This, the Muddy Valley, is settling up very rapidly now, and in a few years it will be one of the most prosperous portions of the State.

Hoping the above information will be satisfactory, I am, respectfully  
yours,  
HARRY GENTRY, P. M.

### MY SASHA.

By Victor Robinson.

In Sunshine or in Shadow's day,  
We two will sail from shore to shore,  
And love will lead the wondrous way,  
Till Death calls out, "No more, no more."

How very gladly would I bless  
The giving up of ev'ry prize,  
The biting sting of unsuccess.  
If it would cause your love to rise;

My beating heart is in your hands,  
My whole life I give to you,  
And lying wrecked on Sorrow's sands,  
My love will still be strong and true.

My eyes may shed as many tears,  
As ever mortal man did weep,  
And I may feel the taunting jeers;  
Yet if thy love I ever keep,

I'll mix my tears with sunny smiles,  
And all my grief will have its joy,  
And I will laugh at all your wiles,  
And shout as gaily as a boy.

So dearly, sweetly will we sail,  
And go unto the farthest shore,  
Thru joyous calm or heavy hail,  
Till Death calls out, "No more, no more."



# INFORMAL BROTHERHOOD and CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

Conducted by RALPH E. SAMMONS

Short articles, poems and opinions from our readers are solicited for this department. This place is reserved for quarrels, discussions, nonsense, or for the welling heart—but make it short.

All matter intended for the Informal Brotherhood Department, should be addressed to the Department Editor.

## The Spirit of Brotherhood

Each one of us is striving toward the realization of an ideal, each one having a different ideal from all the others, yet the most of us striving to realize an ideal of greater, if not perfect, freedom for all mankind, which includes ourselves, of course.

Without these ideals and dreams we should never progress beyond any certain stage of civilization, but there have ever been those who dreamt of the better things, who glimpsed a light of higher truth, and furnished themselves and the world with an urge to grow out of those certain mental, physical and social conditions, through the working of natural cause and effect in our individual and group lives.

In our striving, in our investigation and experimentation to find the true realities and the means to advance to the higher good, the more perfect happiness—to realize the natural brotherhood which is the solution of all our problems—the formation and re-formation of various groups with varied ideals, and many different means for the realization of these dreams, will form an extremely important part. And each one of us, in our efforts to find the group which is working out our ideal in the way we should like to help work it out, will ally ourselves with one or more of these various organizations with the idea of service in our minds and brotherhood in our hearts.

These groups must be judged, in our looking about, by their own literature and by reports, both of which are inadequate to portray exactly, and there are inevitable disappointments in store for new recruits who shall not find things as they have pictured them in mind and imagination before joining the group.

I found this true in my own case. I expected to come into a group with my ideal already realized; that I was coming into my heaven. And at first I was shocked to find ordinary men and women, working like common people always have worked, struggling and striving still. Then it swept over me that I had been very small and inexperienced, and that it was far better that I should not come, *could not come* into a realization of my ideal in that way, but that I must *work it out for myself*, along with the rest; and the realization brought joy that I was not to fit into a machine already cut and fashioned, but that I was to *help make* that organization, and gradually grow with my comrades into the desired conditions—that I was to be a creator with them.

That is the test of the brotherhood which we have attempted to plant in our hearts, that it might blossom forth into fruition,

into broader love, into more perfect peace and happiness. Can we come to realize that we are all striving for a great good—the *greatest good*? And no matter what the methods any group is using to realize that ideal, while we are working with them toward the solution of the greatest problem of the ages, we are bound by all the laws of humane ethics to help along that group, whether or no it is doing *just* as we *think* it ought to do. For who are we to judge and condemn? Time is the only Judge of Truth, and we have no right to destroy and kill. We are by that very act hindering the completion of our own ideals, for each one of these groups must play its part in the search for the true and real. No single man or group of men can embody all the truth and have no error.

Besides, each group must stand or fall according as it embodies truth, faith and love in the hearts and relations of the members of the groups, and only long continued experimentation can prove which has and which has not embodied these basic principles in their work.

By all means, join some work or group that is working along lines of the Universal Brotherhood, and help to the full extent of your power, but don't "knock" any, for you will be but knocking the props from under yourself and your own betterment. While you are accepting the liberality and hospitality of any organization, help it along. If it is on the wrong track, it will the sooner show it to the rest, and they may then be able to avoid the mistakes made in that case. But if it is prematurely destroyed before it has had time to prove its errors, others will go on making the same ones over and over again. If it is right, even though you may think it wrong, it will furnish its lesson to those following, and thus, and thus only, will we grow to a realization and manifestation of the great desire of our hearts.

Our "Bureau of Group Organizations" started in this issue of "To-Morrow" will aid many in finding their congenial group, and we sincerely hope that it will do immense good. Get brotherhood and unselfishness in your heart, join one of these many groups and build, work. Change quietly and joyfully from group to group if necessary to find your own, but don't "knock," don't "kick," for that shows lack of brotherly spirit, and will hinder the very thing you seek.—R. E. S.

## Political Liberty

By Harold Howard.

Mrs. B. B. Wells, the English "suffragette," said in New York recently, that one of the reasons that women suffragists in England were using "force" to get the ballot, was because "the wages of working women were being constantly lowered, and nothing could be done without the ballot."

I desire to point out that there are two kinds of force, and that now is the time for the American women to exhibit the better and more victorious kind, viz., the force of clear thinking and rational appeal for the hitherto withheld political privileges.

In spite of the fact that there are 5,000,000 women earning their living outside the home circle in this country, there has been no demand for woman suffrage on the ground that it would "raise women's wages," and I shall point out that this is as it should be.

Men cannot get over the idea that woman's ideal sphere is the home. Therefore, it is to be hoped that American women, when they ask for the ballot, will do so, not because they desire a more natural social order; not because they have property to protect, but for the more truly patriotic and economic reasons that they might reduce the cost of living and distribute wealth far more equitably than heretofore in the history of man, and thus enable the men to support the women relatives at home. The family life will be based on absolute freedom and honesty of choice, instead of compulsion or force of circumstances, as is so often the case at present. Then indeed, will the family be the unit of social life—and "individualism" will die.

"Were half the money spent on camps and courts given to redeem the human mind from error, there were no need for arsenals and forts."—Longfellow.

## On Rights

By J. C. Barnes, Arcola, Ill.



According to the law of evolution, word language differentiates along with the growth of thought, but words, at best, are imperfect mediums for thought expression.

To avoid confusion, there is a better word needed to express the idea of rights, as distinguished from the word right, not wrong. For this reason, Mr. Kuehn's idea of rights is not lucid to me. As I understand him, he uses the word right as I use the word privilege, but I cannot be certain that this term expresses his idea.

In understand rights to be self-existent and eternal as truths, and not granted nor alienated. **Privileges** are granted, and imply the conditions of might and slavery.

Governments dole out privileges to exercise rights, limiting the freedom to exercise these rights—but they cannot limit the rights themselves.

I have the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I have the **right** to do as I will, limited only by the equal freedom of all others to do the same things.

Privileges should become extinct, and the word obsolete.

No one has a **right** to vote, except as an expression of sentiment to repeal or abolish laws, for as a rule, votes imply

force or coercion. But any one person, regardless of age, sex, or color, has as much right to vote as any other person, and any one person has as many **rights** as all other persons combined.

Perhaps the reason that no word has been invented to express the idea of rights is because it is comparatively new—in the past, might made right (or rights) and thought of man's **inherent** rights was entertained. The word does not appear in any of the ancient writings, not even the bible. Paine first used the word in his "Rights of Man." And now the idea is receiving much attention.

When the equal rights of all men to equal freedom is better understood, coercive government will cease—for as Spencer says:—"Coercion can by no process be made equitable. The rule of the many by the few we call tyranny—but the rule of the few by the many is tyranny also, only of a less intense kind." The recognition of rights is basic to freedom.

Editorial Note:—There are the two phases to the question of rights, and the question is to find which of the two is better fitted to give the urge toward the Brotherhood which we seek. They must be judged on their respective merits, upon the effects or results of each, the criterion of judgment being their utility in the onward progression and evolution.

The negative (no rights) places each individual in the position of merely one of the mass, one of the group, no matter how large or small the group may be, and his entire labor and love is freely given to the group, with no demands for self, knowing that as one of the group he will receive his just share. He knows and feels that he has no right to invade or oppress others.

The positive (all rights) immediately places every one on the offensive to maintain these rights which he has relegated to himself, to maintain the ownership and alienation of these rights, and thus society, the group, is kept in a continual warfare. Never, under such conditions, can we attain the state or feelings of Brotherhood. If we agree that all others have equal rights with us, we virtually declare against personal or individual rights, but the attitude of aggression is not removed.

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## Why I Would Object

John R. Downer, in his article, "Would We Object?" published in the December number, states that he wouldn't object to Christ's coming again, "Because it would settle some live questions."

The question in my mind is, would it settle these live questions? How many of the orthodox, so-called Christian preachers would accept him as the Christ? Few, if any.

Take, for instance, what I call the saviours of modern times, such as Ingersoll, Huxley, Emerson, etc., who are doing most for the enlightenment of mankind—what do so-called

Christians say of these men? That they ought to be in hell, etc., and so would they say of Jesus if he came again and told them the truth. And no doubt they would crucify him, and I, for one, would object to see any good man's life sacrificed because he believed and taught the truth.

Why should we try to convince our neighbor that he is wrong? God never intended we should. All we can do is to be true to ourselves, living a true, noble, and as nearly Christ-like life as possible. Don't tell other people what they should do, but do it yourself.

For my own personal pleasure and benefit, I should like to see Christ return to this earth, but knowing the pain and misery he would suffer, I am willing to forego my pleasure, and object to his coming again, until the majority of the people are really Christian.

—A. H. Watkin.

### ATHEISM?

Editor "To-Morrow":—

There appears in the December number of "To-Morrow" an article headed "Why I am an Atheist", in which the writer says Nature furnishes the only rational philosophy of existence. It has for its basis everything, Theism, the remainder, nothing. Nature is a self-evident fact.. It requires no proof. Potential nature is omnipresent throughout boundless expanse.

I think the founders of such philosophy are too much inclined to shrink from the more difficult phenomena by which we perceive Nature, their theories being based upon the known theories of mathematics beyond which they are unwilling or unable to go, they are willing to carry mathematics to the divisibility of nature beyond physical perception, their argument being, it is not logical to suppose the unit of nature so small as to contain no mathematical proportions. Beyond this we cannot go.

Now let us analyze practical mathematics and its relations to the physiological nature of man. First, to find what is the mathematical relation between physical bodies we must know the condition of matter located in a non-physical element which we call space, an element which cannot be changed, classified or influenced by time or nature and which stands, therefore, as the first cause. There would be no solar system if it were not for the intervention of space between the celestial bodies. Are they not controlled by the space that exists between them? Mathematics tells us that it takes eighty years for the light from the north star to reach the earth, but cannot explain how we perceive it instantly upon opening the eye when the rays of light are constantly falling toward us. Physics and mathematics are inadequate to explain relation between the human mind and its environments.

As regards the powers of human sight, all impressions upon the retina of the eye are inverted, but we do not perceive them until they are projected outward through the lenses of the eye by the intellectual powers of the mind into space where we perceive them inverted to the physical effect upon the eye. Does not this prove that the sense of sight is the effect and not the cause of reason? Is it not logical to believe space to be spiritual, the effect through which we perceive of things known to our reason which carries our intellectual impressions to distant bodies instantly as opposed to the mathematical relations between physical bodies which are controlled by time? These facts become more interesting as we realize the impossibility of perceiving one object except by its contrast with other objects. Is not space the medium by which we perceive this contrast and without which there could be no intelligence?

Yours for freedom and intellectual progress,

—G. Kay.

**MUCK-RAKERS**

Dear Sercombe:—

During the past year, I have received several copies of "To-Morrow," and enjoyed reading the most of them, in the main. I was not long in discovering that "To-Morrow" is not a "popular" magazine, in the ordinary meaning of the word. Why? Because I suppose a large percent of the reading public prefer not to have the foul ulcers in this boasted so-called civilization of ours exposed. They do not like to admit that certain conditions do exist under the very noses of "pillars" of the church of to-day.

During the past year, we have all heard much of the so-called "muck-raker" of which there is certainly great need. I think much of our Pres. Roosevelt as a man who does things, and is a power as a reformer, because in the main he means well and his position naturally affords him the opportunity to advocate and institute reforms; tho in borrowing Mr. Bunyan's phrase, it did not occur to him that he is perhaps one of the greatest "muck-rakers" of them all, among whom are Pres. Roosevelt, Thos. W. Lawson, Upton Sinclair, Mr. Russell, B. O. Flower, Dr. Cooper of Cleves, O., Walter Hurt, of the editorial staff of "To-Morrow," W. R. Hearst and associate editors, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Gov. Folk of Mo., Count Leo Tolstol whom Mr. Wanamaker turned down when he was Postmaster-General, by excluding "Kreutzer Sonata" from the U. S. mails. Then there are W. J. Bryan, Richard L. Metcalf, Will Maupin, Jack London, and good old Moses Harman, who is now free from prison, besides all the liberally educated, broad minded, hard worked, common school teachers, most of whom are underpaid.

Yours,—W. H. Halfley, Amboy, Ind.

**THE TWO PLANTS**

Two plants grew in a garden. One held itself very straight and tall, for it bore upon its summit the swelling promise of a curiously beautiful flower. A black robed man stopped and looked at it suspiciously. "Strange," said he, "how such a plant should come into this garden. I am positive that I had nothing whatever to do with setting it out here. It must therefore be true that it is a growth of the Devil." Whereupon he built about it a great wall that shut off the sunlight; the plant drooped its head and died with the promise of coming beauty yet unrealized.

The austere one turned kindly to the other plant; he watered it according to instructions in the big book which he bore with him; he trained it upon a carefully made trellis; and each day he pulled out from around its feet such weeds as he could observe through his great spectacles.

But for all that, it bore no flower to the longest day that it stood there in the garden.—L. H. Dana.

**SPELLING REFORM**

To Editor "To-Morrow"—

To reform English spelling is too much like renovating a rotten egg. Why wouldn't it be easier and better for all to learn the Universal Language, "Esperanto," which is being so strenuously pushed by the "North American Review"? A society is being organized by the "Review," whith the language inventor, Dr. L. L. Zamenhof, at its head. Text books will be furnished at cost, and the expenses of organizing are also defrayed by the "Review."

Yours sincerely,—Eunice Juliet Holmes.

## Freedom or Liberty?

BY IDA W. HAWKINS.

I caught a glimpse of a familiar face in the news dealer's window this morning, its hopeful title beaming out from a mass of periodicals of every description, and of course I did not pass it by, for I knew that it held a message for the thoughtful. The first thing that caught my eye was the remarks "To You Talkers," especially to those who talk Freedom, and it occurred to me that there are a great many people who talk about Freedom and do not discriminate in the use of the words Freedom and Liberty—terms that are used synonymously, yet differ widely in the application of their significance.

Liberty is to Freedom what the earliest struggle of a plant is to the perfected bloom—much effort and growth lie between.

Your magazine is an exponent of Freedom, and its title is a proof that you are not mixed in your synonyms, for you have put it off until "to-morrow," while you speak for the liberty by which it is to be attained.

Liberty may be gained through a forceful demand, through inheritance, or through favor, but we have to search for the path to Freedom.

If Freedom is handed down to us we are likely to disregard its value and leave it behind for the many pitfalls that catch unwary feet; if we accept it as a favor or gift, we find our "royal road" leads through kings' possessions, with an ever increasing exaction of toll, until, burdened with the weights and chains we have forged, we find ourselves enthralled in a slavery worse than that from which we thought to escape.

A nation as well as an individual may have the liberty to choose its own form of government, and still not be a free nation; but if it shuns the alluring path of inherited power, and the "royal road" thru the favor of kings, and choose the path represented by the needs and welfare of its people, and pays the price, it can gain Freedom, for with Liberty we may deprive others of Liberty; but Freedom signifies the absence of all oppression.

Lowell said: "Democracy does not say 'I am as good as you are,' but 'You are as good as I am.'" So Freedom says: "You have a right to the same Liberty that I enjoy" as well as that I have a right to the same Liberty that you enjoy, "without respect to race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

Liberty is said to be a priceless boon. Let us not sell it for a mess of pottage, or for the favor of kings and courts, for with it we may gain Freedom, as individuals and nations, by paying the price in the coin of the realm, and when we have paid the last farthing we shall have both Liberty and Freedom.

Emancipation is not the end of slavery, but it is the beginning of the end. Liberty is not Freedom, but the beginning of Freedom.

# THE OLD GUARD OF FREE THOUGHT—Conducted by W. C. COPE

JOHN R. LIPPITT.

Born 1835. Died February 12, 1907.

Another of the Old Guard has passed on. John R. Lippitt died February 12 of heart disease.

One evening last fall I called on him at his rooms on the West Side, and the memory of the visit is full of pleasant thoughts. The things that impressed me most forcibly about Mr. Lippitt were his gentleness of spirit, the child-like openness of his mind, ready and willing to receive whatever was helpful and true, tolerant, clinging to no creed, full of sympathy for the men and women about him, patient, and above all, full of hope and courage and enthusiasm. He was planning to start a magazine which was to be a sort of review of the work being done in the New Thought field, and he spoke of this plan with all the hopefulness and enthusiasm of a young man of twenty-five with his life before him, and yet there was the patience and serenity of a man who had lived many years and suffered. It was a beautiful manifestation of the eternal youthfulness of the spirit and the divine urge to always go on

to greater accomplishment and helpfulness.

Mr. W. V. Hardy, who is also one of the Old Guard, was with him much during his stay here in Chicago. He writes to us as follows:

"John R. Lippitt was born and lived long in Cooperstown, N. Y. The Lippitt family was well known for its hospitality, business success and integrity. For many years his home was in Boston, until he came to Chicago last July. He was twice married, but had no children.

"He was radical and progressive in his ideas. His life was active and benevolent, but he was not actively before the public. He will be remembered for his many deeds and words of kindness." VIOLA RICHARDSON.

COPLEY COTTRELL, MT. CLEMENS, MICH.

EDITOR TO-MORROW:—

I was born in Ireland on January 18, 1835, and am the oldest of a large family. My father had very little of this world's goods, and emigrated to this country in 1845 or 1846. I was employed in the cotton mills in Massachusetts until we moved to Michigan in 1852, and then my career as a sailor commenced.

When the Mormon trouble began I joined the army and went to Utah under General Harney. At the commencement of the Civil War my company was kept on the frontier, and we had some trouble with the Indians, making it lively for us for a while; and when the Texans invaded New Mexico we had to take care of them. After the war I joined the navy and served six years as a sailor.

Since 1880 I have lived here most of the time, keeping a boat house at Belvidere until two years ago, when I sold out, and now I am living on the interest of what I possess.

I have never belonged to any church or creed and never will. I am a consistent infidel, always ready to defend my views against all comers, and some of the good Christians in this vicinity have no desire to have a scrap with me. I am a believer in the religion of Thomas Paine, as voiced in his "Rights of Man," and not in a God or a priest. I believe in doing right to my fellow man to the best of my ability and to help Free Thought as much as I can. Yours for the Love of Man,

COPLEY COTTRELL.





**TAXATION OF CHURCH PROPERTY****By Helen M. Lucas.**

Taxation of church property is a subject which is too seldom discussed. There are so many who think churches so sacred that any privileges claimed for them must not be questioned; and many others who think the majority of the people do not want them taxed and that the majority must rule, never realize that there are personal rights which majorities may not decide. There are those, also, who feel that they are almost alone in the world, and entirely alone in the places where they live, in feeling the injustice of exemptions, and so do not feel able to make a losing fight. There are still others who think that as nobody pays taxes on church property, nobody loses anything, and that it is just the same as if there were none, so far as taxation is considered, not knowing that all other property pays the extra

tax on the value of the exempt property, as well as its own.

In other branches of the union of church and state, we can prove our rights by the federal and state constitutions, but in our warfare against the imposition of an increased tax because of the exemption of church property, we cannot look for such aid unless we can show that church and state cannot be united in a republic without turning it into a theocracy.

The federal constitution says: "The United States shall guarantee to every state in Union a republican form of government." The state constitutions provide for the exemption of church property from taxation; so we must rely chiefly on pure justice for our arguments; we can prove that exemption is an indirect tax on everybody for the support of sectarian religion.

The Ohio state constitution, in exempting "property used exclusively for religious purposes," contradicts itself, for it provides that "no person shall be compelled to attend, erect, or support any place of worship, or maintain any form of worship against his consent, and no preference shall be given by law to any religious society; nor shall any interference with the rights of conscience be permitted."

We are compelled to contribute to the support of a place of worship, and help maintain a form of worship, as long as there is an untaxed church in the state; preference is given by law to every religious society which has an untaxed church; the rights of conscience of all individuals who do not wish to support the churches are interfered with.

Also, the Ohio constitution provides: "The property of corporations, now existing, or hereafter created, shall forever

be subject to taxation, the same as the property of individuals." Church societies are corporations.

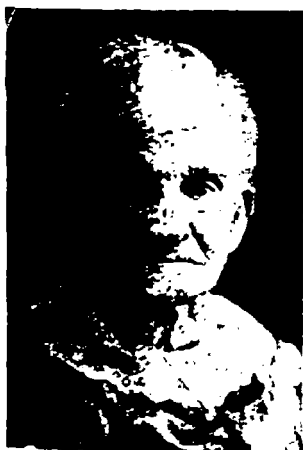
The contradictions seem very plain but we shall have a hard time to make them count against the exemption clause; however, we can show that the churches and Y. M. C. A. are not used exclusively for religious purposes. I know of none, unless it is some of the Catholic churches, which are not used for money making, and purely social entertainments.

Would it not be a good plan for the liberals to let each other know everything in their state constitutions relating to religion?

Editorial Note:—Here is a good chance for some original research, and a good chance for discussion on an important and vital subject.

### A PROBLEM TO BE SOLVED

By Lois Waisbrooker.



This is "an age on ages telling" and problems are being presented for solution which have hitherto been considered unsolvable. Among these we find the following upon that "obscene" subject, sex, to-wit: How shall the blood of the race be saved from the poison of sex disease?

To do this, or to remove any other evil, we must go back to causes, and has any writer on this subject ever taken into consideration woman's likes or dislikes as to her sex companionship? If not then they have not con-

sidered the principal factor involved in the production of sex disease.

An eastern physician, a liberal, writes me: "I am in thorough disagreement with your notion as to the origin and dissemination of venereal diseases. Either you are all wrong or my thirty years of study and experience has led me all wrong."

I have never said anything about the dissemination of sex disease, at least have formed no specific theory. There is no need. As to the origin, the following taken from page 22 of "My Century Plant," will explain my position: "I once knew of a child being killed in the womb because of the mother's strong repugnance to a physician. There were two in the place; one she liked, the other she very much disliked. Travail pains came on and the doctor was sent for; the one she wanted was out of town and the other one was brought. The thought of having him near her caused such a revulsion of feeling that all pain ceased and did not return for a week. The physician the lady wanted was there then, the child was born, but it was born dead, and to all appearances had been dead for a week."

"If the thought of having the man she disliked near her as a physician produced such a result, suppose she had felt obliged to receive him as a husband, would there not have been a conflict between her sex forces and his, a conflict causing the death of at least a portion of the living creatures involved? Would not the dead elements, the physical covering of the life thus slain, create uncleanness? Now take the case of the woman who has no other means of gaining her bread, one who must suffer the infliction of not only one but many. In such a case not only the woman must be considered, but there would naturally be a conflict between the different male elements if they came in contact. Can we wonder that such conditions produce disease?"

The position I take is this: "If a woman received only when she desired and whom she desired there would be no such thing as venereal disease." Of course it is understood that all parties are healthy to commence with.

Now I, a woman who has never read a book on the subject, make the following proposition and challenge the whole medical world to produce the case. Take a healthy highly sexed woman, who is diffusive in her love, one who has never been pressed into an unwilling relation, one who has had only such as she desired, and the men all healthy, show me or prove that such an one has become diseased and I will yield all my philosophy.

As to thirty years' study and experience, that proves nothing. All our medical works, so far as I know, have been written by men, and when one starts out with a standard, experiences are very likely to be interpreted accordingly.

Of course if a case like that supposed, can be found, it will prove me in the wrong but if not, then it follows logically that to purge the blood of the race of the poison of sex disease, woman must be free.

### THE IMAGE BREAKER

Beeson, the Image Breaker, sets up about as many images as he smashes. That's what his emeute in the March number amounts to. He sets up the Debs image and invites me to bow in adoration. Now, I don't object to the image. But I draw the line between admiration and t'other thing. I love Debs. I never knew a more lovable personality. Father Walsh, a young priest who died in the service of his poor parishioners at Memphis during the yellow fever epidemic of 1873, was another of that stamp of great-hearted, self-sacrificing men. I loved him, too. But I could not go into the same church with him. Not that I objected to Father Wash's catholicism. Dear me, no! Only it was not catholic enough. Not that I object to Debs' socialism. Dear me, no! But he is not socialistic enough. Debs does a good deal of thinking with that great heart of his. And quite creditable, too. Debs has an idea (in his heart) that if he had the same power as the plutocracy wields he would use it for the good of humanity. But humanity would do much better if neither Debs nor the plutocrats were empowered at all. Debs and Beeson want

to reform things. I don't. My fool notion is that when we are intelligent enough to quit yielding acquiescence to the kingthing in any of its phases things will automatically move toward solidarity and brotherhood. As a kingthing a republic has but little better to offer than an autocracy. A majority kingthing does not attract me more than a monarchical ruler. Roosevelt, Bryan, Debs. Good fellows, all, no doubt. And if I were looking for a ruler I might incline to employ Debs. But I have no vacancy on my rulership staff. Let those who want to hire a ruler make their own choice. I don't need anything in that line, thank you. A mere change of kingthings doesn't appeal to me. To supplant bad government with "good government" may afford lots of exercise, but I am not chasing such an impossibility as good government any more than I expect some day to have a peep at a bunch of black whiteness. It's not the abuse of government that's the matter—it's the thing itself, and the best ever is no better than the worst ever. Beeson may smash images capably, and if he can find anything in my voluntarian socialism that looks like an image let him crack away at it. But he shouldn't set up some image of his own and try to put my brand on it.

HERMAN KUEHN.

### BENJ. N. GOODSSELL, ASHMONT, OHIO

I was born on May 9, 1837, in a log cabin in the woods of a new sparsely settled country on the shore of Lake Erie—in Vermillion township, Erie county, state of Ohio.

My father was a master ship-builder from New York City. My mother's maiden name was Laura Alger. They were both born in Columbia county, N. Y., and came to Ohio in 1833. Neither of them were members of any church, but leaned towards Universalism.

I had the advantage of a country school in the wilderness, being raised on a farm among the birds and beasts and the beauties of Nature, where my young brain was left to grow uncontaminated, where my thots always searched out the whys and wherefores of the great world in which I lived.

I took but little interest in the dogmas of the church—the cruelty preached seemed to my infant mind out of all conception to a loving Saviour. This only sharpened my desire to think out my own ideas of the beginning and the end.

I lived on in the sunshine of my own thots, not having anything to enlighten my mind until I thirty-eight years of age, when an old friend handed me the book, "Nature's Divine Revelation," by Andrew Jackson Davis, with the statement that he had borrowed it from my mother about twenty-three years previous. My sainted mother died when I was the age of fifteen.

This book proved to be exactly what my mind craved, as it is the most instructive book for a beginner in Free Thought. It convinced me that the Bible contained too many errors to be the word of an infinite being who was great enough to build this beautiful world.



After my reading the above I commenced to study the Old and the New Testaments and tried to match the thots of each. I also read Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason," all of Ingersoll's lectures and the works of Darwin, until I found that my mind was convinced that there was no possibility of either a beginning nor an end to material, and consequently the non-existence of a personal God, but there is an unexplainable power that moves the entire universe in harmony.

After deliberating over what I had read of the cruelties recorded in the Bible, and being naturally against anything and everything that would cause pain to anyone and anything, and after reading of the debauchery and murder that fills the Old Testament, it created a sense of horror in my mind and made me more eager to locate the truth. In my opinion Paine's "Age of Reason" completely refutes the theory that God (if there is one) had anything to do with the Bible.

As for the New Testament, this is founded upon an absurdity. Can any sane person believe that a woman can give birth to a child without an earthly father? Is it possible for anyone in this age of knowledge and enlightenment of science to believe such an improbable tale? As this story of Christ is the foundation of the Christian religion and the New Testament, and which is contrary to reason and without the necessary corroboration of Nature, the book naturally falls by its own weight.

In preference to the Bible I choose "The world is my country and to do good is my religion," and also:

"We love our fellow men, our kind  
Wife, child and friend;  
To phantoms we are deaf and blind;  
But we extend  
The helping hand to the distressed,  
And by loving others we are blessed.

"We love no phantoms of the skies,  
But living flesh  
With passions soft and soulful eyes;  
Lips warm and fresh,  
And cheeks with health's red flag unfurled,  
The breathing angels of this world."

From thinking out my own philosophy, and with the help of others, I have concluded to write my own funeral oration and speak it into a phonograph.

For the Love and Truth of humanity and everything living that can suffer pain.

Fraternally,

BENJ. N. GOODSSELL.

### C. E. ALEXANDER, CHANUTE, KAN.

DEAR BROTHER:—I was born in Warren county, Pa., on April 2, 1836, my parents having emigrated to that state from Connecticut some years before my birth. I was reared in the Christian superstition, my parents being members of the Baptist church for forty years; but when Spiritualism made its advent they left the church and gave up Bible myths, and lived and died in full faith of their new religion.

From my earliest remembrances I could not harmonize the Bible with a just and all-wise God, who would create man in his own image and then consign him to everlasting punishment for doing something he (God) knew he would do, as the Bible teaches God knows all things from the beginning. My reasoning has completely satisfied and firmly convinced me that there is neither a personal God nor a heaven or a hell after death. I believe that when I lie down in the dreamless sleep of death all will be well.

My motto is to do right because it is right; to do to my fellow man as I would he should do to me. For the past thirty years I have been doing what I could to forward the Free Thought cause. I have read and circulated Free Thought papers, books and magazines, and am always proud to speak of my belief. We have many free thinkers who are afraid to say what they believe, but I am not built that way.

Yours for the Brotherhood of Man,

C. E. ALEXANDER.

# About Books

(Readers will favor TO-MORROW by mentioning it when writing to publishers and editors about books or magazines reviewed in these columns.)

We have received for review Ernest Crosby's last book, "Golden Rule Jones, Mayor of Toledo." This little book is well worth reading, especially in view of the author's untimely death; for, as Elbert Hubbard says of Ernest Crosby, "Those who knew you loved you and those who did not love you did not know you." Bound in paper by the Public Publishing Company, Chicago, and sent postpaid for 25 cents.

"From Monkey to Man," by Austin Bierbower, is a story of prehistoric times, published by the Ingersoll Beacon Company, Chicago, bound in paper, 35 cents. The scene is laid in the Tertiary age, when men were emerging from the ape. In addition to its value as a popular presentation of a scientific subject, the book is spiced thruout with a vein of humor.

"Life and Death," by Dr. E. Teichman, translated by A. M. Simons, is an exceedingly clear exposition in small compass of the fundamental truths of biology. Those whose time and education are limited will find here just what they need for light on a most important subject. Bound in cloth, 50 cents. Published by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

"Social and Philosophical Studies," by Paul Lafargue, translated by Chas. H. Kerr, deals with the causes for the belief in God, the origin of abstract ideas, especially the ideas of Justice and Good. The author has a brilliantly lucid style, which the translator has not bedimmed in the process of changing French thot into English. The book is one of the Social Science Series. Bound in cloth, 50 cents. Published by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

"What's So and What Isn't," by John M. Work, is one of the brightest little books of essays on the various aspects of Socialism that we have seen in many a day. Cloth, 50 cents. Published by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

"White Fang," Jack London's latest book, is a companion volume to "The Call of the Wild" in that it is the story of a wolf-dog. But while in "The Call of the Wild" the dog reverts to the primitive wolf, in "White Fang" it is

SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TO-MORROW."

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the wolf that becomes domesticated and, to all intents and purposes, a dog.

As in his other stories, London points no morals, but simply tells the story. Yet one who can look beneath the surface can see a moral in all his stories. In "The Sea Wolf" the doctrine that might is right and that the strongest should rule is shown to be self-destructive. In "The Call of the Wild" we see that under a bad environment the finest example of civilized development will revert to primitive savagery, while in "White Fang" we see the most savage of fighting wolves changed by a proper environment into a noble example of dignity and love.

Jack London stands absolutely first in the power to depict animal life in a realistic and scientific manner. Since the days when Aesop put men's thots into the mouths of animals, many animal stories have been written. Kipling in his "Jungle Book;" Ernest Seton-Thompson, in his animal stories, and many others have written interestingly of wild animal life; but London is absolutely first in his fidelity to nature while at the same time broadening the mental horizon by his grasp of the relations in nature.

It has been sometimes charged that Jack got the idea of his dog stories from a preacher's book, "My Dogs in the Northland." As Jack went to the Klondike, it is rather likely he got acquainted with a few northern dogs himself, without getting them at second hand out of another fellow's book. At any rate, this poor literary hack is willing to venture "fo' bits" that Jack did not steal his virile, vivid style and his power to make one see things from any preacher who ever pounded a pulpit. MacMillan Company, publishers, New York.

"An Equitable Exchange System," by Alfred E. Justice, deals with wages, profit, rent, interest, and money. Justice shows that the land being monopolized, the wage-earner only receives what is left after the landlord gets his rent, the capitalist his interest, the merchant his profit and consequently he can purchase only a small part of the wealth he himself produces. Alfred J. Ferris, publisher, Philadelphia.

"The Physical Basis of Mind and Morals" is a treatise on psychology and ethics from a materialistic standpoint. The author regards the first part of Spencer's "First Principles," the Unknowable, as weakening the force of the "Synthetic Philosophy." He says, "Evidently Spencer having therein to his own satisfaction proven that whatever may be behind the apparent cannot be recognized by the human intellect, intended

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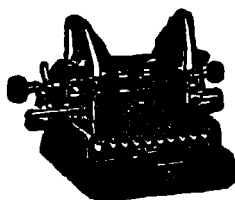
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Specially appropriate articles in "The Literary Digest," New York, of March 2, are "Is Jack London a Plagiarist?" "Shakespeare's Cause for Complaint Against His Editors," "Degradation of the Russian Clergy," "Suicide and Religion in Europe," "The Movement for a Universal Language," "No Tariff Revision," and "Senator Smoot's Victory."

The March "Nautilus," Holyoke, Mass., has articles on "Telepathy as I Experience It," by Elizabeth Towne; "Wonders of Modern Astronomy," by Prof. Edgar L. Larkin, and the fourth instalment of a very remarkable serial on "The Nervous System of Jesus," by Salvarona. All of the articles by Prof. Larkin, which have been appearing regularly in "The Nautilus," are of an exceptionally fine scientific character.

"The Swastika," Denver, now (March) in the third issue of its existence, is brimful of good things, as "The Electrical Basis of Life Processes," by Drs. Albert S. Atkins and Emma A. Lewis; "Be Natural," by Grace M. Brown; "Is Japan on the Eve of Revolution?" by Yono Simada, and "Health Hints," by Dr. H. T. McClain.

"Vigor," La Crosse, Wis., a magazine of health and right living, which has started publication in the last year, is worthy wide circulation and influence. It is printed on extra large sheet, 32 pages, 50 cents per year.

"Eternal Progress," Cincinnati, for March has an excellent article on "What Is Truth?" besides others on "Metaphysical Laws," "Educating the Subconscious," "Finding Your Work," "Scientific Thinking," and departments on "Health for Everybody" and "The

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Special and leading articles in the March "Review of Reviews," New York City, are "Guarding the Public Coal Lands," "The Jamestown Exposition" (to be opened April 26), "Why We Need the Immigrant," "German Land Tax Experiments," "Richard Strauss and the Music of the Future," and "On the Eve of the New Russian Duma."

March "Pearson's," New York City, finishes James Creelman's "Israel Unbound," which was inspired by the appointment of Oscar S. Strauss, a German Jew, to the position of Secretary of Commerce and Labor, in President Roosevelt's cabinet. The same issue contains another article by Mr. Creelman on "The Romance and Tragedy of Wood Carving," "The Passing of the 'Black Hand' Society," by Frank M. White, and some good editorials.

Bernarr Macfadden, the dauntless editor of "Physical Culture," is to re-issue the women's and girls' magazine, "Beauty and Health," again, which had been consolidated with "Physical Culture" up to the March issue. "Beauty and Health" deserves the support of every thinking person, for there is tremendous need for such literature in the hands of the women, both old and young, of our nation. Send your subscriptions to Physical Culture Publishing Company, Physical Culture City, Spottswood, N. J.—probably 50 cents per year, as before.

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"McClure's," New York, is running a serial on "Mary Baker G. Eddy," by Georgine Milmine, the third instalment of which appears in the March issue. These articles furnish much of interest in view of the widespread discussion of Christian Science and the head of its church. "What We Know About Mars," by Waldemar Kaempffert; "The Great American Question" (the special plea of a Southerner), by Thomas Nelson Page, and a serial, "The Diary of an Amateur Waitress" (an industrial problem from the worker's point of view), by Maud Younger, are others worthy of note.

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JESUS, THE LOVER.  
SIMPLIFIED POLITICS.  
PUBLICITY.

—IN THIS NUMBER.

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DOLLAR A YEAR

MAY—1907

# TO-MORROW

FOR PEOPLE WHO THINK

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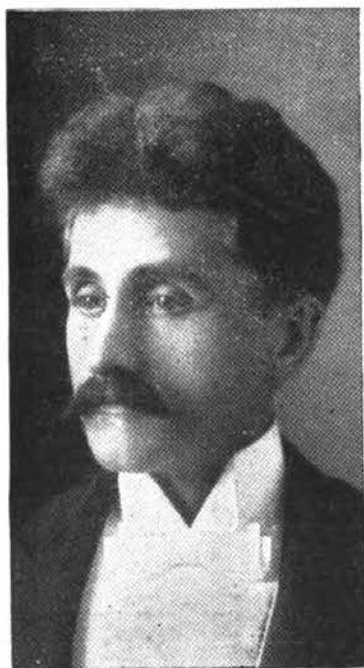
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## J. C. F. GRUMBINE'S New Year's Offering.

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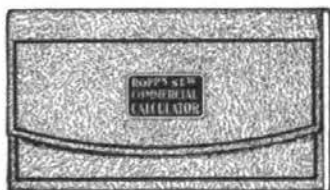
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## MY LADY BEAUTIFUL OR THE PERFECTION OF WOMANHOOD

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SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TO-MORROW."

## WILL YOU SIGN?

With a view to locating several coöperative industrial groups we wish to secure the names of a few able-bodied men and women who are satisfied to *just live well* and enjoy the reasonable necessities and luxuries of life, *without private ownership* of any property, or the receipt of any wages.

*Private Ownership* is our fundamental curse, the direct cause of our separation into economic classes, the basis of every oppression, of all privilege and subserviency, and it stands in the way of Comradeship, Real Democracy and The Higher Life.

*Group Ownership* is the only present means to economic freedom, hence it is the only direct method to attain nobility of character and completely overthrow all desire for graft, greed and preference. Now then:—

In order to form *Property Owning Groups* some of us must renounce private ownership; we must become permanently cured of "*the mania of owning things.*"

It is understood that those who sign the following pledge do so, not as a means of reformation, but merely to express a conviction and signify their preparedness for right living. We trust that our readers will manifest their interest in this page by securing as many signatures as possible to the following:

### RENUNCIATION

We, the undersigned, in order to accomplish a plan of life that will insure greater health, happiness and harmony, and supply an environment that will enable us to escape the baneful effects of individual competition, and insure a *life culture* for ourselves and children, that will enable us to live as brothers instead of animals, hereby pledge as follows:

To renounce all private ownership of real and personal property for life, and never again, after connecting ourselves with the group of which we arrange to become a part, to accept pay for our services—*hirelingship* being but the fruit of private ownership.

NAME.	SIGN HERE.	ADDRESS.
PARKER H. SEROOMBE,		2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.
WALTER PAULSEN,		Jamestown, Kan.
B. F. RICHARDS,		Carmel, Cal.
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EDW. P. PRESSEY,		New Clairvaux, Montague, Mass.
W. C. COPE,		2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill

### BUREAU OF GROUP ORGANIZATION

We are conducting a Bureau of Group Organization and in this number we print a list of some fifty industrial; educational and agricultural groups, each conducted on lines different from the rest.

We believe that to make the socialist ideal, a *coöperative commonwealth*, practical and operative, along with the movement toward political socialism, there should be coincident *educational movement* thru the means of many group organizations, whereby people may be gradually prepared and accustomed to living socially. Perhaps after several thousand groups get into successful operation, eventually a GROUP TRUST may be formed which in effect will be "A Coöperative Commonwealth." We seek correspondence on this subject.

The Spencer-Whitman Center, 2238 Calumet Avenue. Chicago — A  
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# To - Morrow

For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, Editor

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## MAY 30.

BY WALTER HURT.

This is the day dedicate to memories—sacred forever to the nation's slain.

It stands forth like a Carrarain statue from the calendar of commemoration that hangs within the most hallowed recess of the vaulted sanctuary of the soul.

It is a pathetic pilgrimage that we annually make to these scattered shrines of War's infinite sacrifice—the consecrate altars of our undying affection.

Each year, when the spirit of the Spring-time that is eternally renewed by the vernal season's recurring miracle, its mission of parturition ended, is expiring with the sweetness of a maiden-mother upon Summer's voluptuous bosom, we come to bury our dear dead anew beneath a weight of odorous blossoms. It is a blessed burden we lay upon them, symbolizing with its sympathetic sweetness the tender truth of our deathless devotion—for this wealth of bloom is not fuller or more fragrant than the lavish opulence and redolence of our perpetual love.

And in all the yearning years of the infinite future this sanctified ceremony will be reverently repeated. This, not because these silent sleepers were soldiers, but because they are our beloved dead.

So let us garland their graves with the roses of remembrance and the lilies of our love. But while these flowers in fitting tribute pour forth their opulence of odor, like votive incense from the altars of Valhalla, let not our devotion to the dead make us the least unmindful of our duty to the living. The dead have lost nothing but life—and gained a fuller freedom. Other heroes there be who have lost their liberty and endure a living death.

Merely to die is a small matter—a trifling trial, an ordinary ordeal—to the person of superior soul. But to live, and to live worthily—to do life's sternest duties nobly—to bear the hard burdens of others, to carry the heavy cross of vicarious atonement over a rugged road—to feel the pricking pressure of cruelty's sovereign crown—to struggle, and strive, and find at last the truest triumph in a dire defeat—to know the martyrdom of indefinite existence that gives

the torture of the prison for the peace of the tomb—and, after all sufferings and all sacrifices, to drink the bitter hemlock of human ingratitude—this is the supreme test that proves the fibre of the finest nature and proclaims a heroism of the loftiest type.

Out in Idaho innocent men press pallid faces to prison bars, and with patient eyes watch the stars while they pray for the day of a tardy deliverance.

These men have never thought that the eternal principles of Right and Justice could be propped up with bayonets. Instead of destroying life by the arts of war, they have sought to preserve it from the more insidious arts of peace.

They have never marched forth to murder with governmental sanction or at governmental behest. They never have stained their hands with blood in fratricidal fray, nor have they made themselves the instruments of international pillage.

Thinking them apposite to the occasion, the writer will quote the following of his own lines, previously published:

"They have not followed day by day the flaming flag of Mars,  
And lifeless forms along the way left staring at the stars.  
They have not helped emboss with graves the landscape's living  
green

And splash it with the scarlet waves of war, nor have they seen  
A brother fall before their ball, dead in a second's span,  
And never yet with bayonet have slain their fellowman."

But they have fought—God! how they have fought! Silently, grimly, gloriously have they fought. No martial music stirred their pulse and quickened their heart-beats, stimulating them for the struggle; no throb of drum and thrill of fife excited their ardor and inspired them to deeds of deathless valor for victory's sake; no banners flaunted their brave colors above them, and no plaudits of the populace comforted their ears with present appreciation and promised reward. But fearlessly they went into the fight all unacclaimed, without halt or hesitation, knowing well that the only compensation awaiting them was the mocking of the multitude and the hateful cross of a hellish persecution.

For your sake and mine, my brothers, they passed from the sight of the sweet sunlight, from the wine of pure winds and the smile of the skies, to spend their days in dungeons of never-ending night.

These are the heroic spirits of the highest of all emprise. They have dared death bravely and defied life grandly, and suffer still the pangs of survival.

Humble are these heroes, wearing not the robes of rank, identified only by the insignia of nature's own nobility. No fillet of fame is being twined to crown them with its witherless worth. But for them every day is Memorial Day, when grateful hearts place the flowers of faith within their pain-pierced hands and weave a wreath for each bleeding brow of fadeless forget-me-nots.

# To-Morrow

For People who Think

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, EDITOR

*Advertisin Rates on Application. Address all Communications to the Publisher  
2238 Calumet Avenue, Chicago, Ill.*

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VOL. 8.

MAY, 1907.

No. 5

Many readers, misunderstanding the aims and motives of this magazine, have found fault with us when applying the **RATIONAL TESTS** to the various topics discussed.

We have attacked the weak points in the race question, pointed out the non-practical features in socialism and indicated the blow-holes in Hearstism.

All this does not mean that we are not in favor of the good and honorable elements in all of these, tho some of our correspondents imply that we should gloss over **ALL** wherever some good is found; but we will do nothing of the kind. We have more than once complimented Mr. Hearst on his bold stand for the people **AGAINST THE MONEY POWER**, but that cannot influence us to endorse his system of prostituting his news columns.

We point out the weak spots in theoretical socialism because we want to influence our readers to **LIVE** socialism as well as to talk it.

The race question is a **CRUEL PROBLEM** which we have got to face, and the **TRUTH** about it should be an aid towards facing it in the right spirit—the Spirit of Democracy.

All that is written in this department is in harmony with a certain systematic method of that. Before you place yourself in opposition to any part of it you will be well to seek to understand the point of view of the writer. Systematic thinking is very rare among editors as well as among readers. Only those who employ the **naturesystem** as a criterion by which to compare their thoughts can be sure of their soundness or weakness—no one has yet lived who had the capacity to judge ideas separately independent of general life and thot, evolution, etc. We are glad to answer questions for we find from experience that correspondents who draw conclusions without asking questions generally misinterpret our meaning.

We congratulate ourselves that in this, To-Morrow's Third Year we are gradually accomplishing our purpose, viz.: we are learning to better set down in words and phrases the real meanings and hopes of To-MORROW. We are making it clear in both general and specific terms that To-MORROW stands for **LIVING** brotherhood and we try to implant in the minds of our readers the kind of philosophy of life that really would occupy our minds provided we were living under the Brotherhood System

Under the Brotherhood System with no *mine* and *thine* to struggle for or protect naturally all political, social and domestic forms would undergo a tremendous change—simply the change

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from animalism to comradeship. It must be clear to all that under group ownership the troublesome crimes of theft for which so many live in jails would completely disappear, that the mania of ownership now the cause of all family quarrels, divorces and every form of litigation would be a thing of the past and by employing proper selection in making up membership of groups, drunkenness and every form of excess, even including idleness, would disappear.

---

At present our hirelings safeguard private ownership. They force owners to take five-sixths of the product. They have the honor of supporting the entire group. They have been offered an increased portion of their product for part of the honor but they spurn the bribe.

---

Our Hirelings monopolize work, owners monopolize products and the unemployed forced out by the hirelings who bolster up the owners, monopolize imprisonment, poverty and prostitution.

---

Our Hirelings are hopelessly in the clutch of the *private ownership conviction*. Any group even though composed of duplicates of Jesus would under private ownership soon separate into the historic economic classes—laborers, paupers and public prostitutes.

---

Hirelings in the majority, are responsible for present conditions. Blinded by subserviency, puffed by pride they support our money kings in luxury and train their babes into the *private ownership conviction*.

---

In former times kings paid hirelings to stab other aspirants and put out the eyes of princes. Now our hirelings do private capital's dirty work for nothing, perpetuate their ignominy by teaching their children to hold property sacred, and our government prostitutes itself before the despots of the world in order to get their "business."

---

Private ownership means unequal opportunity while it lasts and ruin at the end. Private ownership destroyed Babylon, Egypt, Greece and Rome. Group survival, continuous, progressive, demands GROUP OWNERSHIP.

---

My renunciation of ownership and hirelingship appearing on a previous page of this and an earlier number has been the subject of so much comment that further explanation seems necessary.

---

Renunciation of ownership and hirelingship for life under the present economic conditions can only be successfully undertaken by those who are especially situated in circumstances that will enable them to do so.

---

It is FEAR that prevents men from making this renunciation—fear of the rapacity of their fellow man—fear that our means of life will be suddenly filched from us.

Only those who are so situated that they are bound to others by strong bonds of comradeship will be able to successfully maintain a renunciation for life of ownership and hirelingship.

So convinced am I that our TO-MORROW comrades will never permit me to remain in want of food, clothing and shelter that I make this renunciation in the strongest faith and assurance—a renunciation that carries with it no sacrifice, no regrets, nothing but my joy at my deliverance from the contaminations, worry and avarice that private ownership must ever implant in the characters of those who indulge it.

To those who take this renunciation I urge you to place yourself under the right circumstances to maintain it at the very earliest possible date, for every day's delay is a contamination to your soul. You can know no great peace until you absolve yourself from property ownership forever. Then for the first time you will realize what it is to be free, then you will know what it is to be a conqueror.

I AM PENNILESS. Never again will I accept any pay for my work. Whatever comes to me during my life will be immediately passed over to the group or groups to which I belong. If I am cast out, all is well. But I will make myself necessary. I will make myself lovable. I will make myself desired. If I am still cast out, it is well. I have complete faith in the comrades of TO-MORROW. It is a growing faith, growing in power and persistency and growing in the members to whom faith is given.

During the recent Mayoralty campaign in Chicago in order to be "instructed" I attended four Republican Campaign meetings and listened to the "spellbinders" while they actually offered pecuniary returns to voters in the event of Busse's election. One patriotic orator broke out with "why is it that every respectable newspaper in Chicago is advocating the election of Busse?" The proposition seemed unanswerable altho every one present knew that those newspapers are owned by the very same group who own the Traction Companies, the Banks, the Department Stores and Busse and that the election of the latter would mean nothing less than giving the franchise owners a chance to deal with themselves at the City's expense.

Once our nation's hirelings are brought to an appreciation of the impudence and utter dishonesty of these economic tyrants and tricksters, they the real producers will vote to take matters into their own hands and thus retain for themselves the full value of their labors and they will deserve to be wage-slaves and endure their present oppression and wrongs just so long as they permit the grasping minority to rob them of fourth-fifths of what they produce.

TO-MORROW Bound Volumes for 1905 and 1906 (12 numbers each) in cloth now ready. Sent post-paid on receipt of \$1.50 per volume, or send \$2.00 and receive TO-MORROW for another year.

## HURT AGAIN IN HARNESS

Hereafter the writings of Walter Hurt, both prose and verse, will appear in each issue of To-Morrow. Next month we will have from his pen a poetical prose sketch, with a farcical denouement, entitled "A Mood and a Memory," which is one of the very best pieces of writing he has ever done. This estimate will be appreciated by those who read his Decoration Day article in the present number of this magazine. There will be also an excellent example of his verse.

Mr. Hurt is now engaged in writing a novel which will soon be published, and which promises to be of absorbing interest. As soon as brought out it will be for sale from this office, and the author's many admirers among To-Morrow readers will be able to order an early copy.

## SIMPLIFIED POLITICS

The greatest immorality, which human evolution of the day is obliged to contend with, is the rule of the *money power*, aided and upheld by our criminal daily press. The average voter does not realize that the same set of owners and stockholders who control all our banks, trusts, department stores and franchise-grabbing corporations, also own the newspapers, which are constantly engaged in moulding the minds of the public, in the interest of the owners; and so completely has this small minority of our population, through collusion, by common consent, enforced their convictions upon the public mind, that we are warranted in declaring our label of "democracy" merely a hoax, for instead we are being ruled by a despotism more severe than any that has ever before denied the natural rights of an intelligent people; the political despotism of ancient times having merely shifted to the economic despotism of the present.

As our toiling and "worked" classes comprise fully 90 per cent of our entire population, it is easily seen that but a small degree of intelligent organization might quickly bring all governing power into control of the producing class, a consummation which would be quickly and easily reached, except for the educational methods employed by the capitalistic class, whereby thru economic control, thru an artificial school system and thru the medium of a lying criminal daily press, which they own bodily, they manage to impress a set of convictions upon a sufficient number of the nation's hirelings to continue them in majority and in consequent control.

*Simplified politics, then, becomes not so much a question of whom we vote for as a question of whom we vote against.*

Under this conception of politics, it does not become a question of villifying the character of candidates, as the preacher politicians, in the recent "non-partisan" Auditorium meeting would have us believe, for *simplified politics* assumes a much higher plane than this and absolves its votaries from all inquisition methods, by simply inviting the producers of the country to observe whom the money power puts up for its candidate, and then vote solidly for the other fellow, whoever he may be. In this way the

American laboring man and small owner will come to his own. In this way will we avoid the recriminations and small morality talk indulged in by so many pin-head politicians.

Chicago's recent mayoralty contest was a typical instance of the money power as against the interests of the people. The criminal capitalistic press, owned by the very same group that own the traction companies, had the effrontery to keep up their assertions that Mayor Dunne had not carried out his I. M. O. promises, when *they themselves*, joined with the banks and trust companies, through bribery and other forms of influence, were the very ones *who prevented* the carrying out of the mayor's plans. There will be no instance in municipal, state or national elections of the future, where *simplified politics* will not work and secure a greater justice to the American producer, and remember it amounts to nothing more than ascertaining the candidate of the *money power* and then voting solidly against it.

## THE DECENCY OF ANIMALS

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contain'd.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God.

Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things;

Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago;  
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

—Walt Whitman.

I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood,

I see that the elementary laws never apologize,

I reckon I behave no prouder than the level I plant my house by.

—Walt Whitman.

I do not talk of the beginning or the end.

There was never any more inception than there is now,

Nor any more youth or age than there is now,

And will never be any more perfection than there is now.

—Walt Whitman.

Has any one supposed it lucky to be born?

I hasten to inform him or her it is just as lucky to die.

—Walt Whitman.

The well poised, unbiased traveler, when visiting foreign lands, especially uncivilized races and savage islanders in the far-off southern ocean, is astonished to observe in how many respects social, ethical and political, these primitive races are often far in advance of our own boasted civilization.

Throwing aside our personal egoism as well as race and family pride, and placing ourselves squarely and honestly on a plane of comparison with the rest of God's creatures, it is humiliating and often disheartening to observe how completely the human method of *conscious self guidance* and self direction *has failed* to bring us anywhere near the personal or social perfection which *natural evolution alone* has already imparted to many varieties and species of animals, insects, and even plants.

Take the bee, for instance, that under perfect natural selection has evolved a form of government of the people, by the people

and for the people, *a perfect democracy*, an ideal brotherhood, so far in advance of our own political practice that the mere comparison of our imperfect regime with their splendid working system, calls forth such exclamations as "Utopia," "Idealism," etc. Without any form of despotism or external control of the units of the group, without any of the wear and tear or useless friction of *electing* a president or leader, without hypocrisy, recrimination, or make-believe, the units voluntarily bow to "THE SPIRIT OF THE HIVE," not through external control but internal conviction; a form of government communal in character, beyond the criticism of philosophers or economists; efficient, decisive, and just to its minutest details in the matter of assuring the preservation of the group while ignoring the clamor of individuals for privilege.

Comparing humanity with other creatures that we are in the habit of calling "beasts," is it not quite evident that we "take much flattering unction to ourselves"? From the standpoint of beastliness, do we not do a great injustice to every known wild and domestic animal when we have the daring or effrontery to compare humanity with them?

Observe first, the vast amount of machinery to force savage human beings to act fairly towards one another, machinery and systems which it requires two-thirds of all our expended efforts to support, and which are variously termed government, law, courts, church, supernaturalism, criticism, ostracism, jails, executions. There is no known species, flock or herd, savage or pastoral, of which we have any knowledge, even though in many instances their groups numbered many thousands, that have ever seemed to require any further "control" than the voluntary group spirit working from within, instead of our far more gross method of enforcing control from without.

Not only has mankind forged a vast amount of social machinery to enforce decency and honesty toward his fellows in a general sense, but in special ways his abortive efforts toward conserving the physical health of the units of society and arranging preventions to *prohibit himself* from going to various forms of excess in the matters of sex, food and drink he has made of himself the most ludicrous and fantastical of all of God's creatures. Our wild and domestic animals are fortunate, indeed, that they are not familiar with the countless never ending list of chemicals and medicines with which millions of "physicians" have been dosing humanity from time immemorial, when really all these decadent human patients required was to *live right*—more like the animals, in fact. As an outgrowth of the above we have evolved modern "new thought," "Christian Science" and "mental healing," practically teaching that one may live ridiculously, lazily, pampering their appetites and saving their bodies from useful work and at the same time keep themselves in excellent physical condition by "holding the thought" of mental and physical soundness. Even cockroaches and chipmunks know enough to give the laugh to such a system as this.

The lower orders not only have avoided expending their energies in theorizing, analyses, and philanthropy, but they have shown respect enough for God's own method to let it work out its



course encouraging the fit to survive, permitting the unfit to perish, and thereby breeding constantly from the more fit, more alert and more vital units.

If there is a purpose in all things we can find no better evidence "that the ways of the Lord surpass all understanding" than by searching to discover the why and wherefore of the "dope" monomania of physicians of all ages in their concoction of millions of different kinds of medicine, all useless and detrimental to people who have the sanity and stamina to live as sensibly as do the lower animals.

Perhaps in the evolution of knowledge as men through the ages shall "become as Gods" and know all things, perhaps, I say, there was no other way for our race to obtain this needed knowledge of all these chemicals except God permitted the fantastical "dope" conviction to lay hold upon the race for a few thousand years, thus stimulating us to search out every element existing only to finally discover their utter worthlessness as a mode of maintaining health and competing with perfect normal animals who know none of these things. If this theory is correct, surely God is the prince of jokers to inflict us with the "medicine habit" for so long a time merely to stimulate the development of a knowledge of some ultimate future purpose.

Not only in our millions of physicians, thousands of hospitals and medicine factories, in our vast hordes who eat daintily and exercise gingerly, sleep indoors, support pickle factories and flour mills, wherein the real life giving factors are sifted and ground out of the wheat, and millions of varieties of demoralizing and fantastical pamperings in preparing food and drink, but we reach our highest form of slavery and utter ridiculousness of conception when we come to contemplate the safeguards, regulations, and hypocritical tomfoolery with which we have clothed the subject of sex, and it is in this division of life, from the flower that awaits the coming of the bee carrying the pollen on its legs, to the glorious and titanic energies of the fiery kings of our primeval forest, that they all beat us out on every turn and drive to quarry every human institution for the regulation and control of sex in the interest of improving or perpetuating the race.

So utterly has every human tribe and race become enslaved with the conviction that its own customs and institutions are sacred, fixed and of divine origin, so completely has human egoism and human conceit built a fortress around whatever institutions their particular climate and economic conditions initiated, that we now find ourselves working under a sex regime not only unnatural, a failure, an outgrowth of ignorant tribal conditions of long ago but notwithstanding its utter disregard by four-fifths of our population it continues to bear a *halo of sacredness* so powerful in hypocrisy as to practically make outcasts of those who dare to suggest a more natural and efficient substitution.

If the prevailing human conception of sex and propagation was merely inoperative or negatively deficient the subject would hardly deserve attention. But sad to relate so vicious is its operation in practice, so completely has it dishonored natural motherhood, so fearful have prospective parents become of the scorn and punishment to be visited upon them for bringing children into the

world without certain forms and ceremonies, that the result is, millions of dangerous abortions, millions of unclean adulteries, millions of cruelties, deceptions and miseries, countless thousands of murders and suicides, all in the interest of a ceremony, a barbarous rite, an incantation invented by the ghosts of the past.

It is well that the other animal tribes and species have no way of studying into and commenting upon our fantastic doings in the affairs of sex. How they would laugh us out of court. They would say to us, "Go to, you foolish creatures. Without any of your regulations or priestly mumblings we have no suicides among our pregnant ones, we have no prostitution, masturbation, venereal diseases nor the lying that you indulge in. We do not steal each other's mates, commit incest or debauch infants and we respect motherhood always."

It is well for us indeed that the *decent animals*, the rest of God's creatures, cannot know the fantastic regimes which we are pretending but never carry out, otherwise I am sure they would attempt to rise up and overthrow "man's dominion" in order to enforce a better and a more cleanly system than we employ.

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## TOLERATION AND LIBERALISM

On Sunday evening, March 24, Miss Emma Goldman delivered a stirring lecture in Chicago, her subject being the Spirit of Revolt in Modern Drama.

The large hall in the Masonic Temple was packed to its limit. The lecturer was at her best and her enthusiastic audience, which, by the way, included many Chicago University students as well as professors, greeted her utterances with round after round of applause, giving deserved encouragement as she pointed out the dramas of Tolstoi, Hauptman, Ibsen, Shaw and others, as containing the most pointed revolutionary utterances of our epoch, revolutionary in every respect, social, domestic, intellectual and political.

Six weeks ago Miss Goldman was arrested in New York City for delivering a similar lecture. She was dragged thru the street, thrown into jail, exploited as a criminal by the newspapers throughout the country, and finally discharged and exonerated because nothing could be found in her utterances on which to sustain a charge, even from the standpoint of the idiotic New York law touching criminal anarchy.

THE WORLD DO MOVE, free press and free speech ultimately must prevail. In the meantime people are sacrificed, and blue laws are enacted while a professor of the Kerosine Kollege took pains to assert in the hearing of many that it is a pity that so talented a speaker could not be secured to give the same discourse before the pupils and faculty of the University.

## “NON-PARTISAN” MEETING AT AUDITORIUM

Under the leadership of A. T. Burns, of the Chicago Commons, a “non-partisan” meeting was called at the Auditorium to consider the “moral” phases of the Dunne-Busse Mayoralty Campaign. From the standpoint of being non-partisan the meeting before which four preachers held forth, was a fake, was purely a pretext, was insincere, and was conducted on ex-parte lines that would have done credit to an inquisition. What should have been said is as follows:

“The greatest of our immoralities is the rule of the money power protected by our criminal daily press. Our government system is labeled ‘democracy,’ but instead it is in the control of the money power, of the privileged few who debauch our press, enforce special legislation at will and thus the political despotism of olden times has merely shifted to the economic despotism of modern times.

“To right the present wrongs it is only necessary to adopt this very simple form of politics, viz., observe closely whom the money power names for its candidates and then the ninety per cent of our population which compose the common people should vote solidly against him.

“Instead of modern politics being a question of whom to vote for it resolves itself plainly into a proposition of **WHOM TO VOTE AGAINST.**

“In the present Mayoralty campaign Busse is clearly the candidate of privilege and money control. The newspapers of Chicago owned and controlled by the same people who own the corporations all uphold Busse. In this election Busse is the symbol of our degradation, the representative of ruthless power which our votes heretofore have continued to select for our enslavement. Let us break the chain.”

Politics like this, containing no inquisitorial methods, making no attacks on private characters, simple, direct, straightforward would have a tremendous effect toward elevating the standard of our race, but with the entrance of preachers into politics what have we—the whine and snarl and ostracisms of the ages. We have a dishonesty that is not above calling together three thousand people under a “non-partisan” label purely for the purpose of hurling slurs and innuendos directed at the personal characters of one of the candidates. Not a single direct charge was made against Busse by any one of the four hypocritical preachers. They inferred that the charges made against Busse’s character held good if they had not been answered in the way that would please them, or in accordance with methods that they personally would prescribe. The talk of these preachers was on the plane which would appear to indicate that they had been converted from the other side at the last moment in anticipation of some graft or pecuniary reward which they themselves were to receive for becoming mugwumps.

The willingness with which the entire audience listened to and applauded this very immoral and dishonest attack on the immorality of one of the candidates was not to the detriment of

him, but to the detriment of themselves who indulged in ghoulish glee that one of their own race with equal imperfections with their own was being maligned and scourged behind his back, an indication of the entire unpreparedness of our race for ethical ideas or ethical government. The Bible injunction, "Judge not that ye be not judged," with all its wisdom, passes over the heads of these actors in this modern inquisition as if the words had never been spoken.

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## PUBLICITY

If the world contains an artist of sufficient power and insight to design a statue that will truly represent "Publicity" as the goddess of progress—as the angel of redemption, let him come forward.

A true understanding of wherein publicity, complex, variable, profound and inconsequential, becomes at last our only hope, our only redemption, our only basis for evolution, surely offers a strong enough incentive to enlist the highest talent.

Though we may hesitate and believe that there are circumstances, conduct and acts that should not be brought under the public eye, close analysis furnishes proof positive, that secrecy, the covering up of phases of our lives, the complete clothing and hiding of our bodies, all tend toward crime and degeneration; whereas all uplift depends upon bringing everything into the public eye. The smallest details of banks, railway corporations, insurance companies, the doings of government officials, courts, millionaires and paupers, or the often closed book of family life wherein matters of diet, dress, love, sex, or even our most private thoughts, are only purified when brought under the lime-light of *publicity*.

Back through the ages we may discover a constant struggle, what may be called a continuous disturbance among human atoms, a form of social effervescence, that seems to be constantly struggling toward publicity as the final purifier of life. These manifestations, subconscious of course, appearing in the form of village gossip among grown people, tattling among children, disloyalty, separations, and consequent recriminations in home and business affairs and creed subdivisions, church-rows, and inquisitions in affairs of religion, become disloyalty, intrigue, and red revolution in affairs of government.

Even as atoms are broken up in chemistry, and as the vast cataclysms of nebulous matter in the formation of the world and the universe have always brought unused and unusual portions and organisms out into the open to become readjusted to free conditions, so in the cosmic turmoil of human life, human readjustment, human experimentation we discover that there is no other means by which we may become gradually free from error, from sordid ancestral taints, free from the primitive conceptions of human theorists, except by opening the flood-gates and letting in the good, the bad, the terrible, the fantastic in order that all these elements may freely fight out their battles with truth, for TRUTH completely freed from all restraint, can without armor,

without protection, without apology, vanquish every foe that can be marshaled against her.

Never fear to let loose truth into the battle of life, for though millions of lies bark at her heels, and appear at first to throw her down, trample upon her and even obscure her from view for centuries, have faith, your terrors are for naught, the guesses that she is vanquished are only for narrow minds, for surely she will rise and shake off the marks of conflict, and stand serene—the conqueror at the end.

Publicity! What terrors she carries to the hearts of kings, despots, despoilers, and with what despair will the consolidated association of the world's hypocrites strive to delay her coming!

Publicity! Free Press and Free Speech! Free to lie or tell the truth. Free to condemn, free to judge, free to pile up deception on deception, free to distort the news, so as to please the fancies of an ignorant clientele for the daily newspaper, in order to conform to the prevailing status of human society, averages 97 per cent falsity and ignorance with only 3 per cent of devotion to human intelligence and truth.

In the face of this manifest failure of our mercenary newspapers to reach any higher degree of trustworthiness shall church and state continue to permit this awful abuse—this freedom to be vicious, this privilege of perverting the ignorant?

Yes! a thousand times yes, for publicity, good, bad, forever is our only hope

While the viciousness and hypocrisy of our daily press symbolize well the average state of human depravity and incompetence, and while truth cannot be appreciated, and would not be received well by a vicious and incompetent people on the same plane with the editor, another kind of publicity that is real, accompanies the kind the editor gives forth which is unreal, and that is the publicity that gradually goes to prove that the publisher himself is a fraud. Therefore, those who would cry down and limit newspaper freedom would be prevented from acquiring in the evolutionary way the knowledge of the fact, that the modern editor is mostly a dope purveyor.

Never in the world's history has there been such an organized plan, on the part of any one man, to humbug, dupe and dope himself into public favor, as has been attempted in this country by Would-Be-Mayor-Governor-President Hearst.

In control of a number of daily, weekly, and monthly periodicals in various parts of the country, he has arbitrarily undertaken to mold news and misstate current events, to suit his own purposes, to accomplish which an elaborate "Hearst Ethics" has been evolved, that has for its end the molding of public opinion, that will place the thought-life of the nation in his own hands, the object being to gain power, place, prestige.

From his beginning with the San Francisco Examiner the Hearst policy has been to placard the country with poster sheets, the idea being to secure "circulation," at any cost, thereby gaining public co-operation for the Hearst propaganda.

Natural normal bodies may have a natural growth without material obstructions; but a parasite must invariably have its dilemmas, and Hearst belonging to the latter class, in his strug-

gle to obtain votes through the formation of public opinion, found these two sometimes conflicting problems, (1) circulation, (2) the capture of the under world through sophistry, subservency, and the use of poster-type.

The public has stood strong doses of Hearstism in the past; it has overlooked much; but since the beginning of the really insignificant Thaw murder case, which the Hearst papers have elevated to the greatest event since Willie became a journalist, the ethical status of Hearstism stands revealed, (1) undertaking for a price to free the murderer by creating favorable public opinion, (2) attempting to force in his own political prestige as against Jerome which involves a special instruction to all his editors and reporters, (3) publishing daily several pages of unpardonable rot even on days when no trial took place, always forecasting the freedom of Thaw, (4) publishing distorted versions of testimony together with poster headlines reading, THAW—FREE, etc., with the idea of hammering the deception into the people out of court, (5) publishing innumerable portraits of Thaw and Evelyn, holding them up as hero and heroine in the eyes of millions of young people, who to their last days will long to be imitators and do similar deeds that will one day bring them also into the public eye.

From the standpoint of ethics and morality, the greatest crime of modern days is the one committed by this arch-conspirator, arch-grafter, and conscienceless mountebank—Hearst; but let us see—does not publicity reconcile all, assure all, and give us faith and confidence for the future?

Will not publicity eventually show up Hearst as he really is?

Will not the Hearst exploitation of Thaw and Evelyn so disgust the American people as to destroy his political prestige forever?

Suppose the Hearst papers *do* implant the poison of immorality in the minds of millions of young people, may we not still have faith in publicity to make good, in its devious workings?

The law of survival of the fit is ever at work. In the turmoil of the future it is the fit people and fit institutions that will survive. It may be that many of our present day ideals are wrong, and that many more ethical notions are to float into the human mind through the process of evolution. In any event we can trust PUBLICITY as a purifying agent.

It may be that Hearstism with all its lying hypocrisy and news-making tendencies is an evangel of a better day, when ideals of love, sex, marriage, etc., will reach a plane of common sense and humanitarianism that such escapades as the Thaw-White-Nesbit affair, and the far more important Hearst exploitation of it, will both become impossible of repetition.

### WHAT IS CRIME?

Were the rank and file of human beings capable of observing the various crimes committed in the world, *in their proper proportion* as to enormity, why, this world would be a sane world, which at present it is not.

The degree of criminality, for instance, connected with the Thaw-White-Nesbit episode is a mere speck, compared with

the outrageous criminality seen in the exploitation of the affair by the newspapers of this country, especially those owned by W. R. Hearst.

The sex affairs of three people, and the shooting of one of them, in its relation to our population, is insignificant; but the bringing of the two living figures in the drama into the limelight of publicity, as the greatest hero and heroine of our times, as examples for emulation, by millions of young people—printing photographs in a thousand poses; misrepresenting testimony; making up daily page upon page of news when no news existed; anticipating occurrences and in cold blood attempting, for pay, to form public opinion so as to force the court to free Thaw, is a crime so stupendous as to place the original shooting scrape entirely out of the same class.

If the crime of Thaw was killing one man, the crime of Hearst is the killing of five hundred thousand.

In the next number of TO-MORROW will be printed a tabulated list of the crimes of our epoch commencing with the worst at the head of the list, MODERN JOURNALISM.

## LITERARY STYLE

In surveying the literary style of the original or revolutionary writers of to-day, we have complete confirmation of Herbert Spencer's claim in the "Philosophy of Style," viz.: that the essential thing is to have ideas—that those who have ideas will find a way to express them—that the academic method of insisting upon certain forms and ways is futile and unnecessary, for the vital and original thinker will invariably map out a "style" especially adapted to his own thinking.

The problem of literary style like all other "discussed" problems, falls back to the basis of experimentation. As well insist that inventors shall adopt one manner of procedure, for it is clear that the person wise enough to instruct inventors in a universal method of procedure must, of necessity, be a universal inventor himself, fully able to displace all inventors, and evolve their varied creations out of his own master mind.

Not only have we ever been completely without these "masters" of invention, and "masters" in literature, but our climb in these and all other experimental branches of human activity has depended most largely on the other extreme, viz.: persistent wrong-thinkers who have dared to enter literature without training in the schools, with all their vagaries upon them, and in so many instances afflicted with unfortunate vocabularies, and provincial forms of expression, as to be actually startling, in the way of jarring the academic stylist into variations of his own methods.

The Literature of the New Civilization will naturally assume democratic rather than dogmatic form; experimentation is the order of the day in all fields of thought and action, and those instructors will impart the most to future literature, who employ their best efforts in training their pupils *how to think*, permitting the manner of expression to take care of itself.

# Evolution and Mind

BY W. C. COPE.



The mind, itself a product of evolution, is unique in that it observes the process by which it evolves and is able in some degree to take part in evolving itself. To illustrate: A ship has no power to raise the wind that fills its sails; but the sailors can so trim the sails that the wind will take the ship to the port to which they wish to go. And the human mind, while not in any sense a cause of the forces of nature, is able to observe itself in relation to these forces and should be able to direct itself in harmony with them; so as to bring about those qualities of mind and character that are seen to be best in the great scheme of things.

Heretofore conscious self-direction has not proved conspicuously successful because there has been no real understanding of the necessary data in the case. In order to direct one's own mind or that of another, a real knowledge of psychology is essential and there has heretofore been no real knowledge of psychology, because that science is based on biology and the correlation between the two sciences has only been understood the last few decades—not long enough to make a successful application of its principles to humanity, for which several generations, will at the very least, be necessary. Now that the facts of psychology are being understood, in the future great things may be expected in the matter of conscious self-direction and in the direction of the minds of others.

Up to this time the instincts have been our chief guides as to conduct. A young man sees a "smile and a curl" and falls in love with the entire girl—when there may be things about the girl or himself that make them totally unsuited for mating. There may be inherited syphilis, tuberculosis, epilepsy, or insanity on one or both sides. There may be habits of thought or traits of character due to heredity or environment that would bring about endless friction were they constantly together. Under the old regime Nature took care if mistakes of this kind were made, by killing off the unfit in a few generations. But there are always violent upheavals in the human ant-hill when this proceeding takes place. There are always heart-aches, tears, and much pain when Nature's method of elimination becomes necessary.

The Thaw case illustrates this. Thaw who by heredity is a degenerate, and made worse by an improper environment, falls an easy victim to the net set for him by an attractive chorus girl and her managing mamma, just as the older and wiser man, White, had done before him. Cowardly as a result of his degeneracy and fearful for his life after the wily Evelyn, having carefully weighed the advantages on both sides, finally decides on Thaw as the "bigger catch"—he "swallows" her story of having been drugged by White, and finally gets the sudden courage—which sometimes comes to cowards—to shoot White in the back and cause a very large commotion indeed in the "ant-hill."



When the law of heredity and the great truths of biology are generally understood, fewer mistakes will be made, because the unfit will not produce progeny and the really fit will mate according to intelligence, thus bringing about in time a race possessed of the finest attributes of mind and body.

## What They Say

Dear Sercombe:—I am with you from A to Z on every question so far attended to by TO-MORROW, and I hope your zeal shows no abatement. I am highly pleased with the trial numbers and you may let her come right along; and I trust that you will continue to smite the smugly complacent hypocrites.

Cordially yours,

JOHN A. BURG, Green Bay, Wis.

Dear Editor:—Two or three vagrant copies of your magazine have come my way and I rejoice that your writers do not stand off in the limitless dusk, aloof—but dig deep into the heart of things and write of the life we live—troublesome, faulty, heart-breaking, perhaps, but never utterly sordid; never given over to final defeat. Literature can be of little vital importance or permanent value unless it deals intelligently with the problems which daily confront us.

MARGARET HUNTER SCOTT, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Comrades:—TO-MORROW is just grand. I would not think of doing without it. Fraternally,

W. L. LIGHTBOWN, Washington, D. C.

Dear Parker:—How do you manage to make TO-MORROW better each month?

W. H. MCPHERSON.

My Dear Sercombe:—Good luck to you. I glory in your great urge for fearless thought and act. Fellowship Farm Flourishes. I hope your practical colony effort will go. It is the thing to do to beat out to a standstill the talkers, especially the pulpiteers.

Sincerely,

G. E. LITTLEFIELD, Editor *Ariel*.

Dear Friends:—The other day a friend spoke of having a little magazine that he would like to have me read. I read the little magazine and found it a jewel among magazines, and I am led to believe that I can benefit this community by taking subs. for this little magazine, which is TO-MORROW.

JAMES O. KOONTZ, Dunkirk, O.

Comrade Sercombe:—I have been a reader of TO-MORROW for several months and think it is all right. Your editorial, "Why Jesus Failed," in March issue, hits the nail square on the head.

Your comrade,

N. M. MERVYN, Lisbon, O.

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Parker H. Sercombe. My Dear Sir:—Your article on "Self Culture" I have read with much interest and am in virtual agreement with your position. I have been following your utterances in TO-MORROW with much interest and am glad to feel that the magazine is one of the forces conducing to the "good time coming."

Yours sincerely,

DR. W. R. C. LATSON, Editor *Health Culture*.

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Dear Editor:—I wish you had a million subscribers to TO-MORROW—it's all right.

H. C. GORDON, Center Point, Neb.

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Dear Friends:—For myself I like TO-MORROW the best of anything I have ever seen. I read and re-read every word of every one and then hand them over to my friends to read.

Yours truly,

BELLE COLEMAN, Moorhead, Mont.

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Comrades:—TO-MORROW magazine pleases Mrs. Bell and myself better than any magazine we have ever seen. You cannot shock us with any of your editorials, no matter how radical they may be.

LEVI BELL.

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Friend Sercombe:—February and March TO-MORROW are duly to hand. As you seem to be about the most determined editor I have met on the line of *Free Press*, I congratulate you and give you the glad hand, let our differences be what they may.

R. C. DOWNEY.

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Dear Sercombe:—Have just read another number of TO-MORROW and it is just as enticing as the last. Your writings are excellent, philosophical, cultured, straightforward. I can see that you have not wasted your time over effects and their remedies, but you search for the cause every time.

Fraternally yours,

GERALD CHRISTIAN, London, Eng.

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Dear Sercombe:—Referring to your article on "Self Culture" in the February TO-MORROW, I haven't read anything for a long time from which I have seen reflected so much real, original sense. What small fry Arthur Brisbane is compared with this.

DR. E. R. MORAS, author of "Autology."

# Department for Universals

For those who can read opinions opposed to their own without getting mad or canceling subscriptions.

This Department is extra hazardous.

It contains strong and diverse opinions, poems and phancies.

It comes under no rule of thought, policy or program.

It is spontaneous. It is irresponsible.

It ignores established fashion and custom in everything, including grammar and orthography.

No one is expected to agree with all of it, though each part will reach the heart of some one.

WARNING—If you are sensitive about your belief skip this Department or read it at your own peril, though whatever your mental attitude, you are just as necessary to the march of progress as any one else.

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## A SONG FOR MARGUERITE

BY WALTER HURT.

I sing and sing to Marguerite  
When morning blossoms fair and sweet  
Like to a radiant rose of Crete,  
And routs the shadows to retreat—  
Most buoyantly my heart will beat  
A song—a song for Marguerite.

I sing and sing to Marguerite  
When noontide's glory is complete,  
And life is languid in the heat,  
While thro' the fragrant hours and fleet  
The larks are warbling in the wheat  
A song—a song for Marguerite.

I sing and sing to Marguerite  
When scattered shades of twilight meet;  
I lay my whole life at her feet;  
In summer sun or winter sleet  
My loyal lips with love repeat  
A song—a song for Marguerite.

I sing and sing to Marguerite,  
And shall until Death's winding-sheet  
Wraps in the song; then on the street  
Of gold, with Heaven's high elite,  
My song her spirit first will greet—  
A song—a song for Marguerite.

## HERMAN'S HAMMERINGS

"Let's all play that ignorance and innocence are identical," says President Roosevelt in seeking to limit publicity of the evidence in the Thaw case. And a chorus of feeble-minded hypocrites responds, "Yes, let's."

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"Let's play that we want the jury to know the whole truth," says the learned judge, and he thereupon sanctions the exclusion of as much of the truth as may injure the side upon which he is biased.

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"Let's all make believe," says the respectable Chicago Tribune, "that bribed aldermen are animated by a high sense of public duty." And the holders of traction stocks and their flunkey dupes shriek frantically: "Let's."

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"Let's pretend to be shocked at Salome," say the preachers. "Of course we are not really shocked, but it's so respectable to make believe." And the pews respond: "Incline our hearts to play this game."

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Let's make believe that virtue cannot exist outside recognized conventions, and whoso will not play the game let him be anathema.

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A great chemist has discovered a serum that is certain to cure the most inveterate gambler of his sporting propensity. Experiments show that there have been no failures of the treatment. That the patient is likewise cured of the breathing habit does not reflect upon the potency of the serum.

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Whoso separates the product from its producer is a thief unless the separation be done by or under the sanction of the laws that we make believe are for the protection of the producer of good things.

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## THE HUMAN BUZZARD—THE REPORTER

BY PARKER H. SERCOMBE.

While the Hearst newspapers throughout the land are engaged for *profit* in making heroes out of Thaw and Evelyn to such an extent that young children in several public schools have during the past two weeks been discovered enacting gross immorality in imitation of them, To-MORROW desires to bring to the fore a real hero—a genuine, unquestioned hero, who should be emulated by every self-respecting person in the land. This hero is George W. Fitzgerald, teller in the Chicago sub-treasury, who assaulted and slugged Harry M. Friend, a reporter of the Chicago *Examiner*, for which he was arrested and exonerated by the court.

The cue is given by the *Examiner* itself in an editorial on March 7. Fitzgerald testified at his trial that his superior;

Captain Porter, gave him a bludgeon and told him to "kill" or "beat up" any newspaper men who annoyed him. The editor of the *Examiner* comments as follows: "*Captain Porter must have a most deadly antipathy for newspaper men to arm a man with a bludgeon and tell him to go out and 'beat up' or 'kill' young men who are engaged in an honorable occupation.*"

Let us see. Is newspaper reporting for the *Examiner* really an "honorable occupation"? Those who know what the Hearst reporters are really capable of in the way of lying, misrepresentation and falsifying are fully convinced that burglary is an honest occupation compared with it, besides, the burglar shows his manhood in being willing to assume an element of risk which the sneaky Hearst reporter does not. Who are these conscienceless degenerates whom Hearst is able to bribe to forsake their manhood for a paltry few dollars a week, whose time when not employed in debauching their bodies and souls in evil companionship are accustomed to skulk in the dark like buzzards around a carcass and employ their morbid imaginations to illuminate tales, create scenes and lay bare conditions that never existed, all for the delectation of those who love to read "awful things" in big headlines, thereby enabling the management to work a "circulation graft" on department stores on the pretense that those who have a penny to buy papers are also possessed of the surplus with which to take advantage of bargains at the lace counters.

The whimsical daring of the editor of the *Examiner* to merely suggest that one of his reporters was engaged in an "honorable occupation" shows to what extent we have become completely calloused in these days of graft, else how could this editor employ the word "honorable" in this connection without evincing any sense of humor?

A reporter for a Hearst newspaper recently sent out on an assignment telephoned back to his chief that there was no such person to be found and no such condition as was reported, but the reply of the city editor was, "Never mind, we are short of news, make up some kind of a story and do it quick," and the next day a lurid tale was being called through the streets by the vociferous newsboy. One of these "honorable" reporters told me a short time ago in a burst of confidence that he had not only "faked up" the whole story in a two-column article in relation to Dowie, his immoral polygamous practices, etc., but he had done it so well that all the other newspapers had copied it and that he had secured an extra high standing with the city editor as a result.

Those who understand the earmarks of "news making" understand that the whole campaign of the Hearst papers in New York and elsewhere in relation to the printing of pictures and filling of space on the Thaw case is 99 per cent fake—that the faking is done by "honorable" reporters at the instance of their disreputable superiors, and that through their means millions of school children and young people in this country are being turned away from moral ideals to such an extent that not only do the games that they play take on the color of the White-Evelyn affair, but their hero worship being aroused and their

love for publicity being excited, we may easily estimate the Hearst reporters alone as being the instruments of firmly implanting degenerate tendencies in the minds of a million or more young people of America.

I say, make George W. Fitzgerald a hero. Build for him a bronze statue, let it become the fashion to not only slug the reporters but to slug the city editors and publishers who furnish the swag to perpetuate their disreputable game. The whole country should turn out to beat down these parasites of the street, these buzzards, these purveyors of carrion, who in the interest of the cause, not of publicity, as that is always beneficial, but of perversity, of lying, of sensationalism at any cost, have converted journalism into a nightmare more horrible in its criminal influence than all other crimes combined.

From the standpoint of injurious influence to our race all other crimes combined are nothing compared with the dishonorable crime of "news making," and the perversion of facts to suit the ends and ambitions of the publisher.

I say, let the buzzards be slugged, and let a statue of Fitzgerald be raised to symbolize the need of slugging newspaper men.

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## DEATH OF DOWIE

Three pages devoted to Dowie and two pages of the Thaw trial temporarily forced to the background are the features of Hearst's Chicago *American* of Saturday, March 9.

Yes, two whole pages of faked up stories and pictures relating to the "Thaw-White Tragedy" were forced in, notwithstanding the fact that nothing new had occurred, court had not convened, and no news had been given to the press since the previous issue of the *American*.

Dowie is dead. He was largely a newspaper creation. Ninety per cent of all that is generally believed about him were simply newspaper faked stories. Reporters were pressed to the extreme limit of their imagination in the matter of producing "Dowie Copy," but he has eluded them at last and gone out in a flame of three-page glory, largely a martyr to the insatiate maw of news readers and news makers.

Properly recorded in history with all his mistakes, virtues and thunderings, what is known of Dowie will stand something like this:

One per cent.....Man.  
Two per cent.....Fanatic and Preacher.  
Ninety-seven per cent.....Fake Newspaper Copy.

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## IROQUOIS MURDER CASES

What the Chicago Sunday *Examiner* of March 10 declares to be "The shameful ending of the Iroquois Murder Cases," is in reality the finale of a vindictive fight made against Will J. Davis

by the Hearst papers because Davis refused for years to advertise in or recognize either the *Chicago American* or *Examiner*.

Next to boosting Hearst for political honors the chief business of his papers is to fake news, distort fact and print flaming headlines of a character that will appeal to the meanest tendencies in human character, whet an appetite for meanness on the part of those who do not already have it, and by any means whatsoever create and influence both going and coming to cause toadies and gossipers to buy newspapers with avidity.

In addition to these splendid virtues the Hearst papers "get it in for" certain people, always for selfish reasons of their own, and then proceed to follow them to the bitter end. Will J. Davis, the active genius of the Illinois, Powers and Iroquois theaters, because he was manly and not subservient, became a "marked" victim of the Hearst press, and he certainly commands the sympathy of the public for the splendid way he has stood "pat" against every persecution and annoyance that the Hearst press has been able to level against him.

Davis fought back—he retaliated against the Hearst official gossipers by running a continuous headline in his theater programs declaring that his theaters refused to advertise with the Hearst papers. Every alert and thoughtful person in Chicago has known from the start that Davis was selected as a *mark* by the Hearst papers because he dared to fight back.

The utter ignorance and viciousness of these newspaper buzzards is seen in the following paragraph, which appears at the close of the article above referred to, wherein they make moan that after his long and senseless persecution the courts have declared Davis "not guilty" of manslaughter:

"THE ENDING OF THE IROQUOIS CASE IN THE MANNER IN WHICH IT HAS ENDED WAS A CRIME AGAINST THE LIVING, AS IT WAS AN INSULT TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD SIX HUNDRED VICTIMS OF THE THEATER TRAGEDY."

I characterize the above sentence as ignorant and vicious because it is well known that Will J. Davis is no murderer—that the Iroquois theater was just as safe as any other theater in the land—that Will J. Davis was just as careful and took just as many precautions as any other theater manager—that Davis was just as much a victim as those who burned in the Iroquois—that Davis, as well as all other theater managers, are the victims of the common vice of our age, MAKE MONEY, THE PUBLIC BE DAMNED—that the Iroquois theater disaster was the fault of our low state of public conscience and our low interest in public weal, and like many other catastrophes wherein individuals are wrongly blamed was a crime of our age, race and ideals, and not the crime of Will J. Davis, and it never would have been saddled upon him excepting for the vindictiveness of the Hearst papers, who were bound to hound Davis to the end because he dared to fight back; because he refused to advertise with the Hearst dailies, i. e., he refused to be blackmailed.

PARKER H. SERCOMBE.

## MAN IS VILE

“Where every prospect pleases and only man is vile.”

“Alas, and did my Saviour bleed,  
For such a worm as I?”

Break away, there—break away from these crazy notions of our ancestors and the fanatical purrings of unbalanced hymn-makers, because without question human nature is intrinsically just as pure as the nature of the lamb, the bee, the ant, the dove, or any of the other creatures with whom our grannies have been in the habit of comparing us to our disadvantage.

Our natures are intrinsically pure, and can be depended upon to do no wrong—not wrong in accordance with the notions of priests and kings of olden times, but wrong in relation to the creative power that initiated and intended that we should live in accordance with our being.

To have belief in ourselves, to have faith that our own natures are best competent to teach us the right way to live, need not, however, imply the state of exaggerated ego that so many modern writers are contending for, viz., that we are the “all in all,” that “we contain all,” that the mind of each one is “universal and controls universal things,” that “I am the universe and that my soul answers to all that is,” etc.

There is a medium point between these two extreme theories of self-regard, which brings us into harmony with actual life whether it agrees with the prevailing philosophy or not. We do not expect animals, plants and birds to individually possess the secrets of universal law and project their powers towards governing all things, for we easily observe that their mental and physical equipment is designed to look after themselves alone, and it is the same with poor humanity. Our equipment is sufficient to enable us to carry out our portion of the world's work, live, propagate and die and leave something behind in the way of useful effort that posterity may know that we were here.

Most people are more or less engaged in explaining things, in analyzing life, in outlining policies and programs, just as though life depended in any way on any one of them. We are not worms, we are not vile, neither are we the whole thing and all of those who pretend that we are either of these extremes are simply agitating the thought currents to no good purpose and abstracting a part of their energy from its legitimate sphere in attending to the world's work.

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## SEX UNEASE VS. MAKE-BELIEVE

BY J. S. JACOBSON.

Ever since she wore pig-tails and short dresses, she has kept me puzzled, tense, cursing and loving. Loving her—aye, her alone. I am now in a mood to write, because thru her marvelous tactics she has allowed me that momentary freedom.

She's just becoming of legal age, and I am nine long years her senior—the, to me, incomparable thing. And she likes to be called a thing—by me, because she is sure of my love. A parallel, isn't it, to energy and inertia in the physics of matter?

What is that grim thing we call the law of the land? Verily, a law within a law or a purpose within a purpose is a negation.



And this opinion-backed code has so saturated us two mummied creatures, that we can't approach each other without a suppressed and unnatural feeling toward each other, hence, toward all humanity in general.

If I should say what I want to say—opportunity allowing—it would be: "See here, I love you, girlie; you are seventeen and old beyond your years in that you have influenced me to be strong, clean, and chaste. Our 'wireless' system is depressing, and we're getting pale and excitable.

"You love me, I know, because you squirmed and fussed a moment after I extorted a confession from you, and because, after that, I felt a glow of psychic assurance thru my whole being.

"But since then, O Margaret! there have been other forces at work, seemingly against us."

I have a right to touch, to see, and be near my birthright, haven't I?

Right! Right! There's but one standard, one absolute measure of right—the right to the pursuit of what is undeniably a necessity to me.

I am too law-abiding to be a perfect citizen under Nature's law. Without the possessive prefix, "Nature's," we understand all other laws to be commercial, the manufactured article. And under a commercial regime, we humans become pitifully straight-jacketed and calculating.

To Nature, mathematics is apparency. The sole beauty of numbers lies in their reminding us the more of the rock-bottom reality of things, as they affect the senses.

But Margaret is my life, my hope, my reality of realities, when she smiles.

Isn't life a beautiful thing when the latitude of the written law is wide enough to allow one to be perfectly natural, for just a tiny little while, anyway?

I know a man who purposely lets street cars run half a block ahead of him so he can have the pleasure of a sprint, without arousing the suspicion of insanity or theft.

Propriety, how many sins are committed in thy name! I don't know whether this exclamation is original with me, but it rings true, anyhow.

Unless the sum of the qualities we call ideal in those of the opposite sex constitutes a compelling force, it is a negligible and, with long familiarity, a stultifying quality.

Somewhere around us are lenses in human form to which our perspectives of life may be set in composite perfection. Mine is Margaret; the world looks bright thru her.

### PUBLIC OPINION

What is it but a false and empty name,  
Moulded by kings and mercenary knaves?  
A monster, prowling in the obscure distance,  
To deaden and pervert man's noble instincts:  
A uniformed statue that commands  
The stunted intellect of average man,  
And bids him follow, thru a glimmering pathway,  
The marching rabble to its own destruction.

E. J. HIGGINS.

# Jesus, the Lover

BY FREDERICK G. STRICKLAND.



Government, tho first established to secure and maintain justice, ultimately becomes the instrument of tyranny and oppression. In like manner, religion, tho first designed to discover and secure the right relationships of human beings, in every instance becomes the instrument of maladjustment, repression and perversion. The religious sentiment arose in sex-worship; it later arrived at sex-hatred.

This law of inversion is completely demonstrated in official Christianity. Jesus was a peasant-mechanic, and he constantly appealed to the burden-bearers and oppressed as against the ruling classes. Today the organized ecclesiasticism which bears his name is utterly dominated by the rich and powerful, and his gospel is no longer glad tidings to the poor, but an opiate to the defenseless while they are being robbed by an unjust economic order.

Jesus was a lover of women, altho church-art has fastened upon the world the image of an emasculated Christ. In the present theological journey "back to Christ," the last part of the road to travel will be the re-establishment of the young Master's position regarding sex matters. It will be the last teaching of his that we will reclaim, because here lies the first apostasy of the early church. It is possible that Paul, the Pharisee, in this matter never fully understood Jesus, the Carpenter. Yet so demonstrative were the early Christians in their affection towards each other that countless thousands were slaughtered by the forces of "law and order" on the charge that they were promiscuous. They were the so-called moral emperors of Rome, who were most diligent in massacring the early followers of the Nazarene. What their conduct really was we will never know, for enemies make poor historians. But that their fervor led to indiscretion at times, Paul gives us ample proof in his letters.

This "lost art" of the church (the sex-teaching of Jesus) will be still more difficult to restore because it is with reference to this question that the most ancient manuscripts of the Gospels have been the most mangled. The form of insanity which led the monks to pervert their own bodies also influenced them to mutilate the sacred records of their own faith, as they supposed. For instance, the account of the woman taken in adultery is the despair of all translators. The editors of the revised version place the account in the text, surrounded by brackets, with this footnote appended: "Most of the ancient authorities omit John 7:53—8:1. Those which contain it vary much from each other." Yet one commentator says: "There could be no possible inducement for fabricating such a passage. It has internal evidence of authenticity, the testimony of the Vulgate, in which it is uniformly found, and the express acknowledgment of its

genuineness by Chrysostom, Jerome, Augustine and Ambrose." The incident itself is considered of so great importance by Renan in his "Life of Jesus" that he closes his discussion of the matter as follows: "With his words so just and pure in their taste: 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her,' Jesus pierced hypocrisy to the heart, and with the same stroke sealed his own death warrant." Is it possible that his doctrine of sex really took him to the cross?

All commentators have noted the harshness of the Master's reputed teaching on marriage and divorce. Possibly the higher critics will decide in time that these passages, not being in harmony with the sweet spirit of the context, and not corresponding with the joyful life of the young Teacher, are really spurious.

Jesus was a man of commanding presence. He endured the most exhausting labors. Even the brutal Roman soldiers, sent to arrest him, were visibly shocked when they met him, altho he was himself unarmed. Yet, under that princely bearing, so well demonstrated in his trial, was the beat of a great mother-heart. He expressed it in his lament over Jerusalem: "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Such a man has always been loved by women. But to Jesus this love was a vital part of his mission. The mothers brought their babes that he might bless them. Even the disciples could not understand, and would have sent the women away, that they might not disturb his other work. Jesus rebuked them and took the children in his arms. Without the love forces welling up within him, there would have been no "miracles" of healing.

The attitude of Jesus towards sinners (so-called) is unique among religious teachers. Looking upon the scrupulous church-members of his time, he said: "The publicans and harlots go into the Kingdom of God before you." His meaning is unmistakable. Love was to be the law of his Kingdom, his social ideal, to be realized in the earth, according to his prayer. Those who had been wronged in their love were more fit for his Kingdom than those who had no love to be wronged. The general attitude of the Master towards womanhood led him to break entirely with the social code of his time. "The faithful women who ministered" accompanied him on his journeys. They fed and clothed him who had not where to lay his head. Some of them held positions of social honor and wealth. Says Lennep: "Such admixture of the sexes was in utter violation of the customs of the country. It would hardly be tolerated there even now. Promiscuous assemblies of men and women are unknown."

Within this circle of devoted womanhood, probably two of them were especially beloved by the young Teacher: Mary of Magdala and Mary of Bethany. Here and there we catch glimpses of their marvelous affection thru the fragmentary records. It was probably the Magdalene who anointed his feet in the Pharisee's house in Galilee. The Pharisee spoke within himself thus: "This man, if he were a prophet, would have perceived who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him, that she is a sinner." Jesus not only accepted her demon-

stration of affection, but said: "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much."

It was Mary of Bethany who anointed his "body aforehand for the burying" in the house of Simon the leper. Jesus not only accepted this tribute of love, but even approved of the waste of ointment for such a use, rather than to give alms to the poor. He even immortalized the woman's deed by saying: "Where-soever the gospel shall be preached thruout the whole world, that also which this woman hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her."

It is possible that the Magdalene loved him most. She had been forgiven most. We will never know the sequel. The young Master died at the early age of thirty-three. Mary of Magdala was "last at the cross and first at the tomb." Sleep was not for her in that sad time. She must embalm the body that she loved. Denied the living Jesus, he must be hers in death. Finding an empty tomb, her broken heart claimed him still. And here the faith of men divides. Some believe the Magdalene's account as given by the Gospels. Others say with Renan: "The strong imagination of Mary Magdalene played an important part in the matter. Divine power of love! Sacred moments in which the passion of one possessed gave to the world a resuscitated God!"

But to our faith is not love more reliable than reason? Granted that the belief of the early church in a risen Lord depended much upon the testimony of the Magdalene, it was the unerring heart of a loving woman that led her to clasp the dear form to herself again, until (Farrar) "Jesus himself gently checked the passion of her enthusiasm." I will trust the mother heart to know her lover before I will be convinced by the logic of the schools. Dear Mary of Magdala! "She clung to Jesus with a fidelity that could not be surpassed, an affection which seems to have grown more earnest and fearless with danger, and which, during his crucifixion and after his burial, places her even before his own mother in intensity of self-devotion" (Beecher).

If only the story could end here! But centuries have passed and the law of inversion has been at work. In the name of this same Jesus, women have been denied the right to love, and motherhood has been degraded. But already the light is breaking! Not thru the church, for it has always slaughtered love upon a cross! But thru the awakening of the common people who heard the Teacher gladly two thousand years ago. Love it always born in a stable and cradled in a manger. A new Easter Sunday is breaking on the world. The Christ of humanity has risen and the Magdalene of love has clasped him in her glad embrace. The one says, "Mary!" The other replies, "Master!" The morning has come. The world is lighted. Love and wisdom have found their unity!

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# Walt Whitman as Measured by the Literary Man

BY ANNA P. FERGUSON.



How can a "literary man," who lives in a house and breathes steam-heated air, write about Whitman?

Don't you see, man, that Whitman didn't set himself to write poetry? He was a man. The whole of himself is written down. Altho no man has ever done this before, can't you recognize it? Parts of *him*, not of his poetry, are not to your taste,—can't you let him alone? Is the temptation too strong? Must you say smart things about him? If you must, why not do it in terms of out-doors,—in terms of seas and mountains, torrents and tidal-waves, plains and ocean-marshes? Don't you see that the bad

taste left in the mouth, the puckery feeling of the facial muscles, is induced more by your critical remarks, your figure of "dressing rooms" (I doubt if Whitman was ever inside one) than by Walt himself? I have never experienced this ill-consciousness from reading Whitman,—big puffs from all out-doors seem to have ventilated every page of him,—but I couldn't get away from your criticism without a smirch.

I am not a faddist. A faddist is too much bluff and stuff for me; but, from knowledge of myself and of the space of the universe that I inhabit, I find myself saying: A man, and not a connoisseur, should handle Whitman.

There are old mountains out here that do not "compose" at all. They are not art. Nevertheless, have they not a right to express themselves? In them, just as in old Walt, are little perfections, bits of art, here and there. Should you try to compress these mountains into art, criticising all "left over," you would do exactly what you are attempting to do with Walt. The mountains make the same pretensions to art as did Walt Whitman; one is as literary, as artistic, as is the other. He expressed the whole, the rough and the smooth (the art and not art) of himself. He took the *natural* way. Let the natural man be his judge, I say,—or if you professional men, artists, must be his critics, have the great gentleness to keep your remarks out-doors!

## UNITY COMING?

Dear Sercombe: I have just returned from an agitation meeting at Memorial Hall upon the Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone kidnaping. It was a rouser. Hall filled to the doors, and many went away.

It was the first time in the history of Toledo where the labor leaders, unionists and socialists met together and discussed a human situation and a world situation from the same platform.

I never witnessed more harmony and sympathy run thru a body of men for one human cause. It just filled my heart and soul with that "oneness" that is to come, and must come, in the emancipation of the human race from present conditions.

So, Brother, I am glorified.

J. E. RULLISON, Toledo, O.

## Life, Not Death

BY GRACE MOORE.

(As a memorial to her father, Henry N. Moore, who passed from this phase of life March 7, 1907.)

The greatest problem ever presented to the human mind is the problem, "What is Death?" The doubts and fears and sorrows of mankind have all revolved around this one great problem. To solve it has been the desire and the despair of men.

What is beyond this life of so few pleasures and so much pain? Is life worth while in view of death? Is it profitable to live since we must cease to live? For centuries man has asked these questions and found no answer. For ages he has feared and despaired because of inevitable death.

But no longer does man fear or despair. No longer does he ask the question, "What is death?" The question now is, "What is *life*?" for we have discovered that there is no death, that what we have called death is but an increase and superabundance of life; that life to the exclusion of death is everywhere.

Slowly it has dawned upon the human mind that death is a process of life, and that at death as at birth man is with Nature and Nature's God. Scientifically we are shown that birth and death are like processes, equally necessary, equally beautiful; that we do not die, because nothing in the universe is at the last destroyed. We see that the rocks upon the hillside, the grass of the prairies, and the body, mind and heart of man are all equally in the last analysis imperishable and eternal. It is clear to us now that there is only change of form and of the conditions of life; that the seeming end is but the beginning. We realize that the pain and sorrow of to-day are but fleeting preparations for the joy of to-morrow, and that to-morrow always comes, the sun always shines, life eternally manifests.

And not only is all about us that we see life and not death, but all lives that are lived, when viewed in the light and knowledge of life, are beautiful. Understanding life we then see it only in its beauty and perfection.

As souls in the great Order of Life we recognize our divine equality. We are one in essence with the flowers that bloom and the birds that sing. We know that Nature's great plan is one of service—that all is life and service the law of life. That none live but to serve, knowingly or not.

Let us not forget ourselves and vainly fancy that this one person or that one we choose to exalt is somehow better than another, or has rendered more service or better service than another. For the Supreme Intelligence evinces no regard for personality. The fact that a life has been lived and service rendered according to the organism and faculties and the conditions to which a man came at birth, is the supreme fact for us to remember. We need to reflect that the individual man is a unit in the social organism, that whatever his characteristics he has filled a place peculiarly his own. We should remember that the straight, unbending pine of the forest is as necessary in its

time and place as the graceful swaying elm on the boulevard, the unyielding tulip as beautiful as the non-resistant violet.

Never a life is lived but to a magnificent purpose, never a soul passes but is glorious in its passing.

"All are parts of one stupendous Whole,  
Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul."

## " Mr.," "Mrs." and " Miss "

My dear Grace Moore:

Rummaging thru the files of the TO-MORROW magazine, I came across your articles entitled "Mr., Miss and Mrs."

The view you take appears to be very sane. It is a relief of barbarism, this giving prominence to the "sex" of a woman.

The world as it is constituted today has two standards of morality, one for man and another for woman. If a man breaks the so-called ethical or moral rules of society, even his worst enormities in that respect are considered "sowing wild oats." But even the merest ordinary deviation from the conventional code of morality places a woman under a ban and makes an outlaw and exile of her.

This appears to me the height of injustice and folly. Man and woman ought to be treated humanely without reference to sex. Equity cannot have two standards.

You may be surprised to know that a heathen Hindu can entertain feelings like these. People of India have been painted with fiendish inaccuracy.

It may be an agreeable surprise for you that in India we do not employ that hateful, invidious phraseology when talking of women which you do in this country and all over Europe, and which brings up the

"sex" idea prominently before your mind. The usual epithets employed in many parts of India are SHRIMAN for man and SHRIMATI for woman. Both signify mere respectful modes of address and are irrespective of the married state of either man or woman.

Yours is an incomplete language with an inadequate vocabulary. Any language that is not dead is incomplete, and dead languages are complete in their deadness alone. You are constantly adding new words from other vocabularies and coining new ones. The New Thot folks have taken a number of words from the old Hindoo, and almost all the scientific investigators are annexing words from Latin and Greek. I was intensely interested to read Lida Robinson's article, "Wanted—A Word," and would suggest that SHRIMATI itself, or some modified form, be substituted for both Miss and Mrs.

While I am on this subject I might add a word relative to the women of India. It may be news to you to learn that the Hindoos were the progenitors of the EQUAL RIGHTS idea. Thousands of years ago the Hindoo women were known as ARDHANGI—Equal Half—and treated as such. Personally, after a very close acquaintance with the American and European nationalities, I have come to the conclusion that the "better half" notion in the Occident is a fraud and a sham. I also hold that the better half theory is untenable. Anyway, both as a theory and practice the ARDHANGI sentiment is far superior to it.

In closing, let me ask you to remember to do justice to the mother, sisters and lady friends of the man whenever you meet any East Indian who may impress you as worthy of your respect, admiration or love, by feeling that the women of India, in one way or another, directly and indirectly, are responsible for what he is.

With my appreciation of the struggle you are waging in behalf of your women, I am pleased to remain, with much regard and sympathy,  
Your friend from India's Strand,

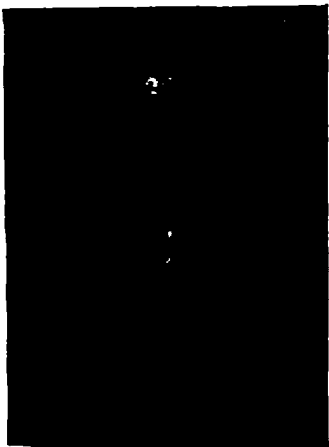
SAINT N. SINGH.

Shrimati Grace Moore, care TO-MORROW, Chicago, Ill.



# Authority Vs. Defense

BY PHILIP RAPPAPORT, WITH REPLY BY HERMAN KUEHN.



Comrade Kuehn wants to make a distinction without a difference; it seems to be, with him, a sort of intellectual "compulsion," because how could he otherwise support his theory? For what else is the chairman's right, or power, or privilege, or function, or whatever it may be called, to recognize speakers, but authority? I do not think that anybody will consider me foolish enough to believe that there is no other authority but that of the big stick.

Comrade Kuehn asks: "Does it require a superior intelligence to understand that it is those who do insist (to speak without being recognized) who are exercising authority?" Now, altho I had no such case in view, but should have said "rise to speak," instead of "insist on speaking," yet I confess that I believe that it does require superior intelligence to understand that those who insist are exercising authority, and that, as I cannot understand it, my intelligence must, indeed, be of inferior quality. I, in my inferior capacity, would call it resistance of authority, but I may be wrong. Only, if Comrade Kuehn should be right, I see no reason why I should not call every rebellion or every revolution an exercise of authority. But it seems that I have been quite erroneous all my life in believing that resistance, rebellion, etc., involve a denial or violation of authority.

Well, I console myself with the consciousness of human fallibility, and in the future, if I should be in doubt about the meaning of a word of foreign derivation, I shall not consult a dictionary, but Comrade Kuehn. I shall throw my dictionaries in the fire; they are henceforth useless.

Indeed, the superiority of Comrade Kuehn's intellect is very markedly shown by his logic. "The chairman represents the prevailing purpose." Just think of the admirable elimination of authority by forgetting the chairman's personality and making him a purpose, only a purpose. How can a mere purpose exercise authority? "Those who insist on speaking without being recognized by the *meeting and its purpose* (italics are mine) are invaders." Granted they are, what will you do with them? Perhaps you will use your authority and throw them out. Pardon me; how stupid I am. I forget. They are using authority and by throwing them out you fight authority. I see it now. How strange that I never could see it in that light. I really must have been without any intelligence whatever, for, according to Kuehn, "even persons of very low order of intelligence ought to be able to see that."

Comrade Kuehn's reasoning is wonderful, but it taxes the comprehension of mortals. Such "sposin'" does, as he says, not occur among voluntarians. For, behold, if someone should resist



the chairman's recognition, he is not a voluntarian but an authoritarian. So it cannot happen among voluntarians. I see, I see. None of the righteous can ever do any wrong, because if he does, he is none of the righteous. No smart fellow can ever commit a folly, because if he does he is not a smart fellow. Logic, thy name is Kuehn.

"And as to majority rule no voluntarian objects to it so long as it is agreed in advance that in a common purpose matters of details would be decided by numerical preponderance." Wonderful, indeed. Of course, majority rule requires no authority nor compulsion among voluntarians, it enforces itself, because if somebody should violate the rule, he is not a voluntarian. The voluntarian obediently submits in defiance of authority. Public authority has nothing to fear from him. Especially if the common purpose has been agreed upon. But if it has not? My head swims, and with my low order of intelligence I am unable to think it out. I realize that I must remain on the solid ground and am unable to fly above the clouds. Of course, Mr. Kuehn can, but he is a man of superior intelligence, and alas! I am not.

But between you and me, Comrade Kuehn, let me whisper in your ear that if I were a man of superior intelligence, I would, from sheer delicacy, keep that fact to myself and would not make those who are not so gifted feel the humiliation of their inferiority.

## KUEHN'S REPLY TO RAPPAPORT

Comrade Rappaport shifts ground from intelligence to delicacy. I plead guilty to the lack imputed to me. Not with contrition, however. There is a test of intelligence that is infallible. Whoso desires to rule over others is lacking in intelligence, as rulership is the bane of social tranquillity. By this test ye shall know them.

R. says: "I do not think anybody will think me foolish enough to believe that there is no authority but that of the big stick." Why not? Mr. Rappaport's plea for authority was in justification of "big stick authority," and he is now trying to justify it by seeking to let himself down on a downy bed of something less drastic.

Yes, I admit that I am logical. Nor is it any deviation from reasonableness (or is it?) to take R. at his word and deal with his own illustration of a meeting of voluntarians. I still contend that it is quite reasonable to assume that at such a meeting as he himself postulated it would be only an invader upon that meeting who would insist on disturbing its deliberations. I say that it denotes an inferior intelligence to place the onus of authoritarianism upon those who are holding the meeting when it properly belongs upon the disturbers only. And this would still be so if the members of the voluntary association were to kick the intruder downstairs. They would not, even then, be exercising authority, but resenting it. I know that there are people who profess to believe that "it's all the same thing" to

employ force for compulsive and for defensive purposes, but these all, every one, without exception, are of a low order of discrimination.

Perhaps some day it will dawn upon our good comrade that where people agree to abide by the decision of a majority upon details of some enterprise upon which they are all agreed, no compulsion can possibly enter. But it may take ten thousand years for him to grasp it. I can afford him ten million. The real point at issue, which Rappaport evades, is the question I propounded to him, and which he meets only by his indictment of indelicacy:

"The majority would be entirely free to go ahead and do the thing at their own cost. Not so, says the scientific school of which Comrade Rappaport is so distinguished a disciple. The majority is justified in compelling those of the minority to pay for something the minority does not want. If Comrade R. does not mean this, what'n the world does he think he does mean?"

Why quibble about "hidden meanings" of a word so long as we know that, regardless of all the disclaimers he can make, he means by Authority the recognized power of the Kingthing?

## ON THE BRIDGE

BY J. D. LIDDELLS.

I stood upon a bridge  
And watched the current strong  
As onward to the sea  
A mass of torn and tattered vines  
It bore along;  
I wondered whence they came—  
How wrenched from their support,  
And whither they were bound—  
And if they represented life  
In its purport!

I gazed across the bay  
To where the slanting rays  
Of setting sun did gleam  
Like diamond-dust along the track  
Of mellow haze;  
And saw, across the track  
A white-winged ship sail o'er  
The still, unearthly glow,  
Then pass away beyond the point  
Forevermore.

I saw the sun go down  
And leave behind a trail  
Of glory in his wake,  
Transforming to most wondrous shapes  
The cloudlets frail;  
The sky changed to a lake  
With shores of glit'ring light;  
As dewy eve came on  
The islands changed to continents  
And then came—Night.

# Workingmen in the Land of Eternal Famine

BY SAINT NIHAL SINGH, H. H., P. G.

Mr. Saint Nihal Singh, who will contribute important articles for future numbers of "To-Morrow," is a native of Punjab, India. Mr. Singh is a young man of unusual alertness and insight, and his unbiased interpretation of our social and institutional life is unusually instructive and interesting. —Editor



Whenever I attend a socialist lecture or read any Union literature, I am invariably reminded of the condition of the working-people in my own country.

Kind of queer, it often appears to me, that in a country where the average workingman gets at least three square meals a day and a Sunday suit to wear, the Socialist, Radical and Unionist propagandas are actively engaged in "kicking" while the half-starved and half-clad farmers and working people of India still slumber in utter ignorance of the abuses and disabilities under which they labor and of the birthrights and privileges of which they are deprived.

Not but the working people of America should struggle to reach the highest pinnacle of prosperity, such appearing to me the trend of the economic movement, but I lament that the working people of my own country live in the direst squalor and grimmest poverty and are completely ignorant of their own conditions and of the movements that are bringing prosperity to the working people of other countries and continents.

India is thousands of miles distant from the United States. But the distance is merely geographical. People may differ in race, nationality and religion, but so long as they suffer the same abuses and labor under the same disabilities, they cannot be far from one another's hearts.

Little or nothing is known in the United States regarding the conditions in India. The East Indian, modest by nature and training, has allowed the blatant foreigner to dogmatize about India's conditions and pass for an authority on Indian affairs. Misconceptions about India are therefore rife to an appalling degree.

Once or twice in a decade India is vividly brought before the eye of the world by the powerful grip of the famine that grinds millions of her people to death and desolation. The sympathies of many liberal minded and charitably inclined Americans go to India at such times.

But how many Americans know that India is a land of eternal famine? In India the famine is not an abnormal condition. A never-ending famine rages thruout the length and breadth of India all the time. The outside world hears of the Indian famine when the people of India begin to die of starvation by the million, but very few outsiders realize that there are at least seventy or eighty million people in India who go almost stark naked and cannot get one square meal a day; men, women and children who are daily dying inch by inch.

An English statistician by the name of William Digby has collected figures from official records and as a life work gave out to the world a book called "Digby's Prosperous (?) India." Digby estimates the average daily income of an average East Indian at three-quarters of an English penny.

Digby has been much maligned by members of his race, especially the English Civil Servant, who like a vampire feeds on India's blood and rails at the East Indian during and after the operation. Digby has been painted as a pessimist and his estimates designated as a gloomy tale.

But to realize the awful poverty that stalks thru India no Digby is needed. The poverty of the East Indian masses is incomparable in extent and degree. Compared with the Indian farmer and workingman the peasantry and working people of Russia appear affluent and prosperous. The tenement and the sweatshop in America are bad enough. But what comparison between them and the sidewalks of the largest East Indian towns that are nightly populated with hosts of working people, male and female, who use them as beds.

Starvation wages are the rule in India. One nickel or a dime is the daily wage of a workingman and they have not the slightest idea of the woeful condition in which they live.

Maybe their fatalistic creed is to blame. But they would not be fatalists if more than five per cent of the East Indian people could read newspapers. In India the facilities for popular education are almost nil. Four out of every five villages in India are without a schoolhouse. While the alien government of India spends \$109,000,000 to keep an army for the surveillance of the people of India, the paltry sum of \$3,500,000 is spent on education.

Some of these days when the people of India get to the newspaper stage, a big kick is coming. The day is not far off when they will be one mass seething with ferment and discontent. The struggle for Home Rule is the keenest today than it has been in the annals of the race. When the people of India have any voice in the government of the country, more money will go towards mass education, which, if of the right sort, will make a big difference.

The conditions of the working people both in India and America are woeful; the difference lies only in degree and intensity. The working people of America appear to be waking up and seem alive to the situation; the sufferers in India are ignorant of their wrongs.

### TO THINKERS WHO THINK

No matter what your belief in relation to politics, society or religion, and no matter whether you agree with some of the conclusions of Herbert Spencer or not, it is of paramount importance to every THINKER to familiarize himself with the evolutionary system of that employed in Spencer's philosophy. There is no mental training more desirable and more necessary than that which arises from becoming familiar with the wonderfully systematic arrangement of that employed by Spencer. See ad. of Spencer's complete works on another page of "To-Morrow."

# The Unloved Brother

BY MARGARET HUNTER SCOTT.

The trolley cars were struggling painfully down Chestnut street. There was the good-natured bustle and crispness in the air that always comes with a fresh fall of snow. I pulled my scarf closer to my throat and inwardly thanked fortune that as I was compelled to stand on the corner I was at least warmly clothed. It was impossible to cross the street and I looked idly at the man whose huge truck was delaying traffic.

The wagon was apparently wedged on the cross-tracks and the driver seemed totally unable to pull his horses aside. He glanced helplessly at the blocked cars, at the swearing motorists and the rapidly collecting crowd. He swayed for a moment uncertainly in his high seat, and then swiftly, heavily, fell face forward to the ground.

As they carried him to the sidewalk a sickening stream of blood stained the snow.

"Frozen!" exclaimed a gentleman, bending over him professionally. A little murmur of sympathy went up, and half a dozen eagerly offered assistance.

Suddenly the gentleman straightened, an expression of disgust on his face. "Drunk!" he said curtly. "Take him to the corner drug store, one of you, and have his head bandaged."

Interest in the man's condition was at an end. He was just an ordinary "drunk," and the onlookers disappeared as quickly as they had gathered.

"Yer a foine foolish soight," volunteered a friendly motorman, as he helped the struggling teamster to his feet. "An' be God, ye've got a hole in yer nut, as ought to sober ye up!"

"I'm not drunk," cried the man belligerently.

"Faith, lad," answered the motorman easily, "ye are drunk, an' it's well seen on ye!" He boarded his car and shouting, "It's no lie I'm tellin' ye, ye are drunk!" clanged his noisy way down the street.

The well dressed woman standing beside me touched the truck driver's arm. "If you will have your head bandaged, and then go home, I'll see that your team is sent safely back to the stable," she said.

The fellow eyed her distrustfully. "I'm drunk!" he said shortly.

"I know!"

He stared stupidly and then mumbled, "I drank because I can't keep warm; I'm like a chunk of ice"—

"Yes, yes," she interrupted, "but your head is cut and bleeding; go with this boy to the druggist. I'll come in a few minutes and see that you are properly attended to."

As the man lurched unsteadily down the street she turned and answered my unspoken question.

"It is terrible," she said. "Drunkenness is always terrible. But he is poor, cold, probably hungry. Overworked and underpaid—that is more terrible!"

"You are going to a great amount of trouble for the sake of

a drunken teamster. Must you suffer for his limitations?" I asked.

She stood silent an instant, and then, "Do you know," she said, "I may be wrong, but I almost think he suffers because of our limitations. His condition may be due to our indifference. Our self-imposed blindness may be the cause!"

"Am I my brother's keeper?" I asked lightly.

She smiled faintly. "That is your problem," she answered. And nodding her head gently, bade me good morning.

## A CALL FROM COLORADO

(AN ECHO FROM LONDON, ENGLAND)

BY GERALD CHRISTIAN.

"Get ready, comrades, for action!"—Eugene V. Debs.

Dear Comrades of TO-MORROW:—Here goes a heart-wrung echo to Hurt's "A Call from Colorado." Hurt's poem is masterly in composition; but the sentiment, friends,—O, the sentiment won't do. No—if we are going to redeem the world, we shall never do so by tyranny. Red Revolutions are things of our savage ancestry, but quite unworthy of us. Yours, G. CHRISTIAN.

Dear Sercombe:—Thank you for the enclosures. I have nothing to say in reply to Christian's poem. It seems to me he has the right end of the argument. I quite agree with him. His poem, I think, is a very good piece of work. Christian is all right, but I don't like his name. WALTER HURT.

Aye, comrades, arise and be ready,  
 Let faith not be fetter'd by fear—  
 The sword of the tyrant doth eddy  
 And cut at each course where we steer.  
 We see that his crime and corruption  
 Has punished our brothers with jail,  
 Believing to quell the eruption  
 That voiced for the just to prevail.  
 But, hark! how the clarion is calling  
 To such as have suffer'd, and feel—  
 The shackles, that slaves are enthralling,  
 Must snap with the tyrant's vile steel.

Too long, O too long have we languish'd  
 Submissive to all his commands;  
 Have acted our best, and have anguish'd  
 To meet all his cruel demands!  
 Too long have our children not cherish'd  
 The fruits that should foster each child;  
 And maidens and mothers have perish'd  
 In slums where stagnation runs wild!  
 Arise, O forbearing forsaken!  
 The foodless sad wights of the world  
 Are waiting to see us awaken  
 With Freedom's safe banner unfurled.

And remember we trample the tyrant—  
 The vampire, barbarian and brute—  
 Then see that we step forth, aspirant,  
 To pathways supreme in repute.  
 No blood must thus blemish that banner  
 That feastingly full shall be flown,  
 For freedom demands that no manner  
 Of force shall be thrust on her throne.  
 Up now and unite; and the fetters  
 Shall darken the demon's own den;  
 Be brave, be unburden'd, be betters,  
 Be great—O be worthy of men!

# The Story of the "Doom of Dogma"

## CHAPTER IV.

BY HENRY FRANK.



I was never more amazed at the pornocratic proclivities of the ministry, of which at that time I was so blissfully ignorant, than the issues of the case, to which I referred in the previous chapter, finally evinced.

There was not the least doubt about the crinoline cupidity of this clerical polygamist. The evidence was all too strong of his unrestrained association with the fairest of his congregation, nor indeed was his taste as refined or restricted that any specimen of muliebrity, religious or otherwise, would not easily gratify it. His feminine consorts of the *demi-monde* vied with the devout "sistery" of the devoted in main-

taining the costliest pews far to the front and under the direct rays of the luminous Lothario, who shone so brightly from his pulpit heights.

For some time the scandal had wended its way into the secret circles of society as a precious esoteric morsel for the delectation of the most wistful gossips. But ere long the *sécret* could not be kept from promulgation and the city was set aflame with amazement and chagrin mingled with prurient merriment. The sanctimonious Apollo, so often favored by the gracious visitations of Venus, his tutelary divinity, was at last forced to face an accusing public, and none the less the hesitating church authorities were compelled to uphold or denounce him.

Brought to bay, what would the lions of the sacristy do? Would they admit his iniquity and thus suffer the church to be deprived of such a brilliant mind and so magnetic a personality, which had so often proven its capacity to crowd the sanctuary with the curious multitudes; or would they seek some subterfuge through which he might escape and thus save the ministry from disgrace and the church from the threatened loss of support?

The aged bishop was appealed to. He, though no less cognizant of the brother's Paphian indulgences than his inferiors, easily found the way of relief from popular embarrassment and by his adroitness avoided a public confession. Having power over all the church in its various ramifications it was but a small matter to "transfer" this lamentably weak libidinous Don Juan to a far western conference where, his character unknown, he might continue to practice his unsuspected arts on approachable Sardanapalians.

And true to his genius his opportunity failed him not. He had nested in his new field but a few months when the constant fluttering of crinoline satellites around this conspicuous luminary again attracted to him the waggish tongues of social gossips and the humorists of barber shops and liquor dives. Again a kindly episcopal intervention prevented his final downfall and he was quietly dismissed from the ministry while under a storm-cloud

of suspicious charges, on the plea that his health had failed and he must seek rest.

The last I had heard of this salivant *bon bon* he was being deliciously partaken of by sanctimonious voluptuaries who constituted themselves an advance corps of esoteric wisdom in a far western locality.

But what grieved me in this salacious episode of my ministerial acquaintance was not so much the fact itself, which I afterwards learned to take as a matter of course (for the lapse in the sexual amenities I have come to learn is no uncommon trait among the orthodox ministry), but the lax manner in which the authorities regarded the inexcusable violation of the social standards.

Thus gradually had I come to see that I had been grossly deluded in entering the ministry as a refuge for a soul straining after "righteousness" and spiritual evolution. Nevertheless, I was inclined to be forgiving and to lay the flattering unction to my troubled breast by acknowledging that it was rather the common weakness of humankind, which I must not forget attached to ministers as well as to other human beings, which alone was responsible for these sad digressions to "the primrose paths of dalliance."

So frequently did such offensive cases cross my path during my twelve or more years in the ministry that I began to regard them as indifferently as the others who refused to be held unaccountable for their "brothers'" acts.

But though the citadel of my heart had been thus wantonly attacked by the arrows shot from decadent bows, at last my mind begun to feel even more keenly the brunt of the skeptic's blows, which emanated not from without but within the church. Before I narrate a singular experience to which I at this period of my career became subjected, and which opened my eyes to the theological delinquency of my ministerial brethren as the other experiences did to their moral delinquency, I wish to describe a comical incident which at the same time discloses my unsophisticated devotion to the antiquated traditions.

I had been taught in common with all true believers that the ardor of the soul's devotion would speedily cool if the blight of the slightest skepticism were permitted to attack it. Nothing is more precious to a votary of the faith than the delicious enjoyment of ecstatic peace which often attaches to its pursuit. This inward joy, this sensual participation of "heavenly delights," is one of the choicest gifts, the loss of which is accounted dismal and foreboding. A devotee will make almost any sacrifice to avoid the danger of its deprivation. Hence, if warned that to indulge any skepticism, even the slightest, will endanger its possession, is warning enough to the earnest to cause them to be on their constant guard against the sly approach of the enemy.

One of the most insidious advances the foe can make is through popular literature. Hence, ardently and with constant admonition were we besought to keep ourselves free from the pollution of such insidious contagion. I remember once hearing one of the highly intellectual presiding elders who visited the dreary circuit over which I traveled bemoan the fact, in the



course of one of his sermons, that he had observed on the shelves of one of the church's communicants the works of that conspicuous infidel, Edward Gibbon, even, indeed, that "vile" work of his "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," in which he especially attacks the foundations of Christianity! "What, beloved," he tearfully exclaimed, "will become of us if we are so reckless of our Father's mercies!"

But the especial occasion to which I refer was when once I was making some certain pastoral calls during a "revival season" and happened to enter a house where I was strangely accosted by an "unbelieving woman." To my then unsophisticated mind about the grossest monstrosity the world could engender was a woman who refused to accept Jesus as her Savior. And here suddenly I was confronted by such an one. Almost the first question she asked me was what I thought of Paine's "Age of Reason." What redder cloth could a tantalizing infidel throw in front of an orthodox bull that should the more enrage him? What did I think of Paine! In a few intense sentences I dismissed the works of this most offensive of all the world's religious traitors, and believing that I had wholly confounded and overwhelmed her with my authoritative excoriation of this "accursed infidel," without waiting for her reply I swept down upon my knees, and inviting her, quietly but gloomily said, "Let us pray!"

When I had finished, thinking I would see her bowed in repentant tears, I hesitated to lift my head; but finally on doing so instead of beholding her on her knees and suffering her sins to ooze through her eyes, she was calmly waiting for me to be released from what she construed as a temporary fit of insanity, when offering me the volume of the "Age of Reason" she was calmly holding, she graciously dismissed me from her presence. I began to read the book on my way home, then threw it angrily away, after having been pierced by a skeptical arrow I could not thrust from my brain. Here, then, was another seed sown that some day would spring forth in "The Doom of Dogma," but which at that day was as far from my thoughts as the Gates of Gaza from the Capitoline Dome at Washington.

The incident to which the above is leading occurred on a memorable day when a discussion arose among a number of leading lights on the doctrine of the Trinity. I had listened to one of the most capable and brilliant of the younger ministers make what seemed to me a quite plausible argument in favor of the doctrine. He had received the enthusiastic congratulations of the audience, many of whom declared that it had greatly strengthened their belief in the doctrine. In the afternoon of the same day a small informal gathering of the younger members of the ministry assembled, of which company the preacher mentioned was one. What amazed me and took the wind out of my sails at the time was his nonchalant and blase declaration that he didn't believe a word of what he said in the forenoon in the presence of the public and that anybody who could explain the Trinity would be also able to invent perpetual motion! It made me think of what Pope Leo X is reputed to have said to one of his cardinals: "All the world knows how profitable this

fable of the Christ has been to us!" I felt the bottom of my belief had been knocked out and darkening doubt began to seize me. Still I clung for dear life to the faith delivered to me.

But this conversation led me to understand that the leading lights of the Church themselves had little or no sincere belief in the doctrines which they publicly professed and on the Bible swore to defend. And in the near future I further learned that any minister who was simple enough to attempt to accept these inexplicable doctrines as candid beliefs was regarded by his more intelligent superiors as a weak specimen of misnancyism and made the butt of their intellectual buffoonery. Little by little it was being pounded into my brain that the whole system of Christendom was honeycombed with insincere pretense and intellectual dishonesty, yet I refused to believe myself misinformed and mistaken.

## A REFORMER'S LAMENT

BY ELIAS TOBENKIN.

Golden dreams I dreamed,  
Daring thoughts I thought;  
Love and Brotherhood,  
Light and Freedom sought.

Now infirm am I,  
Old and weak and pale;  
Years of struggle, strife,  
Tell their forceful tale.

Now oft I long  
For a crust of bread.  
Still oft I dream  
Of my brothers dead.

## WALTER HURT'S NOVEL

We are advised that the book of Walter Hurt, heretofore announced in the *Appeal*, is nearing completion. It will deal with the situation in Colorado and Idaho from a new point of view. The thrilling scenes and incidents in the class war will be brilliantly depicted. The principal characters will be traced with a master hand. There is nothing in the realm of fact or fiction more wonderful than this panorama of startling and significant events.

It is not strange that these stirring scenes in the revolutionary drama have appealed to the chivalrous spirit and poetic fancy of Walter Hurt. In the presence of this titanic conflict his pen leaps from its sheath like the sword of a knight of the olden times.

It is sufficient to say that Walter Hurt is writing the story and superfluous to add that it will be a masterpiece.—*Eugene V. Debs, in Appeal to Reason.*

Walter Hurt, the dramatic author, poet and revolutionist, has been engaged to write a historic romance of the thrilling scenes enacted in the war for freedom in the Rocky mountains. The work is now under way and is eagerly awaited. It will be written in the fascinating style for which the author is famous. Walter Hurt has creative genius of the first order, rare dramatic power, and a poetic imagination. His book will be bold, startling and original, a distinct triumph of literary art in the Social Revolution.—*Editorial in Appeal to Reason.*

# Test Case on "Obscenity"



BERNARR MACFADDEN, EDITOR "PHYSICAL CULTURE"

Bernarr Macfadden has been again arrested for obscenity. This time for sending his magazine, "Physical Culture," through the mail, containing those portions of the serial story, "Growing to Manhood in Civilized (?) Society," which appeared in the November, December and January numbers of his publication.

The Free Speech League has secured Mr. Macfadden's consent to make his a test case to be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States on constitutional questions never heretofore raised. Should the contention of the Free Speech League be upheld, it will forever abolish all present obscenity laws and probably make it impossible to enact any similar laws, in so far as they relate to the circulation of literature among adults.

Macfadden's case will be argued in U. S. District Court, Trenton, N. J., March 26, and no doubt will be appealed no matter which way decided. Under a recent statute, the government can appeal on questions of law in criminal cases.

The Free Speech League solicits money with which to carry on this contest, the total expense of which will be several thousand dollars. All remittances should be sent to Dr. E. B. Foote, Treasurer, 120 Lexington Ave., New York City.

The following is a summary of the new points to be urged against the postal laws against obscene literature. This summary is prepared by Mr. Schroeder, attorney for the Free Speech League:

## STATEMENT OF CONTENTION.

The postal laws against obscene literature are unconstitutional for each of the following reasons:

1. It is now claimed that the power of Congress is limited to the use of means which are a direct mode of executing the power to *establish* postoffices and post roads, and cannot under the pretense of regulating the mails accomplish objects which

an unconstitutional object is the effort of Congress, under the pretext of regulating the mails, to control the psycho-sexual condition of postal patrons. A differential test of mail matter based upon the opinions transmitted through the mails, or the psychologic tendencies of such opinions upon the addressee of the mails, or a differential test based upon an idea which is not actually transmitted, but is suggested by one that is transmitted, bears no conceivable relation to the establishment of postoffices or post roads for the transmission of physical matter only, not thought waves nor telepathic messages. It follows that Congress has not the implied power to make the present regulation.

2. Our Constitution precludes the punishment of mere psychological crimes. The creation of crimes which are based only upon ideas, such as constructive treason, witchcraft and heresy, either religious or ethical, such as were once penalized, are prohibited. "The doctrine is fundamental in English and American law that there can be no constructive offenses." All punishable crime must be based upon an imminent physical or material or other demonstrable and ascertained injury to some being. Psychologic postal crimes are absurd as well as unconstitutional. The present postal law against "obscene" literature does not predicate crime upon any actual injury, but solely upon speculation as to the problematical psychological tendency upon a hypothetical person, or that which is sent through the mails. Congress has no power to predicate crime upon such factors.

3. The postal law against obscene literature is void under the constitutional prohibition against abridgement of freedom of speech and press in this, that it is the artificial legislative destruction of equality or creation of inequalities of opportunity for the dissemination of ideas of conflicting tendency. Freedom of the press is abridged whenever under the law there is not equality of opportunity in the production and distribution of printed ideas, or whenever any publication is by law withheld from the adult reader, because of its sentiments.

4. The statute furnishes no standard or test by which to differentiate what book is obscene from that which is not, because of which fact the definition of the crime is uncertain. Furthermore, it is a demonstrable fact of science that obscenity and indecency are not sense-perceived qualities of a book, but are solely and exclusively a condition or effect in the reading mind. Neither the statute nor the judicial tests of obscenity or indecency furnish any certain advance information as to what must be the verdict of a jury upon the speculative problem of the psychologic effect of a given book, upon a hypothetical reader. Their verdict is therefore not according to the letter of any general law, but according to their whim, caprice and prejudices, or varying personal experiences and different degrees of sexual hyperaestheticism and varying kind and quality of intelligence upon the subject of sexual psychology. In consequence every such verdict is according to a test of obscenity personal to the court or jury in each case and binding upon no other court or jury and not according to any general law or uniform rule.

5. The first result of this uncertainty is that the statute of

Congress herein involved creates no certain or general rule of conduct for the guidance of citizens, and does not enable them to know if their proposed act is in violation of law, and therefore every indictment under said statute is without due process of law.

6. The second result of this uncertainty of the statute is that every indictment under said statute is always according to an *ex post facto* law or standard of judgment specially created by the court or jury for each particular case. The Congress of the United States has no power to determine guilt of crime according to varying personal standards (like the opinion of a jury on a psychologic tendency of a book upon a hypothetical reader) and which in the nature of things cannot be known at the time the alleged act was committed, nor before the rendition of a verdict thereon, because that is *ex post facto* legislation. Every conviction so arrived at is void whether thus enacted by the Congress or through delegated power by the court or jury; is unconstitutional because it is *ex post facto* legislation.

7. A third phase of the contention may be thus stated: The statute is void for uncertainty and the total absence therein of any complete definition of the crime to be punished or standard by which the existence of obscenity or the dividing line between it and its opposite is to be determined. This nullification results from an application of an ancient maxim: "Where the law is uncertain, there is no law."

8. The statute is void because by it Congress has, in effect, delegated to the court or jury or both, as the case may be, not merely whether or not the defendant has committed the acts prohibited by the letter of the statute and as charged in the indictment, but also its legislative power to declare by standards of judgment not made certain by statute or science, whether or not such undisputed acts shall or shall not constitute a crime under the laws of the land, and Congress has not the power to delegate to courts and juries its legislative discretion to enact criminal laws.

NOTE—The indictment against Macfadden was quashed because of technical defects, the court thus avoiding the necessity for a decision upon the constitutional questions. This, however, leaves the matter where the next grand jury in all probability will indict him over again.

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## LOVE'S PERFECTION

BY ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE.

All night it stormed, and great waves beat the shore.  
The fierce winds howled, and drove the icy rain.  
All night my soul went shivering thro' the storm  
Weary and sad. At dawn the rainbow came.

Soft rested, like a promise in the sky,  
Then down its path a weary carrier dove—  
Came on poor tattered wings that scarce could fly—  
This message bearing: "Death brings endless love."

Then peace that such assurance gives was mine,  
And all the joys of those dead days of yore.  
Was not life death to me, without her voice?  
If death, then love, and peace forever more.

# Skepticism 2300 B. C.

BY H. BEDFORD JONES.

In the imperishable dramatic spectacle of Prometheus Vinc-tus, Aeschylus gave expression to all the thoughts of doubt and disbelief produced from the already fading effulgence of the Greek Theogony. The above drama was one of a trilogy centering around the Promethean Myth, and Prometheus himself is the personification of Thought, which defies the Gods, is self-dependent, and dares to be free. He is the first type of skeptic—the thinker; and yet he is not wholly the victim of an unjust and merciless deity, as Shelley portrayed him. Aeschylus wrote three dramas—Prometheus Firebearer, Bound, and Unbound; and just as in his Orestean trilogy, he assigned a Force to each—Cause, Effect, and Result. The Cause, the tale of the Titan's offense, the immediate effect, as it has survived to our day, and the result, as told us by other ancient writers and re-created by Shelley. In these dramas, to be presented at great religious festivals, Aeschylus would never dare to become openly skeptic; in this, the survivor, his broadest sentiments would be uttered, for the first and third dealt merely with the offence and reconciliation. No; he cleverly contrived to hide his doubts behind the mask of temptation; and Prometheus in daring to rail against Zeus as unjust, with Io, deserted by the same Deity, both clearly deserved their fate, in the eyes of the Greeks; for all things owed implicit obedience to Zeus, and the immoralities of their gods had no effect on the Greeks in general. Some there were, as Aeschylus and Socrates, who saw through the veil; and Socrates being troublesomely frank, was murdered. Aeschylus, however, hid his thoughts better, and marshaled his doubts in the shape of those who attempted to persuade the Titan to yield; but in such a manner that they would not be perceptible to the average Greek. I say the "average"; for after this period few of the great men of Greece paid homage to the old gods. Euripides sneered synically, whilst Socrates and Pericles, to say nothing of Plato or Aristides, owed much of their moral influence to the fact that they held to and were governed by an ethical standard of their own, and were thus self-sufficient.

Many commentators take the tragedy to be a voiced protest against the Grecian theology; but we can hardly take this view, for, as Prof. Blackie says, Aeschylus would never have dared, nor would he be allowed to, hold before the Greeks their supreme Deity as an image of injustice and tyranny. Rather is it symbolical of the *rise of thought through suffering*, and however the subject be considered, we are forced to conclude that Aeschylus tore the Greek theism to shreds, not through the bold outcries of the Titan, but by a deeper and hidden significance which would not present the bald facts to the majority of his audiences.

This I take to be the meaning of the tragedy; Prometheus stands for Thought or Reason. Man never can exist without becoming sensible that his will is in some cases opposed and thwarted by a superior power. Hence he concludes that this Power is either a blind Fate or a humanistic Deity having passions and a will of its own. Aeschylus represented this Deity as

Nature, in the broadest sense—the combined Forces which control the Universe; and gave it the name of Zeus, the supposed king of gods.

Reason, the intellectual Man, would thwart Nature, and bring her forces under his dominion; for Prometheus states that through Fire man may overcome and subdue all things. So we see the superiority of Intellect over Force. Zeus employs Kratos (Strength) and Bia (Might) to fetter the Titan, and they accomplish the task; but throughout Prometheus appeals to the opposites of force—(1) Suffering—hence Teaching; the attainment of Truth through endurance; and (2) the kindly aspects of Nature—the “Mother-Earth,” the Sun, light-giver, and the ocean and winds, laughing in their freedom; and Prometheus eventually overcomes, and knows that he will do so.

1. Knowledge must only be attained through suffering and unrelenting effort—the great idea of Goethe's Faust. “If ever I say to the passing moment, ‘Stay, thou art so fair;’ then mayest thou enchain me.”

2. The superiority of mind over matter—a truth as old as Aeschylus, and older.

3. That Force cannot control conscious rectitude.

4. Last and most important, perhaps, that Individuality is triumphant over external coercion. Prometheus, as the son of Themis or Justice, typifies an individual system of ethics as opposed to Customary Morality.

It is a favorite and twofold argument of Conservatism, “that when the intellectual life is set over the moral life, there is a dangerous resultant state of society.” In one sense, perhaps, true, this subtle blow at Free Thought is not new; it was used 2,200 years ago to condemn Socrates; following out the broad ideas of Aeschylus and Xenophanes; and its fallacy was at once seen by those who condemned him. Customary Morality must yield to the moral decision of the individual, or Morality makes no advance. So Prometheus, Fore-thought, was the Daemon of Socrates—Individual Morality; and this, opposed to Customary Morality, is the Spirit which today is the backbone of Free Thought. That of Socrates was revolutionary, contrary to certain fixed ideas, and so is this of today. Subjectivity is an eternally rising aspect of thought; and can only be dispensed with in the ideal state of Plato, where the individuality of thought is carried to the Ideal.

#### BOOK WISDOM.

Zeus was a God in a book.  
 Heaven is a place in a book.  
 Jesus was a man in a book.  
 Little Nell was a girl in a book.  
 Romeo was a lover in a book.  
 Damon was a comrade in a book.  
 Utopia was a city in a book.  
 Socialism is a condition in a book.  
 Democracy was declared in a book.  
 Freedom is a fiction in a book.  
**TO HELL WITH BOOKS! It is time to LIVE.**

—Sercombe Himself.

# While Love Shall Last

BY MRS. L. M. HOLMES.

He had met Grace Garner when the liberal society was first organized in Clover Dale and had been immediately struck with her superb beauty, her loftiness of intellect, the sweetness and spirituality of her nature. And she, too, greatly admired the handsome, young artist, Raymond Lyle, but in her gentle humility had thought him too great a personage to ever be anything to her; and she had been cold and distant, making the progress of their acquaintance a slow and difficult thing. But through the winter their relations had grown from cold courtesy to deep interest, through seasons of iciness, coolness and misunderstandings to explanations, reconciliations, appreciation, until at last, when the warm breezes betokened the coming of spring, he declared his great love for her and she had radiantly accepted it and acknowledged that his passion was returned with all the strength of her being.

They were sitting in the enclosure of a deep window whose sashes reached to the floor; palm trees and exotic plants in jardinières, secluded them from their friends in the room behind them; the scent of lilacs floated in from the bushes beneath the window, and a silver crescent of a moon softly beamed in the pale western sky. They sat in ecstatic silence with hands clasped and eyes lustrous with happiness for many blissful moments; and then Grace lifted her head and said:

"But you understand, Raymond, I do not mean to marry you."

"Grace!"

"You are surprised? But really, you did not expect that?"

"What is it you mean, love? You declare you love me?"

"Dearly! That is why I will have no bonds to smother and murder love. Have we not often gone over the ground together?"

"Yes, in the abstract. When we did not know that it would apply to ourselves. Personal liberty is very beautiful. Laws and institutions *have* no right to attempt to adjust relations between two people who alone can know what they want. But in practice, dear Grace, can we live up to the principle? Society makes it its business whether or no; and alas! punishes the woman who evades its mandate much more severely than it does the man."

"What do we care for society or its penalties? Are we not truly emancipated? I have only you to consider, you acknowledge no earthly authority higher than your own. I trust you thoroughly. Let us have no legal ceremony—no permission from church or state to live our own free, beautiful love life."

"My brave girl! And so you trust me implicitly? Remember that after all the law is a certain protection to the woman."

"The law may possibly protect woman from everything but itself and her husband. I do not choose to place myself in its power. And you—if I could not trust you unfettered, I would not trust you as a husband."

The man stooped and kissed the beautiful woman thought-



fully, solemnly. She laid her other hand over his own clasping hers.

"Do you agree with me? Do you understand me and respect me as ever? Are you afraid?"

"Only for you, love. It will be yours to suffer and I will not be permitted to bear it for you. But you shall, as all women should, make the terms on which our love shall rest."

"Oh, Raymond! I believe you only, of all men in the world, could comprehend me so entirely, believe in me so tenderly, be to me such a true refuge and rest!"

In the deepening twilight she laid her head trustingly on his breast as devotedly, as purely consecrating herself to him as ever did maiden under the blessing of a priest.

One evening, not long after, the pretty parlors of one of Grace's friends glowed with tinted lights and flowers, the air floated heavy with rich perfumes, and the bright, animated members of the "Circle" gathered in small groups about the inviting nooks and corners. They seemed expectant; only Miss Reeves sitting on a sofa with her aunt, appeared to be agitated and uneasy, while she listened intently to the remarks flying around her.

"I cannot understand what it all means, auntie," she whispered. "It seems that Miss Garner and Mr. Lyle are not to be married by a minister or a magistrate. How can it be a marriage at all?"

"My dear Beryl, it means that Miss Garner and Mr. Lyle have risen above the formalities and conventions of a creed-bound society. Their union concerns only themselves and their immediate friends, and no one else has any right or part in it. Their relationship is as pure and sacred as love can make it and no union can be more than that. This is all new to you yet, Beryl, but I do not think you are too young to learn what the advanced thought of the age is, concerning these questions. That is why I brought you here to-night. You are a girl of good judgment, and will be able to adopt your own ideas after some observation and study."

"Is this union for life? Is it as binding as wedlock?"

The aunt's face clouded over a little.

"It is to endure while love shall last," she said gently.

"Oh, I cannot make it seem like a marriage! It is so strange—so unusual! Ah!"

Miss Garner and Mr. Lyle were entering from the broad archway. They advanced and stood before a great bank of flowers, and there clasped hands as they looked only at each other. They made a gloriously beautiful pair, each strongly marked in their splendid individuality. She was arrayed in pure fleecy white, proud, dainty, yet strong and well poised, and withal divinely tender in her attitude toward the man she loved; he in conventional black, tall, superbly developed, graceful, with the clear features of a Greek god and eyes that fairly lighted the whole room with their wonderful glow. He turned to the groups of friends and in his musical voice announced their purpose with a few well chosen words; then back to Grace, and softly, seriously, went over the formula they had both agreed upon. She followed him in a sweet low voice that trembled ever so slightly.

It was a simple declaration of their love and determination to unite their lives in an equal partnership and to be true to each other "while love shall last." At its conclusion, they exchanged a kiss, then turned to their friends who began to flock around them and offer congratulations, kisses and many kind wishes. But pretty Beryl Reeves sat still and watched the others. Her aunt came and whispered to her to go up and greet the pair, but she shook her head.

"I do not know what to say, auntie. Of course, I wish them well, but I cannot give them the usual wedding congratulations. I cannot make it seem a marriage."

"I should hope not!" exclaimed Miss Abigail Denton, who was standing near. "*They* do not wish it to be a marriage in the legal sense—a condition which means slavery. As it is, they stand on a perfectly equal plane—free, untrammelled—oh, how happy they will be!"

Miss Beryl looked startled but made no answer. The people were standing about in groups now, the air of restraint and ceremoniousness having entirely disappeared. Suddenly Miss Reeves realized that Mr. Lyle was bending over her.

"Have you nothing to say to me, Miss Reeves? No good wishes, no happy prophecies? Give me your hand in token of friendship at least."

She allowed her hand to fall in his clasp and her eyes met his, so dark, penetrating, somberly bright. What was his strange power? What was the meaning of the thrill which started from the touch of palms to meet the surge of vibrations set in motion by that one intense glance? Had Miss Garner been a *victim*? Was she to be another?

She did not know what witchery lay in her own dewy, dark lashed, gray eyes, with that startled, innocent wonder dilating the pupils, as these queries passed through her mind. Raymond tarried, still holding the soft, delicate hand and gazing into those wonderful, childish eyes. Presently Beryl remembered she was expected to say something.

"I wish you every good that can come to you," with a slight emphasis on the can. He did not speak immediately, he was wondering a little over that emphasis. In the meantime Miss Abigail seized the opportunity to come up and begin a eulogy upon her "noble young radicals," and Raymond feeling rather uncomfortable under it, allowed himself to be taken away by another eager friend. Dr. Cheswick was not far away and to her Miss Abigail undaunted now appealed.

"Is it not beautiful," said Miss Abigail, "that these two splendid young lives, so rich, so full of grand possibilities, so imbued with the true inwardness, should at the very gateway of their existence find the heaven of love in such conditions—in such perfect freedom? What an example! What a glorious event for our cause! Is it not so, Dr. Cheswick?"

The lady addressed looked serious and doubtful for a moment and said: "Well, Miss Denton, it depends. Freedom is not everything. Wisdom must accompany and guide, or shipwreck follows. If they understand one another fully, and comprehend life in all its significance, it really matters little whether a legal

ceremony is said over them or not. But alas! to me they seem like the ordinary young couple very much in love for the time being to whom life appears before them as one long, roseate dream, whose love is to be sweeter, more lasting, more lofty than anything that ever existed before without the least knowledge in the world of how to make and keep it so. The same rude disappointments may come to waken them and destroy their beautiful dream that often comes in matrimony."

"Why Doctor Cheswick! And I thought you such an ardent advocate of individual freedom! What more could you ask of two young people who *might* be married in a fashionable church, with all the accompaniments of the best society?"

"The omission of a customary form will not take the place of wisdom and good judgment."

Some one else called Doctor Cheswick's attention and Miss Denton looked around for some one else with whom to argue the question. Beryl, while listening, had smoothed her filmy handkerchief over the hand that Raymond Lyle had held; then realizing what she was doing snatched it away; but in a moment she covered it again murmuring to herself, "He is not married. He is this moment as free as I am."

(To be Continued.)

## PASSED FROM SIGHT

BY GEORGE VAIL WILLIAMS.

(To the memory of Lula G. Sercombe.)

Southern breezes! softly sighing,  
Bring your gifts of sweet perfume,  
Where a cherished form is lying—  
Lying in the silent tomb.  
Summer! bring your sweetest roses,  
Winter! strew your snow-wreaths deep,  
Where our sister's form reposes  
In its final dreamless sleep.

Patient hands, serenely folded  
O'er a fond, devoted breast;  
Tender lips, now cold and silent,  
Where the kiss of Love was pressed.  
She has faded from our vision  
As the sun departs at night;  
Still she lives in realms Elysian—  
She has only "passed from sight."

She has donned "the garb immortal,"  
She has left the earthly strife,  
She has passed the frowning portal  
Leading to an endless Life.  
Tho the flowers we fondly cherish  
Droop in Autumn's chilly breath,  
Loving souls can NEVER perish!  
Never taste the cup of Death!

# Brotherness vs. Kingthing

BY C. F. HUNT, WITH REPLY BY HERMAN KUEHN.

The issue between Kuehn and me is: In the absence of the kingthing, brotherness will come to the front and soothe all savage feelings (1), banish poverty (2), invasion, (3) tyranny, and will even collect rent and distribute it so all will share alike (4), making the single tax unnecessary. Without combating brotherness, *per se*, I deny the above. I think the single tax idea makes nearly perfect the theory of individual ownership (5), and refutation will be on lines of the abandonment of ownership. (6) This is now impossible, so the problem is to do what we can to abolish misery with the means now at hand.

Mr. K. says: "Land value arises only because of the kingthing. Without monopoly holdings all site advantage of every sort would spontaneously and automatically redound to the community." He admits disparity of fertility, or site advantage; but holds that while the state exists the holder of the best sites will claim all he can for his advantage; abolish the state and he will at once desire to distribute this advantage among all. (7) He simply asserts that this will be so, and I object to such ecclesiastical method—mere assertion, the weight of the assertion being expected to carry conviction. (8) We should be told how and why.

So long as Mr. Kuehn uses his own definitions debate is useless. With him "coercion" means invasion or tyranny. The usual meaning is "to compel." A slave may be compelled to obey, or a slave driver may be compelled to quite driving. (9) In either case coercion is used. If I kill the slave driver and set the slave free I have destroyed the liberty of the first and enhanced that of the latter; that is, I have denied liberty and preserved liberty by the same act, which K. says is impossible. But he thinks liberty means freedom only to do right, instead of merely absence of restraint. He thus tries to inject moral qualities into words that cannot possibly contain them. There are words enough (10).

I am sorry that K. refuses to fuss with Comrade Patterson's platform. That would be really entertaining (11).

K. says that rent can be added to price. Where rent is highest prices are lowest. How, then, can rent be added to price? (12)

## KUEHN'S KOMMENTS.

(1) Funny misconceptions obtain about "savagery." People we call "savages" are never savage among themselves. What constitute their savagery? Resentment against invasion. No invasion, no savagery.

(2) Poverty does not need be banished. It does not exist. There is enough. The kingthing enables some to prey upon and share with others. When we no longer give acquiescence to the kingthing there will be no poverty among producers of wealth. As to non-producers—I'm not concerned about their poverty nor the abolition of it.

(3) In the absence of the kingthing invasion will not need be banished. It cannot exist outside the kingthing.

(5) As brotherness, in the absence of the kingthing, would recognize no title to land other than occupancy and use rent would not (could not possibly) arise, and therefore brotherness would be charged neither with the task of collecting it nor the job of distributing it.

(6) I do not look for ownership to be abandoned as long as the delusion of ownership persists. A more enlightened age will see the absurdity of any man owning the elements. Even in our present "make-believe" age we do not any of us (by us I mean people of sufficient intelligence to read *TO-MORROW*) really believe that any man owns any land. The nearest approach we make to that condition is to own a kingthing title.

(7) Hunt has read me to little purpose if he finds me urging the abolition of the state. I think the state should exist so long as the prevailing intelligence remains at its present low standard. I think people of little intelligence are entitled to have the kind of kingthing they desire. I claim that as men become more intelligent they will cease yielding devotion and allegiance to a fetish, and the kingthing will dissolve quite as the morning vapors dissolve before the rising sun. So long as the kingthing is maintained the owner of a kingthing title to an advantageous sire will be able to prey upon those who utilize it. And when the kingthing is dissolved no assent will be given to his kingthing-title, and whatever the state of mind of such an "owner" the condition will take care of itself. No, I am not looking for any change of "desire" on the part of owners of kingthing titles. I am looking for an access of common sense, but am not discouraged because it seems slow in its approach.

(8) Those who are ripe for the brand of truth I purvey will need no proof. The immature could not understand my proof any better than they do my assertions, and as such are not likely to be reading this magazine they do not matter, for the purposes of this controversy.

(9) Words don't interest me. Ideas do. To me there is a distinct divergence between the quality of activity by which a slave is held in subjection and the procession of events by which the slave-driver is compelled to forego the slave-holding performances.

(10) The slave is coerced. The driver is not coerced when he is compelled to desist from his tyranny. The difference in the idea is easily enough determined when you consider that if the slave quit his service the owner may pursue him and coerce his return. But if the owner is compelled to quit his tyranny, and yields to such compulsion, it were the height of absurdity to follow him up. There might be some "poetic justice" in turning the tables. That is to say, Hunt having freed the slave might whirl in and make the whilom slave the master of the former owner. In that case coercion would be employed on the master as he had theretofore employed it on the slave. But we are not dealing with poesy. At least I am not. If Hunt kill the slave-driver in order to set the slave free he has meddled invasively. It is presumed that the slave could not be held in subjection unless he believed that to be best for him. If Hunt kills the master he has not set free the slave, for the kingthing will still hold that the slave is the rightful property of his master's heirs-at-law; and

whoso believes in the kingthing must assent to such succession. The ownership of a slave and the ownership of a plot of earth are of precisely the same quality. But I do not care to take refuge behind Hunt's addiction to poetic fancy. I am willing to meet the Idea that he means to convey. "Words fail me" to convey to an unwilling mind the Idea that to kill an invader is never a denial of liberty, but a resentment of his denial of my liberty. Hunt may juggle successfully with words, but Ideas do not lend themselves so readily to the clever wand of the magician.

(10) There may be words enough, but if so I might suggest that Hunt take some from the common stock and add them to his personal vocabulary, to the end that he may avoid the vice of making "to coerce" synonymous with "to defend against coercion."

(11) Whenever Comrade Patterson will frankly interpret the poetry of his platform to mean (as indeed it does) that he deems it for the good of society that the majority should compel the minority to acquiesce in all the majority prefers, I will meet him there. But I don't care to mix poetry and economics, though each is to my liking in its own place. I am justified in doubting the sincerity of any man who believes that tyranny is warranted if practiced by a large enough number of people, and entertaining that tenet has not the candor to avow it, but constructs a poetic rhapsody to disguise it. I have nothing against Comrade Patterson for his devotion to the kingthing in some other form than the one now in vogue, for he is, in that respect, quite within the scope of the average intelligence. Nor am I wanting in admiration of his many good qualities; and I recognize the sincerity and sympathetic kindness of all his school. A good lot of good brotherly fellows, all. But why try to disguise the very central and vital principle of their creed, which they all seem bent on doing, else they would come right out and say frankly: "Yes, surely. What I want is to get hold of sufficient power to compel you to adjust your affairs in the way I think best for you." I, too, am a socialist, but I am "on to" the kingthing, and I know that men cannot be compelled to become "social" in thought and action by the kingthing in any of its phases.

(12) It is not a question of how rent can be added to price. My contention is that rent is added to cost and becomes an integral part of price. It could not be otherwise unless sellers had some sort of "reserve fund" from which they could pay rents. In that case rent would not be added to cost, for all I know. But as they have no such reserve fund it stands to reason that in making a price a dealer must add all items of expense to cost, and rent is an item of expense. Rent is always lowest where prices are lowest. A merchant may pay a very high rental. If he does so it is because he can sell more goods at that location. And as he sells more goods the item of rent is distributed in such a way as to make the rent item small by comparison with the experience of one who pays a smaller sum of money to the landlord. As a rule the higher the payment to the landlord the less pro rata is the rent item that is added to cost in order to make the price.

# The Mother-in-Law

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(From *Chicago American* of January 26, 1907.)

She was my dream's fulfillment and my joy,  
This lovely woman whom you called your wife;  
You sported at your play, an idle boy;  
When I first felt the stirring of her life  
Within my startled being, I was thrilled  
With such intensity of love it filled  
The very universe! But words are vain—  
No man can comprehend that wild, sweet pain.

You smiled in childhood's slumber while I felt  
The agonies of labor; and the nights,  
You, wandering on through dreamland's fair delights,  
Flung out your lengthening limbs and slept and grew,  
While I, awake, saved this dear wife for you.

She was my heart's loved idol and my pride;  
I taught her all those graces which you praise;  
I dreamed of coming years, when at my side  
She should lend luster to my fading days;  
Should cling to me (as she to you clings now),  
The young fruit hanging to the withered bough;  
But lo! the blossom was so fair a sight,  
You plucked it from me—for your own delight.

Well, you are worthy of her—oh, thank God—  
And yet I think you do not realize  
How burning were the sands o'er which I trod  
To bear and rear this woman you so prize.  
It was no easy thing to see her go—  
Even into the arms of one she worshiped so.

How strong, how vast, how awful seems the power  
Of this new love which fills a maiden's heart  
For one who never bore a single hour  
Of pain for her; which tears her life apart  
From all its moorings, and controls her more  
Than all the ties the years have held before;  
Which crowns a stranger with a kingly grace,  
And gives the one who bore her second place!

She loves me still; and yet, were Death to say,  
"Choose now between them!" you would be her choice.  
God meant it to be so—it is His way;  
But can you wonder if, while I rejoice  
In her content, this thought hurts like a knife?  
"No longer necessity to her life!"

My pleasure in her joy is bitter-sweet;  
Your very goodness sometimes hurts my heart,  
Because, for her, life's drama seems complete  
Without the mother's oft-repeated part.  
Be patient with me! She was mine so long  
Who now is yours. One must indeed be strong  
To meet the loss without the least regret—  
And so, forgive me, if my eyes are wet.

# Department of Natural Living

This new department is added to the already overcrowded pages of *To-Morrow* in the earnest effort to co-operate with all the forces of Nature, that are striving to build up the Superman and Superwoman. We feel that it will help round out the work of the magazine, and add much to its value among our readers and co-workers.

We desire and expect to publish short articles on vital subjects, that shall merely attempt to arouse thought and study on these most important phases of our daily habits of life and work. These concise contributions will come from the minds and pens of various students of the records of the working methods of Nature, and questions and suggestions as to subjects treated will be welcomed and carefully considered.

We care not what opinions, beliefs, creeds or freakishness is advanced and advocated here, but we insist that *the reasons* for same be very distinctly put. We want the *truth*—backed by its proofs. We want to show, as clearly as possible, those conditions and habits which yield the greatest returns to health and work-energy, with the least friction, disease and waste of energy. We shall attempt to judge all principles and statements on the effects of their application.

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## NATURAL FOODS

BY WM. A. HUCKINS.

It is everywhere apparent that a great interest is being manifested in the matter of *Pure Foods*, and it is very gratifying to note the gradual growth of the cause of Natural living, under the guidance of the various food specialists, physical culturists, and naturopaths and their literature, yet it is also noticeable that a very small percentage of the general public are *really alive* to the gigantic importance of conforming their daily lives to strictly natural methods.

Thru generations of thotlessness we have dropped into habits of life and work that are waste of energy, disease breeders, and very largely the cause of the general low standard of health and longevity.

And since the race has not yet formed the habits of independent thot nor of searching always for the higher truth, most people give, at best, only a few random thots to the subjects relating to our health and working power.

Indeed, it does take thot and study to arrive at anything like rational conclusions on these matters, for there is much contradiction and argument, even among those who call themselves experts. But always we have the power of judging of that which has the most beneficent and natural result when applied, from observation, from the corroborations of recorded investigation, and from personal tests. These same conflicts exist in all other fields of life, yet we do not hesitate to spend much time and energy in pursuit and investigation of these vexed questions, which in most cases are of less importance to right and useful living than consideration of use and effects of natural foods.

An eminent food expert of New York City, and of world-wide reputation, asks: "What profiteth us to gain vast knowl-



edge that we cannot use, to master all the arts and sciences, and still walk blindly on in the shambles of disease or furnish a fashionable funeral at forty? What boots it to know that science can combine a few chemicals that rip to ribbons the mightiest plates of steel, and cannot tell us the chemistry of our own bodies, nor the chemistry of the material from which they are made, and nothing whatever of the method of proportioning and combining these materials so as to produce the highest vitality and avoid disease, premature death, and mental dethronement?" These woefully neglected problems are now being worked to their natural solution, and already the way is clearing before us. The unimpeachable testimony of the results of natural living is beginning to pour upon the race.

The belief of the race in the necessity of the orthodox physicians, and the wrong and perverted teachings of these physicians (more or less unconscious of their wrong), are throttling Truth and holding in continued bondage a benighted people. But if the physicians do not take up natural methods of life—prevention and cure of sickness and disease—the people *will*, and the great class of "doctors" will be enabled to take up some useful and productive labor. But they *might* be able to keep their position as social parasites longer if they would, as a class, be first to adopt natural methods of practice, keeping the general public as much as possible in the dark, as they do now.

The farmers have been considered *the* healthy and robust class, and this formerly was the case, when they were enduring the rigors of much outdoor energetic labor every day in the year. But improved methods, requiring less exercise of physical energy, and the adoption of more or less "civilized" habits of life, in diet, hygiene, and ventilation, have robbed them of this honorable distinction. Surrounded by the fresh products of wise nature, the pure and undefiled children of mother earth, they are subsisting, or attempting to do so, on filthy, cancerous hog-flesh (which has been considered as unfit for food ever since the time of Moses), devitalized white bread, and various foods prepared with, or literally soaked in, hog-fat, with condiments and strong coffee, with the result that the farm children are becoming less strong, less healthy, less able to carry on the work of the world as they once did, and are furnishing material upon which malignant diseases feed in far greater proportion per capita than in large cities. Let results speak for themselves.

Despite the perversions and negligence of the doctor, preacher, and teacher, such movements as vegetarianism, nut and fruit diets, uncooked food diets, etc., are having a great influence in remoulding the race to their natural physical proportions, physical power, mental and moral stability.

Study, investigation, independent thought and unbiased conclusion, will free the race from parasites in the form of doctors and preachers, and bring vast improvement in the physical, mental, and spiritual caliber of men and women.

NOTE.—See book reviews each month, and especially this issue, for reliable literature. Various specific foods and the different classes of foods will be taken up and considered in later issues.

# Bureau of Group Organization

We have organized a bureau which without charge of any kind and with no other object except to help on GROUP PROPAGANDA however and wherever organized, with the aim to assist all those desiring to live in coöperative groups to find their way to the one best suited to their tastes and inclinations.

We invite correspondence from groups and individuals. We shall publish each month a list of names and addresses of various groups and from time to time we ask all of our readers to coöperate with us in the matter of sending in the names of any new or established movements that do not appear in our list.

It is immaterial to us whether the groups we list are organized on conservative or radical lines, whether they be religious or irreligious communities, whether their basis is sound or weak, fanatical or otherwise.

We stand ready to aid and encourage GROUP LIFE wherever and however planned or organized, and from our point of view EVERY FAILURE WILL BE A SUCCESS, because those who fail will be valuable in showing the way which others must not tread.

The following is an alphabetical list of coöperative and group movements, the number to be increased and corrected from time to time as the information comes to our hands:

Altruist Community.....2711 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.  
 Amana Society.....Amana, Iowa  
 Beacon Company.....Aberdeen, S. D.  
 Bryngolen.....Ilfracombe, Eng.  
 Central Western Coöperative Association.....  
 .....Commercial Bldg., St. Joseph, Mo.  
 Colorado Coöperative Company.....Nucla, Colo.  
 Commonwealth of Israel.....Adullam, Texas  
 Coöperative Assn. of America...5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.  
 Coöperative Brotherhood.....Burley, Wash.  
 Coöperative Commonwealth.....Bow, Skagit Co., Wash.  
 Coöperative Mnfg. Company...315 E. Wall St., Fort Scott, Kan.  
 Coöperative Vegetarian Colony.....Highland, N. J.  
 Equality Colony.....Equality, Wash.  
 Evergreens.....Ollalla, Wash.  
 Fellowship Farm.....Westwood, Mass.  
 Fraternal Homemakers' Society...70 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.  
 Freedom Colony.....Fulton, Bourbon Co., Ky.  
 Freeland Colony.....Bow, Wash.  
 Gibbs Coöperative Colony.....Gibbs, Santa Clara, Cal.  
 General Industrial Company.....Ruskin, Ga.  
 Golden Rule Fraternity...604 D. S. Morgan Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.  
 Helicon Home Colony.....Englewood, N. J.  
 Henry Clough Industrial Home.....  
 .....3808 Eleventh Avenue, N. E., Seattle, Wash.  
 Home Colony.....Lake Bay, Wash.

Home Employment Company.....	Long Lane, Mo.
Koreshan Community.....	Estero, Fla.
La Hacienda.....	Alpine, N. J.
League of American Homesteads.....	
.....	425½ So. Campbell St., Springfield, Mo.
Le Claire Group.....	Edwardsville, Ill.
Lloyd Group.....	Westfield, N. J.
Martha McVister.....	Kenashaw Ave., Washington, D. C.
Modern Harvesters.....	17 E. 5th St., St. Paul, Minn.
Mutual Home Association.....	Home, Wash.
New Clairvaux .....	Montague, Mass.
Oneida Community.....	Oneida, N. Y.
Physical Culture City.....	Spotswood, N. J.
Right Relationship League.....	427 Reaper Block, Chicago, Ill.
Rose Valley Group.....	1624 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Roycrofters.....	East Aurora, N. Y.
Ruskin Commonwealth.....	Ruskin, Ga.
Salvation Army.....	120 West Fourteenth St., New York City
Single Tax City.....	Fairhope, Ala.
Spirit Fruit Society.....	Ingleside, Ill.
Straight Edge.....	1 Abingdon Square, New York City
The Israelites.....	Benton Harbor, Mich.
The Ruskin Coöperators.....	516 Reaper Block, Chicago, Ill.
To-Morrow City Movement....	2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Universal Brotherhood.....	Point Loma, Cal.

The above are all successes whether they fail or not, because they are planting the ideas of group life and group ownership.

If you cannot select the one with which you prefer to unite, let us assist you to do so.

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SANTA RITA, N. M., March 12.

Parker Sercombe.

Dear Brother: Believe me to be (I) myself.

Am I ready to sign the pledge of not owning anything?

I am ready, and willingly sign the pledge; I give the following as my reasons:

I wish to be in harmony with nature, as I believe I am a child of nature.

The beautiful sun draws up water and assists growth of all life, and to do so it circulates it over the earth.

It does not hoard it, only collects it to circulate it again and again.

My blood circulates in my body, and carries on a wholesale exchange of waste material for health-giving circulatory air.

Things material, of different kinds of matter, are for circulation, not for hoarding.

Then what do I want with things stored away, and not to use?

Stuff that is crying out against me in strong conviction of wrong action toward it by piling it up as treasures on earth.

Dollars need me for me to use them till To-Morrow's ideas are world-wide.

Books, Clothing, Tools, Friends, Love, Principle, Morality, Exchange of Ideas, Invention, Music, need me, for me to use them.

They don't need that I should pile them up and allow them to murder my ideals.

If (I) love my darling Nature, why should I stifle its laws?

Why not consider its interest? namely, that of circulation, possessing nothing, using everything; going amongst it; becoming part of it.

Everything I have seen is becoming part of me, (I) am part of everything.

This oneness of all things.

No more desiring to possess bed, tables and chairs than trying to carry the sun in my vest pocket.

I am ready, dear brothers, to join you.

I am ready to do my part and live in harmony with all life.

To-Morrow City wants me to circulate a little pleasure in work without hindering my Ideals; wants me to do something to assist nature to circulate my blood in its grand exchange of waste material for life-giving air.

Wants me to use good-will and brotherly love.

Wants me to be in love with law, for *Love is Law, and I love because love wants company.*

Love wants the To-MORROW gathering to associate with me.

CHARLES J. HOWE.

Dear Sercombe:—You say, with such charming consistency, that there is to be “no rules nor regulations in the matter of diet, habits, etc.; but as our present group are voluntary abstainers from meat, tea, coffee, liquor and tobacco, it is not probable that anyone who has these habits will be received on probation.”

I would love to “return to nature,” so to speak, but I will not do it under compulsion. Were I a member of your group, and if I cleaned my own spittoon, I would regard it none of your affairs (i. e., the business of the group) whether I chewed tobacco or not. Now, I am convinced that many an industrious, honest, intelligent, and liberal man smokes his cigar and perhaps drinks a beer.

I have no kick about the way you run To-MORROW. It is certainly “Freedom’s own”; the liveliest, brightest, freest, and best thing I ever run across, but still I find between its covers what I “think” to be rank idiocy. However, I admit the right of others to “think.”

It may be that my destructive (military) training has made me look at the wrong side of things, but I believe in the reforming qualities of ropes, bullets, and knives (and there might be virtue in a bomb); bayonets will have more effect on our masters than ballots.

D. C. MILLICAN.

Dear Brother Millican:

You are a good and true revolutionist, all right, but we go you to the limit. If you read To-MORROW *carefully*, you will note that we do not abridge anyone’s liberty in our colony plans. We are encouraging Presbyterian colonies, wherein Presbyterians can get together; Socialist colonies, wherein Socialists can get together—meat eating and beer drinking colonies, wherein that class can get together, and vegetarian colonies wherein *such* can co-operate on voluntary lines—no rules, no despotisms.

For any vegetarian to insist on butting into a meat-eating colony and insist that they adopt his diet would be pure invasion. For a smoker and drinker to insist on living in a group of voluntary abstainers from these is as much of an invasion.

We are engaged in forming three colonies at the present time, one of which will be for beer-drinking, tobacco-smoking liberals; another will be made up of liberals who do not use these things. Which will you join? We, for the latter. Perfect liberty, no coercion, you see.

Fraternally,

SERCOMBE.

## READY FOR CO-OPERATION

CARMEL, CAL., March 11, 1907.

Dear Comrade:

Replying to your invitation in the March number of *To-MORROW*, for voluntary renunciations of the practice of private ownership of property, I wish to announce my readiness to make this renunciation for the purpose of co-operating with others, in establishing a true democracy with its conditions of happiness for the whole human race.

I have desired for a long time to unite with others in the formation of a group, whose members voluntarily abandon the practice of working for "pay" or "wage," and I am now preparing to form, or unite with some such group. From early childhood the acceptance of "pay" for my services has been repugnant to me. But any communistic state, wherein I could not act, at all times and in all places, with perfect freedom, in working toward my ideals and living up to my convictions, would be irritating to me. I therefore regard "majority rule" as fundamentally defective, as a device for maintaining brotherly relations.

And as progress is change I am very reluctant to sign any pledge of any kind designed to forestall a change in the future. I would feel that my pursuit of freedom for myself and others was insincere.

I think that the logical and consistent course for thinkers to pursue who advocate free action is to prove the faith that is in them, by co-operating among themselves in the practice of the principles which they uphold by talk and pen.

Actions, works, deeds should begin to take the place of mere words, if we are to make any substantial progress toward better conditions.

I heartily commend your efforts in the direction of group formations, and I desire unbounded success to attend all your efforts.

Fraternally yours,

B. F. RICHARDS.

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## THE SCIENCE OF COLONIES

BY H. E. SAWDON.

The science of colonies is, of course, the science of nations and the science of living.

The science of living consists in the use of life to the fullest capacity. We obtain life by means of our senses; thru fine foods, music, beauty, fragrance, etc.

If we lose certain amounts of happiness in the present, they are gone forever, and we live that much less life. So, let us see if we can find how to utilize our time in such a way as not to waste life.

First, I would have my colony composed of approximate affinities, with approximately the same tastes, and habits. For, supposing that our community was not made up of affinities, all requiring different sets of things, it would require many times as much money to run it, than if they were of congenial tastes.

A really scientific colony will employ superior ethics and economics, the greatest time savers of all.

Life is Happiness; and the *only possible* time to use it is in *the present*. Therefore our colonists will make *living* their prime object.

Liberty means the use of natural selection, following natural desire in *all* things. Liberty means opportunity—opportunity to *learn, do, or get*, without being *compelled*, without being *forced*.

To-MORROW's colonies will be miniatures of the New Social System, will represent the Natural System, which *all* nations will soon be using.

Different people like different climates, therefore To-MORROW should include several colonies. This would give many advantages; would enable the exchange of the *best* of the products of the different climes; would enable travelers to have a home; and would be nuclei—rallying places—for all advanced people.

## UNITY OF CONCLUSION

BY PARKER H. SERCOMBE.

Having recently observed a startling number of cases, among people who have learned to think evolution, i. e., brought their minds to the monistic method of thought; that the conclusions they arrived at are the same, even though these people have never met, and reside in widely different parts of the world, it comes to me forcibly that with a growing consciousness of the full meaning of "Unity of Thought," "Unity of Knowledge," "Unity of Life," there will also come into the world "Unity of Conclusion."

In the days before time and distance had been annihilated by steam and electricity, there naturally existed much diversity of opinion on all subjects among people who lived on different parts of the earth, largely because without means of inter-communication, they were unable to compare and correct their conclusions. To a large extent they are now able to make daily tests, and comparisons of all conceptions and beliefs with those of others located in all parts of the world, and although we only accomplish this to a comparatively very small extent, still there is a marked tendency, especially during the past twenty years, toward a world unity chiefly in relation to science and philosophy, the former having reached a high degree of unification and the very marked tendencies of the latter being manifest in conceptions of government, religion, education, ceremonials, manners, customs, dress, diet, etc.

While in the concrete the alert observer is clearly able to outline this great world movement toward unification, abstract philosophy is unerring in its assertions that if there is unity in life, and unity in knowledge, we must unavoidably reach "Unity of Conclusion."

In reading over my daily correspondence, from so-called "radical" thinkers throughout the world, it is with the highest degree of interest, reaching a pleasurable excitement, that I note the marked tendency of fearless revolutionaries as they seem to be approaching the same set of ideals, in relation to government, economics, social life, dress and diet. Having recently advertised for a young man, of quiet habits, to become my editorial assistant, among the large number of replies, almost invariably the young men who offered themselves for this work, on reporting themselves as radical in relation to government, religion, and social-life, would also declare that they were abstainers from meat, liquor, tobacco, etc., indicating that to become radical (out of fashion) in one or two fields, would almost invariably insure their assuming rational non-conservative grounds in the rest.

Any thinker, who has acquired the mental habit of contemplating the daily phenomena of life in their universal aspect, will be forced to conclude, that while great diversity of thought and opinion has been the leading factor in the intellectual evolution of the world, as we become acquainted with facts and principles, and formulate them into law, the tendency will be reversed, and the world's understanding having finally reached the conception of Unity of Thought and Knowledge, must likewise reach Unity of Conclusion.

# INFORMAL BROTHERHOOD and CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

Conducted by RALPH E. SAMMONS

Short articles, poems and opinions from our readers are solicited for this department. This place is reserved for quarrels, discussions, nonsense, or for the willing heart—but make it short.

All matter intended for the Informal Brotherhood Department, should be addressed to the Department Editor.

## JUST TALK

BY RALPH E. SAMMONS.

How do you like the new appearance of these last two issues of TO-MORROW? We are very glad for the co-operation of our readers, friends, and co-workers which has made it possible for us to make this change for the better. Keep it up! Each one of us has his or her share of helpful work to do in spreading the literature of the New Democracy, if we ever expect to see it realized. Are you ready to do your share? Let us hear from you on "ways and means."

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We are making co-operation the key-note of TO-MORROW and its work, and our whole effort plays about this theme—to manifest the spirit of helpful brotherness in all thots and actions.

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Our little household is growing steadily in the practice of comradely spirit, manifesting itself in deference, helpfulness, courtesy, and a lack of fault-finding and condemnation for slight mistakes and personal idiosyncrasies.

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We know that all must make mistakes, and that these mistakes and disappointments *may* be a source of wisdom that will enable us to attain to the higher things, to truer principles of action, and broader sympathies, and to eliminate our perverted attitudes toward life.

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We judge not—unless we feel perfectly willing, by so doing, to place judgment upon ourselves, to label ourselves. For every judgment passed by us judges ourselves—our wisdom or foolishness, our feeling or lack of feeling, etc.—in relation to the thing judged.

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Everything reacts for the good of the race. Our mistakes, and those manifestations we call evil, crime, vice, show us where we are ignorant or where we are perverting the life principle, and point the way to Truth and Harmony.

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A rare treat, indeed, is a visit to the student recitals at the Centralizing School of Pianoforte Playing, 508 Fine Arts Bldg., Chicago. These pupils are first taught that music is a part of the great unity and harmony of the universe, governed by the

same laws and principles as all life manifestations, a conception that becomes a completely dominating power, swallowing up all personality in the soul of music. The *spirit* of the composition becomes a harmony of the mind and feeling of the student, to be re-expressed thru the unity of the player and instrument.

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Books, in themselves, are worthless—except to the authors. But, when studied, absorbed, and re-expressed in *living*, their truths—or errors—become force, power. Some of the books that may become of gigantic power for the New Democracy, that are capable of helping to mould the thots and sentiments of readers and students for the Universal Brotherhood are J. Howard Moore's "Universal Kinship," Henry Frank's "Doom of Dogma," and William Morris' "News From Nowhere." There can be no doubt of the necessity, in the attainment of world-wide peace and universal brotherhood, of a feeling of the unity and interrelationship of all Life—and one can obtain a great breadth of help from these magnificent works.

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This is another way of saying that "knowledge is power," for that is the case only when this knowledge is *put to use*. It matters not how much we may *know* of the efficacy of the practice of love, kindliness, faith, and trust, that knowledge becomes a power in our character development only when practiced and applied to every act, thot, and feeling and every relation we have with all living creatures.

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At last! Our "ancient" Round Table, which used to be spread with good things each month in TO-MORROW, has found a quondam successor in Friday evening "den talks." Now I suppose I must explain what and where the "den" is. Well, this *sanctum sanctorum* is located in the barn—where we also sleep, by the way—a cosy, informal retreat, for Sercombe Himself, so that he can "go into the silence" whenever he chooses. Here we have weekly gatherings of congenial spirits, cranks and "freaks" of all qualities, riding in and out on their little "hobbies," all jovial, cheerful, and informal. We have some fine discussions—and helpful.

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In our correspondence we hear from all sorts and conditions of people—and we want to—indeed, we want to get into much closer touch with our readers from month to month than ever before. I want to speak of two classes of letters now. One type says, "cut, slash, smash, knock, condemn:" the other says, "be less bitter, make less criticism, put more love, and faith in the magazine." Now, both kinds of advice are good for us—if we can judiciously combine the two. Criticism, and more or less "knocking," are necessary to show up the ignorance, weaknesses, and mistakes of our civilization's convictions, dogmas, and creeds. But we feel that this should also be done in a kindly, brotherly, and helpful spirit, else it is worse than useless, as common sense and our own individual and collective experience have proven. We must inspire, not antagonize. So along with the positive assertion of our ideas and ideals, we think it necessary to help destroy



the ignorance, wrongs, and mistakes of past civilizations that have been perpetuated into our own, that we may move on more rapidly to the higher and more rational planes of thought, action, and feeling, to the realization of the Universal Brotherhood and the Co-operative Commonwealth.

So many of our casual readers think that TO-MORROW is opposed to Socialism and Socialists, while, in fact, we are heartily in sympathy with the ideals of Socialism, and are working those same ideals out, *in our own way*, and working hand in hand with the Socialists. But we feel that the educational work, such as we are doing, is a necessity for the foundation work upon which a Socialistic society can be built, we feel that our conditions, economic, social, and political, will take their form and shape from the convictions and ideals of the race, and that these convictions must be changed, before we can realize a change in conditions. The ballot, the framing of "law," can accomplish nothing unless backed by the sympathy and moral support of the entire mass. At present, group life seems to be the best and quickest method of infusing the ideas and perfecting the process and application of this educational work—the *living* and studying out of brotherhood, co-operative, communistic life. We are with all forces that are tending toward the Better Order.

## ONE MATE

It is splendid sometimes just to dare, to be and to know. Scare somebody? Antagonize somebody? Who cares?

We know "talk and talk." Down thru the talk comes a truth; plunges thru and lies immovable, quiet. Try to hoist it, you talkers! I stand and laugh (not loud, just a low, funny laugh.) There it is!

Not with the sureness of the passion of youth, but at middle life with the certainty of knowledge, I say:

A mate *is*,—just as you *are*. Are there two yous, or twenty? A mate is no more two or twenty than you are. Here it is: *A MATE IS*—just as *YOU ARE*. Find him, find her, and you will laugh and know it.

Move? No, it doesn't move!

I say it, and laugh, and I have no mate.

A. P. FERGUSON.

## MORE "SIDE-LIGHTS"

BY MAUD MEREDITH.

I see that TO-MORROW is not afraid to take up the great "race" problem of the present day, and speak the honest truth about it. I realize the feeling of most of the publications at the North, a desire not to offend our Southern brethren, and I feel keenly the same thing. Personally, I have a very tender feeling for the whites at the South. I pity them, and I blame them very little. They are living out the curse of the past, for which this present generation is in no way to blame. I think the people, I mean the mass of the people, not the politicians who are stirring

obliged to do the disgraceful thing, work, because they are an inferior race. Southern kitchens should be made light and clean, up strife for selfish political reasons, but the people themselves, are to be pitied, not censured. The present generation of the South is the logical result of the teachings of the past.

Slavery in America may have been a blessing to the Negro race, I will not attempt to judge as to that, but I know from actual observation that it has proved to be the greatest curse to the whites of the South that ever fell upon any people.

Slavery taught the whites that they were a superior race.

Very well, let that proposition stand. But it taught them, also, that a superior race, should subjugate an inferior race, and make them perform all the labor, and give all the results of that labor to the superior race, and thus allow them to live in idleness.

This is bad enough, but not the worst, by any means. Slavery taught the whites that they could prey upon the Negro girls. And this not in the dark, for Southern women who found their husbands not very congenial, favored the practice.

After stating these facts, and realizing that the present generation at the South is the direct result of these pernicious teachings what is left for any right-minded person but a great sense of pity?

There are a great many Negroes in the South, that is one fact. Not all colored people are good Negroes. That is another fact. But I have no means of knowing whether there is a greater proportion of bad "niggers" in the South, or anywhere else, than there is of bad whites, everywhere.

I have been on the ground, and have studied the present question from all points of view, and I am ready to assert that "the race problem" is, really, no race problem at all, but a mixture of politics and the faults of the whites.

Shall I "rise to explain?"

Generally all Southerners are democrats, still pretty bitter over the results of the war, and very bitter because the slaves were liberated. They feel that the republican party was instrumental in freeing the slaves, and they admit that they feel that the "North" is the friend of the race. That is true, so far as to seeing that at least a modicum of justice be accorded to the Negro. Personally many southern people are very friendly with individuals of the race. Far more so than the people of the North. Here we recognize them as human beings with the same rights as ourselves, but a different race, and we seldom form friendships, almost never intermarry, and certainly do not prey on them.

If the political leaders would cease to make votes for themselves by haranging the people and inflaming them against the republican party, and would turn their political swords into practical plowshares and teach the whites to respect labor,—and to do it,—and thru them to teach the blacks thrift and industry and cleanliness, they would very soon regenerate the South.

The salvation and redemption of the South must begin in the Southern kitchen. The average kitchen of the South is not as fit as is the average horse stable of the North. Yet the colored people are expected to live here, and work here, and to have it

ground into them at every turn that it is a disgrace to work, that no self-respecting white woman will work, and that they are and, as far as possible, convenient. No one, not even a "nigger," can be expected to work miracles in a dark barn of a room with absolutely no conveniences in it. And here the colored cooks should be taught to prepare warm and palatable meals. Hot biscuit three times a day, and hot corn "pones" that would ruin the digestion of an ostrich should not be the rule. Hot grits with good cream and milk make an acceptable breakfast food, but to be served three times a day, stone cold, to be eaten with God knows what, certainly cloy the appetite. Cold potatoes served up in the same tureen meal after meal, until finally finished, are actually unfit for food. A great platter of half-mashed rutabagas, guiltless of cream or butter, served cold for breakfast, dinner and supper, day after day till finished; all these tend to make the middle-aged men of the South gray and stooped and the women of forty-five frights of sallow skinniness.

The next move in the redemption must be sunlight. Closed blinds, long green paper curtains, without rollers, and closed windows make of the homes of the "Sunny South" stuffy, mouldy vaults of darkness across which the lifeless, lazy women blink at each other, and in a low drawl talk mild gossip.

If the negro is to be raised the women of the South must become energetic, tidy housekeepers, the smoked and ragged paper must be scraped from the walls, and the dark, fly-begrimed windows opened and cleaned to the pure air and beautiful sunlight. All this must be done and the energy and thrift be inborn and inbred in her sons before the South arises from her ashes. Politics and religions will take care of themselves if our sons and daughters are born and reared aright.

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## CROSBY AND PENTECOST

On receiving a letter from a friend bemoaning the deaths of our comrades the following reply was sent by Herman Kuehn:

Dear ———: Next to getting a cheerful letter from you I like a lugubrious one. I know it relieves you to have a friend to whom you can unbosom your griefs, not expecting him to take the same point of view. Oscar Wilde in his "De Profundis" says that if a friend spread a great feast and does not invite him he is content; but if his friend suffer a great sorrow and does not permit him to share it he is desolate, indeed. It were easy enough for me to allow my sympathy to take the form of commiseration. But there would be a species of hypocrisy in my taking that attitude. I sympathize rather in my understanding of the situation.

The greatest of friends said to the grief-stricken, "Come unto me ye who are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." He did not fulfill his promise by expressing sorrow for the burdened one, but by showing the care-laden one that the load was lighter than it seemed.

Ernest Crosby is dead. Hugh Pentecost is dead. They were dear friends of yours—and of mine, too. Are we sorry for them? We may think so and indulge in grief; but is it not true

that we are sorry for ourselves? Something we valued has passed from our possession. Now, we always knew that none of our friends were immortal. Death is sure to come to all. Can it be that we are, in some sense, sorry because we could not better guess the precise date of the taking off of one we love? And in this grief for ourselves or chagrin, perhaps, because we were not better guessers, do we stop to consider how the one who has passed over might view the circumstance, had we the means of knowing? One may indulge the speculation and we are aided no little by considering calmly and analytically whether any of us who have tasted of the experience of Kindly Death, had we the choice, would exchange it for this we call Life.

There's a lot of rubbishy sentimentalism about Death. Yet I can conceive no phase of life so comforting, so useful, so consoling. Were we doomed to remain forever on this plane of existence how long could we maintain our sanity? We'd soon be a race of blithering maniacs. Kindly Death is the only possibility of a hold on anything like happiness. And so when a friend passes on I have no tears for him, though I may shed a few for the shortening of the list of my possessions. I have lost somewhat. But the departed has lost nothing. His life? But it was never his. He had no valid title to it. It was loaned him and the loan was called. That's all. And what was the title by which I claimed him as somewhat that might properly be listed as one of my possessions?

You have a big heart and a fine understanding. I sometimes wonder whether you do not discourage a friendly coöperation between these twain. Where one of them undertakes to do the work of the other there is bound to be a sense of trouble. You cannot love with the understanding and you cannot do anything else with the heart. You have a huge capacity for loving your friends, and it is well. But do you not at times allow your understanding to determine what you believe would be best for your friend, regardless of what himself might believe? Do you not sometimes allow your understanding to prompt you to shield those your heart loves against experiences that may seem hurtful as you view it, but without which your friend could not reach the point of view that is best for him? \*

Do I mean that we should stifle our sympathies? Not so. But we should not shrink from understanding them. And if, having tested our sympathies, we find them of our understanding—such as it is—let us not charge them to heart account. The understanding bids us to be sorry for ourselves because we have sustained a loss. The heart would move us to be glad that our friend has found rest. Here's a conflict truly. It must not only be recognized but fought out. And when we have determined on which side is the victory we may discover the seat of our sympathies. And usually we shall find that we simply "sympathize with ourselves."

If we recognize the universe as limitless and indivisible we cannot sustain a loss. If we are convinced that the universe is some small affair then we may be constantly sorry for ourselves, for every day there are losses in excess of gains. It's all in the point of view.

When next I go to New York I will miss these good friends Crosby and Pentecost. But in a universe so vast I shall find other friends. And when some day you come to my door and find a bit of black crepe on the bell-knob, may you, too, find other friends, and there are many—many we do not know, but many who are ready to respond to whatsoever there is in ourselves to attract their comradeship. HERMAN KUEHN.

## EQUAL REPRESENTATION

BY HAROLD SHAFTER HOWARD.

In an address to the younger generation, at the Auditorium in Chicago, on Washington's birthday, ex-President Cleveland made a most excellent suggestion, that "suffrage for married persons only" was a device that might be turned to account in securing *better* democracy. He also pointed out that this was "a device that could be made to work completely."

Coming from a statesman whose scorn for false remedies and impractical legislative measures is well known, I should think that this device would be well worth booming.

I desire to show just how supremely practical this "device for saving the nation" is, and just how, in all probability, it will be made to work completely—by the younger generation when they are in control of affairs.

In the first place, restricting the suffrage to married persons would not mean that single persons could not be Representatives in Congress (any more than the keeping of suffrage away from women by law prevents them from being candidates for office—for a woman can be a candidate for and be elected to office now, so far as the law is concerned).

Now for the main point: The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution is the only barrier to women's voting generally at the present time. Once the word male is taken out of that "Amendment" all women could vote. But by common and ineradicable consensus of opinion it is not desirable that all women be given the ballot.

By restricting the suffrage to married women, one of the chief objections on the part of the men to women's voting would be eliminated. By restricting the suffrage to married men as well as to married women, a premium would be at once placed on the strongest moral, and at the same time, natural line of demarkation that can be devised in human society, and make the family the ideal *group*—and the political unit, and so pave the way for its becoming more so socially than ever before.

It is the experience of New Zealand, where woman suffrage obtains, that women are not sent to the legislatures as representatives, and a Maori observed recently that his wife would object to his going to Congress if pretty women were seated in the same legislative hall with him!

In these days, when the election of Senators by popular vote is under consideration, it is time to consider another and far more ideal remedy for Houses of "Lords" and "Senates."

Let a House of Women Representatives take the place of the Senate, thus ensuring Equal Representation for women

(otherwise out of the question, since "no man can represent a woman"). Thus will our device for saving the nation be put on a working basis, and government of the people, by the people, for the people be established in the earth.

Dr. Jordan has said that "the truth of the world as it is must always be the inspiration of art, poetry, and religion." The truth of the world, as *men* have *agreed to say it is*, is quite another matter.

Now, does it not seem likely, as well as feasible, that when men and women shape our laws—and come to agree what there should be—the millennium will be here, for then the truth of the world, as men *and* women agree to say it is, will be in veritable agreement with the world as it is, and thus Hypocrisy will be dead and Democracy alive. Let our watchwords, therefore, be Equal Suffrage, and Equal Representation with the family as the unit, both socially and politically.

## ESPERANTO IMPROVED

The editor of the "North American Review," along with others, is to be commended for trying to bring about an easier understanding between the different nationalities—the world needs it—to say nothing of the great conveniences afforded by a universal "world language."

The only question arises in connection with the ease of learning and the simplicity of the construction of such a language, before urging its study with the object of its general adoption.

These points have been accomplished by an old and tried Esperanto enthusiast, Dr. H. Molenaar, of Munich, Germany. By retaining all the good in Esperanto and adding to them such improvements—many and important—as were fundamentally essential to the success of such second language, he has created one that reasonably fulfills all requirements, giving it the name of "Universal," a name that cannot possibly be improved upon.

Dr. Molenaar has just published his Grammar of Universal in six languages, for the convenience of international learners, along with prose and poetry in the new language—all in one booklet, about the size of To-MORROW Magazine. It is a marvel of simplicity in construction and practicability, and its cost is about 30c.

As soon as generally known, it will be taken up by all intelligent persons, and practically all will be able to read "Universal" at sight.

Besides being an agreeable and profitable entertainer during leisure, it, at the same time, makes us passably acquainted with six living foreign languages—all for the price of a periodical.

The "North American Review" and others will drop the "arbitrary" Esperanto for the subtle Universal as sure as Volapuk was superseded by Esperanto. It has already begun to do so in Europe.

This is simply common progress, and we have no choice but to follow in its wake, notwithstanding the usual "stand-patter" in opposition.

Universal is not less easily spoken than written, and is equally convenient for scientific, literary, and commercial purposes,

F. CAMBENSY, Chicago.

# THE OLD GUARD OF FREE THOUGHT—Conducted by W. C. COPE

JAMES BEESON, HYTOP, ALA.



James Beeson, the "Iconoclast," was born in Jackson county, Alabama, December 13, 1836, about the time of the Cherokee disturbances, when the whites were in continual danger from hostile Indians who crossed the Tennessee river to commit depredations. The Beesons were all slave owners and the father of James owned several; but owing to spendthrift habits his father died in debt and left his mother with a large family and no means of a livelihood. Thus at the early age of eight James was forced to earn his own living, being hired out to a farmer. Even at this early age he showed a disposition toward independent action and thought that has distinguished him in later life. He was called a "bad" boy on account of his refusing to be driven, and because of the pugnacity that led him into frequent "scraps" with the other boys of the neighborhood. His educational advantages consisted of two months' attendance at school during the season when work on the farm was impracticable and of such instruction as his older sisters gave him at home—at least that was all he received at this time of what is ordinarily called "education." But the future "image-breaker" was getting an education of a superior kind from observation and experience. Even then he began to have his doubts as to accepted ideas of religion; but when he questioned his sisters on the subject, he only met a shocked command to be silent, as such matters were beyond the province of human reason.

At the age of 15 we find him carrying the mail and by attention to business outgrowing his reputation as a bad boy. His situation as a mail carrier was an arduous one, but his hardy constitution made him thrive in spite of hardships so that when the "uncivil" war broke out and he enlisted as a soldier of the Confederacy, he found himself very much at home in the stern marching and fighting, while his comrades who had been tenderly reared, sickened and many of them died from the hardships of army life.

As he tells us in a personal sketch, he fought "like the devil" and never was captured, though he got in some pretty close places. He was at the battle of Bull Run, but his regiment was held in reserve. He participated in the battles of Shiloh, Farmington, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold Gap, and all the fighting from Dalton to Chatahoochee River, where on the 12th day of July, 1864, he was wounded in the right foot and made a cripple for life.

James' brother, John, who also was in the war, lost an arm at the battle of Franklin and after the surrender they both went home together. His brother, who had a good education, founded

the academy of Pisgah, Alabama, which is still in operation, and was soon after ordained a preacher in the Baptist church. He died one of the leading ministers of that denomination. During two years that James spent with his brother, the latter taught him and encouraged his natural aptitude for research.

James at this time also engaged in teaching; but his independent ideas got him into friction with the patrons of the school, so that his career as a teacher did not last long. About this period he also married and "joined the church" in the accepted fashion of the time.

It was at this time the town of Scottsboro was aroused by the fact that an "infidel" was living in their midst, ready to meet in debate all comers. James Beeson, always ready for a scrap, went to beard the lion in his den; but he came away with his own whiskers amputated. Instead of convincing the infidel, the infidel convinced him, and loaned him some copies of the *Boston Investigator*, the first freethinking paper he had ever seen. After a few months' reading and study he came to the conclusion that the accepted ideas concerning religion were all wrong and in the privacy of his own thoughts he became a freethinker, though he did not at first openly avow his belief—merely contenting himself with absenting himself from church without giving his reason for so doing. One reason he had for not openly announcing his disbelief in Christianity was his dislike for causing pain to his mother, who was a devoutly orthodox woman and who would have thought him surely bound for hell if he had expressed disbelief in Christianity.

At this period he moved to Okolona, Miss. Here he for the first time found freethinkers who were not afraid to openly profess their belief. It was here also that he was prosecuted for plowing on Sunday and had his evidence refused in a court of "justice" on the ground that he did not believe in a God. At considerable expense and with the help of his fellow freethinkers he won both these cases. He also began to write for the Liberal press, and his articles were much quoted and commented upon. He wrote for the *Boston Investigator*, the *Iconoclast*, the *Non-conformist* and for *Lucifer*, while the latter was still published at Valley Falls, Kansas. From Moses Harman and James Vincent he learned of Philosophic Anarchism and for a time was a warm advocate of that theory; but a personal idiosyncrasy which made him impatient of the slow processes of evolution, led him to cast his lot with the Revolutionary Socialists whose aggressive demand for action coincided with his natural desires.

In 1897 his brother John although a preacher and therefore supposedly a favorite with the "divinity which shapes our ends," fell dead out of his chair as he was preparing a sermon to preach before a large concourse of the elders and members of his denomination. James very quickly pointed out to the church people that if it had been himself who had dropped dead instead of his preacher brother, the Christians would not have failed to make much of it.

James Beeson, now in his seventy-first year, is in bad health, suffering from rheumatism a great deal. He is expecting to soon



move to California where he hopes the climate will benefit his health and give a new lease to his strenuous and useful life.

## PAINE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS

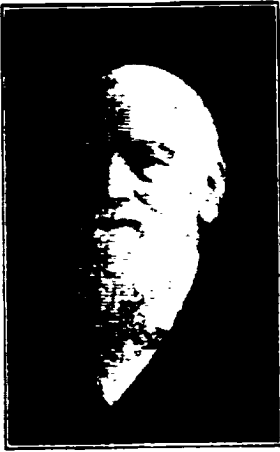


There is no better plan for advancing free-thought than that pursued by Helen M. Lucas in her yearly practice of having a Paine birthday celebration. This year she gave a theater party to which she took all the newsboys and telegraph messengers to the number of eighty-three in the town of Marietta, Ohio, where she resides. Mrs. Lucas writes: "Thomas Paine is getting to be known here; besides spreading his just fame, people begin to get an inkling that the Bible is being knocked out, and inquiries arise as to how the idea originated that Paine was a bad man. This gives an opportunity to disclose the methods by which the churches attempt to blacken the character of any great (or small) freethinker. When I had the first Paine celebration in 1902, I had no idea to what proportions the idea would grow. I have always hoped that others would have Paine birthday celebrations in the places where they live." This is a splendid suggestion and one which it would be desirable for freethinkers everywhere to put in practice.

## THE PERSECUTION AND THE APPRECIATION

is a brief account of the trials and imprisonment of Moses Harman because of the advocacy of the freedom of woman from sexual enslavement and the right of children to be well born, together with an account of the public reception given to him on his release from prison. Included in the pamphlet are speeches made at the reception by Rev. Walter Henry MacPherson, Paul Tyner, Parker H. Sercombe, Lucinda B. Chandler, Gertrude Breslau Hunt, Kiichi Kaneko and concluded by an address from Moses Harman himself. Letters were read at the meeting from Ernest Howard Crosby, Reverend Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Leonard D. Abbot, Hugh O. Pentecost, Alice Hubbard, Eugene V. Debs, Elbert Hubbard, Dr. John E. Roberts, Theodore Shroeder, Bolton Hall, Alice B. Stockham, Rev. J. M. A. Spence, B. O. Flower, Alice Stone Blackwell, C. B. Hoffman, James F. Morton, Jr., Horace Traubel, Lizzie M. Holmes and many others. Every member of the Old Guard ought to have a copy of this pamphlet. It can be obtained from To-Morrow Publishing Company, Chicago. Price twenty cents.

## WILLIAM BIRNEY, WASHINGTON, D. C.



William Birney, lawyer, soldier, and author; born near Huntsville, Ala., March 28, 1819; son of James Gillespie Birney and Agatha Madison McDowell Birney; admitted to the bar at Cincinnati in 1841; married in 1845, to Catherine Hoffman, of St. Louis. Was active as an anti-slavery speaker. Went to Paris, France, in 1847, to pursue higher studies in law, and took part in the French Revolution of 1848, fighting on the barricades. Was appointed, on public competition, professor in the college at Bourges, France, and taught English Literature there one year. Acted for about three as foreign correspondent for

American and English papers and magazines. Returned in 1853 to the United States, editing a daily paper and practicing law until 1861; in April, of that year, enlisted as private in the U. S. Volunteers, and arose regularly thru all the grades to Brevet Major-General, commanding a division in 1863-5. Lived in Illinois and Florida after the war, moving to Washington, D. C., in 1873, acting as attorney for the District of Columbia. Practiced law with success until 1900, when he retired. Is the author of "Life and Times of James G. Birney" (Appleton & Co., 1890), "Plea for Religious Liberty," "France and the Pope," and many other pamphlets. He has been a frequent contributor to the daily, weekly, and monthly press. Enjoys excellent health, and is living a happy old age with his children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Address, 1516 22d St., Washington, D. C.

### SOME RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCES



DEAR EDITOR: I was born Oct. 6, 1831. I had no chance to gain an education, being one of a family of fifteen, and no free schools in those days.

I joined the Methodist church when I was about 15 years old. All members of the Methodist church are supposed to attend class meeting, if they want to keep in good standing. Of course, I wanted to be a good one, so I attended.

Two of our near neighbors, by the names of Evans and Downey, had adjoining farms, and they both belonged to the Methodist church. Downey intimated that Evans had been stealing his turkeys.

Downey had made arrangements to leave for Texas; but just before his departure he met the brothers and sisters in class meeting. It so happened that the two sat close together and the class

leader came to Evans first and requested him to tell what the Lord had done for him. He arose and gave his experience, and then Brother Downey came next. He arose and gave his experience, and wound up by saying, "Thank God that I am not guilty of visiting my neighbor's turkey roost." And I have found much more rascality of this kind in church circles.

My father thought that he would make a preacher of me; but before the arrangements were made to send me to college, we got the gold fever, and the consequence was that I had to go with him to California. After we arrived at the mines, I did not meet with many religious people. Consequently I lost my religion, if I ever had any. I never heard a sermon for years, except one by my father.

For many years, I had nothing to read except a weekly newspaper or a yellow-back novel. Finally, I got hold of the "Age of Reason," and that set me thinking. Some years afterward I came across the Boston Investigator, and then subscribed to the "Truth Seeker," thru the influence of a shoemaker in Virginia City, Mexico, Jim Reed by name. It seemed to be just the paper I needed, and I believe that I have been taking that paper for about 27 years. I have learned about all I know from that and other "Truth Seeker" publications.

After reading "Looking Backward" I began to read up on Socialism, and now I spend much of my time on that ism.

Fraternally yours,

J. S. MARTIN, Snohomish, Wash.

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**A Bait, a Bid and a String**



A thing offered for nothing, and generally good for nothing, is a bait, a bid, or has a string to it. This is not a charitable world. People are not throwing good things away. If a thing is worth anything it costs somebody something. I am asked every day if I send out Free Readings or Tests. I do not. If what I send is not worth what I charge, the article is either worthless or it will not be valued, or else its a wedge put in to get legitimate business. I charge a fair price and send thorough work, and do it myself. I use no stationers' duplicate readings to fit anybody, that can be bought by the ream. I dictate every reply that goes from my office. Every case is personally studied, numbered, filed away. You can always be in touch by quoting your number. No one sees my letters. I do not sell names or quote people. In fact, everything is squarely, honorably and promptly attended to. I do not follow up a reading by letters saying that for more money I can send something better, something just seen, to scare a person or to fool them. I have been in the same place over ten years. My clients number over twenty thousand and they are in every part of the globe. If you will write me I will tell you more. The prices for a good job are one or two dollars, according to what you want. Don't ask me to send a free reading, for I shall not do it. My customers don't want that sort of stuff. The readers of this magazine know something and are willing to pay for what they get, and expect to get what they pay for. Yours for a square deal.

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**HOTEL PELHAM, Suite 3**

**BOSTON, MASS**

## About Books

"Out From the Heart," by James Allen, is an inspiring little work on the importance, formation and re-formation of habits in character building—a gem. Paper 15 cents, cloth 50 cents. The Science Press, Republic Bldg., Chicago.

"The Scab," by Jack London. An arraignment of our "tooth-and-nail" organization of society and industry, showing the universality of "scabbing," except in England. Price, 5 cents.—See ad of Liberal Book Concern in this issue of TO-MORROW.

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JUNE-1907

# TO-MORROW

FOR PEOPLE WHO THINK

## UNDESIRABLE CITIZENS

Undesirable to whom?

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TEDDY SAYS THAT AGITATORS are undesirable, thus smashing the fame of Patrick Henry, Thomas Paine, Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips at one blow.

AGITATORS have always been undesirable to those engaged in upholding vested interests.

AGITATORS have been the saviours of mankind.

AGITATORS will be undesirable ONLY when we reach perfect society and perfect government. Until then we need them.

DEBS, MOYER and HAYWOOD are agitators. Roosevelt calls them undesirable, but the history of Economic Freedom will write their names large. The Revolution is on.

OUR REALLY UNDESIRABLE criminals are the conspirators who create the prostitutes, appoint judges and by bribery, gifts and education create GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE of by the people. The real "UNDESIRABLE" has not manhood enough to be a

Jesus became undesirable money changers from the temple the same work.

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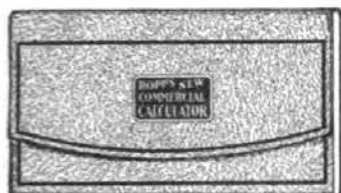
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SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TO-MORROW."

3



## WILL YOU SIGN?

With a view to locating several coöperative industrial groups we wish to secure the names of a few able-bodied men and women who are satisfied to *just live well* and enjoy the reasonable necessities and luxuries of life, *without private ownership* of any property, or the receipt of any wages.

*Private Ownership* is our fundamental curse, the direct cause of our separation into economic classes, the basis of every oppression, of all privilege and subserviency, and it stands in the way of Comradeship, Real Democracy and The Higher Life.

*Group Ownership* is the only present means to economic freedom, hence it is the only direct method to attain nobility of character and completely overthrow all desire for graft, greed and preference. Now then:—

In order to form *Property Owning Groups* some of us must renounce private ownership; we must become permanently cured of "*the mania of owning things.*"

It is understood that those who sign the following pledge do so, not as a means of reformation, but merely to express a conviction and signify their preparedness for right living. We trust that our readers will manifest their interest in this page by securing as many signatures as possible to the following:

### RENUNCIATION

We, the undersigned, in order to accomplish a plan of life that will insure greater health, happiness and harmony, and supply an environment that will enable us to escape the baneful effects of individual competition and insure a life of culture for ourselves and children that will enable us to live as brothers instead of animals, hereby pledge as follows:

To renounce all private ownership of real and personal property, while a member of a To-MORROW group, and, after connecting ourselves with the group of which we arrange to become a part, not to accept pay from the group for our services, *hirelingship* being but the fruit of private ownership—the foregoing to hold good only with the proviso that there be some group formed whose individual spirit is not adverse to our own and settled in a plan satisfactory to ourselves.

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GEO. J. COOK,		Kiowa, I. T.

### BUREAU OF GROUP ORGANIZATION

We are conducting a Bureau of Group Organization and in this number we print a list of some fifty industrial, educational and agricultural groups, each conducted on lines different from the rest.

We believe that to make the socialist ideal, a *coöperative commonwealth*, practical and operative, along with the movement toward political socialism, there should be coincident *educational movement* thru the means of many group organizations, whereby people may be gradually prepared and accustomed to living socially. Perhaps after several thousand groups get into successful operation, eventually a GROUP TRUST may be formed which in effect will be "A Coöperative Commonwealth." We seek correspondence on this subject.

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# To - Morrow

For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, Editor

RALPH E. SAMMONS, Managing Editor

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## AS A MAN LIVETH

**REAL EDUCATION** consists in teaching the young how to **DO** things. Genuine intelligence consists in knowing how to do our part of the world's work, in the most perfect manner possible; and an exhibit of intellect cannot be made in any other way.

Those who make "**TALK**" the business of their lives are parasites, (1) because they do not benefit anyone but themselves; (2) it is futile for the preacher-prophet to point out the **RIGHT** way for others to do things, when they do not know the right way themselves; (3) when people know the right way they do not follow it.

**THE EIGHTY MILLION** men, women and children of the United States have all been **TOLD THE RIGHT WAY** a thousand times at the mother's knee, and the teacher, preacher and governmental utterances have ever corroborated her gentle teachings, but for all this we have a nation of money grafters, love grafters, place grafters and power grafters—they do not do as told, **THEY BECOME WHAT THE LIFE FORCES MAKE THEM.**

Yes, for two thousand years, re-enforced by the example of Jesus, preachers have been telling mankind the **RIGHT WAY**. All know the right way as told by the preachers, but they all ignore it, and continue to act according to the pressure of their environment;—continue to accumulate swollen fortunes, continue supporting a criminal daily press, continue spending annually ten times as much for liquor, tobacco and trash as in the entire cause of education, continue to produce bums, murderers and prostitutes by the million, and the preachers continue telling them the "**RIGHT WAY**"—something all knew beforehand, though they pay no attention to it.

**WHAT IS THE MATTER?**

**OUR ENTIRE SYSTEM OF EDUCATION IS WRONG.**

We have been taught "**As a man thinketh so is he,**" whereas, from the standpoint of character culture, the reverse of this is true.

Our thoughts would be right, our government system effective, and morality would become natural, if our educators, instead of "**TALKING,**" would spend their time and energies in creating environments in which we might **LIVE** right.

Once we get to living under the right conditions of honesty, liberality and sobriety, our thoughts will take care of themselves, and naturally become honest, just and sober to conform with our lives.

**AS A MAN LIVETH, SO THINKS HE.**

**SERCOMBE HIMSELF.**

**TO-MORROW COMRADES.**

Ask for **TO-MORROW** at the news-stands. If they do not have copies, insist that they order them for you. This will help distribution.

**"UNDESIRABLE CITIZEN" BUTTON.**

**"I AM AN UNDESIRABLE CITIZEN" BUTTON SENT POSTPAID ON RECEIPT OF 5 CENTS; 6 FOR 25 CENTS.**

# To-Morrow

For People who Think

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, EDITOR

*Advertisin Rates on Application. Address all Communications to the Publisher  
2238 Calumet Avenue, Chicago, Ill.*

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER IN CHICAGO P. O.

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VOL. 3.

JUNE, 1907.

No. 6

While primarily devoted to pointing the way and organizing institutions of character culture (industrial groups) for young and old, where all may **LEARN BY DOING**, this magazine is also an **AVENUE OF EXPRESSION**, wherein people **WITH THOUGHTS**, though on widely differing lines, may place them before other thinkers, and thus, not being devoted to any particular creed or ism, To-Morrow has become celebrated as a thought-provoking publication.

To-Morrow is not run for the profit or gain of its founders; it has been supported from the beginning by those with a message; doubtless much of our very high-class writings are the result of having been done for the love of doing, and not for a price.

For the present To-MORROW is published entirely by a group of young men who are here for their education. *They learn by doing*, and in time will all become thinkers, good business men, journalists and athletes, for they do all their own work, live simply, dress plainly and have no bad habits. There is room for two or three more willing workers of the right sort.

We pay \$75 per month rent for our quarters (office and residence) and sublet a part of the premises to help out on expenses. We are very much handicapped for want of needed improvements, which as temporary lessees we are in no position to make.

We need a permanent Chicago headquarters, a *Fellowship Home*, and we should have it at once. We have found just the property for our purpose—a sixteen room house, with a large barn in the rear, opening to a business thoroughfare—just the place for the printing office below, with bindery and shop overhead—the buildings alone cost \$32,000 a few years ago.

On account of the purpose for which it will be used, we can buy this property and place it in the hands of trustees for the use of our brothers of To-MORROW as a headquarters from which to develop our To-MORROW City for \$12,000, a mere bagatelle for the thousands of comrades to raise who have been reading To-MORROW for the past three years and who know our earnestness and fidelity to this cause and are aware, as some subscribers have written, that the May number alone, is worth \$5 a copy to any thoughtful reader.

This *Fellowship Home* is for you. We must raise the \$12,000 at once. Send on your checks immediately, as we wish to pay \$2,000 by June first, so as to hold the property. If you send fifteen or sixteen thousand, so much the better, as the balance will go right into *your* printing and book-binding plant.

---

Send on your checks, comrades—do not delay—we should have 500 checks in by July 1. The writer of these lines has already given more than the entire cost of the property to this cause, works without pay, is now penniless and will always remain so. It is the only way to feel comfortable. Remember things are doing in To-Morrow Land.

---

Besides your own mitè, let every loyal, real TO-MORROW comrade correspond with or call upon all advanced thinkers he knows of, and interest them to the extent their means will permit. Tainted money or not, *get it*—for we will put it to the grandest and most practical use to which money was ever applied.

---

By and by we will have our farm to pay for and shops to build and equip, for we must have a place for children to grow up wherein they will naturally learn industry, kindness and common sense, without the *ownership mania*. Then we will also want to help other struggling groups, but by that time there will be thousands more TO-MORROW comrades to help out. The idea is growing—all we beginners need to do is to be practical, economical and steadfast all the time.

---

You observe of course in our *Department of Group Organization*, how we aim to help on all co-operative movements of every class—this is because the *perfected* group idea can never be worked out by one alone. There must be many working on as many plans as there are groups, so as to reach the ideals of all and only then as members change from group to group will they finally reach their highest character and voluntarily segregate where they belong.

---

By education we will eventually mean giving the child such an environment that it will become naturally willing to think and do the worthy things performed by its elders, thus forming a psychological momentum that will enable future education to take care of itself.

---

*The willingness to do*—the willingness to attempt—the desire to keep at something—these constitute together what are included under the terms industry, originality, initiative, etc.

---

The “Children at Play” theory—romping, idling, laughing, etc., is all right, providing it is also accompanied with a few hours of *useful* employment each day.

---

No one is wise enough to map out a perfect group system any more than an inventor has ever been wise enough to make a perfected typewriter, reaper or printing press the first time. Years of patient experimentation by many is the only way to gain real knowledge of anything.

Better the factory and sweat shop for insuring a percentage of real working men and women than the continuous idleness and playing advocated by extreme sentimentalists.

---

"This is a delightful world, filled with home made miseries," writes a prominent Christian Socialist. Why not let us encourage Christian Socialism? Jesus taught brotherhood, comradeship; so did Carl Marx. Properly taught Christian Socialism surely embodies the most alluring propaganda features of any movement of our time. The preachers hold back because they are paid by the rich.

---

Get to work establishing socialist colonies and groups. When thousands of groups get into operation, LIVING BROTHERHOOD, a *group trust* will be formed that will be called *The Co-operative Commonwealth*.

---

There is more evil in what is accepted as the world's moral code than in all the so-called vices and crimes of the ages.

---

Our civilization will be a failure until love expression is enabled to live on and on in beauty and sweetness with no reactions, no pains, no murders or suicides.

---

A girl's future is as safe if she break every rule of the seminary in which she is confined as if she becomes the model pupil. To be a success, catch a millionaire. That's what Evelyn did and that is why she is a heroine.

---

If God knows his business, there is no evil in this world of ours.

---

What is called "evil" is the cry of the unfit who are called to perish. Let us be thankful that a good portion of the fit survive.

---

It may take centuries after death before we can know who were fit and who unfit—given a few generations to work out her problems, nature makes no mistakes.

---

Stop thinking about the love affairs of other people. They are nearer to each other and know more about it themselves.

---

Every time you criticize another, which is really an attempt to control, stop and think what tricks of your own you are willing to place under their direction in return.

---

Criticism stimulates hypocrisy without improving things a particle. Like capital punishment, it is only an evidence of our degradation.

---

It is only a race perverted mind that will make a contract or understanding with any man or woman extending the right to hound or pry, whatever the provocation. If crime is being committed, the proper ones to call are those who are paid to maintain law and order.

Jealousy is invariably an acknowledgment of unfitness and is purely a form of graft—a disposition to enforce a love in excess of what is earned.

## CATS

A brood of five young kittens come to play in my den. They withdraw my mind from books and theories and make me think of *life*. No wonder they become agile, expert and swift, as they practice athletics from five to ten hours a day. They learn *by doing*, and I have never known their mother to correct or scold them. She simply changes her location when they get to playing to roughly with her.

This morning she climbed out of their reach to a high place on a book case, and has "gone into the silence." She is in equipoise—concerned but not troubled. We can learn much from cats because they act very much like we do and we can study them without personal interest.

The five kittens have for several days become gradually aware of an advancing scarcity of milk. Their terror at the thought of their sole food supply giving out was but natural. They have called a meeting to discuss the momentous question—they do not know about their future life—their change of diet, habits, etc. They do not know how to lap milk out of a dish and to them the end of the world is near. After a while it will come to be the mother's turn to have consternation as she sees her little ones preparing for the more mature duties of life. As soon as the kits become independent of her, and learn to lap out of a dish like herself, she will whine and be jealous and coax them to her dry teats and plead for them to pretend that all is the same as it used to be.

We human beings hold meetings and have discussions about things that take care of themselves and our parents fuss and twitter about the time when *we* shall grow older and behave like grown-ups with all the accompanying hypocracies and make-believes. The fact is, nature has provided a beneficent, grand, working scheme in which cats and men are merely specks and all come to their destiny under the same set of laws.

## START A MAGAZINELET

Any one can start a little monthly that will give them an original avenue of expression, for from \$5 to \$10 per month. Make it, say, eight to sixteen pages (no cover) about the size to go into an envelope. Start with 200 to 300 copies and there you are. We have perhaps 1,000 prolific correspondents who ought to have small magazines of their own, wherein they can criticise to their heart's content and give forth their ideas to a clientele instead of to only one.

I will cheerfully aid any of our prolific and versatile correspondents to start the ball rolling. The world needs them.  
*Really!*

## HE WAS ORTHODOX

The great interest manifested in securing the pardon and release of Anderson, of Kansas City, who, as John W. January, escaped from prison nine years before, while refreshing in the light of our advancing disbelief in punishment, carries another message that will not be mentioned in any publication but TO-MORROW. January (Anderson) was orthodox. He was reared orthodox. He was orthodox when he stole the merchandize from the postoffice ten years ago. He was orthodox when he was sentenced, when he escaped from prison, when he went into business in Kansas City, when he was apprehended by ex-Convict Barnes, and he will be orthodox when he is returned to the bosom of his family.

Suppose January was a free thinker, a socialist, an agitator for a different and better order of things, would the judges, preachers, etc., have bestirred themselves to secure his pardon? Not on your life! Roosevelt would have classed him as an Undesirable Citizen, even though his restaurant gave forth thirteen course dinners at nine cents a plate. Suppose January, though sentenced and escaped, had in him the spirit of Luther, Paine, Ingersoll, John Brown or Debs—men a million times more worthy. Would there have been an executive recommendation for his pardon? Is it necessary to say more to indicate where we “has wassers” are at?

Not only would the “system’s” hirelings and lackeys refuse to bestir themselves in behalf of an unorthodox citizen gone wrong, but when a patient patriot, like Moses Harman, is wrongfully locked up and he so serene and beautiful of character that he could not rob a sheep of its fleece or a flower of its perfume, leave alone a government postoffice, *Executive Clemency* is denied, for those who ask it are without influence. The world has ever been ready to release its harmless little men, but its active *great men, Never*. The same to-day and yesterday, but by God it will be different to-morrow.

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## UNDESIRBLE CITIZENS

Citizens who in the past have often been classed by representatives of vested interests as “Undesirable” have proved themselves most worthy, under a changed regime. A notable instance being the cases of Washington, Franklin and Jefferson, who were most “undesirable” according to King George.

Our present political and economic system is rotten, honey-combed as it is with bribery, fraud and graft. However, it is but natural that the representatives of those who are profiting under this system should severely oppose those who are agitators for a change.

In relation to President Roosevelt’s condemnation of Moyer, Haywood and Debs as “Undesirable Citizens,” the Executive employing the “severest language against these agitators,” he implies a priori, that “agitators” are and have been pernicious influences in the world’s history, whereas in reality they have been the saviors of mankind.

Surely the general state of graft into which this country has sunk demands a general “square deal,” a complete “new deal,”



that will take no account of vested interests, that will rearrange and remodel our government so as no longer to place all legislation and the decision of all courts in the hands of the money power. It may be that under such a new regime, Moyer, Haywood and Debs, like Washington, Franklin and Jefferson, may become useful and desirable citizens.

Men have passed from jails to the head of governments many times in the world's history and *always* to the betterment of conditions. So much for the undesirable citizens.

## THOSE WHO LIVE RIGHT WILL THINK RIGHT

As man liveth, so thinks he.

—Sercombe Himself.

It is now well established that the "education" which has consisted in *becoming intelligent* and learning the theory of things in reality is not education at all. Right mental attitudes will grow out of *Right Living* and they cannot be acquired in any other way. The attempt to artificially inject right thought and theory into the minds of those who live wrongly, unnaturally, must ever result only in abortive effort.

Right living must precede right thinking and right theory. The stupendous artificiality and ineffectiveness of our modern concept of education as seen in home as well as school life, is shown in our complete devotion to the study of the theory of things and up to date, all that has been *taught* in relation to the theory of human life has been completely and viciously wrong.

There is only one way of showing our intelligence, and that is, in the way we do the work of our lives, whether it consists in building a railroad, hoeing one's garden, or in removing a speck from the eye of another.

It is sad to think that every bit of theory in relation to human life that has been taught in the past or present has been criminally untrue, and people will never grow to think normally or naturally and hence will never grow to be truly "intelligent" until they first accustom themselves to *living* normally and naturally.

As we are naturally social beings and interdependent, no one can live normally, naturally, INTELLIGENTLY, except all the members of the group of which they are a part also live in accordance with these qualifications. A thorough realization of the full meaning of my words up to this point would indicate how futile is the constant method used by preachers and teachers who attempt to bring about better lives on the part of children and grown-ups by "teaching them to know better," which is nothing more than teaching them theories, invariably a theory that is not and cannot be lived by the pupil, the teacher having failed to supply the life conditions for living his talk instead of talking it. With proper *life conditions* supplied by the teacher, the thought would conform to the living, hence how plainly it may be seen that it is utterly futile to spend any time whatsoever in "teaching people to know better," teaching people to be "intelligent" in relation to themselves, when the fact is, their thought of themselves will adjust itself perfectly without "instruction" as soon as they are given the environment in which to live normally.

Original from

Intelligence, then, does not consist in learning how to know better; it consists in gradually acquiring the habit of living normally and doing cheerfully our part of the world's work without any "if" or theory about it. *Learning to live better.*

If all the Sunday Schools in the land, if all the preachers and moralists would stop this instant trying to "teach people to know better," and apply all their energies, financial and physical, to providing conditions under which people would LIVE BETTER, the thought would follow the life without further instruction and they would then know better in a most practical way without over-stimulating their egoism by talking about it.

Contemplate for a moment our many thousands of degenerate extravagant, idle rich, ruining themselves and their progeny by excess of pleasure, excess of appetite, excess of idleness, all of them living ridiculously, think of the futile task of trying to teach them to know better, and when they "know better" how many of them will be willing to forsake their animalism and LIVE BETTER?

Let those who believe in teaching people to know better go forth among our millions of toilers, among our disheartened, struggling wage slaves, among our millions of American prostitutes and grafters, and realize how all of them have been taught to know better, but that life does not follow thought, but that thought follows life, for *as man liveth, so he will think.*

It is absolutely futile, I say, for educators to follow further the "as man thinketh so is he" method, and if this article does not reach and vitalize the so-called educators of this country and make them realize that they must completely change their methods, that intelligence does not consist in knowing the right way, but in doing the right way, and that to continue teaching theory as in the past, instead of supplying the conditions of life so as to enable theory to take care of itself—if this article, I say, does not reach these perverted teachers and preachers, and show them the error of their entire method, To-MORROW Magazine will never rest until it pours these truths into them to such an extent that they will be obliged to stop and listen.

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## THE WORLD'S GREATEST PROBLEM

Probably the most difficult lesson that humanity has got to learn and put into practice is the truth that nobility of character cannot be acquired in any other way excepting by living noble lives among people, parents or otherwise, of noble ideals and practices.

Our teachers and prophets of the past were mainly talkers and not toilers, and through the millions of preachers and moralists that followed after them, they have so poisoned the mind of the human race that but very few are capable of realizing that being told the right way or even knowing what is considered the right way, is no warrant that that way will be brought into practice. It is probably fortunate that the talk method never has taken hold of mankind, for the reason that up to date no truly ethical moral code, fit to be adopted in the lives of young or old, has ever been presented.

Among many groups, flock and herds of the lower order which have lived for thousands of generations under God made law, instead of under man made law, we find them often living in an almost perfect ethical state; but we human beings have been presumptuous, we have not been satisfied with the natural God given codes that have done such wonders for the lower animals and insects, we became self-conscious, greedy, and lovers of power, and organized a lot of artificial regulations by which we have tried and pretended to live, but we have only succeeded in developing a colossal hypocrisy.

We evolve clothing to keep us warm, and gradually develop the silly notion that our bodies are not fit to be seen. Not being satisfied with natural organization similar to that of the bee, we developed man made government, depending upon a gross, external control instead of internal acquiescence and conviction. Instead of being satisfied with the religion of nature and the grove for a temple, we evolved fantastic theories and programs and fight to the death for our silly beliefs. Depending upon artificial man made codes and the talk method of attempting to get them brought into use, we have gradually arrived at a state of jumbled-up beliefs utterly impossible of reconciliation, out of which harmony can be arrived at in but one way, and that is by returning to nature and simplicity.

The problem then for us to learn is not only that we must gradually withdraw the talk method and substitute the LIFE METHOD of education, but we must realize that it is only through life interaction that we may gradually learn what is right and what is wrong, that the theories of ethics that we have employed in the past have been artificial, untrue, and based on governmentalism, and only as we separate ourselves from the present ridiculous method of living and thinking, segregate into groups and lead more natural lives, can we hope to attain any high degree of mental, physical or social efficiency.

## HOW MANY SEE THE POINT?

In the childhood of our race mankind was wrong in every attempt made to explain life, nature and its problems; nevertheless, we have advanced steadily notwithstanding our wrong theories, explanations and guesses, all of which goes to show that it is a waste of time and energy to have theories of things, that we are just as well off not to have "beliefs," either about this life or the life to come, because most all beliefs have been wrong and do not amount to anything any way.

The following circumstance will serve to show how beliefs and theories stand directly in the way of progress: Recently a bundle of TO-MORROW magazines was distributed by an enthusiastic comrade in a shop among fifty or more skilled workers, most of them thinkers above the average.

Special attention was called to our articles on co-operation, group ownership, etc., all of which was unanimously favorable and acceptable to the workmen until one of them, a Catholic, found something in another part of the magazine that did not suit him; a Christian Scientist discovered a paragraph that did not coincide with his theory, a Socialist discovered a statement not strictly orthodox according to Marx, and an energetic truck

pusher declared that he would not think of studying co-operation in a magazine that had anything to say against Hearst.

Now the fact is my brethren, all of these theories of things and our perverted notion that we must take sides and have a creed, are entirely a detriment instead of an aid to progress. If these sturdy toilers could but throw aside their programs and theories of life and say, "let us unite for co-operation, let us form in solid phalanx and vote against the money power in order that we may henceforth work for ourselves instead of for the idle rich," they would accomplish something; but their foolish inconsistency on the importance of their theory of things, prevents comradeship, prevents co-operation, prevents them from uniting as soldiers of the common good to demand the full product of their own toil.

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## OUR MORAL CODE

It is a prevailing delusion that the accepted Christian moral code adopted by parents, teachers and preachers, is all right, notwithstanding the fact that the result of its teaching as evidenced in the present condition of human society, shows it to be all wrong.

One of the hardest lessons that mankind must yet learn is that our theories of good and evil, our conventional moral codes, etc., are more wicked and pernicious than what we call our crimes.

The situation is about like this: In his very primitive state before man became a conscious being, he lived according to what may be called God's laws of morality; but after he became conscious of his being, began to accumulate property, made war and began to control others, he then evolved a code of his own, substituting his code for God's code.

Forgetting and entirely departing from the original perfect set of laws he started out with, man has gone so wide afield in following the artificial ceremonials and regulations that he has set up for his own guidance, and has become so dull and debased in the worship of his spurious code that it is almost impossible to drive it into his mind that he originally was provided with another and a better one.

But a casual observation of the habits and courtesies practiced among animals, birds or insects of any known species, will disclose a breeding and magnanimity within family and group life which we human beings cannot hope to imitate for thousands of years to come; in fact, it would probably take a thousand generations of common sense living to bring us back to the state of natural courtesy and good breeding that is a matter of never ending surprise and interest to those who have undertaken the care and rearing of even the wildest animals.

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## JAMES H. ECKELS

What I shall write about the late James H. Eckels will be from the standpoint of the Presbyterian church to which he belonged, which teaches that he is still living on, the same as before.

Those who are of a temperament that can pity and sympathize with highwaymen because they fail to overtake a stage coach for the purpose of robbery, will indulge in some sentiment that Eckels

could not have remained in harness long enough to see the Commercial National Bank domiciled in its magnificent new structure, opposite the postoffice, in planning and arranging for which, he, as President, took so active a part.

We have thousands of instances, in America, of men who, by persistency, industry and ambition, often combined with cunning, have built up a substantial position and success for themselves—not so with Eckels.

An obscure lawyer in Ottawa, Illinois, small, nervous, insignificant, with an exaggerated ego, and known formerly as the "skeleton of Hogan's alley," where he had his law office, he arose at one bound, through the sayso of a man whom he had never met, to the position of Comptroller of the Currency of the United States. History records that the appointment was a blunder, but it stuck.

The "recognition" was the result of a series of letters, written by and through men of "influence," so tenacious and persistent as to fully warrant the subsequent fact, that it was only from the third month's salary as Comptroller that Eckels was able to spare a remittance of \$30 which at that time was sent from Washington to his laundry-lady in Ottawa, Illinois.

Of course Comptrollers of Currency enjoy exceptional opportunity in the matter of becoming familiar with banks and bankers. Eckels in Washington developed a talent for "inspiring" press reports of himself in laudatory terms. He acquired, too, a talent for making very sound conservative speeches, in a voice much bigger than himself, and as banks and trust companies, especially in Chicago, have ever seemed to be on the alert to secure ex-Comptrollers of Currency for the advertising boost it gives them, Eckels thus traveled, naturally, into his berth at the head of the Commercial National Bank of Chicago.

I knew Eckels personally very well. He had gradually hardened himself into a little tool in the cabinet shop of finance, a tool as hard as a horn-handled spoke-shave, and he cut fully as thin a shaving. Eckels never had an original idea. He abhorred originality, initiative and unconventionality in all of its forms. He believed in punishment. He believed in criticism, ostracism, frowns and make-believes. He had no sympathy with the toiling and drudging masses from which he sprung. For personal interest he became a part of the economic despotism of the money power from his earliest age, and his every ambition was to serve the need of the "system."

Eckels had a nose for smug hypocrites and make-believers and although written reports of him have never been put in this form, he had a most alarming aversion to those who in the smallest matters, might indicate a tendency to oppose any of his favorite ambitions or fancies.

It is said that he was the highest paid financier west of New York, and in this Wall Street showed its astuteness, because "for fair" no other individual this side of New York was so thoroughly and consistently a devotee of the heartless, tigerish, money-mad ideals of Gotham.

Ask for TO-MORROW at the news-stands. If they do not have copies, insist that they order them for you. This will help distribution.

## A TRUE GRAFTER

One whose mental habit is ever alert to convert every experience in life, however delicate or material, into a formula for watering his own stock.

One with whom every friend is a wall on which to climb to some goal of ambition, one to whom every invitation is an opportunity and every introduction a means to gratifying personal ambitions and selfish ends.

A true grafter knows no gratitude, comprehends no law of compensation, is alert, painstaking and knows no interest except to gratify his ends and climb constantly up, up, up in prestige, in preferment, in place, in power; ruthlessly, persistently, not caring whether he uses the skulls of his benefactors for stepping stones.

Such are the inner, secret workings of the soul of the true grafter, and such is the character and working process of at least eighty millions of people in the United States.

## WHY CHRISTIAN SCIENCE?

BY RALPH E. SAMMONS.

Christian Science has become a power and is attracting world-wide attention. Many indeed have been the expressions of wonder and surprise at the phenomenally rapid growth in the number of disciples and followers of this cult, founded on Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health," and there have been a large number of attempts to find the cause of this popularity in various publications of the country. One of the most vital factors in this study has hitherto been overlooked and neglected—the language and style of the literature and "talk" of Christian Science books and speakers.

We reiterate that all progress of the mass is gradual and evolutionary. Never in all history has there been a sudden complete change from one system of living to another, but there has always gradually grown up in the minds of the people, the new ideas and convictions that transformed their habits of thought and action. No revolution has ever fulfilled, instantly, its purposes, because transformations do not take place that way. The intermediate steps are to be welcomed, and used to a closer adjustment to the working methods of Nature.

Now, in this present time, there are great forces of progression at work in and about us. Vastly important changes are bound to occur in every field of thought and action, through a gradual acceptance of the more basic truths and scientific knowledge of these last few decades of experimentation and investigation. The old forms in medicine, law, ecclesiasticism, economics, and politics shall pass away, giving place to the new ones, based on more fundamental principles of Life, tending toward greater freedom, ease and harmony—Brotherhood.

Christian Science is a step in advance, as its results for good show—a short step, indeed—but this must necessarily be so, if it is to be so widespread in its authority. It is helping greatly in breaking up the old dogmas and narrow conceptions, and even our habits of life. But it is not the ultimate, because the present generation cannot change at once to perfect creatures. Its ex-

tensive growth is due to this fact that it is *not* so far in advance of the old churchianity—especially in its literature.

Covering and hiding the scientific truths, and in a good many cases obscuring them; perverting plain and simple laws of Nature and universal modes of procedure in life processes of all kinds, Christian Science terms are as a cloud of the old theological conceptions, clinging unconsciously to the ancient meanings of the nature of things—clinging to the mysterious, transcendental and supernatural.

The greed and graft of modern civilization is one of the forces that have been utilized, through Christian Science style, in its dissemination, by the promises it makes to the individual for “believing”—promises of prosperity, success, large quotas of this world’s goods, happiness, freedom from disease and sickness, as a result of the belief in the non-existence of “matter” and all the “evil” which has been clinging to the race for centuries. These inducements attract large numbers of those who are now under the influence of these results of our wrong habits, who think that a mere belief can charm away these inharmonies. But throughout all their literature is no explanation of the laws of Nature, by which these results promised are to be brought about.

Christian Science would never have been able to do the good that it has had it not been for this very concealment of the realities of the working principles, because the minds of most of us are so permeated with the ideas of supernaturalism that they would have rejected the new teachings in a plain and simple exposition, using natural and scientific terminology. The promises are made, results obtained, and the flocks come. It is a step in advance of the dependence of the race upon doctors, lawyers and preachers, but it is still far from being grounded in fundamental truths of life, nature, and evolution.

The eagerness with which so great a number of people have take to Christian Science, is proof of the instinct and desire of the people to be free from the causes of all our inharmonies, to gain and have “health, happiness, and success,” to realize the highest state of expression of the life forces within us. And Christian Science is a degree of advance in this realization. It can pave the way for scientific and fundamental thinking on these momentous questions and for right conceptions of the life processes and Nature’s beneficent laws in relation to individual and social welfare. It is a start toward the destruction of egoistic philosophy, and the establishment of brotherhood ideals and racial interests.

This spirit of brotherhood and democracy, beginning to manifest in all classes of people, as yet can find no adequate means of expression that will not be misunderstood. The orthodox interpretations of the terms at the command of the advanced thinkers, makes it very difficult for them to express to present-day minds the exact meaning of their truths and conceptions. So the new interpretations must come by degrees, and Christian Science is a factor in the progression.

Supernaturalism and governmentalism are so interwoven in all our expressions, that it is almost impossible to find words and phrases to express exactly the fundamental truths, laws, and principles of Nature, in their reality and simplicity. This forms a great hindrance to the general acceptance of scientific facts and

data. The old terms are not expressive enough and the new ones are misunderstood by the mass.

But gradually the new conceptions of the old terms will become more common, the new terms will be more generally understood, when the old will give place to the new and more exact designations. Speed the day!

### **TRUST FREEDOM, TRUST EVOLUTION, TRUST GOD**

**THIS MAGAZINE** is devoted to attaining the greatest possible freedom for the individual from the right of control or direction by other individuals or by the mass.

**YOU WILL SUBMIT** to the control and direction of others just to the extent that you are not fit for freedom, and your ability to gradually throw off control is the measure of your fitness to stand alone.

**OUR CHIEF OPPRESSORS** are Tradition, Precedent and The Fashion. *But few* have the bravery to turn boldly against the bad fashions of Government, Religion, Economics, Ceremonial, Dress, Diet, etc. This magazine says, "To hell with the bad in all of these." *Your old systems* have brought us to a nation of gluttons, drunkards, grafters and prostitutes. **ANY CHANGE** would do better than the present scheme that makes liars and hypocrites from the cradle. The money power has you by the throat! Brace up!

**WHO OF YOU** cares to give over the direction of your personal affairs to any other person or persons? Still you all try to direct others, as shown by your advice, gossip, ostracism and punishments.

**LET OTHERS ALONE** the same as you want to be let alone, and the problem is solved. **BE SQUARE!**

**THE MORAL, SOCIAL AND PHYSICAL STANDARDS** of To-MORROW are the highest and it is true that a high standard of life can be reached in no other way, except through *more freedom*. Not freedom to **TALK** only, but freedom to **LIVE** and **DO**.

**THERE ARE NO BUMS**, rounders or loose people connected with this magazine. These are to be found at swell functions, receptions and clubs, in dress suits and laces. They are the conservatives, the harlot makers. They are the ones who live to sneak, lie and despoil. We have made war on them and in return they revile and exclude us.

**SERCOMBE HIMSELF.**

### **OPPORTUNITY EXTRAORDINARY**

There are needed several energetic, intelligent, simple-life, young men in the work of the To-MORROW Movement, at the To-MORROW Fellowship Home, taking charge of the various departments of the magazine and home work. A rare opportunity to develop your individuality at congenial employment in a brotherhood atmosphere.

Young men reared in orthodox homes and conventional surroundings, who have become "odd" and out-of-place thru trying to live a natural, free, and unconventional life, preferred.

Write at once to Ralph E. Sammons (one of them), Assistant Editor To-MORROW.



# What They Say

Dear Friends:—I like your idea of having a health department in your magazine, and the article on "The Real Staff of Life," in the April number, is fine. Sick people do not generally need drugs; they need to know how to live. Yours truly,  
SAMUEL BLODGETT.

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Dear Comrade Sercombe:—To-MORROW Magazine comes as a cool, fresh breeze amid the heat of conventionalism. I like it very much and enjoy its every page, tho not agreeing with all. It is hard for me to express the delight I feel that such a chance of free and fearless thought has been established and is in actual existence. Most sincerely,  
Nucla, Colo. M. ALICE SPRADLIN.

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Dear Parker Sercombe:—To-MORROW at hand! It certainly is greatly improved over previous numbers and looks good enough to eat. May your success continue to grow. Cordially yours,  
ELIZABETH TOWNE, Editor *Nautilus*.  
Holyoke, Mass.

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Dear Friends:—Am sending my copies of To-MORROW, which I have read and re-read, to friends of mine—one copy to each—whom I am sure will be interested in it, and sincerely hope that some of them will take the hint and send in their subscriptions. Fraternally,  
G. S. BEST.

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You ask me to send it—To-MORROW,  
But I prefer to send it to-day;  
I'll send it if I have to borrow,  
No matter what others might say.

It's only a small paper dollar  
You ask for your magazine bright.  
I'll scrimp, if I sweat under the collar,  
To retain its radiant light.

Los Angeles, Cal.

G. MAJOR TABER.

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Sercombe Himself:—It is like a fresh breath of the glorious air of freedom to come into touch, even through a magazine, with people who dare to think and express their *own* thoughts, regardless of the "prejudices of our ancestors." I am with you heart and soul in your efforts to solve the vital problems of life by seeking *new* light on them. You are not likely to be too broad for me, and I am glad that you are not narrow enough to devote yourself to the propagation of a single set of ideas, however new they might be, but freely give space to the expression of many points of view.

Flint, Mich.

EMMA OVIATT.

Friend Sercombe:—To-MORROW is doing a good deal of rapid firing these days. Are not you afraid you may hit someone? I imagine that you have forgotten how to spell the word "Fear." Good luck to you, and best wishes for your success. Sincerely, McIVOR-TYNDALL, Editor *The Swastika*...

Denver, Colo.

Dear Sercombe:—You certainly are fearless and fetterless, and this is what will win. Everything that you do is so vigorous, original and shocking that you are bound to make a hit. Fraternally, W. H.

Dear Brother Sercombe:—The reading matter in To-MORROW is first class and to the point. Right and wrong should have a fair field and contend for the mastery. Your Bureau of Group Organizations is a good idea.

Atlanta, Ga.

W. A. JOHNSON.

I admire TO-MORROW but cannot get it in Racine, as the dealers say it is too strong for the town. I get my copy from Milwaukee.

Racine, Wis.

FLORENCE LAURENCE.

My Dear Sercombe:—You busy and rushed for time? Pshaw! You have cast your stone before you towards your goal, but bear in mind that henceforth you live in TO-MORROW, and to-morrow lies in infinity—so you have all the time there is.

JOHN F. VALTER.

Any number of vigorous writers ask me how it is they are not oftener accepted in papers having "Letters from the People." I tell them the people are unable to stand anything but the platitudes of the editors and paid writers, and they call on editors to stop the letter writers, or they stop their subscriptions. This shows what imbeciles our education produces. Parker H. Sercombe, editor of To-MORROW, 2238 Calumet avenue, Chicago, has a standing notice for the invigoration of these imbeciles, and under it he prints opposing views. Other editors should try this plan. In his April issue he thus gives me two and a half pages on child labor. He is also the first man to recognize the immensity and the far reaching effects of my work—this from a man who is a critic of the age.

Sykesville, Md.

FRANCIS B. LIVESEY.

### KIDNAPPING NOT THE REAL ISSUE

President Roosevelt is short-sighted in his gratuitous condemnations. The real issue is, the producers—the workingmen of this country—refuse longer to permit their comrades to be tried, judged and condemned by a capitalistic court, sustained by capitalistic laws, and controlled by the capitalistic system.

The only "square deal" that Roosevelt can accomplish is to abdicate and help to re-establish the government and courts on the basis of equity.

"Justice to all," cries Roosevelt, when he knows there can be no justice to the toiler until the money power is unseated.

Are Moyer, Haywood and Debs "undesirable citizens"? Then John Brown and the heroes of Concord and Lexington were undesirable citizens.

The economic revolution is on! Let every toiler stand pat!

PARKER H. SERCOMBE.

# For Alert Minds Only

This Department is without hazard or risk and is conducted to provoke thought. It will contain diverse writings, poems and fancies composed without desire to please or displease any one—simply a bunch of spontaneous utterances which the authors themselves do not necessarily feel called upon to defend or believe, though much of it will set you to thinking.

*This Department* will impress your mind with the following truths: (1) Opinions amount to mighty little—not worth quarreling over—the world moves right on—human progress included and directly in the face of good and bad opinions alike. (2) Thinking is largely a game that people play by themselves in preference to dominoes and solitaire—you cannot play it well if your mental habit is to exclude all kinds but your own. (3) Most people meet views that differ from those they have in their own brain-pockets as though their lives were menaced or property threatened—be calm; THE LIFE PROCESS is no more disturbed by the other fellow's opinion than the sun is disturbed by yours. (4) Human timidity and fear of opposing ideas and theories is akin to the fear and timidity of birds and brutes—a mental state entirely out of proportion to the caliber of our race. (5) Human advancement is a result of the LIFE FORCE and is in no way dependent upon human opinions, human talk, or human theories. (6) As inventors, chemists, etc., learn by experimentation and often acquire some of their best knowledge through purely accidental combinations, so writers and thinkers should be always encouraged to freely develop every conceivable course of reasoning, which is the experimental means by which philosophy also must satisfy its claims.

EDITOR.

## THE FAREWELL

BY WALTER HURT.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife.—Deut. V, 21.

Yes, I am going—leave tonight—  
For I have lingered long—  
Remained beyond vacation's right  
From Mammon's moiling throng;  
The city calls me to its cares  
Insistently, and I,  
As one who from his Eden fares,  
Have come to say good-by.

I left your husband in the lane—  
He bade me come next year  
When once again the growing grain  
Proclaims the harvest near.  
But nevermore my eager ear  
In fields of ripened rye  
The liquid song of larks shall hear—  
This is my last good-by. •

My visit has been very sweet,  
 Its days were filled with dreams;  
 My comfort you have made complete  
 With hospitable schemes.  
 You have been so exceeding kind  
 Words fail me when I try  
 To thank you fully, and I find  
 It hard to say good-by.

The cause you may not comprehend,  
 Nor would I have you, yet  
 These pleasant days brought to an end  
 Remembrance must regret.  
 The while I hold your friendly hand  
 Life's song becomes a sigh;  
 But you can never understand—  
 God bless you, and—good-by.

## ONE SIDE OF RACE SUICIDE

By W. C. COPE.



"Bearing fewer babies and better," is interpreted by many women to mean bearing no babies at all because too lazy to take care of them," or "I don't want to spoil my figure," or "my husband don't want to be bothered with children around."

It is interesting to note what devices many women employ to prevent child bearing and then satisfy the maternal instinct by taking care of a pet dog. It is freely granted that apartment life in a crowded flat is not a desirable place to rear children; but on the other hand, is not the failure to have children the real reason that living in flats is coming more and more in vogue? A mother's first interest is her children, and the family possessing children is more likely to live in a place where children can thrive. Thus families having children tend toward a suburban or a country life, while those having none easily drift into flat buildings or boarding houses.

Of course it is not meant in this connection that unfit people should become parents; neither should a woman be forced against her will to bear a child, but I submit that it is the growing knowledge of the use of contracepts, coupled with a disinclination to be burdened with the duties of parentage, that has more to do with the decreasing birth rate in this country than any great altruistic desire to improve the race. The superman is not likely to be born in a flat.

Neither does the responsibility altogether rest with the potential mother. Many husbands coerce their wives in the matter of *not* having children just as others use their position as breadwinner, as well as a certain psychic power which a man has over a woman who is associated intimately with him, in order to coerce her into becoming a mother. Many men know that a woman's interest in her mate takes second place as soon as she

becomes a mother. The whole outlook on life of the normal mother is in her child's interest. The father has an interest for her chiefly because he is the *father* of her child and is needed as a provider, though there is often a maternal love for her husband that takes the place of the former sex love. Forgetting the pleasure of fatherhood, which has a joy all of its own for the normal man, many men dislike to face the certain waning interest in themselves as sex companions which is bound to take place as soon as a baby comes into the home, and so they discourage child-bearing.

Women, too, are learning that pleasure for them in sex life is apt to end with the bearing of the first child, and dreading to lose that, as well as the feeling of pre-eminent love which they have for their husband, they fail to become mothers, fearing to face the unknown condition when *he* has no longer first place in their life.

Of course the foregoing does not take into account the cause of race suicide, which is due to industrial conditions—so many women being employed in industrial pursuits. Nor does it take into account the false code of morals which says that a woman who is brave enough to undertake, not only the bearing of a child, but the support of it as well, without a marriage ceremony, is immoral and must be ostracized by all “good” men and women; but all these causes combined are certainly bringing about a reduction in the birth rate, and whether this is a good or a bad thing, will be decided by each one according to his own philosophy of life.

While on the subject let us admit that sex is not a “nasty” subject. It is no worse to study sex perversion than to study any other instinct that has been turned aside from its original use and put to another. The storing instinct in bees and in men originated in the necessity of providing for the future, but has become perverted into a mania for owning things and is responsible for our frenzied financiers and money-mad millionaires. Is it any less nice or interesting to study perversions of one instinct than another? The trouble is that we have not entirely got away from the old ascetic idea that there is something “impure” about sex. Some have reached a point where they think that sex relations accompanied by love are “pure” and seem to think they have arrived at the summit of liberality.

It is my contention that the mating instinct is not different as regards *purity* from the desire for food or any other natural desire. Let your instinct of nutrition become perverted so that you hunger for slate pencils or yellow clay (as is the case with children sometimes) and you will no doubt ruin your digestion and your health. Perversion of the reproductive instinct often results disastrously, but it is not inherently any more impure a subject for study than the other.

The instinct of Nutrition arose from the need of sustaining life, the Mating instinct arose in the necessity of reproducing life, but in the majority of cases the instincts work without their possessors being aware of their purpose. We satisfy our hunger to allay the discomfort accompanying it, and we satisfy our mating instinct to stop the feeling of sex unease (that often becomes as a fire in the veins), rather than from any conscious desire to propagate the race. Nature has taken care that these

instincts should be so strong that everything else should give way before them.

Some regard sex as the "holy of holies." Viewing it personally and emotionally, when carried away on the wings of delight, love is ravishingly sweet, the climax of bliss: but viewed philosophically, love is only Nature's method of perpetuating the race, its delights are only the bait with which she allures us into the pains of parentage.

When Nature, through the Progressive Instinct, has developed a race intelligent enough to gratify the mating desire, while avoiding the pains of parentage, then she has to start all over again. The selfishly intelligent do not reproduce, consequently the propagation of the race falls to the less intelligent; so that at a certain age development always seems to halt. It was so in Greek and Roman civilization. Then came the Barbarian invasion and the progress of the race came to a stop or was succeeded by a period of retrogression, till the Barbarians had caught step with the march of time. Now we seem to have reached another of these periods where progress is likely to make a halt. We *write* about the Superman, but do not want the trouble of producing and rearing him. Thus it is that the so-called prostitute has become a social necessity. Setting aside the false idea of "purity," it is no more impure to gratify the reproductive instinct outside of ordinary family relations than it is impure to go into a public restaurant for one's meals. It is much more in harmony, however, with the customs of the race, and likely to produce more satisfaction to gratify both the instinct of nutrition and that of reproduction in the ordinary course of family life, for to be out of harmony with one's environments brings about its own punishment.

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## JUDGE M'EWEEN AND CHIVALRY

BY L. H. DANA.

Judge McEwen of this city, in commenting on Mr. Stead's assertion that American men have no real respect for women, says that women are respected here when they are considered as the present or prospective mothers of the race, but when for any reason they no longer hold that position in the minds of men, chivalrous treatment is withdrawn, "and they are even treated cruelly."

Before we proceed to enter this decree in toto upon the statute books of Illinois, will the Judge be kind enough to take the stand and plead, answer or demur unto the following:

1. How many children has he?
2. Does he treat with disrespect "and even cruelty" every man in his acquaintance who has no children, and, further, doesn't intend to have any?
3. Does he know any specific, material and competent reason why a woman is not entitled to regard as a person, without reference to other persons, past, present or potential?
4. Many women have no desire to label themselves as a personal appendage, either by rings, chains, alterations of title, or in any other fashion whatsoever. Is Judge McEwen prepared to

treat with deference women who become "the mothers of the race" without assuming the said rings, chains, or names of other folk? There is, unfortunately, no doubt about the cruelty prescription for such mothers in the past.

5. Does the Judge suppose that any woman with near-brains has a longing for the "chivalrous treatment" given to women by persons of his class? Chivalry that has something real behind it is worth having; we respect a soldier, and we pay him a pension; we extend "chivalrous treatment" to the mothers of the race, sneer at their opinions, defraud them of their votes, debar them from our schools of technology, and pay them \$7 a week in a department store when they are forced into the industrial field. We fill our newspapers with cartoons of silly women at the breakfast table asking their husbands to enlighten them on questions patent to a two-year-old; we write "interviews" with earnest and accomplished women students and workers, and credit them with the statement that men are "real mean," and "awfully naughty," also have them look fearfully about them at conventions lest a mouse should take the floor and relegate them to a table; yet it is to be noted that Mrs. De Vry went into the burning animal house the other day and said, "Lie down, Fido," to the lion. Oh, really now, all this tommy-rot, fol-de-rol, and sentimental nonsense about "chivalry" to women does remind one of the Italian who owned a monkey of sensibility and keen perception. When anything offended the little beast, "Oh, stop-a," said his sympathetic owner, "that-a make-a de monk sick!"

6. In what, pray, will consist this cruelty so sternly threatened by our legal friend? Won't he arise when we get aboard the street car? Oh, misery! but then, we are so unhappy when we are on the average Chicago street car, anyhow, that maybe a drop more in the bucket won't bother us. Won't he remove his hat when he encounters us upon the street? Worse and worse, but it may prove that the breaking heart can survive this cruel blow of fate. Surely he won't use that last resort, supposed to be reserved for petticoats, and proceed to torture with a hat pin? Quick, Judge, this suspense is too much for the mind. **WHAT IN THE WORLD CAN YOU BE ABOUT TO DO?**

Subscribed and sworn to (but not at) by

ANN.

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## THE LOVE NOT TALKED ABOUT

This article is published because it is written and for no other reason. It is partly true or all untrue, according as one chooses to read it, or according to whom one has in mind. It is not necessary for any one to think that they must embrace or oppose it, as it is really immaterial whether the author himself believes it or not, it having been written as a suggestion to start others thinking.

When Mrs. Parsons' book came out an enraged critic declared that "she was attacking the family and destroying the home," just as though an expressed theory of any one could destroy the cohesion in the family life of eagles, bats, tigers or human beings. After the publication of Mrs. Brooks' article on the negro question we received a very scathing criticism from an Alabama Colonel, declaring that it was absolutely false, that white men never molested negro women and girls in the South. These examples are given to show the prevailing belief that somebody's theory may, with one fierce stroke of the pen, succeed in overthrowing some of the treasured customs and traditions of our race. **Whatever is genuine**

in the family relations will last forever, and all that is real in the human love relation can never be overthrown.—EDITOR.

While in so-called polite society, in the atmosphere of smug hypocrisy, subjects relating to sex are habitually tabooed as entirely unfit to be talked about, but little observation and analysis are necessary to discover that especially among *very proper* women, whether wives, widows, old maids or young ladies, sex is an ever present thought; either a memory that will not down or an anticipation that defies warnings and cloisters.

It is not that the thought of the sex experience in itself is such an ever living presence with women of all ages. God forbid my writing or implying so "gross" a thought, but the ever present thing is something far more gruesome, fantastical and morbid, something born out of an unfortunate mixture of vanity, greed and mother instinct, a half frantic, sub-conscious wish for other people to know that they are or have been or will be the chosen one of some man.

In the schoolgirl who quarrels to be "*recognized*" as the sweetheart of some one of the boys; in the bachelor girl concealing or mis-stating her age purely because she does not wish to appear to have gone so many years without having been "*taken*"; in the complacent wife who marries "*well*" and whose main thought as she smugly prinks herself up for a function is, not only that she is a chosen and selected object for sex enjoyment, but that the conditions thereof are entirely within the approval of the others she will meet, who may or may not have been so successful.

Truth to tell, the most perfect illustration of *the love not talked about* is the widow, often of advanced age and in deep mourning. There was once a man back of those widow's weeds and she wants people to know it. If she does not have sex attraction now, she wants to advertise that she once had and that *the man selected her* and took full advantage of her charms.

This is not an opinion, it is pure psychology. Some of these heavily draped women keep up the show for forty years for the satisfaction of having *other eyes* see that they have not drawn a blank in their sex career.

So, that elusive and desirable thing which women talk about as love in nine-tenths of all cases really consists merely of the satisfaction of getting ahead of the other woman or a consuming vanity that wishes other women to know that *the certain man* chose her out of all the world for her surpassing sex attractions, which, "to him," were irresistible. In reality, this is the most sublime and the happiest thought in the life of many a demure woman, but it is the love *that is not talked about*, being obscured in a network of make-believes to lead you to think it is the conversational kind.

### APPRECIATION

Editor of TO-MORROW: I would like to pay a tribute to one who has contributed to TO-MORROW ever since I made its acquaintance and has produced some rare gems indeed—Estelle Metzgar Hamsley. Her last poem is a *gem*,—so tender, so pure, so full of real pathos, it seems to me that none who read "*Love's Triumph*" can fail to be impressed that she has given us a masterly picture of Love's great struggle and of its only logical outcome—its triumph.

GEORGE VAIL WILLIAMS.

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## DREAMLAND

BY ESTELLE METZGER HAMSLEY.

What a reveling riot of rapturous dreams,  
Thrilling me through and through,  
In a country lit only by laughing star-beams,  
In a wonderful land—with you.

We forget the world we've left behind,  
And, with never a thought of duty,  
We forget all others of our kind,  
Giving sway to the spell of beauty.

Soft south winds caressingly blow,  
Laden with perfume rare;  
While music, in cadence soft and low,  
Is borne on the sighing air.

We ask not "whither," we ask not "whence,"  
We simply dance to the measure,  
Ravished and lost in delights of "sense,"  
We yield to the hour's mad pleasure.

You hold to my lips a glass of wine,  
I drink the dregs, for 'tis sweet;  
Drink of the essence of love divine,  
And at last our willing lips meet.

Never a joy the gods can give  
Will ever equal this;  
In memory, sweet, again I live  
In the rapture of that first kiss.

Now, every night, when twilight falls,  
And the sun sinks, low, in the west,  
The God of Dreamland softly calls  
Me to come, with you—and rest.

Morpheus, thy welcome call I heed,  
And Nox, ancient Goddess of Night,  
Thy somber robe entwine—concede  
To Somnus, God of Sleep, the might

To safely bring to me my mate,  
Who comes, with flying feet, to render  
Love's dues, for which I scarce can wait,  
In warm caress and accents tender.

Beloved Night,—and Thrice Blessed Sleep,  
That frees us from all bondage mortal,  
By thy free leave the tryst we keep  
In Dream-Land, just within the Portal.

And you and I, who, waking, fear  
Our mutual love to own,  
In Dream-Land hold each other dear,  
And know "as we are known."

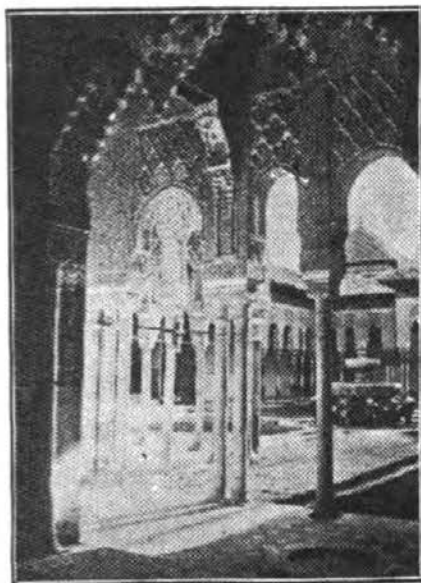
## THE CHICAGO ELECTION

The defeat of Mayor Dunne for re-election and the adoption of the traction ordinances by referendum vote resulted from the most complete union of low political, exclusive social and high financial forces ever effected in an American city.

The new City Council is Democratic by 38 to 32. But as at least 17 of the 38 Democrats will join the "better element" of the Republicans whenever both are wanted by the corporations, while only 3 of the 32 Republicans are likely to balk at such a combination the Council may be described as having a Democratic majority of 38 to 32, but a corporation of 46 to 24.—*The Public*, April 6.

# Fire Paintings

BY E. L. G. BROWN.



THE COURT OF LIONS  
ALHAMBRA, GRENADA

Who shall be your painter? Some famous man—or who? Have you see the fire's paintings? For fire is the greatest of all great painters. With the air as brush, fuel for its paint, it finds its canvas everywhere. Its touch mars or beautifies, liquefies or solidifies, blackens or whitens. It transforms into pictures the very substance upon which it feeds, and picture succeeds picture until the heavens catch the glow.

But such are its fleeting pictures. The clay seen in the mosaic or in the larger blocks in familiar use around and in the home is the strongest evidence of the power of fire as a painter in indelible colors. The tiny pieces which in the whole are mosaic, enter the kiln as color-

less earth, and leave it painted as they are found in the floor or panel; and but for the distance from which seen and the blending of color in the designing, would look one brilliant patch-work; and yet they show still more half-tints and shot lights than the dyer's art could achieve with textures.

The larger pieces of clay tile better show the wealth of color, because the surface painted upon is larger. Some pieces vie with the snow in whiteness and the white alone are an evidence in themselves of the riches and variety of one color. If the white clay tile which the modern builders seem to prefer to the warmer colors—because they know no other—were placed together indiscriminately, the effect in the ensemble would be unpleasing and patched; for just as the snow has a whiteness which ivory has not, and both are white, so the fire's products show depths and shades gradating from the tone of ivory to that of snow. But only a practiced eye can sort white from white, and even it soon grows tired and dazzled, and the warmer colors and every color are like the white. The fire gives off every shade.

Fire paints and fascinates. The child loves its sparks as toys, and its flame lures the moth to destruction. The heathen watched the fire and worshiped; the Mahommedan and Christian marked its effects and built, and they have left a powerful testimony to their infinite skill in the mosaic of their temples and palaces. These mosaics are a stupendous work of art, and a priceless heritage, for they show no sign of age.

The Alhambra, that town rather than palace, for a lifetime would not be too long to explore it all, is full of such mosaics; the walls glisten with them and eighteen generations have walked the courts since its mosaic artists worked. They were

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no western dress nor spoke a western tongue, for their prophet had spoken in the east and they kept their faces eastward toward the rising ball of fire and the fire painted each tiny block they laid.

There is only one Alhambra; its mosaics scintillate. and they have been touched by many a morning, noon and setting sun—for they are well done. But the fire paints on, for the New World as for the Old, in the West as in the East, for the church as for the palace, for the home as for the court, for the mosaic-workers of to-day as for those of yesterday, and the sun touches each day to illuminate the work well done.

Who shall be your painter?

## IN WISTFUL MOOD

BY RALPH E. SAMMONS.

(To Gladys.)

I would that I might better able be  
My kindly, helpful spirit to express;  
To show to those I love that I would give  
My all, my entire life, myself, for them.

\* \* \*

They cannot know the aching of this heart—  
The throbbing pity of this soul that longs  
To pour out treasure store, with no alloy,  
Their joy and happiness to make complete.

\* \* \*

Yet I seem impotent this love to prove  
In my full-welling breast. There seems no way  
Nor means—My fellow-men would ostracise,  
Condemn and scoff at me, were I to loose

\* \* \*

The natural, free, strong impulse urging me  
To yield up Self for Love and Truth, and thus  
To find my life a thousandfold enriched  
Thru losing it in service for my kind.

\* \* \*

We reach and grab. We hurry, fight and cringe;  
We live in constant fear, nor take the time  
To think, and find the truths of Life and Love;  
How wistfully I would we might be kind!

\* \* \*

I would the freedom have to give myself  
Without reserve, to whate'er makes a claim  
Upon my willing powers—to stranger, friend,  
Or best beloved—in fearless brotherliness.

\* \* \*

If *She* could know the fulness of my gift  
Of self to Her desires and needs, *She'd* ne'er  
Have fear in freely bidding me to come—  
Or go. 'Twere Heaven then—the Reign of Love.

**"UNDESIRABLE CITIZEN" BUTTON.**

**"I AM AN UNDESIRABLE CITIZEN" BUTTON SENT  
POSTPAID ON RECEIPT OF 5 CENTS; 6 FOR 25 CENTS.**

# A New Theory of Cell Action

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BY A. BETTES.

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Mr. A. Bettes, the author of this series of articles, which are quite original and revolutionary, has been in harness in practical electrical work for several years, installing and operating light and power plants and railway sub-stations. During this time he has discovered discrepancies between orthodox and electrical formulas and the actual workings of electrical instruments. He had been taught that current is directly in proportion to electro-motor force and inversely to resistance; but the ammeter, which registers the current, and the voltmeter, which registers the electro-motor force or pressure, always show an inverse reading when a load is thrown on or when a short circuit occurs. These discrepancies led him into a field of thought, investigation and experimentation which has resulted in the following series of remarkable studies.—EDITOR.

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## CHAPTER I.

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### THE CONSTITUTION OF MATTER.

The original conception of the constitution of matter was that it consisted of a hard spherical molecule, and that bodies were built upon such, although not in contact with one another.

These molecules were considered the vehicles on which energy rode and that where there were no molecules there was no energy. This thought gave to matter an active principle and to energy a passive state. As these particles became more active, they separated from their crowded state, due to repulsion, thereby causing expansion and a less dense condition. As expansion continued, the free path of each particle became longer, and the speed greater, during which the neighboring particles collided causing heat and light.

These original conceptions are still a part of our scientific code and some physicists devote pages in mathematical calculations as to the distance these particles travel, and the result of their collisions. It was considered that attraction brought the particles nearer together, resulting in increased density and weight. This conception was further extended by Bosovich, who did away with the conception that the molecule is a material body occupying space. He considered the particle to be a mere mathematical point, towards or from which certain forces act. He held that, as the forces were approaching the point contraction was the result and a repelling force set up, while the reverse action caused expansion, thereby developing an attracting force toward the center.

This theory did not satisfy the scientific mind as it did not explain the inertia theory of matter. Newton's law of gravitation made it necessary to conceive a universal vehicle possessing inertia; it must be frictionless, homogeneous, incompressible and fill all space. We do not quite understand how this universal plenum can possess the property of incompressibility, fill all space, and at the same time possess the property of penetrability.



Water is nearly incompressible; but, as it does not fill all space, it can be penetrated, due to the displacement of the particles of which it is composed. Helmholtz, watching the smoke-ring from his cigar, conceived the molecule to be made up of such a form out of the active ether. He called this form the vortex ring, and he devoted considerable time in examining it mathematically, after which he concluded that the vortex ring must be the true form of the atom.

On the basis of Von Helmholtz' investigations, Lord Kelvin founded a theory, which is now scientifically accepted, that all space is filled with a frictionless, homogeneous and incompressible fluid (the ether), and that the atom is a simple active vortex in this fluid, the form of which is shown in Fig. 1.

He holds that the existence of the different kinds of atoms may be accounted for by the fact that a vortex need not be a simple ring, like Fig. 1, but might have such a form as shown in Fig. 2.

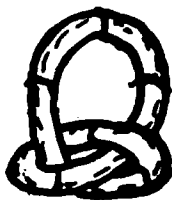


Fig 2.

Since a vortex can never intercept itself, it follows that the number of times that such a vortex is linked with itself must always remain the same. Hence he supposes that the atoms of the different elements are distinguished from one another by the number of links therein. From this theory we infer that the place of the element in the different orders of creation can be calculated by counting the number of links in its atom.

The linked vortex theory, at first, seems somewhat inconsistent; but when we consider the forms described by the resultant composed of varying periodicities of the constituent forces under the different phases of the period, then this theory seems to have some coloring of truth.

Fig. 3 represents our idea of the cross-section of the spherical form of the ultimate condition of matter. This form embodies part of the original conception and part of Boscovich's idea. The form of an atom of the respective elements must be a common form, in order to satisfy physical experiments; this form seems to satisfy these conditions. The radial lines are those along which heat, light, and electrical action takes place, while the closed curves or circles represent the equipotential surfaces along which magnetic action takes place.

S. P. Thompson and others say that a charge of electricity on a spherical conductor acts on external bodies as if the entire charge came from an internal central point, and the tendency of the charge is to recede from the center to the surface. This, and other similar experiments, led Boscovich to the conclusion that this central point was a mathematical abstraction.



The Earth has two magnetic poles, between which the kinetic energies of the sun oscillate annually. Thus we see how it is that all matter possesses two magnetic poles, and only one kinetic, or electric pole.

Study carefully the descriptive matter as to the action and the reaction of the forces in the rubber ball, and it will be easy to comprehend the relation that exists between electricity and magnetism, as illustrated in Fig. 3, which will be the subject matter of the following articles.

## PER CASTRA AD ASTRA

BY WILL HUBBARD-KERNAN.  
From "*The Flaming Meteor*."

"Per castra ad astra"—through camps to the stars—  
Ran the demagogue legend of old:  
It glowed on the banners borne forth to the wars  
By the soldiers believing and bold.

When torn by the spears of the truculent foe,  
And trampled by hoof and by heel,  
They were taught that their glorified spirits would go  
Straightway to the Land of the Leal.

Poor dupes of proud devils! They thought if they gave  
Of their blood to the glory of kings  
They would sweep forth, transfigured, from out of the grave  
With a flash of white, fluttering wings!

"Per castra ad astra"—the lie has come down  
Through cycles and conquests unknown;  
And still it stirs men to march forth for the crown,  
And with bayonets prop up the throne;

And still it stirs many to barter the bloom  
And the song and the sunlight of time,  
For the hope of a blessing beyond the bleak tomb  
In a vague and invisible clime;

To stifle the lyric that leaps from the heart,  
And to turn from the waltzers away,  
Though thrilling and tingling to share in a part  
Of the merriment gladsome and gay;

To shrink from a present and palpable bliss  
And many a blessing benign;  
To flee from the sweet, cunning lips that would kiss,  
And the ripe, rosy sparkle of wine.

Yes, they hiss down the flesh and its every delight,  
And they dream the denial will buy  
A lily-hung harp and a diadem bright  
In a possible sphere in the sky.

O! pity the Puritan friar and nun,  
Who crucify sense for the soul;  
Who tread upon thistles while under the sun,  
And quaff of the bitterest bowl.

O! pity the martyrs, wherever they are,  
Who sacrifice happiness here;  
Who boast of the pleasures they mangle and mar  
In their wrath on the altars they rear;

For the grave-worms are cruel, the grave-cloths are chill,  
And a dream is uncertain at best;  
Then laugh and make merry, my lads, with a will,  
While the passions pulse high in the breast;

Nor trade off the glorious things that you hold  
 In the grip of your palms for a prize  
 That may vanish forever away when the mold  
 Sets its seal on your beautiful eyes.

Be good to yourselves, and be good unto all  
 Who travel your way to the tomb,  
 And reach out wherever your foot-prints may fall  
 For all of the roses that bloom.

Seek the glad, whitest glory of starlight and sun,  
 And when it is lost in the night  
 Let your hearts bubble over with frolic and fun  
 Where the festival fires burn bright.

Kiss the lips that may offer, and kiss them once more,  
 And join in the shout and the song,  
 And drink of the dew that the wine-presses pour,  
 And jest as you journey along.

"Per castra ad astra" may do for the clown,  
 But never for you or for me,  
 Till a dead man or woman from heaven wings down  
 And points up a path we can see!

## THE MAN WHO LIVES FOR MEN

BY J. BURBITT SMITH.

I've a likin' for the man  
 Who keeps thinkin', when he can,  
 New idees of right and wrong,  
 New inventions for the throng.  
 Parties new and laws to make  
 To keep hogs and heathen straight;  
 Never willin' to root 'round,  
 Like a gopher in the ground,  
 Fillin' other people's hole  
 With his own ungrowin' soul.

He's the man who hates a rut;  
 Ain't afraid o' changes, but  
 Keeps a-thinkin' what to do  
 That'll help the feller thru  
 Who is loaded down with debt—  
 Workin' hard each day, an' yet  
 Never seems to get ahead,  
 But by selfish men is bled  
 'Til he's old and bent and gray,  
 Toilin' in this up-hill way.

Makes mistakes! O' course, all do;  
 But his heart is beatin' true;  
 An' he doesn't count the cost  
 Or the riches he has lost,  
 Nor the social freeze an' frown  
 An' political renown  
 That have passed him coldly by,  
 Willin' he should starve an' die  
 Just because he's took a stan'  
 For the rights o' brother man.

"Take my hat off!" Yes, I do,  
 To this feller, brave an' true,  
 Whistlin' down the path o' life  
 With his babies and his wife,  
 Carin' not for thanks or rest  
 If some other feller's blest.  
 Yes, I honor such a man,  
 An' I place him in the van  
 Of the heroes good an' grand  
 Who for men have dared to stand.



# Our Perverted and Unperverted Sex Natures

By EDWARD H. COWLES, Ps. D.



So little is the Sex Nature and Sex Organism understood or appreciated, or its Potential influence and effect upon the Life, Health, Happiness and general well being of *Many* realized, that I am impelled to lay aside the personal reluctance which the sensitive person naturally feels at exposing their finer Thoughts, as well as feelings, to public view, and comply with the urgent request of the Editor of TO-MORROW for a paper on this subject which is vastly more important and far-reaching in its influence and results than is realized, even by

many who have made it something of a study.

It must be recognized at once that while general observations can be made, certain Laws cited or brought into requisition, and a general rule can perhaps be laid down, it is impossible to formulate details or specific instruction which can be applied with equal clearness and force to all, for the reason that varying degrees of growth, development and education are encountered, the needs and demands of the varying temperaments must be met, and the CAPACITY—a very important factor—of the Individuals must be fully considered ere we can approximate the right or wrong of the Act, Condition or Environment for the Individual.

This implies that what is right for one individual, or one Two who so blend in their Natures and Souls that they are in reality One—the two counterparts of a one perfect whole—would be wrong for others. And *this is true*. It is here that many make a fatal mistake. There is as wide a difference between the *Necessities, Longings and Demands* of a *Refined, Sensitive, Spiritual* and *highly developed* man or woman and those of a Gross, Course, Sensual person, as there is between day and night—and the difference is as distinctly marked.

It is here that a fixed Law or Principle which makes no distinction must fail. We see this in our present civil laws, as well as in that which custom has formulated into an *unwritten law*, and both work the most serious injury, as the most casual observation will prove. This principle is well recognized in our schools where students are graded according to their Intelligence and Capacity. Man readily understands that a highly bred Hambletonian Race Horse can't be mated with the heavy, logy Percheron Draft Horse. Yet when it comes to Man and Woman, they are permitted to mate in any way chance may decree, and both are expected to "*be good*" and say the Yoke don't Gall, when the *shoulders are a festering sore*!

It is to the *Refined, Sensitive, Highly Organized and Spirit-*

ually Developed persons that I address myself—those who through Education, Experience and Spiritual Development have grown up to that Higher Plane of living where they can grasp the Higher Ideals and where the Longings and Demands of the Soul are more in accord with its Inherent Purity, instead of an Educated Perversion and Counterfeit, as is most common in the past and in our own day.

While it must not be expected that we can or will all see alike on this subject around which Tradition and false teaching has thrown such an air of mystery, and which custom and "Mother Grundy" has in the past relegated to the unclean and degenerate, I think we can find some principles to guide us in forming some general conclusions which will serve to at least enlighten us and enable us to better define our position and understand ourselves, then, perhaps, we will find that we have been *censuring ourselves unjustly* and have *condemned* that which is of all things *Pure, Sacred and Divine!*

In general, I believe that in the treatment of this most important subject, the *Primary and Fundamental Principles underlying the true Import of the Sex Nature and Sex Organism* have, in the main, *been overlooked*. In order to get at the "heart" of the question, let me ask, "What is the *Original or True Principle, Import and Ultimate of Sex-Expression?* What is its *Primarily True Character, as designed by our Creator?* Has God implanted that within us which is *Inherently BAD?* Has He *implanted Impulses, Longings and Desires within the Soul which are only designed to Torture, Mislead and Degrade?* Or, is it *Inherently Good*, and is it that *we have allowed a base Counterfeit and a still Baser Perversion to be foisted upon us in its stead?*

Why are we given a *Nature* that so loudly calls for this *medium of Expression?* Why is it that the *more Refined, Sensitive, Highly Organized and Spiritually Developed the person, the more sensible they become of these Demands (which they at last find emanate from the inner Sanctuary of their Souls) and the more Exacting their Requirements that the Demands and Longings of their Soul-Sex Natures, instead of that of mere Physical sensation, be most fully satisfied?*

That which is commonly recognized as "Sex-Expression" does not—CANNOT—reach beyond the realm of Physical sensation, because the *Higher and more Exalted Emotions of the SOUL—this SUBLIMINAL SELF—are not engaged*, hence this is NOT, in any sense of the word what I shall designate as *Soul-Sex Expression*. It is but a *base Counterfeit—it is an Unsatisfying Perversion* which but *plagues the participants*.

The more Sensitive our Souls are Attuned to the Divine—the Higher our Ideals—the Higher our Standard of Purity, Sacredness and Love, the Stronger and more Intense are the Longings, Desires and Impulses of the Soul to thus Express itself with a Companion Soul who KNOWS, SENSES AND RESPONDS TO THESE UNEXPRESSIBLE, DEEP AND WONDERFULLY POWERFUL PULSATIONS OF THE SOUL!

But WHY these Desires, these Unexpressible Longings, these very Pulsations and Breathings of the Soul itself? From WHENCE do they come? You, who are possessed of a highly Sensitive and Refined Nature, tell me, do they spring from a *lower Animal Desire, a Sensual Nature, or from your Higher,*

*Richer, Spiritual Love Nature*—from your *Soul-Self*—the “Subliminal Self?” Are we made so painfully conscious of these Irrepressible Longings and Demands of our very Soul-Self only that we can *repress* them (and thus Repress LIFE ITSELF!) or should we recognize their True and Higher Origin, their Purity, their Sacredness and their Potency, and seek right conditions for their True manifestation and their Highest Expression?

To my mind, the whole subject resolves itself into TWO questions, viz.: What is the TRUE NATURE, IMPORT and ULTIMATE of Sex-Expression, as it is called, in its *Original* and *Unperverted form*, and *How*, and *under what conditions* may we employ these *wonderful* and *Potential Forces* for the *best* and *Highest GOOD* of our *Spiritual, Mental* and *Physical* being—How, and in what way can this wonderful Expression of the *Soul's Deepest* and *Purest Emotions* be made to contribute to our Pleasure, our Well-being, our Happiness, and the further development and Unfoldment of the real Soul-Self?

Owing to the differences of Natures, Individual Requirements and Soul-demands mentioned above, and for other reasons as well, it is extremely difficult to make one's self rightly understood. Certain Natures can only understand certain other and corresponding Natures, and that which will reach the very depths of the Soul in one person, may make but a faint Mental impression upon another, hence even here, some will read between the lines and discover the true Interior Import of what is said, while others will read but not understand, they will see, but there is lacking Spiritual Discernment.

I lay it down as a *Fundamental Law, Fact and Principle*, that SOUL-SEX *Expression*, in its TRUEST and HIGHEST SENSE, is NOT Physical nor Sensual, but IS, ENTIRELY and ONLY, the EXPRESSION of the DEEPEST, TRUEST, PUREST and most SACRED EMOTIONS OF THE SOUL! It is *Soul speaking to—communing with Soul, in its own Tender, Refined and Expressive Language, the Conscious Self being held in at least partial abeyance, so that the Realm of the Spiritual or Soul-world are virtually entered.* Does a *Pervert*, or *Sensualist* know what THIS means?

This is what I conceive to be—in *part*—the True and UNPERVERTED *Standard—and Experience*—of SOUL-SEX-EXPRESSION, such as is *actualized* in the *Sensitive, Highly Organized and Spiritual person under such conditions as should obtain in the True Life.* Anything LESS than this IS ITS PERVERSION, and the *Misuse and Abuse*—and the DEGRADATION AS WELL—of one of the *greatest Blessings* a beneficent Creator has conferred upon Humanity—it is the *Perversion and Misuse of one of THE Highest, Purest and Most Sacred Attributes of the Soul!*

These thoughts Actualized, carry a deep and abiding CONSCIOUSNESS and REALIZATION of the INHERENT Sacredness, Sweetness and Purity of the Sex Organism, as well as the entire body, which will impel a corresponding condition in the external.

Have you ever tried to solve this very puzzling sex problem? Have you ever tried to untangle the tangled mess in which you find this question of Sex-Expression involved in almost *every family?* If you have, I'll venture to say that unless you happen

to be one of the very few, you left it in the same tangled condition. You KNOW there is *something wrong*, and your Soul tells you it *cannot be* that our Creator designed, and has ordered, that Sorrow, Suffering, Heart-Burnings, Sensuality or degradation should be the Consequences of the use of the Sex Organism. This is a "*Problem*" only because of our *false traditional teaching* and the *acceptance of false standards of Right and Wrong*, and of *living*.

The solution of this seemingly difficult, and much tangled question lies in the RIGHT answer to the questions propounded in the seventh paragraph of this paper. There is NO GOOD but what *can be*—and IS—*Perverted!* And the GREATER THE GOOD, THE BADDER THE BAD! The *greater and more beneficent* the UNPERVERTED GOOD, the WORSE and more DEGRADING is *its perversion*, and the more we *Grasp and Realize* the FUNDAMENTAL NATURE and CONDITIONS of TRUE SOUL-SEX-EXPRESSION, the FARTHER AND MORE RAPIDLY WILL WE GROW AWAY FROM ITS PERVERSION—THE MORE REPULSIVE AND ABHORRENT ITS PERVERSION WILL BE TO US!

This is absolutely true of *Soul-Sex-Expression*, which, when contemplated in its *Sacred, Lofty and Ennobling* sense, is the greatest blessing that a Beneficent Creator has conferred upon man—and WOMAN! It is a *Soul Function*, and is *Fundamentally and Essentially* connected and Interwoven with the *Higher Life*, and is the EXPRESSION of the *Higher and Finer Faculties and Attributes of the Soul*, of which TRUE LOVE is one of the Greatest. It is the EXPRESSION OF THE DEEPEST, PUREST AND MOST POWERFUL EMOTIONS OF THE SOUL!

So rare is a correct and an Intelligent understanding of this great and Vital problem that we seldom find anything but its PERVERSION, in some of its varying forms and degrees! It is owing to the fact that its PERVERSION, and the *Legalizing* of the *Prostitution of Women* is so common and prevalent, that *these conditions* have become the Standard by which IT and People are judged, which is a *Judgment, and a Character given it, based wholly upon its PERVERSION*, and NOT at all in line or harmony with its *True Import—which is the exact opposite!*

(Concluded next month.)

### A SONG

What do I see in your brown eyes?  
A world of wonders in them lies;  
Such fun and mischief they reveal!  
Pride, patience, pathos they conceal:  
Darkly bright,  
Brightly dark;  
Moonshine,  
Ember spark.

I see the strength of noontide's glow,  
The wish to ease another's woe;  
And, for the sad ones in distress,  
The soft twilight of tenderness:  
Brightly dark,  
Darkly bright;  
Sunshine,  
Star light.

—CHARLOTTE PECK.

# A Mood and a Memory

BY WALTER HURT.

On my natal day no fairy godmother bent above my bed to shower upon me any dower of physical or mental graces. I have missed the art that extracts melody from the inanimate instrument, that compels to voiceful harmony the vibrant strings of harp or violin. I lack the faculty of form, the sense of symmetry, that lends cunning to the sculptor's chisel or gives power to the painter's brush. Yet am I poet enough to interpret the soul of poetry, whether it find expression in music, sculpture, painting or prosody. I have that innate love of sweetness and beauty and sublimity taught of no technique, and so when I have heard the world's great masters of melody my receptive and responsive soul has correctly translated their message.

Some days ago there came to me a graceless genius, yet graceful withal in every way. A careless vagabond he was, clad in garments of tattered velvet. His form was such as Phidias might have given. He had the face of a poet and the eyes of a woman. The curls fell adown his fair forehead, a cascade of jet over an alabaster cliff. His cheeks were rich with the color of the wine of Roman hills. His voice was as soft as the vespers of his native valley. Under his arm he carried a violin of wondrous workmanship, stained by the touch of Time, rarely tinted by the caresses of a century's passing seasons, dark with the shadows of many vanished years. It might have been a priceless Cremona, and for this its owner neither knew nor cared. He played for me and I marveled much. I straightway knew him for the favored child of Orpheus, who had taught him all his own seductive secrets. I have heard all the great violinists of this generation whose names are worshiped within the fane of Fame, but their most exquisite harmonies were as pallid discords, evolved from a tortuous technique, compared to the chromatic canorousness which the untaught skill of this wandering minstrel wooed from those enchanted strings. I spoke to him of the stage, and sought to allure him with a verbal vision of crowded auditoriums. But he laughed at it all, the Vagrom One, for he was careless of his jeweled gifts even as he lightly held the grosser value of earth's material wealth.

He played again, and the witching strains touched and wakened every sentiment of my soul. There was nothing here of studied art and painful, patient training; but speech and tears and smiles swept out on the air from beneath his swaying bow. I listened to lovers' voices while they whispered tender vows, and anon the sound of a woman's sobbing, then once more the plighting words of passion's troth. Suddenly the melody became a part of me, and I found myself floating through violet-scented vistas until I stood at last in a sensuous land, under sultry skies. The music changed, and then flamed for me the sunsets of far-off Italy. Infinite-eyed Madonnas looked down upon me from archaic walls. My soul drank the wine of a worshipful sound until I felt the touch of white and clinging arms, the pressure of soft kisses.

Soon a subtler strain was born between the bow and strings, and in turn the neutral tints of twilight fell about me or I saw the damask of dawn spread upon celestial canvas. I felt within my quickened pulse the ocean's ebb and flow on distant southern shores. I heard the shower when summer leaves are shaken

after the rain. The wind whispered sweet secrets to the rose that made it blush and tremble on its twig, and the listening lily turned its fair face away. I heard the soft whir of wings, mingled with the song of other birds. All the romance of life was revealed in those ravishing notes. I heard first the laughter of lovers in orange groves where fountains plashed accompaniment to the rossignol's refrain; then the sonorous sweep of the Wedding March and glad gratulations to the mated pair; anon the lisping words of infant love, then the innocent prattle of lusty youth; again the treble tones of age, and at last the funeral chant.

Beneath the player's tranceful touch the sentient strings made many swift and startling transformations. I saw my gondolier, dusk and debonair, and heard the plashing of his pole, as we passed on a liquid pathway between the palaces of the doges, while the moonlight made a symphony in silver upon the waves in our wake. Now the music's tone took on more of intensity, and it was like unto the pleadings of a passionate lover. Then it ceased to implore and became implacable. It was strenuous, insistent, inexorable as the demands of dishonor. I clasped in close embrace the voluptuous daughter of a Latin land, and felt my blood quick turn to liquid flame.

But of changeful mood, the strings gave a story of sorrow for prelude, then told of tragedy and death. For sake of some lady fair the rapiers rang, and clashed, and circled, and writhed like serpents of steel, till one was sheathed in the heart of him who was doomed to meet defeat in the depths of that wooded glen. A single grave embossed the sward, and in its outline I saw the pathetic emblem of the End.

I gave Apollo a coin from my emaciated purse, and the manner of his acknowledgement was reminiscent of the distant days when Rome ruled the world and her imperial eagles were perched on every civilized capitol.

To-day, on the Bowery, I saw my musician with a dreamer's face and the eyes of an angel. He was drinking large quantities of very bad beer and eating limburger and bologna, and swearing loudly at an equally drunken companion who addressed him as "Fritz."

### SOCIAL EQUIPOISE

#### THANKS TO YOU ALL.

To Wisdom for the right way.  
 To Folly for the wrong way.  
 To Success for what it brings.  
 To Failure for its lessons.  
 To Wealth for its comforts.  
 To Squalor for inspiring sympathy.  
 To Despotism for our bending.  
 To Democracy for upbuilding.  
 To Good Health for its joy of living.  
 To Sickness for its inspirations of neighborliness.  
 To the Swift for its achievement.  
 To the Slow for its sturdy promises.  
 To Conservatism for its ballast.  
 To Radicalism for alertness and daring.  
 We have you all—We need you all—Thanks.

PARKER H. SERCOMBE.

# Another "Test" Case

BY RALPH E. SAMMONS.

Throughout the ages man has been unkind to his pioneers and prophets, and we have not yet evolved to a point where we may unmolested seek higher and better truths than those to which we cling. A complete fluidity is necessary to avoid friction. While living up to the best that we know to date, our minds should be alert to find the higher conception and practice of Nature's laws and the truer adjustment of the internal with the external.

We are still oppressing and suppressing the thinkers and the doers. We fear that a contravention of our old beliefs will utterly destroy all basis of life, forgetting that truth must prevail in open fight, and it is truth alone that can guide us along the paths of health, happiness, and ultimate success in meeting the conditions of life.

Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, leaders of the Western Federation of Miners, are now incarcerated and held for trial, because they were trying to better the condition of the great army of hireling laborers of this country; Bernarr Macfadden, editor of *Physical Culture*, is now under a re-indictment for trial for publishing articles on the topic of sex education, showing the extent of perversion and ignorance upon this important question; Emma Goldman, lecturer and editor of *Mother Earth*, has been arrested and persecuted for her advocacy of individual ideals of government, and last, but not least, comes the news that Eugene Christian, food expert and dietitian, 7 East 41st street, New York City, is under the ban of disappreciation, suffering penalty for attempting to give us better food and health, without dependence upon a class of medicine men, who talk, practice, and prescribe disease and ill-health.

Mr. Christian has spent more than twelve years in the study of physiological chemistry and food chemistry, and the method of laying out a perfected diet for well people, and a diet for sick people that will counteract and remove the causes of stomach and intestinal disorders, and has now been arrested by the New York doctors for practising this information. The charge made against him is not practicing medicine, but relieving suffering without it.

Mr. Christian studied medicine a good many years ago only to become convinced that it was of no value as a curative agent; gave it up, went into a commercial pursuit; his health gave way, and knowing no other source of relief went to the best stomach specialists in nearly all the large cities in this country, viz.: New York, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Boston, finding medicine futile. He went to these learned specialists with the request to make out a bill-of-fare, what to eat for breakfast, dinner and supper, and how to proportion and combine these foods so they would produce chemical harmony. This the doctors freely admitted they could not do; they studied drugs, not foods. It was here that the weakness of the Medical Profession in curing these diseases was made apparent; therefore Mr. Christian went into the study of physiological chemistry and food chemistry, not only as a vocation, but for the purpose of saving his own life; he succeeded, brought himself to perfect health within a few years, established a system of selecting, com-

binning and proportioning natural foods that is actually curing people. To this the doctors object. So strenuous is their objection that they have taken the risk of having him arrested and branded as a criminal with absolutely no charge against him, except that he is relieving suffering without medicine. His arrest was made more than a year ago, but for some mysterious reason the Medical Society did not bring it to trial until April 4. They set the case for trial six different times, but put it off each time.

Mr. Christian was tried before the Court of Special Sessions. The testimony showed that he did not give medicine in any way, shape, manner or form; that he did not permit himself to be called doctor; but he was tried, and under the law that exists in the state of New York was found guilty, and fined as a lawbreaker and a criminal.

Mr. Christian paid his fine under protest, and immediately took an appeal to the Supreme Court, where the case will be determined, and if not in his favor will be carried to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Mr. Christian's strongest supporters in this fight are doctors, such men as Dr. Samuel S. Wallian, author of a new book called "Rhythmotherapy," and Dr. Eli P. Miller and other practitioners of New York, who have spent more than forty years in active practice and have finally thrown medicines to the winds and are now advocating natural or hygienic remedies for all forms of diseases.

That a man can be arrested under a Medical Practice Act who does not give medicine but who advises against it, and hauled to a criminal court and placed under the ban of criminality, is a disgrace to this republic.

Mr. Christian is writing a book which will be ready for distribution about May 5 called "Medical Legislation," in which he reviews the conditions under which medical laws are passed, what the results are now, and what the results will be if such conditions continue.

Mr. Christian is the author of two standard books on the subject of foods and hygiene, and no doubt this booklet "Medical Legislation" will be worth reading. It is sent free on application.

How long, O Truth, will we continue to repel thee! How long, O Toleration, will we continue to fear thee! How long, O Mother Nature, will we continue to disobey thee!

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### BIRTH

BY WILLIAM PLATT, LONDON, ENGLAND.

The new-born babe utters his plaintive wail. . . .

Another life to taste life's mystery!

Now fresh begins the never-ending tale,

Earth's marvel, life's increase, love's ecstasy.

Thou, little one, wilt count the starry skies,

Though now thou scarcely seest thy hands of silk;

For thee the Ocean tides shall fall and rise;

Today thine only care is flow of milk

Unto thy mother's breasts. Some day again,

Weary of wisdom and philosophy,

A woman's breast shall ease thee of thy pain,

A woman's love mother a child for thee.

The world rolls on, still seeking what is best;

The babe still finds it—at his mother's breast.



# While Love Shall Last

By MRS. L. M. HOLMES.

And thus Grace and Raymond were united and of course they were very, very happy. They fully believed that their love surpassed all former human experience—it was exalted, unapproachable, purer, than anything mortals ever knew. They had found the secret of happiness in love and it was perfect. Their love was free! Bond love could never, never attain such heights of sublimity. It was such love as would show to the world the baseness of trammelled, regulated affections.

For several months, no doubts, no dull moments, no misunderstandings, no dark moods came to mar the lofty splendor of their ecstasy. Their whole existence was bathed in a golden radiance of quivering, superlative bliss. What did people mean when they spoke of sorrow in the world? They two had forgotten. And of course it would last. There was no reason why such supreme love should ever die.

But a time did begin to steal upon them when each wondered secretly why they were no longer content to sit for hours clasping hands and gazing into each other's eyes; why the hour which forced them to separate for a time seemed a relief, a welcome break in the long, cloying sweetness of their dream. Each felt guilty when conscious of the feeling, but so it was. Grace had resumed her writing, after the first three months of their union, as she had engagements which could not be broken, and Raymond had been compelled to work more than he cared to; but even he became conscious of a willingness to resume his labors that he wondered at. But as yet there had never been a shadow of a disagreement or misunderstanding between them. Occasions there were when each avoided the glance of the other, lest some lurking evil, some stray imp of boredom, a flitting spectre of impatience might be caught in the eyes where love alone should dwell. But no open break in their ideal lovers' existence came to startle their confident souls. No voluntary separation of even an hour's duration had ever occurred. A walk, a call, a sight seeing trip, were not to be thought of except together.

Until—one evening when they had been together about six or seven months, Raymond hesitatingly suggested that Grace read a new novel he had brought her, while he ran around to the club to see a friend who was in the city but for a day. Grace made no verbal reply but raised her grave, beautiful eyes and looked at him in wonder.

"You know, dearest, one owes a little to old friends who have proven themselves true in more ways than one. I will not leave you long."

"Since you feel the need of going, do not ask me. You know you are free to come and go as you choose. If you feel happier to go away without me, go by all means."

The delicate mouth closed in a firm proud line, but tears welled up under the downcast lids. Raymond stooping to kiss her, saw them, kissed them away and—did not go. Yet both were uncomfortable, uneasy, and at a loss for words to cover—not express—their lack of happiness.

Two years passed away. They were abroad, traveling a little from place to place to gather materials for their labors; now

and again stopping in some quiet spot to work. Grace sat alone one afternoon, before her desk. She was not writing now, but the pages of manuscript strewn about indicated a hard day's work. Her hair was pushed back from her brow and lay in disheveled coils on the top of her head; she looked pale and tired, and in her eyes lurked a look of pain; two upright lines had wrought themselves between her brows, and that proud, firm closing of the lips seemed to have become habitual to her. She sat with her hands folded before her, in a deep reverie; but at last she arose wearily, bathed her face and arranged her hair but made no change in her dress. She sat down and waited. At first patiently, then restlessly as time went on, with an increased depth of that sad pain in her young eyes so sorrowful to see. She began to pace slowly back and forth across the room and at last opened a door leading into the corridor. From somewhere below the voices of men in animated conversation came to her ears, interspersed with laughter. One she knew but too well—she had often said to herself that no voice was so much like exquisite music as Raymond's. Then she closed the door and walked again—fiercely, impatiently now; angry tears came to eyes and her bosom heaved convulsively. An attendant came to the door and asked if dinner should be served.

"Not until Mr. Lyle comes up."

"Shall I tell him? He is just below."

"No. He is evidently busy."

Grace closed and locked the door and threw herself upon the sofa. She began to sob, to weep and moan as only strong, emotional women do when once they abandon themselves to the woful spell. Minute after minute passed away and still her sobs shook her frame; women only weep thus when alone and men never know; for out of the universe somewhere they finally gather up power to meet their duties calmly, weakened and suffering physically though they are. Suddenly a voice and a step in the corridor aroused her.

Nervously she hastened into an inner room, plunged her face into a basin of cold water, smoothed her ruffled hair, composed her features, snatched a book from a table and sat down in her accustomed chair in an easy attitude, as Raymond came hastily in.

"Oh, Grace, I hope you will pardon me! I met some old friends below and they insisted that I should eat with them in the dining hall. I wrote you a little note and sent it by—no—I have it here! I did not see the boy at the moment and then forgot it. I am really very sorry, but I hope, dear Grace, you were not lonely. I will make it up. Let's go somewhere. Take in the best opera in the city, have a nice little supper afterward, and look on the world at midnight. Come, will you go?"

Grace looked up and met his uneasy glance, and she coldly turned away.

"I do not care to go out. You go if you wish."

"Now don't be angry, dear, because I stayed away so long with a couple of old friends who may be able to help me on a little."

"I am not in the least angry. I hope you had a pleasant time."

A long silence fell upon them. Grace appeared to be reading intently while Raymond fidgeted in his seat. At last he broke the silence.

"Come, Grace, I know you feel hurt at my long absence, but why should you? You of all women have so many resources in yourself, and you would grow very weary of me if I claimed your society all the time."

Grace's forced calm almost gave way and a quick sob, a swell from the recent storm broke from her lips.

"Save yourself the trouble of trying to console me. I shall soon be able to adapt myself to the situation I find myself in."

She desired to be as cold and calm as steel—she succeeded only in being bitter as women who feel invariably are.

"Grace, dear, why do you feel so bitterly? What is it that pains you so? What would you have me do?"

"Nothing that it does not please you to do. You are under no obligations to me."

"Well, I am trying to do what pleases you." He sighed wearily and leaned back in his chair. And now one saw since the light and animation had died out of his face, that he looked worn; lines crossed the clear cut features that should not have been there.

"Very well," Grace murmured, still with her eyes on her book. She was weak, nervous and exhausted, and she trembled with the effort to remain calm and cold. He could not know how she was suffering, but somehow he fell to studying her face. He bent forward and laid his arm across her shoulders.

"Grace, darling, you look ill. You have been crying—you are suffering. What is it? Surely not merely because I was absent a little longer than usual. Are you then so very unhappy?"

"Oh, Raymond, Raymond!" she cried as with one swift motion she threw herself at his feet with her head on his lap. "I am mourning for our lost happiness—our lost love! Where are they? Why have we let our love slip away from us? Why are we not the same to each other? Are we not the same beings? What have we done with our love? Tell me, Raymond! Bring it back or let me die!"

He took her in his arms and held her tenderly, soothing her with caresses as one might a sorrowful child. But, oh, the weariness in his face! It held no hope, no comfort for either, and the words he spoke were but broken tender phrases.

"Why do you not tell me what I most want to know?" she moaned. "Where has our happiness that was so unapproachable, gone?"

"Oh, Grace, I do not know!" he said suddenly, as though letting fall a burden grown too heavy to be borne. "But certainly we love each other."

"Then why do we not find the old happiness in being together? You seem to like to be away—and once it was heaven merely to be side by side."

"I do not know, Grace. We are very fond of each other yet, I know. If we cannot feel just as we did at first, never mind—let it go. We can find a great deal in life to make us happy—let us cease to moan over dreams faded and gone—let us at least be in peace. I want to be kind to you, dear."

She suddenly became very quiet and lay with her face hidden in his breast a long, long time. Then at last she released herself from his embrace and arose to her feet.

"I suppose you are right. We must accept the condition which seems to have come to us without either being to blame. Forgive me, for treating you to a scene. I will try not to have it occur again."

She walked over to the mantel and leaned her white arm upon it supporting her head. Raymond looked at her anxiously for she was very pale.

"Only try to be as happy as you can, dear Grace. It is not such a tragedy after all that we do not feel so completely absorbed in one another as at first. We could not do our work if we did. I am sure I care a great deal for you and you—I am not so very bad, am I?"

"You are all that a true gentleman should be. Yes, I will try to be happy in the ordinary way that women are. It will be strange to have to *seek* happiness as other women do—but after all it does not matter—I suppose we can be good friends even if we—"

She swayed to and fro strangely then fell forward. Raymond sprang up just in time to catch her in his arms. She had fainted.

He laid her on the sofa and hurriedly summoned a physician. They worked over her a long time before she was conscious again. Then Raymond learned that she had not dined and dainty soups and dishes were sent for and he fed her with his own hands. He petted her and caressed her until midnight, when at last she fell into a natural slumber. Then Raymond sat back in his chair with closed eyes and looked so unutterably worn and weary and the lines in his face seemed deeper than before.

(To be Concluded.)

## BARBIZON

RALCY HUSTED BELL.

At Barbizon—at Barbizon—  
My heart is still at Barbizon,  
Where the drowsy poppies are  
Dreaming 'neath the moon and star.  
Through the dawn and through the day  
There my soul would love to stay:  
There to wander through the fields  
Where the golden harvest yields  
Peace and Plenty—and the hours  
Are soft and sweet as summer flowers,  
Kissed by breezes as they pass  
Through the lanes and through the grass—  
Down at blessed Barbizon—  
At Barbizon—at Barbizon.

At Barbizon—at Barbizon—  
My love is still at Barbizon,  
Where the forest trees are high  
And mosses soft beneath them lie;  
Where the reddest poppies grow—  
Conscious flakes of scarlet snow—  
There a maiden told to me  
Wondrous tales of mystery—  
There my heart and soul would stay  
With the maiden night and day—  
There to kiss her hair and eyes  
When the sunset burns the skies,  
Down at peaceful Barbizon—  
At Barbizon—at Barbizon.

# A Biological Study of Sex

By GIDEON DIETRICH.

## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTORY.

From the dawn of human consciousness, primitive man has been greatly interested in the study of sex as being the most intimate and patent fact of his existence. However, for nearly two thousand years this vital subject has been enclosed within an ecclesiastical bull, with the privilege of being discussed and expressed only within the prescribed limits of priestly rules and regulations.

Humanity is now gradually breaking thru its crusty shell of creeds and servile obedience to hypocritical masters, and with this new-born freedom there arises a great impulse to return to nature and learn more of the mystic powers of sex and the laws of our propagation. As a result of this impulse we have lately been overwhelmed with literature and discussions of what are commonly called "sex problems."

Every new philosophy, cult or ism appears to include within it some specific "cure-all" for such problems. Thus there is no other vital question pressing for immediate solution whose premis and factors are in a more chaotic formulated condition and about which there is such divergence of opinion as to a rational method of solution as these sex problems.

Those "radicals" who are devoting the greatest energy to "sex reform" appear too greatly preoccupied with other questions of a secondary nature to make a systematic study of the essential factors of sex problems, and those orthodox scientists who are discovering the basic laws of sex appear too intent with their labor to interpret the scientific facts for the popular mind; or may it be that they see the revolutionary significance of the facts and are thus closely muzzled and thereby prevented from giving them a rational interpretation?

It must be conceded that if we ever accomplish any substantial sex reforms they must be brought about in a systematic manner and along scientific lines. In the last decade there have been some valuable popular works written on this subject, but it seems to me that none of the authors have clearly grasped the full meaning of the latest discovered scientific facts, and especially the fact of artificial fertilization and the far-reaching significance which this bears to the entire "sex problems."

It is therefore the purpose of this Study to present the most important biological facts related to this subject, with a view of formulating all the factors in a logical order and outlining a scientific basis for future discussions.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty which the average reader will have in obtaining a correct viewpoint of the whole subject will be to realize the fact that the phenomenon of sex is something entirely distinct from the process of propagation. The two have been so intimately associated together in the popular mind, from purely natural causes, that it will no doubt be difficult to think of sex without considering it an elementary part of propagation.

We have obtained our common conception of sex and propagation from their most complex expressions as seen among the higher plants and animals. Here the two are so intimately inter-

woven that their secondary relation to each other is almost impossible to distinguish. We have been taught in a vague manner that in the lower forms of life there is not such a close relationship and that propagation is sometimes carried on without the aid of sex.

It has only been within the last decade that science has succeeded in completely separating the two into their simple factors, and this fact will now enable us to clearly understand the nature of each one and what relation sex and propagation have to each other.

First, it is now a well established scientific fact that all the different forms of propagation, such as sexual, asexual, budding, etc., are only an expression of one basic process, and that is a process of cell-division. No matter how complex the form of propagation may appear, the fundamental principle which underlies all forms is a process of cell-division. It is therefore evident that in order to understand propagation and just what is implied in the act we must make a closer analysis of cell-division, and this will be attempted in the next article.

Aside from the complex secondary aid which sex has given to the process of propagation among the higher forms of life, the most important fact which has always led to the conclusion that the two must have an elementary relation is the fact of fertilization. We might easily understand how species could be propagated without the secondary aid given by sex if it were not for the seemingly elementary act of fertilization. In fact, it is well known that among the lower forms the complete propagation of individuals is constantly carried on without an act of fertilization, and this parthenogenetic form is so common that it has always served as the most difficult fact to be harmonized with the theory of the elementary propagating nature of sex and fertilization. That propagation is accomplished in this manner should have suggested to a logical mind that sex and fertilization cannot be an elementary part of the propagating process, but so persistent is a false theory when once firmly rooted into the public consciousness that even some of our most advanced scientists cannot get over the habit of speaking about "sex-elements."

The term "sex-elements" is always used in the sense that they are reproductive elements; or as we speak of oxygen and hydrogen as elements, and their proper chemical union (re)produces water (offspring). Now, if the theory that sex is an expression of reproductive elements is correct, then there could be no propagation in any form, unless we assume a duality of primary forces instead of a monistic unity of an ultimate cause.

Such an assumption would, however, not be entertained by any clear-thinking mind at the present day, so that we are forced to the conclusion that the propagating process is essentially one in its basic principle, and that the fertilizing union of two living units is only a secondary factor in the process.

It is now not even necessary to reach this conclusion by the deductive method, but scientific experiments have clearly demonstrated that the act of fertilization is only a *life saving act* and in no sense a reproduction or life creating act.

In "The Dynamics of Living Matter," published by the Columbia University Press, Prof. Jacques Loeb, the author, has

proven conclusively thru his own experiments and thru the experiments of other workers in this field of biology that the act of fertilization has only a catalytic chemical effect upon a living process WHICH EXISTS; and so it does not produce life or create a new living unit. Both he and others have shown repeatedly that the unfertilized eggs of sea-urchins and those of other lower forms may be restored to a growing fertilized equilibrium thru the catalytic effect of a special salt solution in which they are placed. The unfertilized male germ units may also be restored to a growing condition by allowing them to penetrate into living plasm from which the hereditary nucleus has been removed.

Now, a chemical catalyzer acts from a distance or thru its mere presence, without forming a chemical union with the substance acted upon. Thus the mere presence of nitric acid will change starch into dextrose without forming a direct union with the starch; and the enzymes and ferments of biology are known as catalyzers, and their action is that to express one of the basic principles of the living process.

It is self-evident that such artificial restoration of a fertilized equilibrium within germ units cannot imply the union of reproductive sex elements, but the fertilization is purely the result of a catalytic substance acting as a chemical catalyzer. It is not essential to the point here at issue to know whether all germ units, both male and female, could be restored to a growing equilibrium in an artificial manner, or whether such knowledge would be of any practical value; but the fact remains that if it can be accomplished in some, then, according to the law of unity, ALL FERTILIZATION is purely the result of catalytic action; and with the establishment of this fact the old theory of the elementary reproductive nature of sex is completely wiped out, root, trunk and all its branches.

From this scientific point of view we will be compelled to interpret the entire phenomenon of sex in terms of *fertilization* or *sex-love*, and also be compelled to completely abandon our old interpretation from the viewpoint of its elementary propagating nature.

Sex, sex characters, sex organs, sex functions, sex expressions, all must be explained in the light of sex love and as secondary aids to propagation, in place of the old interpretation from the theory of its elementary reproductive nature.

It can readily be seen that it would require a large volume to even do partial justice to the subject, but in this Study I shall endeavor to give as clear and comprehensive an outline of the nature and development of sex as space will permit, it being assumed that the reader is fairly familiar with the general biological laws of evolution.

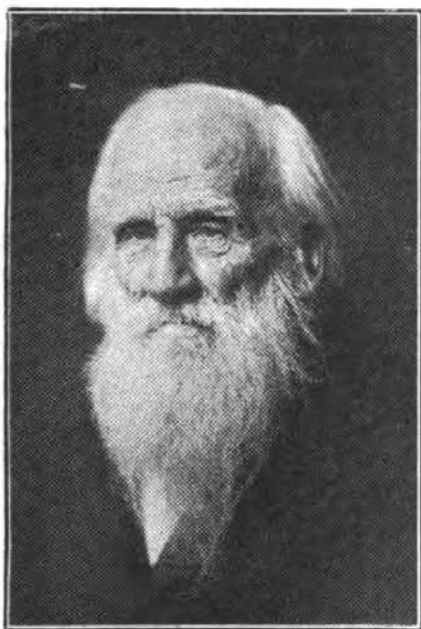
## The Pinkerton Labor Spy

This remarkable book by Morris Friedman, for three years stenographer for James McParland, superintendent of Pinkerton's Western Division, in charge of the Moyer-Haywood case, will be given free, postpaid, with one year's subscription to To-Morrow.

# Can Evolution be Controlled to Improve the Human Race?

BY WILLIAM PENN BENNET.

William Penn Bennet was born May 12, 1819, in Franklin county, Maine, one of the seventh generation from John Bennet, London, Eng., who came to Jamestown, Va., in 1664, but moved the next year to Middleboro, Mass., where he bought him land for a home, which has not been out of the family name, one of the eighth generation now living on it. W. P. Bennet moved to Ohio in 1841 and now resides at Marietta, O. He has taken an active part in various reforms, and the accompanying half-tone of the grand old man shows him to still have maintained an active and alert mind, a prominent believer in and worker for the Brotherhood of Man.



There are plenty of facts recorded to prove that it can be so controlled. The *Literary Digest*, October 13, makes this remark:

"Stirpiculture is the most accurate and scientific process as applied to domestic animals, and the more it is investigated the better. Yet here, too, there is not the slightest chance of applying it to man."

In previous remarks the *Digest* is disposed to ridicule such an assumption. Further on the following appears:

"What physicians want to know is why children differ from their parents and from each other, and why defects and diseases appear."

There is a practical eugenics that can answer these questions and other difficulties in improving the human race, and they will be considered in this paper.

There is a known fact that the male has a much greater influence over the offspring than the female. For more than ten years in conducting a dairy I fully confirmed that fact in the increased value of my milk. I questioned a butcher and he recognized the same fact in the improvement of beef cattle. And the farmer, if he wishes to improve his wool or increase the speed of his horse, looks for the male to do it.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

"An English merchant found himself on the verge of bankruptcy. He determined to forge a note. He did so, and when it was due he forged a second and lifted the first. He continued, and took up the last note with his money. During these months he begat a son; this son grew wicked with his years, and the father could not manage him. He sent him to a noted school. The boy kept the school in a perfect uproar. His plans were so cunningly laid that no one could detect his deviltry and he was sent home."

Now here is a fact: The boy was wicked, his evil deeds were



from his father's blood, and the blood was defiled through his mind or his mental forgery. What is your conclusion? If evil thoughts in the mind pollute the blood, then, logically, noble and grand thoughts will sweeten the blood, that it will bring forth honor and virtue. The man knowing these facts can, if he will, abstain from evil and nourish the good, and thereby improve the race.

"An intelligent lawyer, standing well with his fraternity, took a 300-mile business trip and returned completely exhausted. His mental powers were extinguished as fire with water. In this debilitated condition he embraced his wife. The result of such a crime was most shocking. The thing had neither nerve nor muscle. It breathed but a moment and was put out of sight." The man could give only what he had. His natural functions had vanished. The wife was innocent; she could not correct the mistake; she could only go on and fulfill the law of her being.

"An eminent judge had been sitting at his bar for six weeks and he craved a visit home. Saturday his wife, with a spanking team and carriage, came for him, and they had a pleasant drive through the country of farms and forest. He had invited several of the fraternity to meet him at his home that evening for a social promenade and dance. They had a most enjoyable evening, the friends returning home at 11 o'clock, and the judge and his wife retired in a most delightful frame of mind. At the appointed time a daughter was born and she proved the most charming and amiable of all his children: bright and intelligent, and she outclassed her older brothers in the same lessons and took the prizes.

The beginning of this sweet-minded child was with the father, as is the origin of every child, and was received and supplemented by the mother. She can educate but she cannot create.

From the above illustrations it is evident that the father has a greater influence over his offspring than the mother! Each child is endowed with the conditions of its father when it is begotten. And the father has the power within himself to degrade his child or lift it to a higher plane. With these circumstances in view we may conclude that an improvement can be achieved. "No law of man can prevent men and women from falling in love. And there is no occasion for such a law, or for 'scientific marriages.'"

A man fears that the seeds of consumption lurk in his blood. He has doubts about raising children. He is in love with a sensible woman, and they talk the matter over and conclude to marry. Life moves on pleasantly and they are hopeful; but changes come and go, as is usual in such cases, and despair follows hope; but a patch of sunshine, a funny story well told, the ridiculous and absurd antics of an old plow-horse break the spell and all is right again. Now is the wife's chance. She takes him in hand, she indulges him in his food and in his peculiar ways, invites the neighbors in for an evening chat, has some fancy dainties for a lunch and other attractions that a woman knows how to manage so well. Thus the husband forgets everything but the pleasant pastime and they retire. The husband at this hour is above his average physical and mental qualities. His blood partakes of his mental conditions and is unmingled with any disease. He is altogether different from what he was the previous evening. A child begotten under these conditions will be

his superior in every trait: in strength, health, energy and mental powers.

The woman, *the mother, is the formative agency* of the embryo. It is her blood that nourishes it and gives it growth, and it is her duty to her child to keep herself in good health and a pleasure to herself. She now begins her prenatal education, and this comes through her imagination and desires. If she wishes a daughter that desire must be continued for the full time of gestation, and she is sure to be rewarded. If her husband is with her in sentiment and they talk of her coming life and lay plans for the future, so much the better. If she wishes her child to be beautiful she must form in her mind the image of the darling she desires—the color of her hair and eyes, the form of her lips and the character of her nose. She will naturally admire the pictures of beautiful little girls and young ladies, and she at once makes a selection and hangs it in her room as a model of the child she is forming. (In the *Arena* of July, 1895, may be found illustrations of this prenatal education that are wonderful to read. The ancient Greeks knew all about this.)

It is the blood that counts! And the blood is subject to change as the mind changes. When a man is angry his blood is hot and the arteries are full and rapid, and blood is in his eye—how different when he is pleased. That the improvement of the offspring is from better blood at the time of coition is proven in other conditions in nature's processes. If a cow is chased by dogs or if she is excited by fear, her blood is so changed that the milk is poisoned and unfit for use. And, further, the mother sees that her child is hungry, and taking it in her arms she immediately feels the blood flowing into her breast and forms milk quickly for the occasion. So it is with man, when the occasion comes and the vital fluid is needed or called for; the blood, in whatever condition it may be in, flows into the glands and a germ is immediately created. If the man is drunk his child will be born drunk. If he is amiable and cheerful his child will be the same. If he is much exhausted, his child is quite sure to be born an idiot. If he has had a mathematical problem in his mind, or a poem on advanced thought, the offspring will naturally turn to mathematics or poetry. With this explanation we account for the difference between children and their parents and between themselves. It is the condition of the blood at the special time that gives the result.

Portions of this paper are in the border-land of Christian Science. Words between man and man produce anger. Anger sets the blood in a rush and the man is a criminal. It is mind that needs treatment. The *Arena* tells us that Christian Science achieves wonderful cures in the healing of the mind. The soul must receive its due share of attention in physical science as well as in the spiritual; somehow they are connected.

Scholars may rank this whole matter as only a theory. Very well: so was our Solar System once a theory; but there are so many facts connected with this subject that we know to be trustworthy and to correspond, why not investigate further and prove them wrong, or prove them scientific?

In the following paragraph the words included in quotation marks are on page 145 of the August *Arena*, 1906:

"The chief business of mankind is to create conditions under which offspring can reach the highest point of efficiency." Under

the theory presented in this paper let us "prepare as well as we possibly can a succeeding generation, which shall prepare still more capably for still better generations to follow." All this we can do most easily by the plan under discussion. With this in mind a "Scientific Marriage" sinks out of sight. We can reach "health, strength, ability, genius and energy through the MAN. And the WOMAN, with her formative power, her imagination and prenatal education, can give us the delicate beauty of the English woman, and the homely beauty of the Dutch, the tropic beauty of the tambourine girl following the organ grinder, and the quaint beauty of the Japanese."

#### SOME PIONEERS OF PROGRESS.

William Lloyd Garrison was a host by himself.

Lucretia Mott was a good and a great woman.

Lincoln leaped from a cabin in the wilds of Kentucky to the White House in Washington.

Wendell Phillips had no peer and left none.

Peter Cooper was one of a class.

Susan B. Anthony stood on a higher plane than her friends.

Bishop Simpson was only second, if not the equal of Henry Ward Beecher. He hailed the American flag with an address greater than all others. He was the friend of Lincoln and crowned him the Nation's Martyr. The fathers of these great men and women fulfilled the law of Progress and improvement. "They builded better than they knew." Of one thing we are quite sure: that they were in perfect health, in perfect manhood, energy and mental power. We cannot think otherwise. If the fathers had been deficient in any physical or mental particular the result would have been different. We cannot conceive that any special idea was in their minds or that they expected the great result that came to pass. It must be conceded that every incident of the parents was in harmony to produce the unexpected result.

It is within the power and the will of man to improve the race continually and indefinitely. For a man and a woman to unite the forces that God has given them and give to the world a woman like unto Frances Willard is surely the greatest event that can occur in nature's broad kingdom. Would you be elated to be a partner in such an issue? Then put yourself in the best estate of life, that you may do your work well; that you may give your child an "understanding heart" to discern wisdom, virtue and truth.

#### MEMENTO MORI

BY DR. FRANZ PRESEKEN.

Sonnet—From the Slovenian.

The longest life is but a losing fight,  
 Friend after friend we render to the clay,  
 Death's door is never closed by day or night,  
 No almanac prevails in his despite.  
 Death is not charmed by skin of ivory white,  
 Nor can the miser's gold his ransom pay,  
 No roisterer's cheer can keep life's thief at bay,  
 Nor poet's most entralling fancy flight.

Let him reflect who blindly worships earth  
 And flits from thoughtless mirth to thoughtless mirth,  
 That every day Death reaps his harvest gory;  
 And many a one who gladly sang at morn,  
 By evening, in his winding-sheet forlorn,  
 Echoes Death's whisper of "Memento mori!"

Translated by Jas. Platt, Jr., 77 St. Martin's Lane, London, England.

# Governmentalism

By C. F. HUNT.

1. The most cruel of the armed men who laid waste the lands of certain large tribes in the Congo and left numberless bodies to bleach, were hired natives. See recent reports in Chicago Herald.

2. By "kingthing" we must imply formal government. K. admits the impulse to govern exists in individuals. This might cause invasion after formal government is abandoned, and brotherness might not spring up in every heart. We are asked to base a utopian scheme on unlikely conclusions.

3. "The slave is coerced. \* \* \* It is presumed that the slave could not be held in subjection unless he believed that to be the best for him." Here's a pretty contradiction. Never interfere with an invader, because you may thereby invade the invaded, who may wish to be invaded. I have heard of wives who, while being beaten, resented interference. Always get an affidavit from the slave that he doesn't like it, then go after the master.

4. It is no use for me to "go to the common stock" for words to add to my meager list, for K. would still insist on some fanciful meaning and throw upon me all the difficulties the confusion causes.

5. Nothing is so unfair in debate as to invent a doctrine and assume that the opponent believes it. This Kuehn does for Mr. Patterson. Not a word is quoted to show that he inclines to despotism but will not frankly say so. This means concealment, deception. Yet K. has nothing against Comrade Patterson, his admiration is limitless. He says: "I am justified in doubting the sincerity of any man who believes that tyranny is warranted," but "I recognize the sincerity and sympathetic kindness of all his school." All in one paragraph. Brotherly fellows, all, though lacking sincerity.

Mr. K. deals only in extremes. The state is all bad, the better is the worse, as rebellion is lulled by the better. Absence of the state is all good for then all are necessarily brotherly. The fact is that the state has been evolving, while Kuehn's IDEA of the state remains stationary. Man's brotherness has been evolving, while K. says it never needed evolving as it always was perfect unless polluted by the state. Government is too stupendous a fact to be regarded as a mere excrescence. Men demand it, and would replace it if destroyed. As men get knowledge they improve laws, gradually insuring more freedom. I do not insist that a people who want a state is an ideal people; but such a people exists and the facts of its existence must be dealt with by the sociologist. But K. would do absolutely nothing, not even abolish the thing he thinks is the sole cause of social ills.

6. K. seems to imagine that price is fixed by cost. Every one in trade knows that a thing is worth what it will fetch, regardless of cost. Kerosene costs one cent per gallon; it brings ten cents. Other things sell down near cost, others below. Cost has no influence on price, except in one way,—a thing cannot be made continuously that sells for only cost, or less. If K. thinks rent is added to price, let him ponder on this problem: From the profits of his Niles mint farm he opens a hat store in Niles. He can sell 100 hats a month, profit on each 50c—\$50. In Chicago

I can sell 1,000 hats per month, profit on each 30c—\$300. His landlord has a fund of \$50 from which to draw rent. Mine has a chance at \$300. Each strives to get all he can, though not knowing exactly what the fund is. The landlord who succeeds in getting the greatest percentage of this profit gets the highest rent, not necessarily does the landlord where rents are low get the highest, as K. claims. Now there are a great many prices at divers points, for the same hat. To which of these prices is rent added, in a place where rent is higher and prices lower? My illustration agrees with the fact. Rents are always compared for equal areas. It certainly is "poetic" to assume that rent is "low" where it is high, for there is no fact to bear out such childishness. Rents are high for a given area where a *great number* of small profits amount to more than the sum of profits of a *less number* of sales at a larger margin. It is easy to see, therefore, that rent has no influence on price, can be no part of price, but is payment for an advantage of site, such as will yield greater gross profit on a smaller margin. Any school boy will tell us that if any given item of cost is added to price, the price will be greatest where the cost of that item is greatest.

#### KUEHN'S KOMMENTS.

1. Until our superior civilization invaded the Congo no such barbarities obtained. And only those who were converted to the kingthing superstition participated in the cruelties referred to. Savages are never savage among themselves. The kingthing perversion makes men abnormal; abnormalities of abnormal men may take one or more of varied forms.

2. I have made no such admission. The impulse to govern is a secondary manifestation. It grows out of superstitious fears. With advancing enlightenment our fears tend to become less. Here is a test of intelligence. Whoso desires to govern is below the average of intelligence and vice versa. It is an infallible test.

3. Yes, the slave is coerced. But it would not be possible to coerce him if he were not persuaded that slavery is his rightful portion. "Who would be free himself must strike the blow." To kill the master is no solution—except to the master's heirs-at-law.

4. As for instance when one means that the state grows less iniquitous as it tends to disappear it is all the same thing to describe the process as evolution, according to friend Hunt.

5. It's not a doctrine of my invention. Comrade Patterson is one of a number of decent, brotherly fellows who are infatuated with the notion that if they had the power they could compel all men to be equally decent and brotherly. They and all their school labor under the delusion that no desirable enterprise can be undertaken by co-operative process unless those who are unwilling to recognize its desirability shall be compelled to participate in it. If this be true my indictment must stand. If not true it were time that Patterson or some of his school should set right a mistaken world.

Yes, I admit that my idea of the state remains stationary. So does my idea of bedbugs, Paris green and witch-burning. The state and my idea of it are the same yesterday and to-morrow and for time everlasting. Men grow wiser and grow away from reliance upon the state. But that is somewhat different from the state evolving. The state has never evolved. Mankind has been progressing away from its primitive superstitions. Yes govern-

ment is a stupendous fact, as Hunt truly says. But not as stupendous as it once was. And it is becoming less stupendous, not because it is evolving, but because its victims are. Any sociologist who deals with the state by way of conserving the institution is serving the institution but is helping humanity not at all. What's the use of sociology or sociologists who uphold the strongest force that advancing mankind has continually to fight?

I have never said that the state is the sole cause of all our ills. It causes no ills whatever. What causes the ills, if such the harsh experiences may be classed, is not the state but our superstitious belief in its efficacy in promoting right relationships. I can conceive of forms and methods of human association in which the voluntarian principle alone will be invoked. This, too, may be called the state. I have no objection to it. What I deem as subversive of social tranquillity is not the state but the compulsive principle. I have said this often, but I reckon this is my cue to say it once more: as between reliance upon brotherness and compulsion my choice is made, and the choice is based upon all the experience of all the ages.

6. Whenever Comrade Hunt will confront me with a problem I will tackle it. But I know the difference between a guess and a problem. What I know about the hat business convinces me that after I have made my hats and am ready to sell them I must add the item of rent of my shop and store to other items of cost in order to fix the price. However, if Comrade Hunt assures me that he knows a way for the seller of hats to pay his rent without getting it out of the price of his wares, I shall be compelled to accept his statement. But when he comes to elucidate his assurance it would be more to the point to favor us with a solution of a problem instead of the postulation of a guess.

Under free trade (free from all hindrances) cost would be the limit of price. Profit is the toll that is paid to overcome interferences. The fact that a gallon of kerosene costs one cent and sells for ten shows what we pay for acquiescing in monopoly. A more intelligent age will not yield such adoration to the kingthing. Meanwhile Comrade Hunt may draw from his kerosene illustration all the comfort and satisfaction it can possibly afford him.

### A RATIONAL VIEW

P. H. Sercombe.

Dear Comrade: TO-MORROW magazine is certainly a thought producer. I have been greatly benefited by it since I began a search for truth; some of its contents always leave an impression, which later develops into an idea. The more I uncover the mysteries surrounding me, the more I become convinced of my own relationship with every other living atom. While meditating on these thoughts, I reflect back a few years, when a lad in my teens: brought up in a circle of limited ideas, I was taught to worship and do penance to an imaginary being, while that which existed within me, and around me, was entirely disregarded. I have repented of my folly, and have constructed, out of the debris, that to which I now do penance, and also recommend to those of the young students who are likewise struggling with the phenomena of today, which is only the Truth of TO-MORROW.

#### THE LORD'S PRAYER (MODIFIED).

Our Father who is in heaven and in all things; Truth be thy name; give us this day an intellect to conceive you as you are; and forgive us our blunders, as we forgive them that have blundered in the past; and lead us out of superstition, by delivering us from all ignorance, now and forever. Amen.

Yours for universal brotherhood,

JOHN KAMBISH, Ambridge, Pa.

# Department of Natural Living

This new department is added to the already overcrowded pages of **TO-MORROW** in the earnest effort to co-operate with all the forces of Nature, that are striving to build up the Superman and Superwoman. We feel that it will help round out the work of the magazine, and add much to its value among our readers and co-workers.

We desire and expect to publish short articles on vital subjects, that shall merely attempt to arouse thought and study on these most important phases of our daily habits of life and work. These concise contributions will come from the minds and pens of various students of the records of the working methods of Nature, and questions and suggestions as to subjects treated will be welcomed and carefully considered.

We care not what opinions, beliefs, creeds or freakishness is advanced and advocated here, but we insist that *the reasons* for same be very distinctly put. We want the *truth*—backed by its proofs. We want to show, as clearly as possible, those conditions and habits which yield the greatest returns to health and work-energy, with the least friction, disease and waste of energy. We shall attempt to judge all principles and statements on the effects of their application.

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## NATURAL FOODS

(Continuation.)

By RALPH E. SAMMONS.

Nature is an autonomist—self-sufficient, self-regulating, and prolifically beneficent. But man, with his superior (?) intelligence, has taken upon himself the task of improving upon the inimitable working of the natural forces—and has succeeded mainly in increasing his own chances for disease, ill-health, and early death, by his bungling perversions. The highest good results from a perfect adjustment of our thought and action with the established and immutable laws or working methods of Nature.

A willingness and desire to abide by the wise and unselfishly lavish provisions of Mother Nature, in their simplicity and purity, in the matter of our foods and the eating of them, will in a short time remedy the evils of our present ignorance, the effects of our wrong conceptions, beliefs and superficial dogmas, and will lead us into the formation of such habits as will build the magnificent physiques that are possible and natural—will bring the perfection of this body-tool, which we use for the expression of mind and soul.

Practically all the members of the race show and feel some of the effects of our false and artificial ideas in regard to diet, directly manifested in the mind and body, or at least in their beliefs and convictions, inherited but unchallenged and uninvestigated, which must eventually affect the personality for harm, when the cumulative effect of these wrong habits appears.

Are we willing to seek out the way of escape to the freedom from the dominion of all the inharmonies and perversions, to the power and ease of natural living?

The first thing to investigate in this matter is the needs of

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the body and mind in the matter of nourishment, and those elements in food products that will satisfy and fill these demands to the greatest extent with the least expenditure of energy and cost.

In regard to bodily needs, it is now found to be true that the more essential elements in body building are not included in the classifications of foods into Proteids, Carbo-hydrates, and Fats, as the mineral salts in solution in the various classes of foods are found to be of pre-eminent importance in the study of body chemistry, and this orthodox division does not include the consideration of all the requirements of our human system for its proper equilibrium and health. This truth gives far more importance to the classes of nuts, fruits, cereals, and vegetables than was accorded by the old classification.

These four classes of products are found to stand as a monumental indication of the close economy of Nature, for they contain all the diverse requisites of tissue building and repair, at the same time requiring the least drain of power in their utilization.

Eugene Christian, food expert and authority on the chemistry of the body and of foods, 7 East 41st street, New York City, has done, and is doing, remarkable work along the lines of this classification, with special reference to uncooked foods. The beauties and pleasures of a natural mode of life are beginning to grip the minds of the people and there is widespread demand for further knowledge and information in regard to the truth of food economy.

Some persons fear that an attempt to get at a rational and natural mode of life would destroy some of the culture of our modern civilization; but on the contrary, it would eliminate many of our inhumanities and perversions, and give us a higher degree of perfection in every respect, an added refinement of taste and feeling that is not possible of conception except to those minds that have already sensed this transcendental truth by experience. In truth, we are forced to the conclusion, in view of our present low standard of health, physical power, and our lack of symmetry and beauty of physique, that we are not living up to the highest possibilities of our being, and that there is room for vast improvement in these directions.

Our practice of adulterating, "refining," and devitalizing of the products that we use for foods, in the processes of preserving, canning, and pickling, of milling and hulling, and of cooking, respectively, have furnished us with a large amount of our physical weakness and digestive troubles. White flour and polished rice are unbalanced by the process of removing that part of their substance which contains the most important elements of food value, the protein *and* the natural earth salts. Cooking, in general, with all the accessories that have grown up about the practice, is one of the most pernicious influences on bodily health, as it not only disintegrates and devitalizes the natural form and energy of the food itself, but offers an incentive and stimulation to appetite that is abnormal, causing over-eating, with consequent train of functional disorders.

Condiments, spices, and sauces are used mainly to stimulate the appetite and sense of taste so as to make it possible to gorge ourselves the usual three to five times per day, regardless of our needs or of that natural hunger which is the criterion as to time



of eating and the kind and quantity of foods wanted. These are eminently unnatural, as they have no real usable value in the tissue building and repair, are a cause of over-eating, and destroy the fineness and delicacy of the sense of taste. People who use no condiments, spices, etc., and masticate their foods thoroughly, develop such a cultured and delightful sense of taste that they get far more pleasure from their simple foods than do those who are dependent upon the artificial taste stimulants.

All meats and flesh must necessarily contain a certain amount of waste matter at the death of the animal, besides that from the process of decay that sets up at once. This decomposed material, with the extra amount of indigestible fiber in flesh, puts an extra pressure on the digestive organs, depletes the general physical energies, causing the need that great numbers of meat-eaters feel for stimulation, in attempt to counteract this over-load. And these considerations do not take into account the moral side of the slaughtering of our relatives of the animal world. If the most of the people who eat meat would stop to picture to themselves the slaughter pens with their brutality and carnage of blood, there would be a change of heart in regard to indulgence in this form of cannibalism. The elimination of the "Jungle" from our social and industrial life is a very simple proposition.

Coffee, tea, and other stimulants and intoxicants have no real food value and have no place in the dietary and life of one who has learned to keep himself in continual good health and full of virile power through right living. These stimulants have come into use because of the many habits of life that waste the energy of the mind and body, and are used in an attempt to momentarily overcome these evil effects, but only add to the burden, as all such toppers can prove, in regard to their condition after the system has worn itself out in the endeavor to rid itself of the foreign and poisonous substance. We see about us daily the results of the payment of the penalty for the use of these worse than useless articles.

It can easily be seen from the foregoing that the adoption of a natural mode of eating would have an influence in solving a large number of our social, domestic, and industrial problems. By a process of natural elimination and readjustment there would gradually disappear all the inharmonies, cruelties, friction, and disease which has been engendered by our false ideas in regard to diet and bodily care. Things most closely connected with this question are the questions of health, the servant problem, domestic emancipation of wives and mothers, the cost of living, the slaughter-pen problem, doctor bills, and intemperance.

Speed the day when we will sensibly and earnestly take up the study and application of the principles of natural living in all the details of our daily lives, that we may individually develop into the magnificent possibilities of our beings, in strength, health, beauty, cleanliness, and poise.

**"UNDESIRABLE CITIZEN" BUTTON.**

**"I AM AN UNDESIRABLE CITIZEN" BUTTON SENT  
POSTPAID ON RECEIPT OF 5 CENTS; 6 FOR 25 CENTS.**

# Bureau of Group Organization

## A FELLOWSHIP HOME

Not being able to make needed improvements on leased property we are arranging to purchase, at a bargain, a perfectly suitable location, near our present place, to become "*A Fellowship Home*" and permanent Chicago headquarters.

The cost will be \$12,000—although the buildings alone originally cost \$32,000 only a few years ago—as explained in our editorial column.

The property, with complete furnishings, now in use at 2238 Calumet avenue, will be placed in the hands of trustees for the benefit of our movement.

The location is most excellent for conducting printery, bindery and cabinet-making on the premises, and as we should pay down at least \$2,000 by June 1st, to bind the bargain, we call upon all groups and comrades to assist, *at this time*, as liberally as possible.

*This is your FELLOWSHIP HOME.*

Those connected with the movement lead the simple life, wait on themselves, and work without pay.

Let each make this a *personal matter*—all act at once—interest as many of your friends as possible by letters and interviews, and let us have 500 remittances, if possible, by July 1st. Make checks payable to the Editor, or to To-MORROW Fellowship Home.

## OPPORTUNITY EXTRAORDINARY

There are needed several energetic, intelligent, simple-life, young men in the work of the To-MORROW Movement, at the To-MORROW Fellowship Home, taking charge of the various departments of the magazine and home work. A rare opportunity to develop your individuality at congenial employment in a brotherhood atmosphere.

Young men reared in orthodox homes and conventional surroundings, who have become "odd" and out-of-place thru trying to live a natural, free, and unconventional life, preferred.

Write at once to Ralph E. Sammons (one of them), Assistant Editor To-MORROW.

Members of Groups and Co-Operative Colonies are requested to become active in securing subscribers for To-MORROW. Send in lists of names to whom you wish us to send sample copies.

We have organized a bureau which without charge of any kind and with no other object except to help on GROUP PROPAGANDA however and wherever organized, with the aim to assist all those desiring to live in coöperative groups to find their way to the one best suited to their tastes and inclinations.

We invite correspondence from groups and individuals. We shall publish each month a list of names and addresses of various groups and from time to time we ask all of our readers to coöperate with us in the matter of sending in the names of any new or established movements that do not appear in our list.

It is immaterial to us whether the groups we list are organized on conservative or radical lines, whether they be religious or

irreligious communities, whether their basis is sound or weak, fanatical or otherwise.

We stand ready to aid and encourage GROUP LIFE wherever and however planned or organized, and from our point of view EVERY FAILURE WILL BE A SUCCESS, because those who fail will be valuable in showing the way which others must not tread.

The following is an alphabetical list of coöperative and group movements, the number to be increased and corrected from time to time as the information comes to our hands:

Altruist Community.....	2711 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Arden (Single Tax).....	Grubbs P. O., Del.
Amana Society.....	Amana, Iowa
Beacon Company.....	Aberdeen, S. D.
Bryngolen.....	Ilfracombe, Eng.
Colorado Coöperative Company.....	Nucla, Colo.
Coöperative Assn. of America...	5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.
Coöperative Mnfg. Company..	315 E. Wall St., Fort Scott, Kan.
Evergreens.....	Ollalla, Wash.
Fellowship Farm.....	Westwood, Mass.
Fraternal Homemakers' Society...	70 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
General Industrial Company.....	Ruskin, Ga.
Golden Rule Fraternity..	604 D. S. Morgan Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.
Helicon Home Colony.....	Englewood, N. J.
Home Colony.....	Lake Bay, Wash.
Home Employment Company.....	Long Lane, Mo.
Koreshan Community.....	Estero, Fla.
La Hacienda.....	Alpine, N. J.
League of American Homesteads.....	
.....	425½ So. Campbell St., Springfield, Mo.
Le Claire Group.....	Edwardsville, Ill.
Lloyd Group.....	Westfield, N. J.
Los Angeles Fellowship.....	Los Angeles, Cal.
Martha McVister.....	Kenashaw Ave., Washington, D. C.
Modern Harvesters.....	17 E. 5th St., St. Paul, Minn.
Mutual Home Association.....	Home, Wash.
New Clairvaux .....	Montague, Mass.
Oneida Community.....	Oneida, N. Y.
Physical Culture City.....	Spotswood, N. J.
Right Relationship League.....	427 Reaper Block, Chicago, Ill.
Rose Valley Group.....	1624 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Roycrofters.....	East Aurora, N. Y.
Ruskin Commonwealth.....	Ruskin, Ga.
Salvation Army.....	120 West Fourteenth St., New York City
Single Tax City.....	Fairhope, Ala.
Spirit Fruit Society.....	Ingleside, Ill.
Straight Edge.....	1 Abingdon Square, New York City
The Israelite House of David.....	Benton Harbor, Mich.

The Ruskin Coöperators.....516 Reaper Block, Chicago, Ill.  
 To-Morrow City Movement....2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The above are all successes whether they fail or not, because they are planting the ideas of group life and group ownership.

If you cannot select the one with which you prefer to unite, let us assist you to do so.

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There will be noticed some changes in our list this month, as we have been notified of the failure of a number of the groups whose addresses had been sent us. We also have some added information about a number of these groups which will undoubtedly be of deep interest to our readers.

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The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, Point Loma, Cal., is really headquarters, the central executive office of an international organization for carrying on the business of and practicing Theosophy, and not a group or colony.

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Arden, we learn, consists of a tract of land of about 200 acres, partly wooded (70 acres), mostly white oak, much of it large; a beautiful stream from which power can be developed. The land is near B. & O. R. R., four and one-half miles north of Wilmington, Del. Land is held by trustees, on single tax basis, and is leased to those wishing to use same. Mr. Frank Stephens, of Philadelphia, is the founder.

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The Fairhope Single Tax Colony, Fairhope, Ala., E. B. Gaston, founder, writes that the venture is nearly three years old, but not up to date in colony development, as there are a number of parties who are not within the colony. Their illustrated booklet shows a number of nice homes and other buildings, besides suggesting some of the possibilities of development, as the colony is located on Mobile Bay, and in a good section of country.

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Henry Clough, whose venture was listed as the Henry Clough Industrial Home, is in reality a lone worker, attempting to found a liberal university, with which shall be connected a library, hospital, workshop, and hotel. He has control of 320 acres, lots of which he will give to home builders, interested in such a co-operative movement. Mr. Clough is very liberal in his views. His school, Odessa University, is located in the heart of the Great Bend wheat district. Write him at Odessa, Wash., for particulars.

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W. V. Hardy, Secretary of the Consumers' Union, 317 W. Randolph St., Chicago, is the prime mover in an interesting movement by which all groups, and even separated individuals may co-operate in buying supplies on a large scale. This has a practical idea back of it, and will bear investigation. Write Mr. Hardy.

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There is an association being formed at Mountain View, Nucla, Colo., to utilize 320 acres of land to the mutual benefit of all concerned, and to establish an industrial school and settlement home. Those who can subscribe for \$100 worth of shares, to be paid for either in labor or money, are requested to write the secretary of Mountain View Association, Nucla, Colo. Only those of advanced development and advocates of Free Democracy and Ideal Socialism need apply.

## A NEW PLEDGE

DEAR MR. SERCOMBE: I am in receipt of your letter of the 12th inst., and I am pleased to state that your explanation of your position in the matter of group organization is to me plain and satisfactory enough.

Still, some friends here who have seen the pledge, consider the wording of it entirely too sweeping, and in order to make it conform more nearly to their idea of what it should be they would each expunge, interpolate or change some expression in it, which would badly mutilate the printed page.

Personally, I have changed the pledge to read as follows, which change I do not think would essentially affect the strength or import of the intended meaning, but still would express more completely the freedom that I would unquestionably retain for myself in the matter:

## RENUNCIATION

We, the undersigned, in order to accomplish a plan of life that will insure greater health, happiness and harmony, and supply an environment that will enable us to escape the baneful effects of individual competition, and insure a life of culture for ourselves and children that will enable us to live as brothers instead of animals, hereby pledge as follows:

To renounce all private ownership of real and personal property, while a member of a TO-MORROW group, and, after connecting ourselves with the group of which we arrange to become a part, not to accept pay from the group for our services, hirelingship being but the fruit of private ownership—the foregoing to hold good only with the proviso that there be some group formed, whose individual spirit is not adverse to our own, and settled in a plan satisfactory to ourselves.

It seems to me that it might be necessary sometimes for some of us to go into the outside world and work for wages, for the good of the group; surely, there can be no assurance that this will never occur.

If you have any literature about TO-MORROW or the group organizations that you want distributed, send them along and I will do the best I can with them or turn them over to some heartily sympathetic friends of TO-MORROW.

With very best wishes,  
Los Angeles, Cal.

ERNEST WOLLHEIM.

Members of Colonies and all those interested in Group organization are requested to send in contributions. It will pay all co-operative societies to carry their advertisements in TO-MORROW.

## EXPLANATION

DEAR MR. SERCOMBE: There are several of us intensely interested in your colony projects and stand ready to help in all ways possible in any that seem desirable and feasible to us. Your scheme, however, as outlined in your descriptive and renunciation article in the April issue of TO-MORROW, seems very hazy on one very important point.

We are first to renounce ownership to all property and forego the receipt of any wages after joining the colony. Plain enough. But how will money, which is absolutely necessary to any mobility on our part in this presently organized world, be obtained? We are to live, work and raise or make our products on the communistic plan, and when they are disposed of to the outside world for good, negotiable gold, as I suppose they will be, what is to be done with this latter? Will it go to improvement? Is it to be held as a general fund from which the members are to beg a pittance whenever they want it, or is it to be divided up as a dividend? This is a very vital point which we would like to know about, but which you have not even broached upon in any of your articles.

Of course we understand that these matters would have to be decided by mutual and unanimous consent, but still, you being the prospective organizer of these colonies, we naturally would like to be informed as to your own views on these subjects before signing any sort of agreement or pledge.

Still another thing seems somewhat awkward to us. You ask us to renounce all ownership for life. That might and possibly will be a long time for some of us and many revolutions of one kind or another might

take place in us before we die, finite as some of our ideas and conditions might seem to us at present. We are probably utterly unable to foresee some of the necessities of the future. We think, therefore, that we had better eliminate or modify this expression and thus remove the danger of fracturing a pledge.

Your satisfactory answer to these questions will in all probability lead to the signing up of at least a few names. Sincerely,

Los Angeles, Cal.

J. ALLEN EVANS.

DEAR BROTHER: I reply with much pleasure to your esteemed letter of the 7th and am glad that you are also highly interested in our group project.

You have probably observed in our April and May numbers that we have opened a Bureau to encourage group organization of every kind and variety and in order to make group living and sharing a thorough success it will be necessary for many people to segregate into many groups and each group will naturally call to itself those of like thoughts and habits. Of course each group will naturally be under self-government and make its own rules and regulations, if they think they need them, but it is surely a fact that those groups that cling to the plan of rewarding the members individually for their labor performed will not and cannot reach as high a state of character-culture as those who refuse personal reward, payments and dividends and work for the interest of the group as a whole. Our own system here and the system adopted by Jacob Beilhart, at Ingleside, Ill., is practically to have an open pocketbook and each one helps himself to what he requires for personal needs and necessities, and so far as either of our groups know this privilege has never been abused and naturally can never be abused by those who are interested in the financial as well as the spiritual welfare of the group, and, of course, no other class of persons are fitted to come into it.

In developing the two or three groups to which we will give our attention here we shall leave members perfectly free and make no insistence in regard to their renouncing other property, permitting that to be a natural growth according to the notion of each. If the group supplies food, clothing and shelter to each one of its members and places them in a position to take the funds for such special necessities and luxuries as they think they need, what do they want with wages?

My study of other groups has shown me that there are three points of imperfections that appear in certain members that unfit them and cause them to be asked to leave the group, not by one member but by the "spirit of the hive"; these are indolence, gossipy or knocky tendencies and ill-nature or bad disposition. These are practically the only group crimes.

Groups as such will, under varying conditions, enter into agriculture, manufacturing, publishing, hotel keeping, etc., etc., and all the funds received from all sources whatever would be group funds, to be used according to the "spirit of the hive." Any form of special compensation other than doing good work would destroy, for me at least, all incentive for good work. This is your answer in regard to "dividing dividends," etc. No one can be an "organizer" of a group as such. Groups have to organize themselves and while those inside as well as outside may encourage, the units must come together voluntarily and all their acts and relations must be voluntary or else there will be no happiness.

In regard to renouncing ownership for life, this is only for those who desire to take it and then it should not be taken except by those who are sure they will always want to maintain it and are so situated in their relations to their loving friends that they know that they can maintain it. We have clearly stated that the renunciation is not to be considered in the form of a pledge or promise for the purpose of reformation, but merely to indicate a conviction in order that others may know their state of mind and be enabled to act jointly with them accordingly.

If the above replies to your queries are not sufficient, please write them further, as I take more pleasure in answering correspondence of this kind than any other. We shall from now on give more and more attention to the subject of group organization in TO-MORROW MAGAZINE. We will be pleased to send you bundles from time to time to distribute among your friends. We trust that you and all your connections will get

into correspondence with as many as you can in relation to this subject and whether we ever come into actual touch in the same group or groups or not, the magazine, as well as all of us here, will take just as much interest in helping to form other group organizations and helping to bring people into connection with other groups to their liking, as we will take in connection with our own work at home, because you know when the majority of people get to living in groups the great group trust will be formed, which will be called the GREAT CO-OPERATIVE COMMON-WEALTH. Fraternally yours,  
PARKER H. SERCOMBE.

To-MORROW Magazine will continue to give increased attention to the doings of Groups and co-operative organizations. Send in items and interest your friends.

## A HELPER

(Are there not others?)

Dear Companions: Enclosed find 30 cents for three copies of the March To-MORROW—for missionary work. Each issue this year, thus far, has been splendid. Many good things could be said of each issue and your host of able contributors. Eulogies are good in their way—but they don't weigh enough. A magazine like yours can't live long on fresh air and good wishes. I should like to see you with a million subscribers on your list before 1908. To-MORROW is destined to arouse the American people and mark an epoch of "An Age of Reason," as Bradlaugh's *National Reformer* did in England. How many To-MORROW readers are sending in new "subs"? Let's all get busy! Sincerely,  
JAS. MYERS, Jardine, Mont.

This Magazine is published for but two main objects: To encourage Group organization and give expression to a rational philosophy that will hold good for all time.

## CONTENTED

PARKER H. SERCOMBE: Beloved brother, in whom I am well pleased. May peace and plenty ever be thine, and the blessings of earnest endeavor and a clear conscience continue to abide with you for ninety-nine years, and may you then be so blended with the Cosmos that you will ever remain One with the Infinite.

I trust I have delayed writing you long enough to satisfy the demands of a desultory correspondence. At any rate, I have received two numbers of To-MORROW since I received your good letter inclosing "Let the Group Own the Stuff," and I must say I consider it an inspiration "from on high." I would love to be one of your Group, and help to solve the problem of *Mutuality*, but I never could stand the pressure of the crowded city and still be my own free, bounding self. My Group must be located where Nature is uncovered to the sun and the rain; where bubbling springs and babbling brooks and rippling streams blend their music with the song of the milk-maid and the whip-poor-will; where the growing grain looks up to heaven and smiles, and pure breezes blow through a man's whiskers all day long; where God is. But why should I wish for a better lot than I now enjoy? I am away out here in the beautiful valley of the classical Skunk River, far removed from the rush of traffic and maddening speculation, and I belong to a little family group, in which harmony prevails and we own everything in common, and since I am aware that my pilgrimage is almost ended, I suppose I will make my ascension from one of my native hills.

There are but few civilizing (?) influences here to disturb me, and I have emancipated my woman and become her willing slave, while she is contented and happy in the consciousness that she has done her part toward preventing race suicide. So come and see us and take a bath in Nature's living magnetism whenever you have time to break away from the duties and hardships of making the world better.

I ran across an enthusiastic admirer of TO-MORROW the other day, and he told me to give you an expression of his thanks and appreciation for sending him a sample copy. He is S. W. Brunt, of Basin, Wyoming, surveying government land. He is truly one of the old guard. With love and admiration,  
 Hayesville, Iowa. JOEL RICHARDSON.

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## OUR PLANS

The following letter has been sent to all the group organizations listed below, as showing our co-operative spirit with all attempts to better present conditions, thru organized brotherhood life:

Friends and Comrades:

Being convinced that from the standpoint of education as well as economics, group life offers the only plan by which high character may be developed, that all the vices and crimes of human society are the outcroppings of greed, a natural product of the private ownership system, we have therefore arranged to conduct without any fees or reward of any kind a free bureau of group propaganda, not only to encourage the formation of industrial groups, but to aid individuals in the matter of selecting the kind of group best suited to their tastes, habits and theories.

In connection with our plan of propaganda we will publish each month a directory of all groups now in operation and as your organization is already named in our list, we ask you to kindly send us the names and addresses of as many other group efforts as you may know about.

Our list will contain names of organizations of every known creed and belief, from the most radical to the most orthodox, and in the matter of dietary, from the most fanatical vegetarian and simple life advocates to the grossest types of meat-eaters and boozers, even including cannibalism, if there are such groups.

Our aim is to help people get into the kind of a bunch that best suits their inclinations and your aid and co-operation will be highly appreciated. Yours fraternally, TO-MORROW.

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(A sample letter to Inquirer.)

DEAR FRIEND: Replying to yours of the 22d inst., you understand that our work here is co-operative, that all of us secure our living and our necessities of life, that none of us receive any pay, and that from the educational point of view, while our people here will naturally become journalists, thinkers and know something about business affairs, our chief aim is character-culture thru the right kind of living and environment.

Those who come here to remain as a part of the upbuilding of our work practically become equal partners in our entire business of publishing, etc. You understand that we are not in harmony with the present social and economic system; we believe that the finer elements in our nature are allowed to lie dormant, at least are not brought out under the present competitive system, and we propose to outline a mode of living and thinking that will develop the highest that there is within us. This appears idealistic at first, but is really very practical. I am sure your talents as you describe them would make you a desirable addition to our brotherhood, and if you are prepared to come for a year and work with us for that length of time, at least, for the valuable training and experience it will give you, we will be glad to hear from you at once. Yours fraternally,

PARKER H. SERCOMBE.



## TOO FAR ADVANCED

DEAR TO-MORROW: I received the bundle of TO-MORROWS which you sent me and will distribute them where I think they will do the most good. But, as a laborer, I am thrown among laborers, hoboes or farmers, so am not among the class that would, in general, comprehend advanced literature. And I belong to no societies or orders; neither do I wear stiff collars or hats, so I am an outcast from cultured society, and a poor agent for an advanced publication.

I see that your Chicago Colony will be on *too advanced* principles for me. It represents the ideal of the second social system, whereas it is the *next* system I wish to learn.

I wish to actually and practically learn to use the principles, Liberty and Justice. My colony would let the work carry the pay (Justice), then it would be nobody's business whether a member worked much or little (Liberty).

Your members are apt to overwork, for fear they won't do their share. So I wish to join a colony, to be founded here, on the principles of Liberty and Justice. Then, as we learn to measure these sub-consciously and correctly, we will be ready for your more advanced group. I will join no colony until one is founded on these principles, and I hope it will be in this beautiful locality. Fraternally,  
H. E. SAWDON.  
Chattanooga, Tenn.

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## TRUE WEALTH

Dost thou, my brother, seek for boundless wealth?

Then seek it not amid the cities vast,  
Where it is ever best obtained by stealth,  
And where the upright man is downward cast.  
Such gotten wealth is but the counterfeit.

True wealth alone is Life, whose mighty powers  
Of Love and Joy and Happiness complete,  
Are of the universe the sweetest flowers.

Then to the hills thy willing footsteps turn,  
The dales, the valleys, and the woodlands rare.  
Then shalt thou bid all mankind quick return  
To where, in that great land so passing fair,  
Wealth above all thy greatest dreams doth lie;  
Where hand in hand with nature thou shalt run,  
And breathe her balmy air, and no more sigh  
For rising, mid-day, or the setting sun;  
Where thou shalt feast upon her choicest foods,  
And build thy home upon her greenest sods;  
Wherever thou shalt dwell in joyous moods,  
And live as truly god-like as the gods.

—JOHN C. TEEVAN.

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## AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PUBLIC

BY A MISUSED MEMBER.

You are bigger than I, but you have despoiled me of a lot of my life; therefore, I have a *right* to tell you some truths.

You are a robber, slave-driver, and murderer; a coward, hypocrite, and a fool.

Your *own statistics* show that you pay scarcely any of your members the amount *they really earn*. You make them overwork, else you give them no work, which proves you a slave-driver. You uselessly sacrifice millions of lives, in your mines, on railroads, and in wars, which proves you a murderer. And you pay women and children, because of their weakness, less for doing the same amount of work, than you do men, which proves you a coward. Then, after having deliberately robbed woman, you have the cheek to take off your hat to her in pre-

tended reverence, which proves you a hypocrite. And that you wantonly destroy your life to gain barren substance, called money, shows you to be a fool; for, 'tis a simple fact that human life is of more value than money.

With your great coarse brain you do not perceive that if *all* your members had 100 per cent of health, happiness, life, that *you* would have 100 per cent; while, if your members have only 40 per cent of happiness, as an average, you will have only 40 per cent of life, *yourself*.

You flatter yourself civilized, yet you are beneath the brute in this, that the brute uses its brain to get all the life possible; but you, in your blind following of custom and fashion—set in part by semi-idiots or aborigines—destroy life, comfort, and happiness that you have ample ability to get.

Shame on your thotlessness, your pettiness, your smallness. You are second-hand, cheap, and shoddy. You eat garbage and stale; you live in unventilated, uncomfortable, and unhealthy clothes and houses. You are penny-wise and life-foolish; a heaven-destroyer and hell-breeder, part devil and part lunatic.

And yet, you are to be the God-Goddess of your members.

Happiness is heaven, and it requires life to get it. And you could get far greater heaven for your members, instead of the hell you are producing.

Listen to this: Robbery, Slavery (over-work), and Murder—degrees of the same thing—don't pay at all, to nobody at no time. It is changing life for money.

And, as one of your members, I *demand* that you awake from your hypnotic sleep of superstition and thotlessness, and quit robbing and over-working me—depriving me of portions of my life. All I ask for my own is full pay for my work, and opportunity to do, learn, or get. I don't want something for nothing; but I do want my own, and it's your duty to *correctly* measure it to me, you thief.

## A QUESTION FOR PATHOLOGISTS

BY CHARLES HENRY CHESLEY.

All about us, in the water, in the mists and in the air,  
The doctors say, a million germs are floating everywhere,  
And they've caught a hundred thousand, more or less, root, branch and seed,  
But the worst of all is still at large—the cankered germ of greed.

They have named them, classified them, till they know them all by heart;  
Sealed them up in glass and tissue, torn them limb from limb apart;  
But the one they haven't studied causes 'most of all our pain:  
'Tis the lust for money-getting—the germ of greed and gain.

It is suicide, they tell us, just to kiss a pretty girl,  
And before our minds and fancies their theories they hurl,  
Then they picture out the creatures that the microscope reveals—  
But they haven't caught the microbe that the widow's living steals.

Oh, ye doctors, wizards, wise men! You have shown us how to kill  
The germs of fevers, agues, but we ask this question still:  
How to meet this glaring danger and uproot it as a weed,  
How to fling it from us, dying—this cankered germ of greed?

# INFORMAL BROTHERHOOD and CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

Conducted by RALPH E. SAMMONS

Short articles, poems and opinions from our readers are solicited for this department. This place is reserved for quarrels, discussions, nonsense, or for the willing heart—but make it short.

All matter intended for the Informal Brotherhood Department, should be addressed to the Department Editor.

## LITTLE CHATS

BY RALPH E. SAMMONS.

We wonder why we do not have more suggestion from To-MORROW readers in regard to the make-up of the various departments, the addition of new ones, the class of writings and writers that you prefer. Let us hear from you. Do we suit you the way we are?

\* \* \*

There appear in this issue of To-MORROW the initial installments of two series of articles which our readers will find of intense interest, Gideon Dietrich's "Biological Studies of Sex," giving a new point of view from which to discuss this much debated question, and "The New Theory of Cell Action," by A. Bettes, a practical and experienced electrician and tireless investigator, proposing a revolution of existing theories whereby he hopes to unify all knowledge of the sciences to a common basis.

\* \* \*

We have numberless communications from our readers saying that it is very hard to find persons in their respective communities that are in sympathy with advanced thought, and that it is difficult indeed to find people who are free enough to engage in mutually profitable discussion upon "sacred topics." Would these readers be willing to support a *real* correspondence club, among the various readers of To-MORROW, for the sake of getting into touch with more like themselves? Let us hear from you, with suggestions. We live and work for you, as well as for ourselves, and we want your interest and help.

\* \* \*

Aren't the experiences that Henry Frank relates of his early and unsophisticated days in the ministerial profession set forth in a style that makes them very ludicrous and amusing? His story of the "Doom of Dogma" is intensely interesting, and gives a basis for judging the cause of the great demand that there is for this book of the death-knell of external authority and supernaturalism. "The Doom of Dogma" is surely one of the guides to rationalism.

\* \* \*

We have been thinking that perhaps we might be able to secure the design of a more artistic and pleasing cover for To-MORROW, and should like very much to have some expressions on this matter. The one we have now is certainly unique in the magazine world, but is it the best we can have? Does it suit?

\* \* \*

To-MORROW is an avenue of expression. It gives no "dope," but it furnishes the vehicle for the most vital thought of our

time and is practically the only publication that enables all views, and especially the rational view, to get a display before thinkers of the liberal class. All liberal-minded men and women should take an active interest in this work, as it is theirs—it is yours. TO-MORROW is a fellowship movement, a brotherhood organ, and a center for the propaganda of rationalism in all phases of life.

\* \* \*

We have arranged to make a special discount price on "Pioneers of Progress" to readers of TO-MORROW, of which we shall be only too glad to have you take advantage while the stock lasts. The usual price is \$1.25, but we can mail them for a limited time for \$1. Come early and avoid the rush!

\* \* \*

The term "group ownership" is used by us in the broadest sense, making it all-inclusive. We realize that ownership by segregated and isolated groups is not the ideal nor the ultimate of achievement in democracy and brotherhood. But limited group ownership is a step up the ladder and will be the means and cause of the growth of ideas in harmony with this ideal. The end will be amalgamation of all the smaller groups into one gigantic Group Trust, which entirely eliminates *any* ownership whatsoever.

\* \* \*

The new woman's movement, Eugenics, is magnificent in its possibilities as an educational force in the lives of the race. The review of a lecture by Lois Waisbrooker, which appears in the Old Guard Department this month, is a very concise statement of the purpose and foundation of the work.

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## PIONEERS OF PROGRESS

Books are, to thoughtful people, interesting and valuable in proportion to their power to promote progress. Judged by this standard Dr. T. A. Bland's book, "Pioneers of Progress," ranks high. The author is himself a pioneer of progress, and we agree with the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, in saying that the sketch of his life, given by that distinguished liberal preacher, Dr. H. W. Thomas, in his introduction to the book, is one of the most interesting things in it. The book itself is a series of biographical sketches, personal recollections and reviews of the life-work, of over thirty distinguished men and women who have been the friends and co-workers of the author in the varied fields of reform during the last half of the nineteenth century, the crowning century of the world's history. The *Medical Brief* says very truly: "The pages of this book are full of life, action, conversation and character. Nowhere can there be found truer word pictures. Such a work is really refreshing." Tom Watson says: "I read it through before I slept, the day I received it. I was literally charmed by it." B. O. Flower closes his four-page review of it by saying: "Not one person in twenty who begins one of the chapters will, I think, be willing to lay this book down till they have finished it."

Those who have read any of Dr. Bland's books need not be told that he is one of the most brilliant and fascinating writers

of the age, as well as one of the most instructive and progressive. This, his latest and greatest work, should be in every library and every home. The price of this book is \$1.25, but we are making a special price of \$1 to To-Morrow readers. Send early, as stock is limited, to To-Morrow Pub. Co.

## GENE VS. TEDDY

Poor Roosevelt seems to be lost in the woods somewhere between hell and the iron-works. Here are a few things that are happening to him. We quote from the *Literary Digest*:

"When in the heat generated by the publication of a certain stolen letter the President spoke of Mr. Harriman as a citizen undesirable as Moyer, Haywood, or Debs, he seems to have placed himself in peril between the devil and the deep sea. We have already heard more than a little of a 'rich man's conspiracy' against 'Rooseveltism,' and now recent utterances in the Socialist and labor press would seem to indicate that organized labor is not unwilling to take arms in the same cause. The reference to Moyer and Haywood as 'undesirable citizens' gives special offense, as these men are now in jail awaiting trial on a charge of murder, and the President's words appear to prejudice the case. The labor unions and leaders who denounce the President for his allusion to the prisoners almost all take the position that he 'went out of his way to make an attack on labor.' Chicago labor leaders are sending a special messenger to the White House to demand categorically whether Mr. Roosevelt really used the words ascribed to him. Eugene V. Debs, who was included in the offensive classification, was once the Socialist candidate for President. In *The Appeal to Reason* Mr. Debs avenges the President's 'insult to the working class' by a zealous counter-attack. To quote some typical passages:

"I shall speak of him and his acts free alike from awe and malice, and if I place him in the public pillory, where he has placed so many others, to be seen and despised of men, it will be from a sense that his official acts, so often in flat denial of his professions, merit the execration of honest men. \* \* \*

"In the first place, I charge President Roosevelt with being a hypocrite, the most consummate that ever occupied the executive seat of the nation. His profession of pure politics is false, his boasted moral courage the bluff of a bully, and his "square deal" a delusion and a sham. \* \* \*

"When Roosevelt stepped out of the White House and called Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone *murderers*, men he had never seen and did not know; men who had never been tried, never convicted, and whom every law of the land presumed innocent until proven guilty, he fell a million miles beneath where Lincoln stood, and there he grovels to-day with his political crimes, one after another finding him out and pointing at him their accusing fingers. \* \* \*

"Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone are not murderers; it is a ghastly lie, and I denounce it in the name of law and in the name of justice. I know these men, these sons of toil; I know their hearts, their guileless nature and their rugged honesty. I

love and honor them and shall fight for them while there is breath in my body.

"Here and now I challenge Theodore Roosevelt. He is guilty of high crimes and deserves impeachment."

"And again:

"The true character of this man is being gradually revealed to the American people. He has never been anything but an enemy to the working class. He joined a labor organization purely as a demagog. In all his life he never associated with working people. His writings, before he became a politician, show that he held them in contempt. When he entered political life he soon learned how to shake hands with a fireman for the camera and have his press agent do the rest, and it was this species of demagoguery, the very basest conceivable, that idolized him with the ignorant mass and gave him the votes of the millions he in his heart despised as an inferior race."

"This attack is being widely reprinted in the Socialist and labor newspapers. Says the New York *Worker*:

"Of all those who take an interest in public affairs the Socialists alone have the distinction of having never been deceived by the pretensions of President Roosevelt. \* \* \*

"But at the moment when he stands revealed in the full light of his own shame with his gross demagoguery unmasked in all its vileness, this President has by his denunciation of Debs, Moyer and Haywood added new honor to their names, given fresh indorsement of their fealty to labor, and exalted them still higher in the love and respect and confidence of the intelligent, progressive, and revolutionary working class of America."

"Not in years, asserts the New York *Evening Post*, have the unions been so excited over anything as this Idaho trial and the President's comment."

## LOST LABOR?

Oh, Sercombe! What yards of truth you do put forth—but, the people are not ready to receive, and will not accept, therefore, much labor lost. They hear the truth, but are so bound down to so-called "prosperous conditions" that they are in a maze as it were. I often speak to them individually, and to crowds collectively, where they will temporarily at least see the light, but to discriminate and discern closely—you will find that every mother-son, falls back into the old hell vibration. I often speak to myself inwardly: "Well, Bill, we will just wait till you are ready, so go right on bumping your head."

I do not know how you make it personally, but I have been some time in an awakening, and I have tried them pro and con, and by the eternals, with all my labor—it makes me heartsick. It's almost like digging a hole in the ground and filling it up.

I'll admit, it's a good way to spend ambition and give vent to one's enthusiasm, but to then see it "fall flat" with nothing gained but sneers, and often jeers, makes one inquire—what's the use, with these infidels?

There are times in growths of worlds when it seems that everything is unbudgable, when you can't stir it at all—with moral suasion and scarcely at all with hell-fire or dynamite. The ordinary brigand is pretty well "set in his ways" just at this time.

He is bound—in more forms than one. He is first—tied to surfeiting. He has too much “material” at his disposal. He eats too much, drinks too much, chews too much, and even gets so dam-sick that he takes drugs. He looks to something all the time from the “external” to help him. With surfeiting he is all the time drunken to reality and truth, and is so mazy that he is only interested in what he can see with his eyes and hold in his hand. So, the question remains: what can be done with and for such an entity?

Years ago, I used to preach to them day and night, but, when I finally found it of little use, I went way-back-and-sat-down, and think now, that outside of the few who are struggling, that it is a good and righteous plan to let these animals “friction” until the box gets so hot that it cannot stand it longer.

This is Friday night, and I have just come in from the plow, where I have been since Tuesday morning with my head bare, taking the wind and the occasional snow flakes. I find your To-MORROW for May, which I have gone over as far as page 17. All very plain to me, but what will the mentally-ignorant who elected Busse do with it? Get a crowd of them together and explain to them and then see.

My Brother, there are only three men in the city of Toledo that I can talk to, and who are really interested in my logic. So, what is one to do?

I see in your front page that well named “Pioneer of Progress,” Dr. Bland, who has worn himself much in dealing with medical monarchists. I have been in a number of gatherings with him. He has a noble spirit within. Please give him a Group Booklet.

Do your best, brother. I will speak to you again as opportunity affords.

May the spirit of principle and truth still remain, even if the majority are blinded and fail to see the light. Remembering that in the “later days” there shall be many confusions.

DR. J. E. RULLISON.

While fully appreciating the above remarks from Dr. Rullison and entirely agreeing with him that the better part of our advanced that work falls on unprepared and vacant ears, still no earnest work is ever done for naught, and we are constantly rewarded by coming in contact here and there with those who feel and understand.

It has been a part of the history of the world that but few of those who have been told the right way have taken it, people being unable to change the wrong course of their lives even tho intellectually they have understood and accepted the right course.

Some consolation can be had in the that, however, that even tho in many instances of the world's progression the masses have ignored, jeered at and often become inflamed towards those who have brought the world its best that, the mental exercise to those who have sent it forth, and their own increase of power as the result of their labors has oftentimes itself been a supreme reward for effort, and it is seldom observed that any really vital truths have been entirely lost, for always have there been a few or at least some appreciative one to carry great truths down the ages, generation after generation.—Editor.

To-MORROW Bound Volumes for 1905 and 1906 (12 numbers each) in cloth now ready. Sent post-paid on receipt of \$1.50 per volume, or send \$2.00 and receive To-MORROW for another year.

## THE MOTHERLOVE HOME

Friends of Freethought and Socialism:—When laws are made by both parents to govern the creation of little children, there will be no unwanted children in the world, unwanted by the parents, I mean, and then there will be no human slavery.

When we get the Motherlove Home done I am going to be the little nurse for the babies. I am also going to be their "big sister." Mamma always promised me ever since I got big enough to beg for a little sister that some day I should be the little Class Leader in the Scientific Sunday School. Mamma and I have been separated for over a year now, just because mamma was trying to get good people to help her start the Motherlove Home. The ministers, lawyers and judges took me away from her and have robbed her of almost all of my dear papa's property, but now I am with her again and we are sure of being kept safe because the Socialists are our friends, and the Freethinkers, too, in this pretty city, and when we get the Motherlove Home builded I guess we will have the laugh on the judges and lawyers, for we can teach our little babies in the Kindergarten just what such things as lawyers and judges are. I will tell you what I know them to be. They are just pieces of a big ring of thieves and robbers who get their right to rob from their old scarecrow god that the Capitalists wrote about in the Bible.

Last night I went with mamma to hear Clarence Darrow speak in Burbank Hall. He is going to plead the case for our dear boys in the Idaho prison. He told us how these things called "lawyers" and "judges" put a man in state's prison for stealing a piece of mince pie. Everybody laughed and I had to, too; but I felt like crying, too. If the wicked Capitalists do hang our Socialist Comrades for the crimes of their own wicked thief-gang, it will only make us little girls and boys work all the harder for Socialism, and it will just help hang Capitalism all the quicker.

Capitalism captured the right of the mothers of the human race to make the sacred oath of parentage, that means, tell who the fathers of their children were (to keep people from wedding their own relations), and put in its place what has been called "civil marriage," but what I shall call SERVILE marriage because it makes the woman's love servile or sneaking and thinking all the time "How much money will I get if I love this man?"

When we have Socialism there will be no servile marriage nor servile love nor servile sneaking "lovers"; for all will be Honor Bright and truthful. The lovers will wed and never marry. "Mar" means war, and has made war first in the homes and then in the nations ever since the old Eden days that mamma read to me about in Olive Schreiner's "Three Dreams in a Desert."

In the Motherlove Home I shall love to take the little boys and girls which the wicked Captureists call "illegitimate" right to my own heart to love and educate. I want always to be in the company of children who know better than to worship any kind of a god but love and truth. Love and truth are not idols, not made of matter, but are prin-ci-ples. Mamma shows me what a principle is. It is a kind of motion that always takes the same direction; always acts in the same way. Only idolators



worship gods of stone, wood and people. Christians do not know they are idolators when they worship men like Jesus, who taught the PRINCIPLES of SOCIALISM, but they are. They are also giving great sums of the money they steal to churches, so that men and women will be kept servile in their minds and thinking that servile marriage is right instead of the holy wedlock that we will have under the beautiful Soc—ialism that is soon to come.

I want to tell you how I happened to come to this city to live. I came for the right to know the truth about what made me. Christians tell me that God made me. Mamma says it is no such thing that a "God" made me and that only the principle of LOVE made me, and that that is the only God there is.

I will always worship the principle of LOVE, but I will never worship any other kind of power. In my next letter, if you will have this one, I will tell you some more about what love is and how the truth about the fathers of little babies will set love FREE; how it will bring what we all want, FREELOVE, or love made free in the law made by TRUTH by mothers. Mamma and I have lessons about this every day.

I know Mr. Harman and love him very much. I went to see him a week ago and see him at the meetings, but mamma and I cannot take his kind of freelove, for it is a secret love.

I will be glad to have the little girls and boys in Freethot and Socialism write to me and soon I will send them word-pictures of the Motherlove Home and tell them how they can help me work for it. We want one in every city in the Union and we are going to have them, too. I will close now, with love and admiration for all Socialists and only pity and contempt for all Capitalists who think Capitalism is right. I am eight years old and I live in No. 457 Ulysses street, corner Amabell and Dayton avenues, Los Angeles, Cal.

Yours for Freethot and Socialism,

FAITH HOWARD PHILBRICK.

## CHILD SLAVE TWADDLE

BY MRS. RIA B. BRUCE.

(An open letter to Llewellyn Flowers Withers.)

Oh, Llewellyn, Llewellyn, you make a sane person tired with your twaddle about "joining the Child Labor Federation in order to get as large a list of names as possible in the hope of influencing legislation in behalf of the child slave."

What do the men who compose our legislatures care for other people's children, who have to slave for their living; when they have no care for the great majority of those of their own begetting who slave for their livelihood! According to all reports no body of men are the *illegitimate fathers* of so many children as these same who compose and have composed our legislatures. And why *should* they care about the children of the other fellow's begetting when the other fellow himself does not care for them, as is evident from the fact of his continual begetting of

undesired children, in the face of his positive knowledge that there is nothing before them but the mine, the mill or the factory as soon as they are old enough to begin to earn their living, if perchance they escape starvation before that time?

If you are bound to spend your time and money and get your name in the papers, why don't you begin at the cause and educate your brother man up to the wisdom of a female quail or rabbit, for they will not bring forth young if there is a scarcity of food. (The human feminine has not this liberty, for she is in bondage to man-made laws instead of being free to live the law of her nature.)

The adult wage-slave has the solution of the slave-child problem in his own hands—no child, no slave. See?

Do you think the condition of the child when in the mill, mine or factory any worse than the circumstances under which they are conceived and then gestated in an atmosphere of lust and a lack of appreciation and love as well as a lack of physical necessities? I tell you again, Llewellyn, begin at the beginning. Teach the adult wage-slave that if he conserves the vital force he wastes generating through his loins and uses it instead in generating through his brain, he will bring forth thought-children (wits) that will out-wit his task-master and generate himself into a place where he will be able to be his own employer.

## ARMSTRONG'S "AUTONOMIST"—A REVIEW

BY WALTER HURT.

James Armstrong has again revived the "Autonomist." Just how many revivals this makes for that persistent publication, I am unable authoritatively to state. Such revival has become a habit with him—a habit intermitted with intervals of quiescent reform, like the affliction of a dipsomaniac, who periodically indulges in the "Keeley Cure." But these inevitable revivals, unlike the inebriate's return to the flowing bowl, are always welcomed right joyously by the intellectual convivialists.

I'm going to be very candid about Armstrong. He'll get from me no verbal confectionery that isn't coming to him. He's a very uneven writer. Sometimes he's simply rotten. But when he's at his best—when he soars—he rises to mental altitudes that simply redeem that occasional rottenness. At such times, I'd rather read his writings on philosophical subjects than those of any other. They are positively fascinating. He is the most remarkable reasoner of whom I have any knowledge, and he has a singularly attractive style.

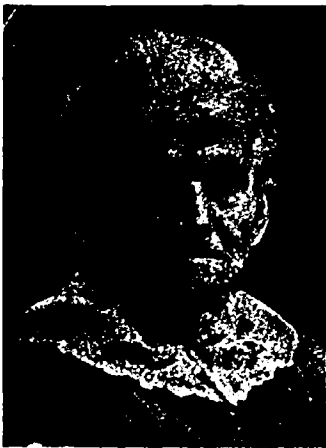
I disagree with Armstrong about almost everything. So will you, very probably. That is what makes him so exasperatingly interesting. But he's invariably wrong. Why? Because I'm always right, of course. However, despite the fact that you know you're right, he will, with that inexorable logic of his, convince you that you're wrong; then, when the thing has been made conclusive, this intellectual acrobat will laugh derisively and proceed to prove to you positively that you really were right—this to show you that either side of any question can be sustained with equal ease. But he makes you *think*; and that's the thing, after all.

The "Autonomist" is publishing, in installments, Armstrong's lecture on "Individualism," delivered before the Social Science League, in Masonic Temple, Chicago. I happen to know Armstrong personally, and am frank to assert that he's about the most individual individualist that ever trotted down the turnpike.

You'd better take a look at this recondite literary recrudescence. Only ten cents, and well worth the price of admission. Although edited in Chicago, it's put into type by the Autonomist Publishing Co., 128 Vance St., San Antonio, Tex., where the door receipts are taken.

# THE OLD GUARD OF FREE THOUGHT—Conducted by W. C. COPE

## LOIS WAISBROOKER LECTURE



The meeting of the Social Science League of Chicago on Sunday evening, April 28, was one of unusual interest. Lois Waisbrooker gave a lecture on "Eugenics or Human Culture," which was received with hearty appreciation. She opposed the position of some of the students and organizers of eugenic societies who believe that the human race can be improved by legislation or "a strict censorship of marriage laws." She has little respect for the plans and decisions of scientists, doctors, phrenologists, mentalists, or teachers who presume to be able to decide on the fitness of lovers to become parents. She believes that even the mother herself may cause more evil than good by directing her thought or conduct along any line or plan having for its object a special influence on her child. To do or refrain from doing anything with the sole purpose of affecting the child in some way will often, if not always, bring about the opposite result.

The woman who for her own sake seeks the best development of her health and strength and activity of mind and body possesses a good basis for motherhood. The mother who refuses to submit to her husband's demands, who willingly assumes her responsibilities, who loves her coming child at every stage of its growth, may feel that she has done her part and can safely leave the rest to nature. And nature in doing her work resents the guidance of men, however learned and well meaning, who presume to interfere.

The lecture in itself was most interesting and instructive, and thoroughly enjoyed by all. But what called out the admiration and reverence of her hearers with something of a touch of awe and sadness was the personality of the speaker. She is almost eighty-three years old and has been quite ill this winter, besides having been injured by a fall some months ago. She appears weak and frail in body but her mind is active and vigorous as ever and her voice was remarkable in its strength and clearness. She spoke for an hour, not once failing to be heard distinctly in every part of the hall which was well filled.

Mrs. Waisbrooker will leave to the world the splendid legacy of her valuable and forceful contributions to the literature of sexology. In her own life she gives us a rare example of energy, determination and courage. Her friends feel that she deserves the best blessings and comforts of life and regret that in

her declining years she is unable to live in comfort and carry on the work which is her pleasure.

Her present address is 653 Walnut St., Chicago, Ill. Her only income is the sale of her books and what ever contributions her friends and admirers wish to bestow. She wishes to publish her lecture on "Eugenics or Human Culture," and whoever feels inclined to help her will be more than repaid by the satisfaction of helping along the progress of truth and knowledge.

2867 Southport Ave., Chicago.

LILLIE D. WHITE.

## ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER

BY W. C. COPE.



All of the Old Guard and most of the younger generation of free minded people have heard of "Aunt Elmina." She has been an inspiration to thousands who were trying to break through the prison bars of tradition and conventionalism to a saner, better view of life. The writer well remembers his experience twelve years ago when having broken with orthodoxy he was still surrounded by an orthodox environment and made to feel all the bitterness of society's disapproval of an "infidel!" It was at this time that he began a correspondence with Aunt Elmina, whose kindness, appreciation and sympathy, across the miles of space intervening supplied a need by correspondence that otherwise

would have remained unsatisfied. And her kindness did not end with writing helpful letters herself; but she took pains to put him in touch with other emancipated minds so that the feeling of loneliness and isolation was in a large degree removed. From my own experience I have always felt that every liberal paper and magazine should encourage correspondence among its readers, many of whom are isolated and need the stimulus that comes from the "fellowship of kindred minds." (Such a club is conducted by C. A. Kirk, Box 733, Mitchell, S. D. Send stamp for particulars.)

Elmina Drake Slenker was born of Quaker parents at Lagrange, N. Y., December 23, 1827, so that she is now in her eightieth year. She still uses the Quaker "thee" in conversation and correspondence. As has been the case with many infidels, her father was a preacher, Thomas Drake; but he soon became a "doubting Thomas" concerning the Christian belief. Elmina grew up in the Liberal school prepared to accept the truth wherever found and early in life made the acquaintance of such

Liberals as Abby Kelley Foster, Henry C. Wright, Parker Pillsbury, and Ernestine L. Rose. She was the eldest of six girls and grew up in an atmosphere of debate. One by one she adopted and advocated Temperance, Free Soil, Water Cure, Phrenology, Anti-Slavery, Equal Rights, and Liberalism. At the age of fourteen she began taking notes of passages of Scripture that struck her as being objectionable, improbable, impossible, or ridiculous and in 1866 these were worked up into a series of articles for the *Boston Investigator* and afterwards put into book form by the publisher.

At twenty-six Elmina began thinking about taking a partner for life, and putting in practice her theory of woman's equality, she advertised in the *Water-Cure Journal* for a husband. The notice called for one who had a soul above mere dollars and a heart willing to love and be loved. Over sixty replies came to her advertisement and from them she selected that of Mr. Slenker whom she soon afterward married. The marriage also differed from the ordinary in that their simple contract to take each other as man and wife was read in the presence of a few friends and signed by them as witnesses. There was no promise made to love, honor and obey, because they deemed it expedient not to promise what they might not be able to perform.

After her marriage Elmina made it her main object in life to advance the cause of Freethought. This she calls her life-work and every leisure moment not given to household duties has been spent in talking, writing, and distributing books, papers and liberal tracts. There is probably not a woman in the country or the world more thoroughly emancipated than Aunt Elmina. She has always been in advance of her time, and being a woman this is all the more remarkable because hero-worship and idealism are thoroughly ingrained in the nature of most women. Being the mothers of the race, nature or evolution has given them the greatest admiration for the strong and robust type of man—that being the type, other things being equal most likely to beget and provide for his progeny. So they are prone to make a religion of that which primarily arose in the need of a strong fighting man to protect them and their children from natural enemies.

Elmina rose superior to this reverential instinct if she ever possessed it. She it was who first proclaimed the doctrine of female superiority. "Nature," she says, "always works, if we may so term it, to produce a female. Protoplasm itself may be called female, because it is the mother of all organized life. All through the vegetable and animal world we see life working for the perfection of the female—that the female is the acme of all organization."

Now she is old and has outlived her income and is dependent on friends for everything. The church people pension those who grow old in their service, and it is only common fellowship that would urge Liberals to do as much. Those feeling prompted to a kind act can reach Aunt Elmina by addressing Snowville, Va.

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"Wilshire's," New York, besides the usual Socialistic propaganda, has a reprint of Walter Hurt's "May 30th," the frontispiece of May To-Morrow.

"American Federationist," Washington, D. C., has a symposium on "International Peace" by prominent labor union leaders, showing the prevailing desire among this class for harmony.

"Opportunity," Los Angeles (formerly "The Segnogram"), is a magazine of general helpfulness in acquiring poise and self-control—a "magazine of optimism."

"Review of Reviews," New York, has an open letter from President Roosevelt on "Race Suicide," articles on "Chicago's New Mayor and the Traction Outlook," and on "A Coöperative Boarding House for French Telephone Girls in Paris," besides general current news and discussions.

Fra Elbertus continues his "trust busting" knock on the church by publication of a reply to a letter from the Rev. Dr. C. C. Albertson, D. D., LL. D., Rochester, N. Y., and by showing the influence of Christian Science in this connection, in the May "Philistine."

"Eternal Progress," Cincinnati, has some vital stuff on "How We Know That Truth Is Truth," "Right and Wrong," "The Real Meaning of Freedom—the Development of the Individual."

"World's Events," Dansville, N. Y., gives us "The Real Facts in the Japanese Case," "Hon. Chas. Curtis, the Indian Senator," and "Reflections on How the Rich Escape Punishment."

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"Health," New York, has contributions on "Vegetarianism," "High-Speed Human Metal" (showing the remarkable results of Fletcherism), and "The Unknown Processes of Vaccination."

"A Stuffed Club," Denver, has a rare study of "Robert Louis Stevenson and His Disease," giving the cause of the death of this brilliant author at the age of forty-five.

"The Craftsman," New York, contains "The Leaven of Art in the Affairs of Daily Life;" "Primitive Folk of the Desert: Splendid Physical Development That Shows All the Characteristics of an Earlier Race," "Work for Deformed Children," and the customary departments of help and advice along artistic lines.

"Beauty and Health," Spottswood P. O., N. J., for girls and women, is full of good things for health, strength, grace and purity. Some of these are "Health and Beauty in Dancing," "Cambodian Women the Most Perfect of Mortals," "The Graceful Necks of Actresses," Woman's Question Department and the Woman's Forum.

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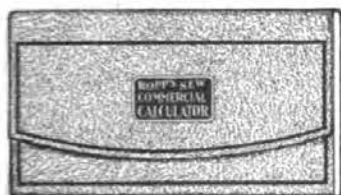
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## WILL YOU SIGN?

With a view to locating several coöperative industrial groups we wish to secure the names of a few able-bodied men and women who are satisfied to *just live well* and enjoy the reasonable necessities and luxuries of life, *without private ownership* of any property, or the receipt of any wages.

*Private Ownership* is our fundamental curse, the direct cause of our separation into economic classes, the basis of every oppression, of all privilege and subserviency, and it stands in the way of Comradeship, Real Democracy and The Higher Life.

*Group Ownership* is the only present means to economic freedom, hence it is the only direct method to attain nobility of character and completely overthrow all desire for graft, greed and preference. Now then:—

In order to form *Property Owning Groups* some of us must renounce private ownership; we must become permanently cured of "*the mania of owning things.*"

It is understood that those who sign the following pledge do so, not as a means of reformation, but merely to express a conviction and signify their preparedness for right living. We trust that our readers will manifest their interest in this page by securing as many signatures as possible to the following:

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We, the undersigned, in order to accomplish a plan of life that will insure greater health, happiness and harmony, and supply an environment that will enable us to escape the baneful effects of individual competition and insure a life of culture for ourselves and children that will enable us to live as brothers instead of animals, hereby pledge as follows:

To renounce all private ownership of real and personal property, while a member of a To-MORROW group, and, after connecting ourselves with the group of which we arrange to become a part, not to accept pay from the group for our services, *hirelingship* being but the fruit of private ownership—the foregoing to hold good only with the proviso that there be some group formed whose individual spirit is not adverse to our own and settled in a plan satisfactory to ourselves.

NAME.	SIGN HERE.	ADDRESS.
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### BUREAU OF GROUP ORGANIZATION

We are conducting a Bureau of Group Organization and in this number we print a list of some fifty industrial, educational and agricultural groups, each conducted on lines different from the rest.

We believe that to make the socialist ideal, a *coöperative commonwealth*, practical and operative, along with the movement toward political socialism, there should be coincident *educational movement* thru the means of many group organizations, whereby people may be gradually prepared and accustomed to living socially. Perhaps after several thousand groups get into successful operation, eventually a GROUP TRUST may be formed which in effect will be "A Coöperative Commonwealth." We seek correspondence on this subject.

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For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, Editor  
 RALPH E. SAMMONS, Managing Editor

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## THE PENALTY

ON THOSE WHO LIVE THE STANDARDS OF TO-MORROW.  
ON THOSE WHO HAVE LOOKED UPON LIFE AS IT IS.  
ON THOSE WHO SEE FURTHER THAN THEIR FELLOWS.  
ON THOSE WHO HAVE PRESSED ON INTO THE NEW DAY.  
ON THESE, OF ALL, MEN, THE MOST RATIONAL.  
ON THE FAR-SIGHTED WHO KNOW AND UNDERSTAND.

---

We thank the editor of the *Outlook* for the following most perfect statement of our case, which, under the title "The Practice of Immortality" appeared in his journal of May 4, 1897.

---

The gains which men and women have made in self-control, understanding of life, beauty and nobility of character, have been secured by **THOSE WHO HAVE LIVED IN ADVANCE OF THE STANDARDS OF THEIR TIME**. In most cases the separation has not been so great as to involve the tragedy of persecution, but sometimes it has led straight to the hemlock, the block and the cross. In every generation and in every country there has been a group of those upon whom the light of the morning rested and **WHO HAVE PRESSED ON INTO THE NEW DAY**. They were not reformers in the sense of aggressively attacking things in which they did not believe; they were always so intent on **BRINGING INTO THEIR LIVES** the power of higher ideals that they served their fellows best, not by what they destroyed, but by what they revealed and made credible. To many who surrounded them those eager seekers for the better life seemed to be pursuing dreams as evanescent as the rainbow and seeking ends as unreal as the pot of gold that lies concealed where the arch of radiant mist rests on the ground. But the mountains stand distinct and immovable, though the near-sighted do not see them; to the **FAR-SIGHTED** they are as real and solid as the earth beneath their feet.

Men have followed dreams and fallen in a vain though not always barren pursuit of them; but **THOSE WHO SEE FURTHER THAN THEIR FELLOWS** and live in the larger relations which their vision reveals to them **ARE OF ALL MEN MOST RATIONAL**.

One need not wait for the banishment of greed from society to practice unselfishness; one need not wait for a clean and civilized legal treatment of marriage relations to keep the home pure and sacred; one need not wait till public life is cleansed from dishonesty to serve his fellows with a heart that knows no treachery to the great interests of the nation and with hands that have never taken bribes; one need not wait until war is abolished to live the life of peace that rests on the love of God expressed in the love of man. Society is made up of those who live by the standards of the day **AND OF THOSE WHO LIVE BY THE STANDARDS OF TO-MORROW**; and the real dreamers are those who accept things as they are; the followers after the higher realities are those who have awakened **AND HAVE LOOKED UPON LIFE AS IT IS**. To these clear-sighted men and women the standards they recognize are made more definite and commanding by **LIVING AS IF THESE STANDARDS WERE ALREADY UNIVERSALLY ACCEPTED**; and they gradually conform their aims and deeds to these higher requirements and are **MORE ALIVE** than their fellows, because they are in touch with a greater number of real things.

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PARKER H. SERCOMBE, EDITOR

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VOL. 3.

JULY, 1907.

No. 7

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Yours advising me that you must soon move on account of the sale of the property you now occupy at hand. This is probably all right and fully in line with your march forward, but it is going to entail quite an expense upon you and I want to share same with you in the following way.

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I don't endorse everything I read in TO-MORROW. You don't. No one endorses all they read in any live periodical, but they need to read just the same. There are many things set before me to eat, but I look them all over and take what appeals to my judgment as being good for me. Some things I don't like, others I know are not good for the system and I would not eat them at all, but *that don't keep me from the table.*

Send me the addresses of your new subscribers in response to this and I will mail the books direct and at my expense.

Wishing you continued and increasing success in your good work of MAKING PEOPLE THINK, and with every good wish, I am,

Fraternally yours,  
Seattle, Wash., May 14, 1907.

EDWARD H. COWLES, Pa. D.

While good friends and helpers for our TO-MORROW city movement have sprung up from every part of the country the returns will not be sufficient to warrant us in purchasing the \$12,000 property mentioned in our last number, but we have been fortunate to continue arrangements whereby our TO-MORROW headquarters will remain in its present location at least for a time. We have been offered a location in California but we are cowards.

Our TO-MORROW city movement is backed by a conservatism in financial matters and by a practical experience that will not permit our entering into any obligations which we cannot fulfill, or planning, like so many co-operative movements have done in the past, to accomplish certain ends without sufficient capital to carry them out.

This magazine as well as *the school of life* for people of all ages which we hope to establish upon a co-operative basis, will continue to be strictly practical—we shall try to express ourselves in a practical way and enter only into rational matters with a view always to practical results.



There are those among readers, speakers and editors who refuse to accept *the accumulated knowledge of our time* as the basis for their general scheme of thought—they will tell you that they are “*sufficient unto themselves*,” not realizing that all the truths discovered in a hundred different subdivisions of science bear a harmonious relationship to each other and that those who accept this corroborative network of facts have an assured basis for all their plans and speculations.

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TO-MORROW is unlike any other publication in that instead of adopting some creed, party or program, simply because it strikes the Editor favorably, we seek out of the sum of human knowledge, certain general principles and permit these principles to guide us to the logical conclusion in relation to every subject and while the conclusion reached is often the opposite from those approved by custom and tradition, still they are true because arrived at through the only method by which fundamental truth may be known.

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It is only through this power of generalization that we may discover fundamental truth. A histologist places a cellular group upon a glass plate, arranges a form of nutriment on one side of it so as to touch the colony of cells at one point only and as he proceeds to place his eye to the microscope to examine them I say to him, ‘Wait and I will tell you what you will see.’ In surprise he asks if I have ever made a microscopic examination of the nourishment of cell groups. I tell him, “No, but I have studied the laws of the stars, I have studied flocks of birds, schools of fish, as well as droves and herds in their primitive groups and family states, that I have watched the healing of wounds, cuts and bruises, that I have taken note of the organization of intellects out of the units of experience, and that the general law of cellular nourishment must be, that while only certain cells come into actual contact with the nutriment, the nourishment to all the colony will be equalized by the nutriment passing through the cellular walls and thus distributing growth alike to each unit. In the event of a portion only of the cells becoming gorged and the balance receiving no nutriment the result is the utter destruction of the colony instead of strengthening and perpetuating it and in proof I point to the downfall of Greece, Rome, Egypt and Babylon, which fell on account of the ‘nutriment’ (power and wealth) coming into the hands of the few.”

Applying his eye to the microscope the scientist not only discovered exactly what had been told him, but he then realized that his own examination had not only added another proof of the cause of downfall of ancient civilizations, but had strengthened by another fact the theory of the formation of our solar system.

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TO-MORROW will continue pointing out what will be called: “radical,” “revolutionary” interpretations of life, but which in fact are only practical and rational after all, being based on general principles that have held good for all the past and will hold good for all the future, and it is not our fault that probably 97 per cent of contemporary human conceptions are based upon the primitive ignorant standards of prehistoric man.

There are, even in this epoch of large knowledge, thousands of persons whose brain capacities do not permit them to take the larger view, whose mental equipment seems only to have reached the stage where they can admit the primitive conceptions into their consciousness and they continue to speak, write and speculate along lines that were employed by the ancients, some of them for profit and some because they do not know any better.

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There are no less than one hundred magazines and chap-books published in this country by quack philosophers encouraging one or another form of mental self culture along lines that are anything but scientific; they have no conception whatever of psychology as a science, yet they talk about the wonderful results to be obtained by going into the silence, holding the thought, denying matter, living forever and remaking themselves *ad nauseum*.

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This class of quack philosophers take a fiendish delight in disclosing the mysterious, the unusual, the marvelous. As a rule they either present themselves as the discoverer of a mystery or they have been the hero of one of its most wonderful manifestations, whereas every trained thinker knows that it requires hundreds and sometimes thousands of corroborations on different persons under varied test conditions, before these new discoveries can be vouched for and then it is found that they are always in harmony with the sum of all discoveries that have been made before.

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One of these quack editor psychologists sends out a red leaflet with his magazine, the same having been among a large number of others, not "blessed by the Pope," but yearned over, thought over, for a period of days with the idea of good health and well being constantly held by the wizard. Hence the red leaflet placed on the ailing part of any subscriber is guaranteed to heal it immediately. Another editor of the same class who works through the "subconscious" replies to a large number of communications each month telling how to increase the strength of a muscle by forcing the mind to dwell upon it and think that it is strong or he advises healing any afflicted part by going into the silence and forcing the mind to think of the part as *well* and *strong* and properly built up. These people do not seem to realize that the vigorous operation of a buck-saw acting upon the muscles of the legs, back, shoulders, abdomen, arms, intercostal muscles, heart, lungs, etc., also has the tendency to work through the "subconscious" and build up muscles and frames that are weak. These people do not have inductive power of reasoning sufficient to grasp the entire subconscious action of the nervous system, the circulatory system, the muscular system, working in harmony with brain control and the entire process of growth and renewal that must ever belong to the realm of the subconscious and that any one who attempts to form a mental picture of a vital organ would ruin it and place it out of commission, if there was any truth in the theory that these crazy, woozy minds could make an organ assume the form of their incompetent conception of it.

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Basing our point of view on general principles which hold good throughout all nature and with no graft to maintain or

power of prophecy to uphold, To-MORROW has no hesitancy in affirming that exercise with a hoe or a buck-saw, in fact useful occupation of the mind and body in carrying out the work of our lives with diligence and with love to all, will not only reach through the "subconscious" every atom of the body even to the most refined faculties of the soul and the relation of the individual to human society, but the balanced organization that forgets self and with industry and fidelity employs the brain to think about what the hand performs, will through the "subconscious," impart a rhythm to his progeny, that may be felt for a thousand generations.

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What is there more mysterious or complex about a millionaire who bequeaths his swollen fortune to his grandchildren not yet born, the whole to be divided equally between them when the youngest reaches 21 years of age, than in the peculiar habits of bees in conducting their remarkable co-operative society, or ants, that carry out ethical formulas generation after generation, that put human society to shame? Does not the orthodox millionaire in his way, the orthodox preacher in his, the orthodox politician in his line and the conventional teacher, parent and physician in theirs, follow as blindly in the path of least resistance and respond as perfectly to the influence of surrounding forces as any bug or brute? A bee coming home to a hive with an unusual yellow tuft on his head will be regarded with suspicion for a few moments and then pounced upon and killed by the rest of the group, being considered dangerous because he is out of fashion. Does the conventional spirit among human automatons do less? Let any one appear in unusual dress, unusual head-gear, with sandals or without shoes, let them assume a rational form of diet, be different and not use liquor, tobacco or meat, and they immediately become marked for ridicule, perhaps victims of outrage as though they were living among bugs and not among thinking human beings. Suppose one adopts a form of religion that is out of fashion, suppose some original thinker develops a better method of education for his children, or let some philosopher put forward a plan to vitally change economic or political conditions and behold ostracism and perhaps trial for treason awaits him—that is why incompetency is so long of life, and why the world is afraid to develop over fast.

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Do not take my "To Hell with Books and Things" too seriously, for really I have very little confidence in the place.

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It is a mistake to think that real education can be found in books, notwithstanding the fact that all our modern schools are based upon the assumption that it can. Real education is that which we obtain by coming in contact with life and work—it is the kind that develops body, mind and social instinct in equipoise, forces the mind to think about what the hands are doing instead of speculating in realms of the unknown. It is the parents who have toiled harmoniously with body and brain, who have brought into the world such demi-gods as Jefferson, Franklin, Lincoln, Ingersoll, Beecher, McCormick, Armour, Rockefeller, Edison, Fulton, Stevenson, Westinghouse, Carnegie and the rest who have helped to make the modern world.

The "Fall in Stocks" since Tom Lawson commenced his campaign of Frenzied Finance in no way differs from the disinclination to bet on prize fights since Burns and O'Brien gave their last exhibition of COMMERCIAL PUGILISM.

If the president is right, if the *real danger* is from *Predatory Wealth*, and not from Socialists and Anarchists, why do not the people insist that our courts do their duty and fill the jails with the proper proportion of rich criminals?

In every age and in every land men have been afforded opportunity to become *undesirable citizens* by simply espousing the cause of freedom in some one of its phases.

One class of undesirable citizens are those who either do not realize our irrational conditions of political and economic oppression, or knowing do not actively ally themselves in opposition to it.

Tyrants never let go of their own accord—your criticism of them is vain—criticise yourself, the fault is your own—when you deserve freedom you will break the bonds and take it.

The advantage enjoyed by the money power not only lies in the fact that it "makes the rules of the game," but it also forces upon the suffering and befuddled masses the CAPITALISTIC CONCEPTION OF RIGHT AND WRONG.

No government or court has the right, especially in cases involving life or death, to admit practice or procedure in behalf of rich criminals that is denied to the poor for lack of money to pay.

Every one—the judge, the opposing attorneys, the interested parties on both sides, and the entire public knew that all of the complex mental oddities discovered in Harry Thaw by expert evidence were pure "dope," but it was received because it was in accordance with "the rules of the game," as originally laid out *by the rich and for the rich*. There is no such psychology as that propounded by Dr. Britton D. Evans at the Thaw trial.

For brutal aggression, arrogance and anarchism, Mayor Busse of Chicago stands as the most perfect modern exponent of COMMERCIAL POLITICS.

Political despotism was never more sincere or more determined to control others and perpetuate itself at any cost, than is the present organized conspiracy of the *money power*.

In some future issue of TO-MORROW, in fact as soon as I am able to catch up with the large amount of work which on account of insufficient help is holding back a number of improvements we should like to make, I hope to commence a systematic method to develop the power and habit of generalization, the power to reach a study of all the problems of life through the avenue of general principles and inductions instead of attempting to reach

the truth through the employment of personal judgment, whim or choice.

Until such time as we become able to develop this teaching systematically, I advise every one to acquire the habit of generalizing and acquire the faculty of observing all problems from the standpoint of their generic relationships.

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## THE NATIONAL BUREAU OF LONGEVITY

One day long ago I dreamed that our president and legislators were men who were placed in office to serve our needs and contribute to our well-being, and that their positions were not merely given them to gratify their vanity and surfeit in the honors thrust upon them as though the office were established simply for the purpose of giving glory to the holder. About the time referred to I had occasion to observe the very large number of health grafts and schemes for lengthening life, etc., from the orthodox M. D. to every scheme of New Thought, Christian Science, Mental Science, down to the dealers in alchemy and mystic potions for renewing youth. Realizing from the large number of people patronizing these physical culture, mental culture and long life grafters that there is only one way to secure accurate information as to how to live long, and that information should be gathered by the government, I wrote to the Commissioner of Census at Washington and learned that there are some 9,400 people in the United States above 95 years of age. Believing that a system of tables giving the diet, habits, nationality, employment and other valuable information in regard to people who live to great age, would furnish the most accurate information possible to obtain for the benefit of those who desire to live long lives, I wrote the Commissioner of Census, giving a complete outline of a bi-annual directory and table that would furnish the world the accurate information wanted, thereby supplying the means by which old age had actually been acquired in others and serve forever as a guide to those who wish to imitate them, this to be a barrier to the thousands of fakes and frauds who are imposing on the credulous with false information.

I am still convinced that none of the public records in relation to live stock, agriculture, irrigation, etc., can possibly be so vital or desirable for human well being as a properly conducted *Bureau of Longevity* in connection with the United States Census Department, but after a considerable correspondence, being informed that it would be necessary to have a "bill" presented at the next session of Congress, and not having the time or the liking for lobbying or the things that go with it, I gave up the quest and to this hour have heard nothing more of my "Bureau of Longevity."

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## CONSPIRACY OF MUTUAL INTERESTS

The confession of Boss Ruef of San Francisco merely converted the \$200,000 bribe of the street car millionaires from a matter of private knowledge among the bankers and capitalists concerned, to a matter of *accepted* General Public knowledge.

To those who know that the status between bankers, trust companies, street car and public utility magnates in San Francisco

in no way differs from the status which prevails in every other large city of the country, it should be a clear cut proposition to see the method by which a large proportion of our "Respectable Citizens" are able to build their magnificent mansions on the boulevards, employ liveried servants, and own steam yachts, private cars and automobiles.

In the recent Chicago election it was observable that all of the "interests," whether banks, public utility corporations, department stores, newspapers or the owners of real estate in the red light district, all stood solid for *the party who was elected*, for not only do the same group of "financiers" own all of these properties, but even where they do not their systematic methods of high grade robbery puts them all in the same Jack Pot.

Not only will the conspiracy by common interests therefore hold the entire predatory class together in the political and economic struggles of the future, but the further fact should be well borne in mind, that many corporations with hundreds and even thousands of stockholders, whether those corporations are vast department stores, newspapers or public utility enterprises, are all owned by the same *set* of stockholders, that is, the same individuals hold shares in all of these different types of corporations, and whether they profit by bribing public officials, by advancing prices or by any other form of stealing, the stockholders and the various corporations each in their own way will hang together for the sake of the profits involved.

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## WHITMAN FELLOWSHIP DINNER

The annual dinner of the lovers of "Old Walt" held on Calamus Day, May 31, in the Washington restaurant, Chicago, was participated in by about one hundred choice spirits. During the dinner, and after, favorite selected quotations were recited by nearly every one present, short speeches were made by Paul Tiner, Louis Post, Rev. McPherson, and the toastmaster, Dr. Morris Lychenheim, the latter being brother-in-law to Horace Traubel, Whitman's literary executor.

Being called upon for some remarks I undertook the task of recalling the ABSENT ONES, the comrades who were either prevented from being with us by other duties, or were separated from us by the miles that lay between. As usual, I made a very bungling and unsatisfactory talk, the following being a somewhat free translation of it, or at least, it is about what I meant to say. Let us unite in recalling our absent comrades and extending to them collectively and individually our best love coupled with a genuine good fellowship. There are a number of those who were with us at our last dinner two years ago whose faces are not to be seen here to-night, and no doubt each comrade present is able to recall the name of at least one Whitman lover who is missed from his side. Among the absent ones whose hand I would clasp at this time, and whose absence from his place at this table is a matter of personal sorrow to me, is our beloved President, Oscar Lovell Triggs, whose kindly nature and lovable personality must ever be an uplift in whatever company he sees fit to be.

The fact that misfortune seems to have pursued our comrade, the fact that he has been misunderstood and misrepresented by

our criminal daily press that has no heart for the sorrowing nor succor for those they despoil, should bind us all the more closely to our gentle comrade and good friend. We probably none of us know where Oscar Triggs is this evening, but wherever he is he is thinking of us here, his heart goes out to us, and he knows we are thinking of him, for how could a Whitman dinner be held in Chicago on Calamus Day without the spirit of his best living interpreter lingering in our midst. It is well, friend and comrade—we feel your presence, and as one voice we send to you a message of hope, a message of love, good will and good wishes; not an empty remembrance nor a frail token do we send to you, brother of ours, but a gentle, full and complete carol of our confidence and joy of you, our brother and friend.

### PREACHING—EXTRA HAZARDOUS

It may be because of planetary influences, it may be over nourishment, or it may be a morbid nursing of erratic ideas during six idle days each week, but either we are passing through an unusual epoch or hazard to the morality of preachers or it may simply be the usual time of year when the preachers' fancy lightly turns toward the prettiest woman in his congregation.

Certain it is that all over the United States, the month of May, 1907, will be noted as reaping an unusual harvest of married and unmarried divines who have experienced so engrossing and powerful, but "illegal" emotion toward members of the opposite sex, that there have been elopements and disappearances galore among the gentlemen of the cloth.

Let us admit that preaching is an *extra hazardous profession*, the calling being more liable to the seductions of sex attraction, than even the professions of actor and banker, and acknowledging this exceptional strain on the morality of preachers and moving in line with the compulsive system of government which for ages has been a part of the law of church as well as state, is it not high time that a practical and effective surgical operation be first visited upon all candidates before they are allowed to qualify as preachers? The situation is really very serious, a good deal like the three boys caught in a thunder storm in a meadow where-in there were only three trees and as they huddled under one of them and saw the other two struck by lightning, the older one said, "Jim, can you pray?" "Nope." "Bill, can you pray?" "Nope." "Well, *something must be done!*"

### TOM LAWSON IN PARIS

From across the sea comes an interview from the many sided "Thomas," declaring that "something is going to happen," that "the fight in America is between the people and the unscrupulous rich."

It really is somewhat amusing to observe the assurance with which "long-headed" millionaires make their wills nowadays, bequeathing what they call *their* wealth even to the third and the fourth generation, little realizing that what they term *theirs* now, will be the property of the people before their selected beneficiaries will have a chance to come into their inheritances—this, providing we may rely on the present gradual increase of common sense among the masses.

It is of course the natural mental habit of the one well seated in power, whether he be king, priest, millionaire or ward heeler, to go on and make arrangements for future operations just as though things were going to move on in the future the same as in the past, and fortunately, in our present fight against the money power that denies individual spontaneity, that perpetuates worn out regimes of church and state, that denies genuine culture and prevents proper systems of education; it is fortunate, I repeat, that the egoism and assurance of the millionaire will make him the last one in the game to realize that "something is doing," and that *that something*, is the power coming into the hands of the vast majority that count against him at the rate of ten to one.

Let us not hedge or dodge the real issue, which means nothing more nor less than *the overthrow of the present form of government*, the rearing of new ideals, and the extermination of the present economic system. While capitalism has been an important phase in the world's social, economic and political growth and while the office of capitalism has been to bring into the world organization, system, art, sanitation, and even to stimulate all scientific discovery for commercial purposes, that phase of life, like all other forms of despotism must disappear, and in place of special privilege and unequal opportunity the people of this new world are soon to demand a system based upon equality, brotherhood, comradeship.

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## OUR GOVERNMENT CANNOT LAST

Puffed by pride, blinded by the intoxication that comes from a taste of power, place and prestige, the ruling factors of both the republican and democratic parties, now rapidly combining for mutual interest, are as a result of greed and egoism planning their final march to self destruction.

While instances abound by the thousand in every locality, where the governmental microbe has perverted the minds of those whose dogma is that OTHERS must be looked after, the election and administration of Fred Busse, Chicago's new Mayor, is a most perfect example to illustrate the coming of our freedom by the way of arrogance. Prior to this mayor's election, when the cohorts were forming; when it was seen that the respectable elements of Prairie Avenue and Sheridan Road were uniting their forces with the Hinky-Dinks, Bath House Johns and red light districts, a thoughtful and otherwise calm representative of Jeffersonian democracy was heard to declare that he would consider the election of Busse "by such a combination, sufficient cause for armed resistance by the toilers and common people of Chicago."

Were it not that two-thirds of our population are being blinded by the glitter of department store windows, muddled by the preachers, and crazed by the displays of the idle rich, they would have sense enough to see the fraud and conspiracy of common interest back of the fact that the very group that owns the banks, department stores, and franchise grabbing corporations also own the newspapers, who were vigorously working them to vote for Busse. There has been no more glaring fraud in ancient or modern times than the insolence with which the *Tribune* crowd have clung to their midnight lease with Cameron's school board and with all their influence forced Busse to the fore, his first act



being to discharge the old school board through police power alone, and appoint a new one that would withdraw the suit of \$45,000 per year account of rent against the *Tribune*.

The brazen effrontery with which the McCormick and Patterson estates have held out for their pound of flesh in accordance with this midnight lease, indicates not only that the money power has no shame, but that they feel as secure in their ability to bribe and influence and elect as if they held in their hands the scepter of the czar of all the Russias.

So certain has capital become that it can buy and enforce any legislation that it desires in its own behalf, so sure is the money power of the ignorance and lamb like acquiescence of at least a majority of the masses, that it still has the effrontery to sound its drums, clash its bayonets, rattle its policeman clubs, go through the form of court trials, glare at you and yell "Law and Order!" little understanding that there is gradually a majority forming who have no respect for money made laws, executives or courts, and but little more arrogance and executive anarchism will convince this coming majority that a money bought combination of executive, legislative and judicial impudence is very soon going to be forced to perish from off the face of the earth.

Even as Russian or Spanish political despotism can only go a certain length before it will be opposed by the long suffering, ignorant and down trodden people, so in this *economic despotism* with its millions of subjects crazed by vanity, greed and display the tyranny of professional political profit makers will soon awaken the sleeping giant and cause it to smite the money power hip and thigh and reorganize the government on the basis of real democracy with special privilege and special opportunity to none.

## THE GREATEST MAN IN SPAIN

Francisco Ferrer Guardia, whose name is not one-quarter as long as the one given to the new Spanish baby, has for more than a year been lying in a Spanish prison on a trumped up charge, his real offense consisting in having started a school of secular education outside of the authority of the Catholic church.

The power which with criminal injustice robs Ferrer Guardia of his liberty and holds him in prison by postponing his "trial" under various pretexts from time to time, is the power of criminal governmentalism under the influence of the lash of ecclesiastical make-believe.

It is now the year of our Lord, 1907; the earth has been circumnavigated thousands of times; we have measured the distances of the stars; through the unchained ether we call to our brothers across the seas and receive answer; we have learned to talk freedom; and apply the principle in our orchards and kindergardens—and yet the voice of eighty millions who live under the government established by such valiant freethinkers as Jefferson, Franklin and Payne, fail utterly, in their miserable scramble for dollars, to give tongue against the medieval injustice being done to Spain's only real thinker and patriot.

Why should we not be silent? What cause have Americans to speak up against this outrage? Are we not in the same business? Has not ecclesiasticalism and king worship in the form of the MONEY POWER taken equal control of our Executive, our Church and our Courts? Was not W. D. Haywood kidnaped,

his trial delayed in a similar manner for more than a year on a trumped up charge and is he not fighting for his life in Boise, Idaho, against the MONEY POWER of America?

Can any one fail to see that the spirit and the intent on the part of the rulers in each of these cases are identical?

Separated from our own ideas of religious liberty it is true that a large percentage of our population are able to see the injustice now being done to Spain's greatest citizen, and while the facts are generally known in this country, so completely is our criminal daily press absorbed in pandering to the power of money that controls it, and so completely are we engaged in upholding and encouraging similar outrages against the people whenever they rise to strike a blow for economic freedom, that by mutual consent the powers of our land unconsciously become co-conspirators with the powers of Spain.

"Hush! Hush!" they say, "Do not awaken the Babe—" Not the one with the long Spanish name, but the one that has been called FREEDOM and INDEPENDENCE.

### WALTER HURT AND OUR "DEBS SPECIAL"

Every reader of TO-MORROW will be vitally interested to know that Walter Hurt, formerly editor of "The Culturist," which was consolidated with TO-MORROW a little over a year ago and now one of our most popular contributors, is to take charge of editing and publishing the special Debs edition of TO-MORROW, which will appear as one of the early fall editions.

Eugene V. Debs is one of the most energetic, tireless and most beloved of all the leaders of the great Socialist movement and Hurt, who is a close personal friend and co-worker with Debs, is pre-eminently fitted to do justice to the Man and the Worker, in this number of TO-MORROW. Both of them have great, welling hearts.

Hurt's power in both poetry and prose is of a rare order. His "An Outrageous Arrest," in this number, is a forceful and open statement of the issue between capitalism and the laboring class. His prose contribution for August issue, entitled "I I I I I I I," is sure to hit the mark. Watch for it, and be sure to interest yourself and your friends in the DEBS SPECIAL.

### A CIVILIZED VIEW OF CRIME

Applying the principle of *inductive reasoning* to the ACCEPTED premises that *jail birds are all bad*, that the worst men are in jail, etc., we find that new answers, new interpretations, demand recognition.

Fixed dogmatic beliefs too sacred to be doubted or questioned have ever been the greatest detriment to human progress, no matter whether the sacredness involved a religious faith or a fixed belief in matters of government, courts of law or criminal codes.

In view of the present war between the classes, it is plain that the capitalist conception of right and wrong *is not the same* as organized labor's standard of right and wrong.

Fortified by the *accepted premises* of his property rights, the capitalist feels himself justified in resorting to every means his ingenuity can devise in order to maintain them.

With full realization of monopoly's crimes as well as its profits, and believing less in the rights of property than in the rights of human souls, labor has prepared itself for battle, with determination to meet the adversary with any means that may come to hand.

Capital is in power—is in control of the political and economic situation including the courts and court practice—capital makes the rules of the game and enforces its conception of right and wrong upon the toiler even to the police and military when necessary.

Labor meets the tricks and resources of its adversary with every weapon ingenuity can devise, and with a fixed belief in its right to win.

Applying the principles of a civilized interpretation of crime to the case of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, officers of the Western Federation of Miners, it is seen that a practical state of war has existed for years between the Federation and the Mine Owners.

Both sides in the controversy have brought their grievances into politics with a bitterness and to an extent previously unknown in this country.

There have been unscrupulous men on both sides; in fact, the character and moral caliber of the men on both sides of this controversy are about equal and would be equal except that the Mine Owners have greater resources, hence their deviltries, oppressions and tricks have been on a larger scale.

Both sides have fought to win without regard to means, as both are seen to have employed desperate characters and resorted to the destruction of life and property to gain their ends.

The Mine Owners, regarding their property rights as sacred, have set up a standard of right and wrong that justifies them in resorting to any means whatever to maintain their position.

The Federation of Miners, realizing that only in union there is strength, knowing that every attack of the opposition was with the purpose of destroying the Federation, adopted their own standard of right and wrong which justified every means that seemed necessary in the combat.

Both sides have resorted to deceit and treachery, and if any wicked men are to be punished they should be chosen from those in both sides of the struggle; further, it is manifestly unfair in such a controversy, where each party has set up its separate standards of right and wrong, that one side should be tried and condemned by the standards of the other side.

Suppose the situation was reversed and that the Mine Owners and their political allies were brought into court and tried by the standard of right and wrong set up by the Western Federation with none but Socialists on the jury?

Considering the fact that to labor is honorable, that it is healthful, and that sustained effort year after year is sure to impart both a physical and a *moral* balance, it is not likely that *the toilers' conception of right and wrong* is more just than the interpretation of the idler, the one who hires his work done, the one who is served? Do we Americans admire more the sturdy peasant who toils or the tyrant king he serves?

The political officials of Colorado and Idaho in the pay of and a part of the Mine Owners' Organization have entrapped Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, three of the leaders who have fought their criminal conspiracy to enforce their political and economic despotism upon those who serve.

There is a considerable population in the United States who hold the workingman's conception of right and wrong—who think

monopolies are wrong, who believe that every man has a right to what he produces, and are ready to make armed revolt against both trial and condemnation, by the standards of their enemies,—standards to which they do not subscribe and which are contrary to their sturdy ideas of justice.

The wholesale depredations, tricks and deaths brought about by the Mine Owners of Colorado have been ten times as great as those committed by the Federation in combating them, and if any are condemned, no doubt the sense of justice of the toilers will be satisfied, providing the same penalty is visited upon ten of the Mine Owners to every one of their comrades who is made to suffer.

If punishment is to be continued as a cure for crime, let us punish the wholesale criminals wholesale and the retail criminals retail. If ethics is to decide, it being observed that each side to the struggle has adopted a different standard of right and wrong, then it becomes the prerogative of the Executive or Referee to judge which standard is the just one and try both sides according to it.

If it transpires, however, that the unjust standard, the standard of the strong against the weak, of the idler against the toiler, has become a part of the law of the land, dominates court practice and is back of the purposes for which officers of the state are elected, then demand reorganization of government at once and the abdication of every judge, legislator and executive in the land, for they have no business to hold office and pronounce sentence upon free men as long as they remain a part of a great conspiracy to rob those who produce and are entitled to the ownership of the wealth of the world.

The money power for centuries past has freely developed its own code based upon an interpretation of right and wrong according to the whim or avarice of the tyrant and idler. Any toiler who will permit himself or his comrades to be tried and condemned by a code organized in the interest of the idle rich is an ass. The organizers of this government of the people did not realize when they expelled *the King Make-believe* that within one hundred years another form of despotism would spring up, economic in character, a *Property Make-believe* capable of more tyranny and producing more bums, grafters and prostitutes than could ever be possible under a "king" regime.

If there is any one that does not understand the process whereby our millions of loafers and criminals are the natural product of the Code Plutocratic by which Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone are being tried in Boise let him write the editor of this magazine and get the information.

The Plutocratic interpretation of right and wrong is responsible that a quarter of a million of our population are now in jails in this country for stealing, all of whom are paupers, all of whom *have nothing*, though they have been placed in jail for taking *everything*, while those who steal millions are still at large, still tinkering away at their "*Code Plutocratic*" by buying new legislation and influencing the administration and interpretation of laws already made.

From now on let every thinker realize that there are two distinct standards of right and wrong in this country: one the Code Plutocratic and the other the Code Democratic, and that no free

and independent citizen should permit himself or a member of his class to be tried and condemned by the former; that his duty is to fight it and destroy it and that the combined duty of the thinking people of this country at this time is to overthrow the rule of Plutocracy with all its Make-believe, its whims, its cussedness and ancestral ignorance. It may be that this fight for justice and government reorganization can be carried out at the polls; it may be necessary to employ force, but no man understanding the situation should hesitate to do his duty.

There are in this country at least seventy million souls who would be benefited by a Code Democratic, against ten million who with their imitators and followers have so profited by the "*Code Plutocratic*" that they now own more than ninety per cent of the entire wealth of the United States, the natural proportion of which consists of mines and industries in Colorado and Nevada, where the political and financial interests have combined, by the application of their own standard, to hang three of the valued leaders who have been struggling not always wisely, perhaps, to establish the Code Democratic.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary efforts being made, the vileness of the Orchard-Pinkerton material being made use of and their conducting the trial by a capitalist court in accordance with the *Idle Rich conception of right and wrong*, Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone are safe. They will fret them, but they dare not destroy them, and Labor is preparing for a no distant day when the Plutocratic Code will be no more and such Courts and Governors will have passed into history.

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## CRIMES IN THEIR ORDER

[The following, though an entire departure from tradition and precedent, is a serious attempt to arrange the crimes of the world in the order in which they deter the progress of the world, and are a detriment to the well-being of humanity.—EDITOR.]

After much careful thought and comparison TO-MORROW issues the following list of the world's principal crimes, placing them in the order of their degree of injury to humanity. If punishment is still to be considered a cure for crime it should be made greatest where the offense is greatest, less where the offense is less and least where it is least.

1. Supernaturalism.—Includes the entire plan of directing thoughts away from life in this world, attempting to describe God without data, introducing divine right of king, priest and soldier, overthrowing honesty and clear vision and muddling the understanding with the "ghost talk" of prophets, priests, astrologers, alchemists, soothsayers, thus on a vast scale preparing the mind for graft, incendiarism and murder.

2. Governmentalism.—Through the whims and graft of tribal chiefs and kings for thousands of generations our minds have been perverted to the belief in external compulsion, warfare and punishment instead of internal balance and acquiescence as a means to social equilibrium, until now parents and teachers, as well as our economic and political rulers, have lost sight of the fact that since the beginning every organism and group from the lowest forms upward have been endowed with automatic equipoise and this perversion has brought governmentalism to the second place in the list of crimes.

3. Modern Journalism.—While it was the original thought that newspapers would be educational, bowing to the money craze of our epoch, they not only have become purveyors to the worst elements in human character and go to the utmost extremes of invention and distortion to satisfy those cravings, but they have grown to have no care whom they injure or destroy—they create untold miseries, increase the power of the strong over the weak, pervert their own souls and the souls of millions, prevent honesty, make hypocrites, and delay progress.

4. Commercial Politics.—As an outgrowth of the crime of governmentalism in place of the old-time king parasite there has developed a *graft system* known as *commercial politics* in which thousands participate, and which consists in perpetuating the *divine right of taxation*, and under the pretense of beneficence and patriotism, laying all manner of plans of diverting public funds to private ends—the coward's way of stealing.

5. Predatory Wealth.—Also an outgrowth of the theory of the divine right of kings which has taught the masses to acquiesce while they permit certain ones through tricks and cunning to gratify their vanity by gathering a large portion of the people's wealth into their own hands and by exploiting their fellows and perverting the minds of their hirelings to *make-believe* in their importance and in the sacredness of property rights, they satisfy their bastard ambitions for power, place and prestige.

6. Commercial Love.—Responding to the scramble for place and prestige human love has become so much a means by which to rise to power and affluence that both openly and secretly it is being exploited for profit by both sexes until every crime in the category and the most revolting sins and practices are being committed in its name, some of the manifestations being marriage for money, divorce, suicide, murder, prostitution, all part of the prevailing love and sex graft.

7. Murder.—“The coward murders with a kiss, the brave man with a sword.” The fact that six other classes of crimes are placed ahead of murder, each in their order of detriment to human society, is full of meaning; in truth, while murder is gross, horrid and inconvenient, a retrospect over the murders of the past shows that they do not compare in vicious destructiveness with results of the other classes of crime listed above.

8. Commercial Philanthropy.—No form of deceit is more far reaching in its blight upon human honesty than this worst of all forms of stealing, especially in the light of it being so prevalent that no one is deceived by it, every one understands that it is in the nature of a bribe and it would not be practiced except in a depraved community.

9. Bribery.—Under a commercial system it must be conceded that the man who pays the bribe is by far the greater criminal than the one who receives it, and this form of theft is placed in this order because it is premeditated, diabolical, corrupt, and invariably entered into for the express purpose of accomplishing more corruption.

10. Hypocrisy.—It is with due consideration that this crime is classified in this order, not so much on account of its criminal quality as on account of its prevalence, the vast amount of it, and its appearance in every field of human activity, whether in the misrepresentations of the trader, in diverting suspicion, intrigue,

or pretending love—whether in preacher, president or philosopher, the constant and effective use now being made of hypocrisy on all hands raises it in quantity far above ordinary criminal acts.

11. Gluttony.—This is not only a real crime, a matter of slow suicide, but it is the most prevalent of all forms of self-destruction, as more people die of overeating than all other causes combined. Gluttony not only destroys the habits of body and mind, but establishes a momentum that fastens obesity on the unborn for generations to come, interfering with longevity and blasting efficiency of all whom it touches.

12. Drunkenness.—While this class of crime is more vicious than its predecessor it is not so prevalent, and those who pursue it cannot remain respectable, hence it is not so dangerous. Considering the vast number of saloons and the millions spent annually for strong drink, this classification of drunkenness should naturally lead to a careful analysis of the quality of the worse crimes which precede it in the list.

13. Commercial Churchanity.—This form of graft is so all pervading and we have become so accustomed to it in our very "best" circles that the constant attitude of pastors in urging larger collections, in running temporary gambling resorts called "church fairs," in advertising their free lunch graft at Thanksgiving and Christmas time in order to increase memberships, and in running the "gospel mill" overtime without regard to the hours of union labor, outdoes all other "respectable" crime agencies in the matter of implanting the least desirable characteristics in those who participate.

14. Ostracism.—This crime is guilty of more cruelties of any with an entire absence of punishment of the offender, and it has been in general use since the beginning of history. It is a form of blackmail sometimes practiced by large numbers of persons in conspiracy by mutual interest against an unoffending one. Jesus finally became a victim as a result of the practice of this crime, and countless millions of others have felt its sting and gone down to poverty, starvation and degradation under its touch.

15. Vanity.—This crime is the handmaiden of ostracism and the sister to hypocrisy whom it arouses and calls into intrigue. It often masquerades as love. It destroys millions of households. It interferes with human solidarity. It is a destructive agent in every bosom wherein it finds lodgment. It accounts for the vast displays of the idle rich, the empty mansions on the boulevards, the artificial education in our schools, the catering to our vacant craze for fancy dressing, causing millions of dollars to be invested alone in the extravagant window displays of department stores. It drives more people crazy and causes more divorces than all other agencies combined.

16. Gossip.—This crime is a forerunner of ostracism. It is an outgrowth of governmentalism carried into social and domestic life, implying a right to mind other people's business, and is plentifully used by the unscrupulous to discredit those who stand in their way. It sometimes takes the form of conspiracy by common consent and often grows to be a deadly weapon, for it has driven thousands to despair and suicide. Modern journalism, third in the list of crimes, has grown to be its official form of public expression.

17. Rape.—Differing from its predecessors this crime is the most prevalent among those who have been artificially degraded, it is seldom known in its brutal form in the "respectable" class of society and let us be thankful that its actual occurrence is comparatively very infrequent. The perpetrator, as a rule, is as much a victim as the one mistreated, because it is well known among sociologists that rape never occurs excepting in communities that have been disorganized and brutalized by a privileged class.

18. Ill-Nature.—While this classification as a crime will surprise many, its evil and disorganizing effect are too far reaching to be omitted. And it is also true that as bad disposition is a result of the sum of brutal environments for thousands of generations, the one thus afflicted and who in turn afflicts others deserves our pity and sympathy on account of being more a victim than an invader.

19. Larceny.—Were it not that character rights are considered in this classification to far outvalue property rights, and were it not that the various forms of underhanded graft enumerated above are seen to be far more indicative of bad character than straightforward stealing, this division would not be placed as number nineteen in the list of crimes. Careful consideration permits it to remain as placed.

20. Commercial Pugilism.—It may be that this division should be placed somewhat higher in the scale, but it is one of the newer crimes and as a rule those whom it injures are attempting to play the same game as those who offend. It is as a compromise that this perversion and pretense of encouraging the manly art of self-defense and providing straightforward contests to those who enjoy this sport is placed in this order.

21. Quack Philosophy.—With the gradual decay of orthodoxy and commercial churchanity, there has come into the world a flock of grafters who for purposes of money getting and as the result of the wrong squint at the scheme of life have variously retired into the "silence" or gone back to the primitive theories of astrology, alchemy and spiritism, thereby ingeniously or ignorantly offering schemes of life, health and thought to draw the dimes of the credulous. There are no less than one hundred publications in this country, besides several thousand "operators," who, as healers, seers or wise guys, dole out quack philosophy to the unwary, make converts, talk in riddles and make their living by muddling themselves and others.

22. Anthropocentric Viewpoint.—One of the prevailing defects of our age which is nothing less than a crime, considering the extent that it prevails and the consequent detriment and unhappiness that it causes humanity, is the tendency to judge of the world and all people from the standpoint as they are pleasing to our own personal inherited tastes, notions, whims and prejudices. Judging from the standpoint of oneself must always give an incorrect view—the parrot in a household always imagines that everything about is being conducted with special reference to it, and primitive man was convinced that every storm or eclipse was a demon or monster coming on purpose to destroy him.

While modern clear thinking demonstrates that we require thousands of *like instances* before we can make true decisions on



any subject, judging from the standpoint of self alone, enables the tyrant to justify oppressions, the millionaire to continue hoarding without regard to the impoverished, the citizen to accept special privilege, the society dame to outshine in display, the thinker to misjudge true principles, the contestant to underestimate his antagonist, the criminal to justify his wrong-doing.

The real avenue by which to avoid all the crimes in the category is to practice the mind to think and the body to live impersonal philosophy, learn to draw all conclusions from external evidence rather than from internal preference, out of which will grow a love of truth for truth's sake, a love of work for work's sake, and a love of life for life's sake.

## A CLUB STUFFED

In quoting the following from Dr. Tilden's congested "Big Stick," I am obliged to explain that these comments followed Walter Hurt's poem, "A Call from Colorado," which same was written for To-Morrow last December, and has been widely copied without credit, the "Stuffed Club" being one of the pirates.

Still, as shown below, pirates sometimes write very creditable stuff, and as we, by Walter Hurt's request, printed in our May number an excellent answer to "A Call from Colorado," by Gerald Christian of London, England, his poem voicing the same sentiment found in Dr. Tilden's non-resident "Club," which evidently hits, not to hurt, it is clear that we make no objection to this class of criticism.

If it is admitted that a revolution of blood is not the proper method of effecting a governmental change, it does not therefore follow that violence is not justified to prevent innocent men, who are being persecuted for upholding a principle that is vital to integral society, from being made the victims of murder and violence—a malignant evil sometimes demands a drastic remedy. The "Stuffed Club" does not appear to realize that the issue referred to in the poem, is not the advisability of a political revolution, but the saving of the lives of these men.—EDITOR.

Who was it said that Walter Hurt had recovered his health? It's a mistake. The above poem says he has not.

Mr. Hurt can write just as beautifully about an hallucination as he can about a fact, and unless his readers have mental discrimination—a good mental digestion—they may take this poem of his too seriously.

Don't do it. He is emotional and when he loses his mental co-ordinating power through ill health he can weep with those who weep, even if their weeping is the lamentations of the unjust.

We have no opinion of "our brave brothers," but we do believe that they will have a fair trial, and we believe that they believe it, and we believe that every healthy, sane, intelligent, honest citizen believes it.

Mr. Hurt is a sick man and his poem should be read from the standpoint of art with the remembrance that his artistic temperament is mercurial and when sick he can be affected as readily by a wind that blows hot as one that blows cold, or whether it blows at all.

The people of the United States who cannot see the political buncombe in all this outbreak of criticism of the President—because of his remark about "undesirable citizens"—are either like Walter Hurt, sick, or there is something the matter with their cocoanuts.

There are people denouncing Mr. Roosevelt today who have blown their lungs until livid in the face, in times gone by, for free speech, and now, because the President has set the unique example of publicly expressing his personal opinion about a class or classes of men, our erstwhile advocates of free speech are tooting their horns at the other end.

What does it all mean? Buncombe! All political buncombe. Making, or think they are making, votes for OUR PARTY. Oh may their God damn

them as He would if He were not of their own making. A god of reason and justice would wipe the political vipers from off the earth. I want no better proof that there is no god. For a god who would make this type of a politician and suffer such a vermin to continue in existence is a monstrosity—the creation of a diseased mind.

If the monstrous could be removed from "labor" as well as "capital," honest men might take sides; but when the good of either question must be distorted by such a bastard virtue as buncombe politics, such as is exhibited quadrennially in this country, the further away from it they stay the more self-respect they will have.

Walter Hurt writes well and I believe he is honest, but his sympathetic nature has been caught in this political maelstrom wherein his poetical soul takes on the war-cry and his music sounds pathetically sweet, but exceedingly incongruous and misapplied.

"Red Revolution" is a stalking ghost of dead ancestors, unworthy of our pretended enlightenment, and if it becomes the slogan of the forthcoming social change it will also be its dirge.

If the world has not acquired enough intelligence to establish a new order without causing the "rivers to run red," it has not enough intelligence to formulate a humane government. If this is the ultimate—the best that Socialism can offer—it will die in parturition from the malignancy of its constitutional dyscrasia.—The Stuffed Club.

To-MORROW for August will contain an article by the editor entitled "God's Principal Jokes," being inspired by the saying of Nietzsche that "God is the greatest of Humorists." While the title suggests a tone of levity it is probably the most thoughtful and elaborate piece of iconoclasm ever wrought by the author. It will be printed in bound form at 10c the copy.

## What They Say

Gentlemen: Your magazine is the best published. I wish you unbounded success in your noble work.

CHAS. E. DUNBAR, Toledo, O.

Dear Sercombe: Let me say that I have found TO-MORROW the thickest, creamiest emission of brain essence that ever happened my way. Enclosed find one dollar for a gallon a month.

IRWIN R. CAMMACK, Paso Robles, Cal.

Dear Friends: TO-MORROW is the cleanest thing I have ever read in this country.

E. W. COLLINS, Bellingham, Wash.

Dear Friends: Your little card to those who send you MSS. is just the thing. Every man who has a due appreciation of his views should gladly respond to it.

FRANCIS B. LIVESY.

Comrades: I think it would be hard to exaggerate the good qualities of TO-MORROW, and I thank you for not letting me lose a copy. Will say that I am quite ready to quit owning things, and will sign.

WM. SCALES.

Friends: I can truly say that TO-MORROW expresses my thoughts as no other publication which I know of does. TO-MORROW breathes and pours out the truest brotherhood conceivable, that brotherhood which embraces all without qualification, and that is why I wish to become identified with it in some capacity.

B. C. REYNARD

# Theology, Medicine and Law

BY C. S. CARR, M. D., COLUMBUS, OHIO.



This trio of professions constitutes the mill-stone hung about the neck of modern civilization.

Theology tries to convict the world of imaginary sins, at the same time it belittles conscience and disparages reason.

Medicine attacks the very foundation of health and right living with poisonous drugs, while it discourages the God-given remedies so abundantly supplied by nature.

Law throws its arms of protection around criminals of every species, while it persecutes the innocent and lays in wait for the unwary.

Theology, Medicine and Law. The first attacks the soul, the second the body, and the third debauches the innate laws of justice.

Theology the natural enemy of religion. Medicine the natural enemy of health. Law the natural enemy of justice and good order.

Theology had its birth in the hatred of true religion. Medicine was born of the distrust of nature. Law had its origin in deliberate disbelief in the natural goodness of man.

If a man finds himself in doubt as to his duty toward God and other men, let him apply to theology where his doubts will be doubled, and his suspicions be multiplied.

If a man becomes afflicted with some bodily infirmity, real or imaginary, let him apply to the doctor and he will soon find himself facing a thousand ailments where he first had but one.

If a man has trouble with his neighbor, let him apply to the lawyer, when he will soon find himself involved in every species of contention and new troubles springing up on every side.

If some cataclysm of nature should wipe off the face of the earth every professional lawyer, every theologian, every doctor of medicine, there would still remain a system or code of ethics as to right or wrong between man and man. There would still remain religion, and there would be left behind many excellent remedies for disease.

It is not law, theology or medicine that is doing the harm. It is the scribes and pharisees, who make these professions a means of livelihood. The lawyer lives on the bickerings of his neighbors. The theologian lives by pulling over the old straws of antiquated notions. The doctor of medicine lives on the ailments and the continued sickness of his fellowmen.

Away with them all! Back to nature! Do right to your neighbor. Revere the laws of nature and keep your conscience sweet and pure. When you get sick, follow the promptings of nature. Put yourself in the care of some kind person who has a little hard commonsense and abide the result.

Justice between man and man is a good thing, but it is not found in the courts.

Right thoughts about God and nature are helpful and uplifting, but they are not found in books of theology.

Original from

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Remedies for disease are a boon to mankind, but they need not be sought either in medical colleges or the drug stores.

A face to face, friendly talk with your neighbor with whom you have had a difference is better than all the lawyers in the world.

A glance at the starry firmament on a beautiful night is better than all the theologies ever written.

A breath of air from the green fields, to bask in the direct rays of the sun, to swim in a clear pool, are better remedies than can be found in the pharmacopoeia.

## THE CRY OF A CYNIC

BY WILL HUBBARD-KERNAN.

*From "The Flaming Meteor."*

Had I known the world as I know it now  
In my boyhood I half believe that I  
Would have sworn me a stern, fierce, terrible vow  
Down unto my death to live a lie;

To promise, yet never perform; to pose  
As a friend, while betraying all friendships here;  
To prate religion, while under the rose  
I struck through its quivering breast a spear.

For I often think had I lived this lie,  
And lived it like many a man I see,  
That wealth or power or honor high  
As it came to them would have come to me;

Nor would I have felt as I feel to-day,  
When I find how fickle is friendship here;  
For, ah! had I been but as false as they,  
I could answer a-back with a sneer for sneer;

But—fool that I was—I trusted so,  
And my love was real as love could be.  
Ah! there is the bitterness of the blow  
That has smitten the innermost soul of me.

And as for the world that has hissed me down  
Unto depths I never had thought to know—  
I turn away from its flier and frown  
Despairing, for it hath deceived me so.

Fool! fool that I was! in my trustful youth  
I thought this world was a world sublime  
That was struggling ever in search of Truth,  
And where Truth would triumph in time—in time;

And I tried to teach it the Right as I  
Could see the Right, in my own weak way,  
And it sprang upon me with curse and cry  
And is hounding me down like a dog to-day.

But far between, and though few they be,  
Are good, grand souls in this world of shame,  
And the love and lilies they send to me  
Are more than fortune and more than fame;

And when I remember these royal men  
I rise renewed in my sense and soul,  
And take up the trials of life again,  
And again press on to a golden goal.

# An Outrageous Arrest

BY WALTER HURT.

Momentous significance attaches to the recent arrest by the Federal authorities of Fred D. Warren, the brave and brilliant managing editor of War-horse Wayland's redoubtable journal, the *Appeal to Reason*, Girard, Kans., on the convenient charge of circulating "scurrilous and defamatory" matter through the mails. This action means as much as did the firing upon the minute-men of Lexington by the janizaries of George III. It amounts, in fine, to an open declaration of war between Capitalism and Socialism. The Marxian movement no longer can be sneered at and despised, so the powers of plutocracy seek to strangle it with the official garrote of the government they own by the "divine right" of purchase.

"Scurrilous?" Absurd! As if it were possible to tell the truth about Capitalism without being scurrile.

Palpably the charge is a pretext, and the motive is manifest. If the utterances of the *Appeal* be true, they should by all means be circulated; if they are untrue, the libel laws afford ample redress without having recourse to the infamous methods of the postal inquisition—that blackest blot on the administrative records of this republic. The object is not to punish for sepcific offense, but to suppress the paper entirely because it is inimical to the interests of the Ruling Robbers. It is the beginning of the battle.

The character of the victim indicates clearly the purpose. Next to Debs, perhaps, Warren is the most dangerous man with whom Capitalism has to contend. He long has been a thorn of intolerable irritation in the flesh of the Timocracy. He is one of the real motive forces of Socialism. He has an amazing genius for accomplishing things. Without exaggeration it may be said that within his particular field his achievements are Napoleonic. Moreover, in addition to his executive ability and his remarkable resourcefulness, he is one of the most effective writers in the movement, virile and cogent, and with a sure affinity for the fit phrase. His paper, with its enormous circulation, its devoted constituency and its militant methods, is a prodigy of the revolutionary propaganda, even as he is one of its phenomenons; the combination constituting truly the Hurlo-thrumbo of the dynasty of dollars. So it has been decided to put a permanent quietus on his "pernicious activity."

However, Warren not only is a fighter but he is a fighter who WINS. He's about the toughest proposition the plutes could have tackled, and I'm smiling in my sleeve until the seams are cracking to think what a surprise party he'll arrange for the enemy. Unless I'm mightily mistaken in the man, he'll hand out some hot wallops that'll make 'em wish they hadn't.

## FELLOWSHIP FARM

A 75-acre tract of Nature's best ground, in Westwood, Mass., twelve miles from Boston. Here forty Socialists have begun to work and live with gardens, fruit, poultry, and various industries. This is a GREATER ARGUMENT FOR SOCIALISM than was ever pronounced by Marx or Engels. It is bringing Socialism out of Books into Life.

# A New Theory of Cell Action

BY A. BETTES.

## THE CONSTITUTION OF MATTER.

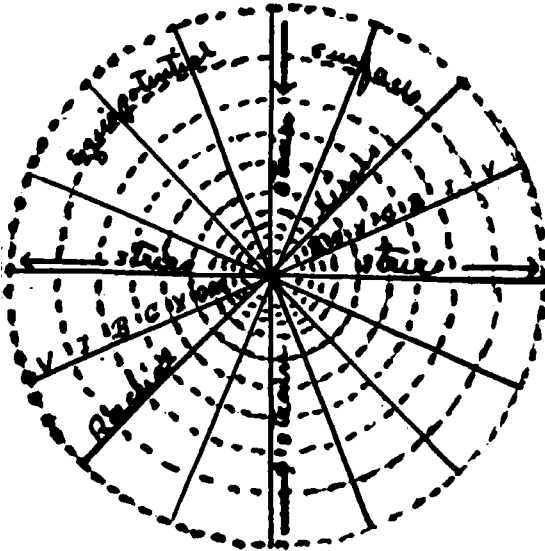


Fig 3.

All cells—mineral, vegetable or animal—if free are approximately spherical in outline, but if pressed upon by contiguous cells may be more or less modified. The cell has an elastic surface, a central nucleus and an active cytoplasm or kinetic principle oscillating between centre and surface if cell is not too rigid. The cell in constitution is composed of electro-kinetic

and potential. The electro-kinetic, hereafter called kinetic, oscillates along the radial lines, Fig. 3, while the electro-potential is diverted into the curved surfaces. Kinetic changes into potential and potential back into kinetic and so on. The changes from one state into the other are always equal in magnitude though oppositely directed. Electricity may go into its potential state and remain therein during a greater or less period depending on its potential set intensity. The potential in the cell of the coal gives to it its commercial value. In the mineral cell, which also vary, there is a more permanent set than in either the animal or vegetable cell. The key that unlocks the potential set of the cell and liberates the occluded force is electro-kinetic or some modification thereof, such as heat or light. If the amplitude of the wave is called kinetic and the wave length the potential, then as the amplitude or kinetic decreases the wave length or potential increases. As the amplitude into the wave length will approximately give the mass so the kinetic into the potential will approximately give the magnitude of the total force. Should the electro-kinetic disturbance take place at the centre of the form as shown in Fig. 3, then maximum kinetic will occur thereat and gradually change into potential surfaces in its outward transit, reaching a point whereby all of the kinetic is changed into potential. Intervening maximum kinetic at the centre and maximum potential at the surface there is equal kinetic and potential called the neutral or zero condition. Time gives to these created potential surfaces a set form which set will vary as the magnitude of the energy. To break down this set and carry the potential surfaces farther out re-

quires the application of external kinetic energy. The additional kinetic energy applied goes into fresh potential along the curved surfaces and becomes a restoring force. This elastic restoring force is equal in magnitude though opposite in action to the outward or applied force. The outward force is called a stress, while the opposing or restoring force is called a strain. So above the neutral line there is a positive stress and strain. When the applied force is toward the centre then the curved potential surfaces are pressed together. To produce this increased pressure requires great negative stress which develops a restoring force outwardly. This force of restitution is heat which radiates outwardly. Therefore, heat and pressure are always equal in magnitude in their exchange but opposite in effect. So below the neutral in the cell there is the negative stress and strain and above the neutral there is a positive stress and strain. Electrical action along the radial line in one plane is in wave form, giving to the water wave the vibratory action above and below its neutral surface line. The wave then in one plane forms a straight line and would pass through a slit unobstructed, while in the plane at right angles thereto, the crests and troughs form an obstruction. This phenomenon is called polarization. Let us consider such a form as Fig. 3 under great positive stress and strain, then if a ray of light should be directed along a radial line, at a certain intersection of this line with a curved potential surface, the light ray will become divided; a part will continue along the radial line called the ordinary ray, while that part diverted to the potential surface will be called the extraordinary ray and the phenomenon will be called double refraction. When the incident ray along the radial line becomes segregated in three parts, the centre line is said to be plane polarized, while those diverted to the left and right respectively are rotated to the left or right and are said to be circularly polarized, the one clockwise and the other anti-clockwise. The electrical energies are divided and diverted the same as the light ray. If the diversion all takes place to the right of the radial line then rotation takes place to the right; if diversion takes place to the left then rotation is in that direction. These motions take place in the armature of the motor causing it to move forward or backward, depending on the direction of the current therein. The language of the cell is expressed in its color. Green is the central or neutral color of the group. Below the color green as shown in Fig. 3, there are the negative colors yellow, orange and red, while above the neutral green there are the positive colors blue, indigo and violet. The color red indicates the thermo or heat end of the color spectrum, also the centre of the cell. The kinetic heat at the centre of the cell is a wise provision in nature. It requires kinetic energy thereat to break down the potential set of the nucleus in order to liberate the potential therein and to change it into life kinetic. So we find the negative end of the cell evolving heat due to contraction while this heat is diffused and absorbed by the positive phase or end. Thus in the cell we have an oscillation of the potential surfaces backward and forward by the neutral line, which vibratory motion is called the inertia of the cell.

The surface of the earth cell is the neutral potential surface of the whole earth cell which includes the atmosphere. Its prevailing color is green, while above the color green is the color

blue representing the blue sky. Below the neutral surface there is the gradual tendency toward the thermo or heat end of the earth cell and toward its spectrum color red. From the angry red to the ecstatic violet are the various emotions of the earth cell. Stress and strain cause expansion and contraction which, in time past, has caused a twisting and turning of the potential strata of the earth cell and causing seismic disturbances therein. The earth cell is composed of a central rigid sphere, superimposed on which is the air sphere. As positive or negative stress takes place, the potential surfaces of the atmosphere are carried outwardly or downwardly, causing evaporation or precipitation as the case may be. As positive stress or expansion takes place, the developed restoring force is called gravitation, while the upward force we call levitation. If one-half of the electric stress of a cell is diverted to the right and the other part to the left of a radial line, then a static state is set up. If this equally divided electrical stress increases in intensity then a point is reached whereby cell division takes place, as observed in single cell life wherein vegetative multiplication takes place, while in complex cell life there is only a partial opening of the entire cell from which the central nucleus is emitted by the negative strain. The emission from the earth cell takes place through volcanic or earthquake channels. The solar cell has a sun nucleus at the centre and several potential surfaces outwardly therefrom. The emissions from the sun are along the radial lines while the potential planets move along the curved potential surfaces due to the diverted kinetic energy. As the sand on a vibrating pane of glass will gather at the nodes and the iron filings in a magnetic field will gather at the potential nodes, so the planet material gathers at the great solar nodes. A point at the sun is maximum kinetic while at some point near the planet Neptune is maximum potential. The point intervening these two maxima is the great solar node which is occupied by the largest planet Jupiter. The relative distance of the planets increases outwardly from the sun thus: call the total kinetic at the sun 200 while the potential is zero, as the kinetic decreases the potential will increase thus:

Kinetic 80,	Potential $2\frac{1}{2}$ ,	Total force 200.
Kinetic 40,	Potential 5,	Total force 200.
Kinetic 20,	Potential 10,	Total force 200.
Kinetic 10,	Potential 20,	Total force 200.
Kinetic 5,	Potential 40,	Total force 200.
Kinetic $2\frac{1}{2}$ ,	Potential 80,	Total force 200.

The planet Mercury is not a planet in the sense that the others are, Mercury is to the sun what the moon is to the earth. So starting with Mercury's distance to be added to the increasing potential we find the relative distance of the planets increasing as the potential, that is as  $2\frac{1}{2}$ , 5, 10, 20, 40, 80, etc.. Bode discovered this relation but did not know the cause. So we find the great solar cell working under the same general law of electro kinetic and potential the same as the earth cell, the molecule, atom, electron or thought cell. A contraction or expansion of the great celestial sphere will cause contraction or expansion down nature's line through all the occluded or smaller cells to the thought cell.



## THE GREAT WHITE THRONE

HENRY BRITTON.

Who will be next on the great white throne?  
Emblazoned with stars and pillowed in clouds:  
To reign in all honor and glory alone—  
Who will be next on the great white throne?

Sweet Isis long since has ceased from her quest;  
Her dear brother's memory lives but in stone.  
And Memnon, as mute as the Sphinx,  
Has forgotten to answer the call of the sun.  
And where is Jehovah, the god of the Jews?  
Has he fallen asleep like the Punic Baal?  
Who silenced his thunders on Sinai?  
Who bade the voice of his prophets: "Be still!"

In the ashes of time, Persia's holy fires smother,  
With none to rekindle and keep bright the flame:  
The lurid glows died from the dark Aztec heavens,  
When the sacrifice ceased on the temples and fane.  
Over Ind's hallowed halls the ivy is creeping,  
And Brahma, their many armed god has fled  
With Chrishna and Vishnu and terrible Siva,  
To the graves of the gods who forever are dead.

The winds midst the groves of Olympus are seeking  
The divine court of discord which ruled there of yore;  
But Zeus has forever relinquished his sceptre,  
And gone with his world into classical lore.  
Then Jove, the mail-handed, set all the earth trembling,  
As he hurled his loud thunders o'er land, sea and sky;  
And tho' Rome was his helper, like all of the others,  
He ruled his short season; then weakened, then died.

Good Odin, the author of life, has departed.  
The halls of Valhalla are frozen and cold.  
The iron gloved Thor with his glittering hammer  
Dashes huge mountains to earth no more.  
The circles and cromlechs of the Druids are rended,  
Their cairns are all fallen and covered with moss.  
Unharmed, to the oak is the mistletoe clinging,  
Since the sickle of gold has been broken and lost.

'Tis said once a star shed its rays on a cradle,  
Of a babe who was sent to redeem all of men.  
He lived, taught and died, and now after ages—  
His sceptre must pass and another must reign.  
So the gods of all nations pass with the nations,  
And ere that old throne shall totter and fall,  
More shall sit where the many were seated—  
Yet hidden forever is the ruler of all.

Who will be next on the great white throne?  
Emblazoned with stars and pillowed in the clouds;  
To reign in all honor and glory alone—  
Who will be next on the great white throne?

"UNDESIRABLE CITIZEN" BUTTON.

"I AM AN UNDESIRABLE CITIZEN" BUTTON SENT  
POSTPAID ON RECEIPT OF 5 CENTS; 6 FOR 25 CENTS.

# The Story of "The Doom of Dogma"

BY HENRY FRANK.

## CHAPTER V.



The struggle with my conscience was becoming intense. I was being forced to ask myself whether I was playing with my own soul and if the time must not inevitably come when I would throw the dice and cross the Rubicon.

More and more I heard the doctrines which I had caused myself to believe as the truth scoffed at and slyly mocked among the very men who in public so grandiloquently stood as their sponsors and proud defenders. At last after ardently studying "Bowne on the Atonement," which purported to be a reasonable and incontrovertible defense of the traditional doc-

trine, dressed, however, in modern habilaments, I made bold to write out my own interpretation, which was in conflict with his, and yet which I believed was a logical confutation because founded on the very premises which he himself had set forth.

It was a beautiful autumn day in Minnesota. Three of us were drifting in a boat on one of Minnesota's dolce far niente lakes. One was a young man who has since been recognized as one of the most successful pulpit orators and platform lecturers in the Methodist church and who in those days was one of my particular chums. The other, possessed of a more pragmatical mind, has since been given the opportunity to develop his commercial instincts under the guise of a minister by being made one of the agents of the Methodist Book Concern, a very responsible position in this great church.

When the poise of our spirits had come to reflect the sweet calmness of the deep blue sky above and the placid grey-green waters beneath, and we were in such mental mood as to be recipient of intellectual food and susceptible to discussion, slyly I drew from my breast-pocket the little manuscript I had written in criticism of the "Atonement," and with their permission slowly read it to them.

Ardently they listened, with minds critically inclined. Occasionally they would look at each other and express either approval or surprise. But whatever their feelings, they respected mine and clearly saw that I was sincere and earnest. That, indeed, I had made it clear to them that the paper was a personal document and confessed the burden of my heart no less than the thoughts of my brain, was soon made evident. At last I finished. A dead silence settled on us all. I was embarrassed. I wanted honest criticism. I heard what might mean either disdain or laudation.

Finally my nearest chum, with whom in college I had often engaged in mental wrestling matches and who has since developed into the most popular rhetorician in the church, ventured an opinion. But it was not a criticism. It was indifferent persiflage. "Why on earth, Frank, do you want to waste your time resurrecting the dead past and trying to reconstruct it in line with

the living present? The 'Atonement' isn't meant in these days to demand our reasoning powers but our powers of imagination. There is no conception in the history of man that can be made so to excite the lachrymal glands of the crowd as the picture of Jesus on the Cross. Dwell on that and not on the theology of the Atonement, and you'll carry the audience with you every time."

"But," I said, "brother, you don't mean to insist that religion is all feeling and that reason and thought have no serious place in it?"

"No, of course not. But you must learn the art of the semblance of reasoning without actually performing it if you want to hold the crowd. What the people want in these days is pictorial eloquence and warm action in delivery. That captures them every time."

"Do you mean to tell me the church has come to this? Do our audiences consist of nothing more than assemblages of emotional animals whom we must tickle as the visitors of the Zoo tickle the elephants with peanuts and candy?"

The practical and commercially inclined member of this social trinity blurted out in a blunter and more monitory fashion: "Frank, listen to me, do you or don't you want to remain in the Methodist ministry?"

"Naturally, I intend to remain."

"Well, then, take the advice of a friend; burn up that manuscript and never let the Elder or the Bishop know that you entertain such notions. If you do, it's 'all day' with you."

Disgust mingled with condemnation in my heart and I responded by saying that if it meant the stultification of my conscience as the price I must pay for my ministerial berth I was beginning to think I would prefer to sacrifice the latter to the former. So the years were wearing away and more and more the conviction was coming to me that all the youthful sacrifices, social, domestic, commercial, professional, I had made for the sake of becoming a minister in an orthodox church were worse than the spendthrift follies of a cad. What had chiefly disappointed me was that the arguments I had advanced were manifestly unanswerable by these two leading church lights, and yet despite the truthfulness of my contention they preferred to swallow the violation of intellectual candor and maintain an air of sincerity before the world merely for the sake of getting a livelihood and retaining a respectable social position.

To one who has experienced the painful suffering such disclosures effect there is something pitifully naive in the critical remarks of some of the glib reviewers of "The Doom of Dogma," who prate about the apparent dishonesty of a man continuing to preach in a church whose doctrinal standards he has been forced conscientiously to reject. It is so much easier for these respectable casuists to discover the honesty of the man who still remains in the church and refuses to let the world know his doubts, though they be dark as nimbus clouds, than the honesty of the man who doubts and yet lingers to confound the insincerity of those whose miseducation has dulled the edge of their consciences and perverted their perceptions of the truth.

Nevertheless, in the course of time the spiritual burden one must carry who struggles to rise above the "annoyances of con-

science" that he may adjust himself to the requirements of traditional respectability, becomes altogether too onerous to be endured. Just as I was approaching the pinnacle of my youthful ambitions and my name was beginning to be heard in the annals of the church, it began to be apparent to me that not many months would transpire before the public confession would become necessary and the abandonment of the ministry a conscientious obligation.

The last crushing experience I encountered at this disappointing period was the manifest relief the authorities of the church evince when one who has been to them "a thorn in the flesh" concludes to retire from the ranks.

It was at one of the largest conferences in the Northwest, in the dusk of the twilight, immediately preceding adjournment sine die, that the to me sadly depressing confession was made. It was the sensation that shocked the quiet hours of the concluding session. It had been well known to all the cognoscenti that a prominent church in one of the western states, a church which was the pride of the conference and one which was regarded as an especial prize, had requested that the Bishop send me to them to minister as their pastor. It was thought that when that solemn hour arrived, which is always the hour of contrition and tremulous anticipation, the venerable Bishop would among the rest read off my name as the appointee to this much desired church, with its handsome parsonage and its alluring stipend.

But when my name was reached on the list the Elder of my district slowly arose and declared that "Mr. Frank had decided to 'locate,' " which in the parlance of the church means that I had resolved to retire from the ministry. None could understand my motive. Some thought I had set my ambitions on securing the coveted prize and knew that it had been awarded elsewhere; others thought that perhaps I felt a commercial instinct wrestling in my breast that made me yearn for "the fleshpots of Egypt," and hence my sudden and startling resolution.

But the few knew; the few who were near to my heart and my honesty. They knew that I could endure the farce no longer. That I had become convinced no man who sincerely employed his mind and struggled to find the truth could do so with impunity in the Methodist Church. I had no longing for the crown of martyrdom or the heretic's glory; so quietly I resolved upon retirement to await a better day when perhaps a more honest church and a more enlightened creed would again make it possible for me to preach the Gospel.

So with one fell swoop I plunged from the aloofness of the ministry into the commonplaces of the commercial struggle and cast my fate with the changers of the market place and the barterers of the mart. I knew not that ever again I would return to the ministry, but I felt that it was my duty to engage in other occupations that I might first right myself on the theological seas whereon I had already almost foundered.

It was during this long rest in the business world, with its splendid opportunity for elbow-contact with men as they are and not men as we in the abstraction of professional thought think them to be, that I came to lay the real foundations of my theological conclusions, which after another rift in the traditional strata finally evolved into the elaborations of my "Doom of

Dogma." But the result was not immediate, and not until Fate compelled me to undergo another severe and final struggle with my convictions in conflict with categorical standards did the light finally break and the dawn of truth lift its brightening beams on my bewildered brain.

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## OUR BEAUTIFUL CITY—TO-MORROW

Dedicated to Parker H. Sercombe.

BY GEORGE VAIL WILLIAMS.

A fair city I see in my visions arise!  
 Its snowy-white domes pierce the amethyst skies,  
 And now for relief to my sorrow dimmed eyes  
     A glimpse of the Future I borrow.  
 I know 'tis a dream,—but a misty Ideal,  
 But hearts of my comrades aglow with true zeal,  
 And Love (with our labor) can soon make it *real*;  
     'Tis our beautiful city—To-morrow.

But no baron of wealth shall its hearth-stones possess  
 To bring to the heart of the widow distress;  
 Each orphan shall know every parent's caress,  
     And each heart shall share every sorrow.  
 Forever be banished the serpent of Greed,  
 And with him the Specters of Custom and Creed;  
 For Labor and Love shall supply every need  
     In our beautiful city—To-morrow.

The gaunt were-wolf of Hunger no threshold shall cross,  
 No man ever gain by another man's loss;  
 Both silver and gold shall be counted as dross,  
     No man of his neighbor would borrow.  
 No place shall be there for the dungeon or chain,  
 And Womanhood never be bartered for gain;  
*The fetters of Love shall be riven in twain*  
     In our beautiful city—To-morrow.

All her sons and her daughters in pity divine  
 Shall scorn to subsist upon cattle and swine,  
 Or fill their bright cups with the maddening wine  
     That bringeth full measure of Sorrow.  
 The Lily and Rose in its gardens shall bloom  
 To fling on the breezes their perfect perfume;  
 And *Knowledge* shall banish the fear of the tomb  
     From our beautiful city—To-morrow.

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## APPRECIATION

Dear Sercombe: To my mind the June TO-MORROW is, in many respects, the best number you have issued.

Your cover stuff is immense, and in your editorials you keep up the same strong stroke that has made them distinctive from the start.

The contributions show a better average of quality, and a gratifying discrimination is shown, in particular, in the character of the verse admitted—something about which I have had a silent quarrel with you in the past. William Platt's "Birth" is a masterly production, and Raley Husted Bell's "Barbizon" is a genuine gem. Then, too, "The Man Who Lives for Men," by J. Burritt Smith, gives an excellent satisfaction.

Altogether, I must commend the editorial tone of the June number.

Fraternally,

WALTER HURT.

# Interest and Free Trade

*Being a Chapter in a series of "Lobsters I have Met," with Apologies for Invasion of Copyright.*

BY HERMAN KUEHN.



Throughout the luncheon my friend kept assuring me of his ardor in the free trade cause. As we lingered over our coffee (a strong and pernicious stimulant that I adjure wherever that mild and wholesome exhilarant, beer, is obtainable) I suggested to my friend Boyer that his fervor for free trade seemed to end at the custom house—that he had evidently never considered that interest was due to a hindrance to freedom of exchange.

"You're crazy!" says Boyer.

"You admit," says I, "that the producer of a thing is entitled to the whole of his product and—"

"What has that to do with it?"

"—and that therefore anything that accrues to one who did not produce it must be at the cost of the producer. Hence if I pay, as Interest, any more than the actual 'wages' involved in the mobilization of my credit it must be due to somewhere some interference with freedom of exchange."

"You talk like a lunatic," says Boyer. "See here. I'm a practical man, and a business man. I buy, let's say, \$50,000 worth of steel. I have but \$25,000 in the bank to pay for it, and so I go to my bank and borrow the other \$25,000. Now I don't really pay the bank interest for the money I borrow. It's the steel I need in my business. So you see I'm paying interest on capital, not on money. That ought to be plain enough."

"Quite plain," I assure him. "And what rate of interest do you pay?"

"Six per cent, and it's worth that to me, because—"

"Now, Boyer," I continued so as to avoid giving him another chance to call me a lunatic out of his turn, "the bank gets six per cent, though it costs much less than that to pay the actual cost of insuring your credit. In order to get the bank to make you a loan you must furnish security. The security and your reputation establish for you a credit. If you and your fellow business men were free to organize your combined credits—free to utilize this combined and secured credit, the actual cost of the transaction you have cited would be considerably less than six per centum per annum. In the absence of the monopoly factor it would be as low as the actual cost of managing the business."

"You're crazy as a loon!" says Boyer.

"Whenever you find that you have to pay more for any commodity or service than it would cost if undertaken by voluntary co-operation always look about you a bit and it won't take an eminently sane man like you a long while to discover that there must of necessity be some hindrance to freedom of trade."

"Well, if you had a grain of sense you'd know that I wouldn't be paying six per cent. if I could get the service for less. If what you say is true why don't some of you wise fellows start a bank of that kind?"

"Because, my dear Boyer, there is a law against it."

"You're crazy! Any one can start a bank. If all the people in this restaurant right now wanted to do it they could pay one another in their own notes, and if each were willing what would hinder them?"

"Nothing, except that each would then have the obligation of some other person, but would still be without a circulating medium. Whereas, if there were no law against it, these same people could combine their joint credits, form a bank, and by giving the bank adequate security would be furnished with the better known and easily circulatable bank notes in lieu of their own notes, and these bank notes would serve the purposes of a circulating medium. And the toll for the use of the bank's notes would be the actual cost of transacting the business of the bank."

"You're insane! I never heard of any such a law. Did you ever hear of any man being prosecuted for transgressing that law you talk of, Mr. Smart Alexander?"

"No. But that proves nothing. I can carry a letter for you or you for me, but if we were to go carrying letters in any considerable way we would soon find ourselves in durance vile. You never hear of the violation of that postal law because people are aware of it being a hindrance to any one engaging in competition with the government post-office. Nevertheless the banking law to which I refer was violated in 1893 by the New York Clearing House. That institution illegally issued clearing-house certificates during the panic of that year, and they were retired when the emergency which those certificates overcame had ended. Indeed the violation of that law, at that time, was of great public service. The offenders were well-to-do, desirable citizens, and were not punished, but if——"

"You're crazy! What law are you talking about, anyhow?"

"The National Banking Act of 1862. It has a provision imposing a ten per centum tax upon all paper used as a circulating medium except treasury and national bank currency notes. And it is because of that protective measure (protection to capital invested in national bank stocks) that interest is more than the actual cost of organizing and mobilizing mutual credits."

"You talk foolish! In Australia the law you cite does not apply, and you have to pay interest there in excess of the actual cost of insuring credits."

"I don't know the conditions there, but if you'll take the trouble to look into the woodpile you'll find the pickaninny in some sort of interference with free trade."

"Say, you're crazy as a bed-bug!" Boyer assured me. "We've had all that wild-cat sort of banking, and now we have honest money that's good anywhere in the world."

"Yes, Boyer," I replied, "we've had wild-cat money, but we've never had any bank failures under a system of mutual banking. The nearest approach to doing business on insured credits was done by the Suffolk Bank System, operating in Boston with fifty-two branches throughout New England. It worked admirably, but was put out of business by the act pro-

tecting holders of United States bonds, which contains the provision that operates to make the rate of interest consist of the actual cost of organizing, insuring and mobilizing secured co-operative credits plus the blackmail the law enables the exploiters to superimpose."

"But interest isn't paid for money at all, you muttonhead! Interest is that part of the product that goes justly and naturally to capital used in production."

"All that capital used in production is entitled to receive is a restoration of the capital itself, intact (or just as good as new) at the close of its service."

"Say, that's the craziest thing yet. If you need a shovel and I've got one to spare, do you think I'd lend it to you if I got nothing for the use of it?"

"Perhaps not, Boyer. But in a free trade market I'd not be confined to your shovel. There may be others. Generally there are others. If you have the power to limit my freedom I may have to pay you something more than the return of a new shovel. But under free trade this is what would happen."

"O, so you're a prophet, too, as well as a smart-aleck," says Boyer with his choicest sneer.

"Hardly that, but judging from experience I assume that in order to have a shovel to lend me at all you must have a surplus shovel that you are not using yourself. Nor would you lend me the tool unless you felt sure of my 'solvency.' If you keep the shovel lying idle rust will destroy it, or impair its serviceability. If, then, I use it, and stand ready when you want it, to give you in return a new shovel, have not I rendered you as great a service as you have rendered me, and is not justice satisfied?"

"Say, you talk sillier all the time. Don't you understand that the element of time enters? Of course you don't. You're too crazy to see that if I don't lend you my shovel you'll have to whirl in and take the time to make one yourself. So you have to pay me, not only a new shovel, but a bonus for the time I saved you."

"But it is going to take me quite the same length of time to make the new shovel at the end of the season as it would at the beginning, so I am not saving any time at all. There is the element of opportuneness. I'd rather defer making the shovel until after I have used yours out in planting my crop. True. But I don't owe you anything for that. For you get full pay for your shovel when I return you a new one. And as time belongs to no one, no one has any right to collect toll for its use."

"Say, you're the limit for all-round foolishness. Don't you know human nature any better than that? Don't you understand that if you were to lend me a shovel at an opportune moment and I'd return it at my convenience, I'd feel like showing my appreciation in some fashion?"

"Yes, I make allowance for the decency innate in human nature, and I believe that you'd feel just that way. And your neighbor to whom you'd make such an offer would also be so decent that he'd prefer you would not 'pay' him for the accommodation. He'd probably say: 'Never mind any pay, Boyer. I know you to be a decent neighbor, and you'd do as much for me any time.' Fact is, Boyer, that when you come to the element of decency in human nature (and it is ever-present even though



overgrown by a mass of governmental perversion) you are talking about a condition that is sure to obtain under free trade—real free trade—and never at its best under any other system. And under free trade the human mind will not think in terms of interest or any other form of exploitation.”

And as we parted I could hear Boyer telling the waiter that he thought the asylums for the feeble-minded ought to keep their patients indoors.

## FIDELITY

(A Caprice.)

BY ESTELLE METZGER HAMSLEY.

“Be true” to thee! Of course, my own,  
As the rose is true to her stem,  
As the Sea is true to the Wind-God’s moan,  
As the setting is true to the gem.

“Be true” to thee! How otherwise,  
While Truth and Love are one,  
And the unwritten law of Paradise  
Is “Heaven for the faithful alone.”

No chain holds close the setting sun  
To the blushing western sky.  
He seeks her arms when the day is done  
And the twilight draweth nigh.

No bolt shuts in the honey bee,  
As he sips from the flower’s heart  
The sweets stored there for his ecstasy,  
Nor have they the wish to part.

No fetter binds the nesting dove  
To her mate, as he sings in the tree,  
Save only the Law of a Mutual Love,  
That bindeth—yet maketh free.

“Be true” to thee! While the Choir of Stars  
Chant Constancy’s sweet refrain,  
While Attraction holds True, Thou Son of Mars,  
I am thine, in thy pleasure and pain.

### TO-MORROW’S CHANGE OF POLICY

To-Morrow announces that, commencing with the August number, it will add a Health and Rational Food Department; that is, while continuing as an exponent of Rational Life and Thought, it will bring its philosophy to bear in a practical way and not only teach the gospel of Rational Food, Rational Dress and Rational Exercise, but will manufacture and supply the trade with **TESTED FOODS** and conduct a **HEALTH HOME** for patients on Rational To-Morrow lines.

The Editor will accept pupils by mail and in class in **THE SCIENTIFIC INTERPRETATION OF LIFE**, either for purposes of cure or for study, and the entire space in the magazine will be taken up by the Staff Editors, so that very little if any room will be left for outside contributors.

The Editor and assistants are athletes, non-meat eaters, are abstemious in all ways, lead the Simple Life, know the philosophy of fasting, and, by rational Nature Methods, they declare that they can bring back any patient to health and happiness who is not already so completely broken down that there is nothing left to build upon.

# Our Perverted and Unperverted Sex Natures

BY EDWARD H. COWLES, PS. D.

(Concluded.)



"What God hath joined together, let not MAN put asunder." Let me ask, is God the *Author* of all this *miserable Botchwork, Confusion* and the *Mistakes* of so-called "*Marriage*?" Are YOU willing to lay the blame upon Him and hold Him accountable for the *universal Sorrow, Misery, Suffering, Unhappiness* and *Disappointments* that are entailed upon the *Millions of Patient and Submissive Women—and Men as well*—while they are forced to *endure the cruel Bondage of Uncongenial Mating?* Can GOD make a *Mistake?* Did HE

"join" that couple whom the Laws of our land (and the old Unwritten Law, *which is rapidly booming obsolete*) say are Husband and Wife, even though they live in constant Misery, Unhappiness and Contentions, with Heart-burnings and Unsatisfied Longings, and nothing whatever in common between them, except their condition of Bondage and Misery?

Does HE sanction the perpetuation of the Mistakes, Failures and Sins of so-called "Marriage?" Is the recognized form of "Marriage" the "joining" by God of two Souls as One, or is it simply and purely a Legal, *Civil Contract, whereby a man gains the Legal right to the possession of a Woman's PERSON, and her labors, in exchange for her "KEEPS?"—Legalized Prostitution!* And if this be true—and who will agree to disprove it?—is not Woman's condition, under our present *Unequal Economic conditions*, that of a *real Slave, even though she has some choice of Masters?* It is asked of Woman that she *either choose a Master or live and die a (so-called) Virtuous Spinster!*

It is under such conditions that the *Perversion* of the *Sex Nature* and the *Prostitution* of *Women flourish*. Woman loses—SELLS—control of her Body, and following, her Sex, and no matter what her Ideals, nor how high her Conceptions of Sex-Expression, she is *not the owner of herself* and *must under uncongenial mating submit to the increasing debasement of her Finer and Purer Nature until she either breaks the bonds that have held her, or sinks into an untimely grave!*

To the Thinker, and especially to the Sensitive and more Highly Organized person, the *gross misconception* and *wanton debasement* of all that pertains to the Sex Nature, the Sex Organism, and the entire Body, is something *appalling!* Children are taught by their PARENTS (!) that the Sex and Sex-Nature is something to be ashamed of, something to be covered up, something that should be smothered, something that surely must

be Disgraceful, else Papa or Mamma would not say so! Is it not time that Grown-Ups should acquire the wisdom which is inherent in the Child? *They are either teaching a Lie or exposing their own Ignorance!*

Man places his own valuation upon himself, and the world at large is bound to recognize that valuation, and take him for what he holds himself to be—UNTIL HE PROVES HIMSELF DIFFERENT! This principle holds good as applied to the Body and to the Sex Nature. "As he THINKETH IN HIS HEART, *so is he.*" Man don't make the Thot, BUT THOT DOES MAKE THE MAN! When Women come to really FEEL that their Sex Organism and their entire Body is the Sweetest, Cleanest, Purest and most Sacred of all Gods creation, and *express these feelings in their own acts and habits, they will have surrounded themselves—their OWN PERSONS—with an atmosphere which WILL COMMAND THE MOST PROFOUND RESPECT FROM MAN*, and there will have been a new *Standard raised* which will point the way to something vastly *Higher and more Ennobling* than we now have, and materially aid in the emancipation of Women from the bonds of Slavery in which she is now held—a Slavery that is REAL, tho some may still ignore or deny it!

And when Man shall come to *appreciate and demand* such conditions in and of woman, and can *approach her* with feelings of *Love, Reverence and Respect*—when there is born within him the *Realization of the Inherent Purity and Sacredness of HER Thot and Person*, and shall come to a *Practical Realization and Actualization* of these same Feelings and Conditions in *His Own Person*, as well as in his Women Associates, *the age of "Wine, Women and Song" will have passed*, and we will have *Purity of Thot, Sweetness and Purity of Motive and Sacredness of Principle Dominating and Controlling in all our intercourse with our Companion Sex!*

Some there are—Sensitive and Delicately Balanced Souls—who know at once that my statements are true, and that these Thots expressed are capable of actual Demonstration. But there are others who do not see, or are unable to grasp the Ideals and Experiences of the Experienced and more Highly Developed, and we must not condemn! Some, it is true, never can grasp these grand Truths in their fullness because of lack of Capacity. With others, it is a question of Unfoldment, Education and Experience. It is true also, that there are others who, for various reasons, would not if they could accept this High and Idealistic Standard of Measuring, Weighing and Treating Woman! Woman cannot alone raise this Standard. She needs—and should have—Man's assistance, and she *can* both COMMAND AND DEMAND this of man!

I hold that Man has NO "*Rights*" over Woman, and furthermore, that the man who would *contend* for and *insist* upon these *Presumed "Rights"* is *unworthy* of the Confidence and Love of a Pure Sensitive Woman—that he is lacking in the *chief Essentials of True Manhood*, and is living in the atmosphere of a PERVERTED and COUNTERFEIT Sex-Expression!

I hold that every woman should have *full and undisputed control of her own Sex and Person at all times*, and that there should be *no conditions nor Considerations* that would *force her*

to *relinquish* that full and absolute control, and that she should Live and Die a FREE WOMAN! When she *relinquishes control* of her Sex or Person for any other reason or Consideration than because a Genuine, True and Pure Love IMPELS, whether it be for one day, one year or one Lifetime, it is PROSTITUTION, pure and simple!

I contend that whatever comes to Man from Woman should be the result of the *Inherent, Spontaneous Desires, Promptings and Demands of her own Soul Nature*, and consequently, a Gift, a Privilege and a Blessing conferred upon him BY her, and in compliance with the Demands of her Deeper Soul Nature, and that at all times SHE should be the CHOOSER! In this there is—there can be—but ONE consideration, viz., Deep, Pure Love, and the Satisfaction of the Longings and Desires of the Soul itself. This is the exact opposite of Prostitution! This is the Real—the Genuine. What we see about us, under accepted codes, is but the Base Counterfeit! We are not compelled to draw to any extent upon imagination to determine which is the most Noble, Elevating and Pure!

The Woman in whose Sensitive Soul burns the fire of True Womanhood, Noble Impulses, Pure and High Ideals, a Sacred Love and a just Reverence for the Sacredness and Purity of her own Body, will NEVER voluntarily yield her Person to a man who cannot, or Will Not, answer to those Inherent Demands, Longings and Impulses of HER OWN SOUL if she KNOWS it, and do you think she should be compelled to do so thru any Legal process?

And when she is SURE she finds a True Soul Response to those High and Idealistic Love-Impulses and Cravings of her own Soul, do you think she can be restrained—that she SHOULD BE Restrained—from TAKING HER OWN because lacking a Legal permit? Don't it seem to you—is it not sound Logic and Common-Sense—that two persons attracted to each other by the very Laws of their own beings—the Higher, Spiritual Laws—are Bound Closer and Tighter and more Lasting by these Primary and Potential Laws and Forces, than any "Legal" Contract can bind them? There is a widespread and rapid movement towards the recognition of these Higher Laws. The veil is being lifted and the Thinker readily discerns the real Import of the base Deception foisted upon us, and fostered by Tradition.

True, it may be said that this is not yet the time to put these Higher Laws and Principles into general practice for the reason that Man, as a rule, has not yet developed enough Honor, or a high enough Regard and Love for the Sacredness, Purity and Sanctity of True Womanhood to be trusted to treat her with Honesty and Justice, and he has yet, for the most part, to learn the real Import and the Higher Conception of True Soul-Love. Much the same can yet be said of Women, hence for the good of Humanity at large, the common Law of Marriage must be recognized, and its restrictions exercised to control those who don't know enough to control themselves, or to treat their Companions with that Uprightness, Honor, Fidelity, Respect—AND LOVE—which will surely Characterize those who have immersed from the Darkness of Superstition, Slavery, Tradition and Illogical Thots and Opinions, into the Bright and Beautiful Light of the Higher, Purer and Nobler Soul-Life!

The Sensitive, Spiritually Developed persons, those who ask for a Logical Reasonable Reason for any line of action, will have no difficulty in determining what is Right and True for THEM when they grasp the True Import and Ultimate of REAL SOUL-Sex-Expression, if they will but follow the Leadings and Intuitional Promptings of THEIR OWN SOULS!

The chief Difficulty encountered will be in finding MATES who understand and can *Respond* to these Higher, Nobler, Purer and most Sacred Impulses—one whose Soul-Thots, Feelings and Desires BLEND perfectly with their own—for NOTHING LESS WILL AT ALL SATISFY! Only under such conditions can we realize the Wonderful and Beneficent Ultimatum of SOUL-Sex-Expression, which then becomes one United, Uplifting, Ennobling, Energizing and Harmonious Expression of Two Souls AS ONE, lifting and transporting them above and beyond all that is Material, into that Realm where the Spirit—the REAL SOUL-SELF—being FREED and Untrammelled, can Freely Express ITSELF—its Deep and Powerful Emotions—in a Language which is known, and can be Understood ONLY BY ITS OWN!

Will a Man who has a right Conception of this Great Principle of Life—one who in reality can enter into the Realization of these Deep, Pure, Noble and Sacred Emotions of True SOUL-Sex-Expression, ever ASK Woman for anything? Would he—COULD he, seek in any way whatever, to entice or compel her Submission to him? Could he Value—and WOULD HE WANT, that which was NOT the Spontaneous Expression of TRUE LOVE?

A Divine Wisdom has vested in Woman the Power to Confer one of the—if not THE—greatest Joys and Blessings possible upon Man—her OWN PERSON! Does she take the place of the Bestower—is she *Permitted* to take that place? Is it not rather that Man ruthlessly tears from her that most Delicate and Highly Prized Embodiment of her very Soul Nature? Is it not DEMANDED of her, a Complete Surrender and Submission to Man's Will and Desire, no matter what may be the results upon her Mental or Physical being, her Sensitive Nature or her feelings of Delicacy?

Is it any wonder that the Many Women relinquish their Ideals and grow prematurely Old and Lifeless? Is it any wonder that many—very many—sink into their Graves after a relentless struggle against the fetters which bind them, under the Remorseless Heart-Burnings, Cravings, Unsatisfied and Not-UNDERSTOOD Longings, Motives and Desires of their own Souls?

Man don't Appreciate Woman—Woman don't Appreciate Man—Neither Understand nor Realize the *Immense Possibilities* for *Happiness, Health, Physical and Mental Vigor and Development* through the *right Understanding* and PRACTICAL LIVING of these Higher Truths and Principles!

There are some Natures that are capable only of what I will say is a "Passive Response," while there are others whose Sensitive and Highly organized Natures have the *Capacity* for the most *Intense Enjoyment* and *Appreciation*—and a consequent *Like Capacity* also for the *Intensity* of *Suffering*, for "The Heart that is soonest Awake to the Flower, is the First to be pierced by the Thorn!"—and it is essential that these varying classes

should Mate with only those who can meet them upon *their own plane* of Existence and answer the Demands of their own Souls.

Through the PERVERSION of this most Sacred Embodiment of Purity—this, through which is Expressed to the *fullest extent*, the Deepest, Purest, most Exalted and most Loving Emotions of the Soul, Millions of lives are being wrecked, Hopes are Blasted, Health Undermined and very often ruined, and the Fire of *True Love* is quenched; while under the conditions generated through a Consciousness, Realization and ACTUALIZATION of the TRUE IMPORT AND ULTIMATE of SOUL-Sex-Expression, all is REVERSED, for there is then ALL GAIN AND NO LOSS—All Happiness and Joy! Soul meets Soul in its Deep and Spontaneous Response, and there are no Regrets, *no Repinings, no Unsatisfied Longings*, which sap the very vitals of both Physical and Spiritual Life, but in place, COMPLETE SATISFACTION!

What is the Remedy for these Perverted, Unnatural and Degrading conditions which infect Humanity at large? All I can say is, EDUCATION, and the Unfoldment and Development of our Higher, more Refined, Sensitive and Spiritual Natures. Experience teaches us, and through it we learn that which is most valuable, but we will learn and make great progress as we begin to THINK and ANALYZE the conditions under which the Sexes live, and look WITHIN THE SOUL for the true answer. It is time Logic and Reason were allowed to guide us, instead of the "thou Shalt and thou Shalt NOT" of Tradition or any "Unwritten Laws." The INHERENT *Desires, Aspirations and Emotions of the Soul, when Uncolored by Teaching and Environment*, are for that which is *Pure, Noble and True!*

It is NOT in *lowering* the standard of Morality, nor in giving License to Licentiousness, but to the contrary, by *raising* the TRUE and UNPERVERTED *Standard of Higher Ideals*, placing that High and Exalted Estimate and Valuation upon SOUL-Sex-Expression, insisting upon the Demands of the SOUL-SELF being met and Realized, so that ANYTHING LESS BECOMES ABHORRENT and REPELLANT!

When these things are understood and this *Standard of the Ideal instead of the Sensual is raised*, neither Man nor Woman will for a moment consider the gratification of mere Animal desire or Physical Sensation—for THEM, such will not exist—but each will see to it that the other is CAPABLE OF RESPONDING TO THE ENTIRE DEMANDS OF THEIR NATURES—SPIRITUALLY, MENTALLY and PHYSICALLY, and of entering with them of the Realm of the Sub-conscious, or Soul Plane, where only the Higher Ideals and most Exalted Emotions of the Soul can be expressed.

To those who can meet each other upon this Exalted and Ideal-Plane of SOUL-Sex-Expression, there is *New Life, Unalloyed Joy, Peace*, and PERFECT SATISFACTION which is *never* tinged with a regret. A NEW LIFE is entered, which will REGENERATE A NEW BEING!

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# A Biological Study of Sex

BY GIDEON DIETRICH.

## CHAPTER II.

### PROPAGATION AND SEX.

It being now an established scientific fact that propagation is merely a process of cell-division, and that sex and all the expressions and functions of sex are only secondary factors of propagation, in order to understand both of these phenomena we must make a closer study of cell-division and see just what is implied in the process.

Cell-division is one of the most fundamental processes of life and of our very existence, and it seems strange that up to the present time we have devoted very little popular study to this process. As generally used in biology, the term cell-division means the splitting apart of one living unit into two or more new units.

Herbert Spencer promulgated this law of cell-division: that the organized unit is forced to divide itself in order to regain an equilibrium between its outer surface and its organized capacity. Although this implies a certain cause behind the act, yet it also includes a purposive object as a part of that cause. Viewing the living process without regard to an objective purpose it may have, it will be apparent, that cell-division is only a normal expression of this process regardless of what the division or propagation may accomplish.

Prof. Huxley compared living substance—protoplasm—to a whirlpool, and like the liquid substance constantly flows through the whirlpool, so food matter flows through the plasmic whirlpool which forms the bases of all living beings. When there is a steady flowing movement through the whirlpool it maintains a fairly constant form and amount of mass; and only as the volume and force of the flowing substance is increased or diminished is the whirlpool increased, reduced or exterminated.

If the in and out flow of food substance through the plasmic whirlpool would be evenly balanced, and so maintained, then the living process would be in the nature of a continuous immortal process, in contrast to the exhausting process of a fire; but the ever changing forces of environment, in which and through which a living process must exist, makes its very existence and continuance dependent upon a constant increase of a reserve amount of plasmic substance. In other words, the income of a living process must always be greater than the out-flow, or from its very nature, and conditions of existence, the plasmic whirlpool would soon exhaust itself.

Now, under ordinary conditions such a gradual increase should simply result in an increase of mass or an increase of the size of the plasmic whirlpool; but living substance has within itself and within the forces through which it exists the distinct power of organization through which it becomes organized into distinct psychic centers and into definite specie-branches. As a result of this power the primary speck of plasm becomes organized into a living center, gathering within itself all of its objective experiences and accumulating these within a nuclear structure as hereditary impressions upon its plasmic brain function.

Organization itself implies limitations, and before an organization can be increased it must first acquire an increased organizing capacity. Thus the organized living center must have a limited capacity of organization, or a limited amount of living substance which can exist around that center; then the amount of substance increasing around the center of a living unit, the result must be a distinct growing crisis within that unit. In other words, from the nature of an organization, and from the normal tendency of a living process to increase the amount of reserve plasm, there must be a distinct growing crisis reached in the life of every organized unit; and as a result of this growing crisis the unit is forced apart into two or more new living centers.

There is no expression of an altruistic purpose in the division, but it has only resulted from the action of a normal living process. All uni-celled beings are propagated as a result of this fundamental law of propagation (not *re*-production); and when such living units colonize into a higher complex organization every unit in that colony expresses this same periodic impulse of division as a result of its normal life. Thus the stem-cell, out of which our own body was formed, reached this mature growing crisis and then was divided into two units. Next these two units reached their own mature growing crisis and then were divided into four units. Thus the propagating process continued until our whole body was constructed out of millions of these psychic living units.

This propagating process does not even end when we have reached a certain organic maturity, but as long as there is a normal living process within us, every healthy cell unit of our body must continue to reach a periodic growing crisis. Animal life has acquired the special habit of utilizing a large part of the accumulating plasmic substance in the performance of labor aside from what is needed for organic construction; but from the very nature of the living process it is evident that all surplus—which would prevent a crisis—cannot be utilized in this manner without carrying the process toward exhaustion and death.

*The result of a normal healthy living process is a mature growing crisis, and if this is not reached the process is moving towards the abnormal.*

When the process of propagation has brought the organic construction to a certain mature completeness (puberty), the capacity of the organization to receive additional units becomes reduced and gradually grows less and less, so that when the growing crisis is expressed, some of the new units will tend to become entirely separated from the rest, as having no position to fill in the colony, and as independent living units seek to make their escape from the parent colony. These separated units are known as germ units, both male and female, and under proper growing conditions they will develop into a new colony organization, similar to the parent one from which they became separated. They possess the power to do this, under proper metabolic conditions, because each new unit carries with it, within its nuclear structure, the entire hereditary tendencies of the whole species to which the parent belongs.

The moment such a living unit becomes separated from the parent colony, that very instant the physiological fact of parent



and offspring is established, and no vows of virginity or abstinence can ever change this great biological fact.

The question may be asked: Where is the origin of an altruistic parental care if propagation is only such an expression of a living process? It is a purposive object sought for, which will nearly always mislead us in finding the true cause of a phenomena, and if there is no evidence of an altruistic impulse in a process of cell division it is worse than useless to theorize such an impulse into it; but we should rather seek the cause of a parent's care for offspring in another direction which is in harmony with the facts of its development. The moment such germ units become separated from the parent, they enter upon their individual struggle for existence, and must seek to take advantage of every possible aid and assistance which they may gain, otherwise it would simply mean species extermination. The accumulation of germ food within the egg-cell and the development of mammalia are special aids which have been utilized by the struggling embryo, and as such have become hereditary necessities in developing the higher organism.

One of the most antagonistic and persistent forces to overcome in the struggle to maintain a normal metabolic life is the result of the ever changing environment, causing a tendency in the living process to be carried to an over nourished anabolic side or to an exhausting katabolic side and away from a fertilized equilibrium. The temperature, food supply and character of food matter is continually changing and to these changes the struggling unit must seek to adjust itself; but with its best effort every living being is more or less influenced by these anabolic and katabolic conditions.

The more complexly organized units have a greater power of adjustment, but the lower forms are easily carried from side to side, and if such influence persists, an anabolic or katabolic tendency would become hereditary and so exert a further modifying influence. The simple uni-celled units are the first to be affected by the anabolic or katabolic conditions, and with the accumulating hereditary influence it is evident that they will soon be carried to extreme points, where their living process must end, either through stagnation or exhaustion.

Every living psychic unit must realize the fact that its living process is being carried away from a normal equilibrium, therefore the realization of extreme maleness or extreme femaleness must cause an impulse within them to regain this equilibrium in some manner. As we stated in chapter I, the result of this impulse is a metabolic attraction and association between two such units, and a fertilization of their living process through the catalytic effect of one upon the other. Thus the propagated units are greatly aided in their struggle to overcome one of the most destructive forces upon a living process, through this act of fertilization; but it is just as clear that this act is only a secondary factor in propagation and not of an elementary nature.

With the evolution of species these anabolic and katabolic tendencies exert an ever increasing hereditary influence, through which are developed distinct male and female characters and through which the higher forms of life tend to become divided into two uni-sexed classes.

## COMPENSATION

BY WALTER HURT.

Whoso can suffer and endure  
 In silence through the wreck and wrong  
 Of Life's injustice, he is sure  
 Of recompense—his soul is strong.

You whisper of the sweets of love,—  
 I own its joys are fair and fine,  
 But loyalty I place above  
 The treason of this love of thine.

In starless nights I sing alone,  
 All bravely though my heart may break,  
 With not a tremor in my tone  
 That might betray our love's mistake.

Who triumphs in the time of trial  
 And masters his own self, is great;  
 He gathers strength from self-denial,  
 And grows into a grand estate.

I offer as a token true  
 The sacred wine of secret tears,  
 With which, in faith, I pledge to you  
 The honor of the steadfast years.

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 RECIPROCITY

BY RALPH E. SAMMONS.

She gave herself to me in self-surrender!  
 I grant; yet yielding was so sweet and tender  
 That, while 'slaving her dear self to me,  
 She won me for her slave—and both are free.

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## The Pinkerton Labor Spy

This remarkable book by Morris Friedman, for three years stenographer for James McParland, superintendent of Pinkerton's Western Division, in charge of the Moyer-Haywood case, will be given free, postpaid, with one year's subscription to *To-Morrow*.

# While Love Shall Last

BY MRS. L. M. HOLMES.

(*Concluded.*)

Raymond became more careful than ever in his treatment of Grace, and a looker on would have said a kinder, more devoted husband could not live. But Grace felt, though she did not know what the effort cost him and she grew moody, fitful, capricious, unlike her old self. Sometimes an unusual gayety of spirits would seize her. In a sort of recklessness she sometimes actually flirted, with admirers who had hitherto considered her unapproachable; and Raymond remembering the time when she would look at no one else when he was near became savage. They were far from happy and the fact that this was so made them both all the more miserable. But it was Grace who finally proposed a separation.

"You are not happy," she said, "we are not happy. Heaven knows there can be no happiness for me anywhere in all the world, now that our love has failed to bring it. But at least I can release you. Leave me, for a time, let me be absolutely alone."

"For your own sake, Grace, I will. You are wearing yourself out with the stress of your strong emotions. You need perfect quiet. I will go away for a while and in a few weeks you will be able to tell me what you would have me do. For whatever you want, Grace, if it is in my power, you shall have."

It was agreed that he should return to Clover Dale, where business requiring his attention would afford ample excuse for his presence there. At the last moment, Grace could not let him go, but clung to him despairingly, crying that she could not live without him. He consoled her as best he could, telling her he would not leave but always remain with her—but the old weary lines settled deeper in his face, and his eyes looked dim and tired. But at last Grace called up sufficient strength and self-control to bid him go and God speed.

A few days later Raymond walked the streets of his home town, experiencing a new relish of the old sights and scenes, a strange, fresh enjoyment of existence, a lightness of heart that he could scarcely account for. He did not question the feeling, he merely accepted it and resolved to make the most of it. Among the first acquaintances he met was Miss Beryl Reeves. He saw her on the street approaching him, unconscious of his nearness; when she caught sight of him a vivid blush surged over her fair face and she hesitatingly pronounced his name. It seemed to him nothing so lovely had ever met his eyes as this sweet, blossom-like face with its lustrous grey eyes and sensitive mouth. He greeted her warmly, forgetting to drop her hand until she shyly withdrew it. Then came a pause; he filled it with silent admiration and vague pleasure; she was wondering how to ask after Grace as she did not know whether she had taken his name or retained her own.

"How is—" she began and paused, embarrassed.

"Mrs. Garner? Quite well, and about to begin a new book in which she is much interested. She decides to remain in B—for the time being as she considers it more suitable for her work."

"Then he does not consider her his wife," Beryl thought, "and no doubt their relationship has been broken off."

She had never quite made up her mind whether this unusual union was improper and immoral or not. Her immediate friends seemed to consider it a beautiful thing; and though she had not studied the ethics of their peculiar ideas as they had, she supposed they must be right. Still, to her mind, a marriage that did not bind anybody to anything was scarcely a marriage.

She resolved not to trouble herself about it. At least Raymond was here and alone and did not seem to consider himself legally bound to any one. She liked his presence and intended to enjoy it. She began a conversation with some light, graceful remark and they passed on together.

Raymond called the next day and found a warm welcome. Miss Reeves possessed a sweet, well trained voice and she played well. Raymond loved music passionately, and he sang himself with a clear, melodious voice that enchanted every one. Grace had not cared much for music, and until now he did not know how greatly he had missed it. The two were much together from that day. Many swiftly gliding hours flew by as they sat together over the piano, practicing duets, trying this and that new piece, idling and talking as the fancy took them. Scarcely knowing it, Raymond began to court only the hours he could be with Beryl; all else seemed tedious. To Beryl his coming was like the dawning of a new day. She remembered nothing except that he was with her and all the world was light.

They were together as usual one evening with the soft breezes floating in through the vines shading the window, laden with sensuous odors of summer flowers, and the music of their mingled voices wrapping them in a delicious spell. From an adjoining room came the low murmur of voices broken by light laughter now and then, where the other members of the family were gathered around a table. They had come upon that saddest, tenderest, most passionately longing of mortal music, the duet in *Trovatore*, "*Non ti scordar di me*," and with a quick glance into each other's eyes they began it. Their voices blended and vibrated in the rich throbbing chords, while their souls were drawn together in one intense thrill of longing. The last notes died softly, softly away; each sought the eyes of the other and drank from their depths that which the lips could not speak; their hands met involuntarily, and as the quivering silence absorbed the last low breath of a tone, her head drooped forward upon his breast and his arms crept around her yielding form.

"Oh, Beryl! I love you! I love you!" he sighed and held her closely to his heart. The moment silently passed, too heavily freighted with happiness to be disturbed by words.

At last Beryl withdrew from his arms and looked up.

"Do you mean it, Raymond? Do you really love me?"

"God knows I do, Beryl," he answered earnestly but sadly.

"But—Grace?"

He started, frowned, but did not release his hold.

"You know, Beryl, our union was to be only 'while love should last.' I believe she does not really love me now. I am not unfaithful if I have learned to love you. I could not help it. It has come about naturally—no one is to blame. I love you—let that be sufficient. Love me, sweet, and be as happy as you can."

"Then I may be happy in your love without being wicked."

"Love is never wicked, sweet."

"But if Grace should grieve—"

"She will not. She is too sensible."

"Raymond, I am happier than I can tell. I have loved you ever since that night. I will love you all my life. I am not afraid to give myself to you completely and for all time. I do not want any conditional marriage—I want to belong to you—to be yours alone forever."

Raymond had no arguments now; he did not say, "How do you know you will love me for all time?" as he might have done some years before. He only folded her again in his arms and whispered, "It shall be as you say, love."

They were more than ever together after this. Raymond's radical friends who loved Grace rather more than they loved him were greatly disappointed and sorrowful over the strange state of affairs—but what could they say? There had been no breaking of vows—no treachery—nothing had happened that could be called blameworthy on either side. Miss Denton, the enthusiastic little woman who had so delighted in the union of Raymond and Grace, could not be easily reconciled. She adored Grace and this ideal relationship of theirs had been a sweet dream, a realization of all she had believed of liberty, and the fostering of the highest in the souls of mortal beings. She could not bear that it should come to such an end. She visited Beryl and abruptly asked her if she thought Grace knew of her relations with Raymond Lyle. Beryl would have resented the question had it not startled her. She had vaguely supposed that Grace understood, that she was indifferent, probably having other interests in which to be absorbed. She did not *know* that this was true after all and her confusion made Miss Denton think that she was willfully deceiving Grace. So she went home and wrote that lady a long, long letter.

And one evening, not long after, as Beryl and Raymond sat at the piano with hands too constantly intertwined for much musical progress, a telegram came for Raymond. He grew pale when it was given to him and whiter yet as he read.

"My God! I have broken her heart!" he exclaimed before recollecting himself.

Beryl heard it and helplessly sank to the sofa. She said not a word, while Raymond tried to collect his scattered senses, endeavored to explain that he must go away for a few days, and begged of her to trust him, to wait for him, to love him, to say a tender good-bye. He kissed her cold, unresponding lips and left her, in despair that she would not speak, but too hurried to stay and coax her out of the strange spell. When the door closed behind him Beryl picked up the telegram he had unconsciously dropped and read: "Grace is dangerously ill. Come at once." She stumbled across the room and upstairs like a blind woman, and shut herself in her room.

Miss Denton came the next day determined to see Beryl. But she was not admitted, indeed no one saw her; she was ill and wished to be left alone, she said. Miss Denton then went home and sent her a letter enclosed in a short note of her own. This letter was written by Grace to the friend she had always loved and trusted—it was brief, heart broken, hopeless. She had

so thoroughly believed in her ideal of a love that should be free yet lasting, had, even through the pain and misunderstandings of the past few months trusted that their old love would return again, and that they would learn to be sympathetic and tolerant and find something of their old happiness. But this new thing that she had learned crushed every hope and well nigh killed her. "Yes, Raymond had a *right* to love another, but she could not believe it possible that he would. His love had been given to another—she would not hold him if she could, but how was she to go on living?"

Raymond hurried to her side and found her delirious with a severe attack of brain fever. He nursed her faithfully through all its stages, yet the moment she was pronounced out of danger he flew to find Beryl.

He never found her. He learned only that she had gone away with her aunt, probably to Europe, but just where no one could tell. All that one so young, so impressionable, so sensitive and sweet could suffer, no doubt this young, uncomprehending girl suffered, but she did not die. Time holds a balm for every sorrow, and with the healing comes a wisdom, poise, strength. The two never met again.

He returned to Grace and devoted himself to her until she had completely recovered. Then he asked her if he should leave her. She too had learned through suffering, and she laid aside her over-sensitiveness.

"I think we would be better together. The old dream is over—it never was a practical one; but we can be friends—we can help each other; we can cheer each other in our life work. Stay, my friend, we will never be ecstatically happy—people are apt to be selfish if they try to be that—but we can be peaceful and content. We will exact nothing of each other; we will be tolerant with each other's faults; we will enjoy the good we find in one another and forget the faulty. We will simply be what we can to each other without binding ourselves to anything. Do you agree to this?"

"With all my heart, dear friend. I am grateful that you are not sending me from you altogether."

They did not expect great happiness, but in this new tolerance, friendliness, non-exacting relationship, they learned presently that they had discovered a secret—the secret of a lofty peace and content. It did not lie in the observance or non-observance of a conventional ceremony, but in the attitude they held to each other.

## TO THINKERS WHO THINK

No matter what your belief in relation to politics, society or religion, and no matter whether you agree with some of the conclusions of Herbert Spencer or not, it is of paramount importance to every THINKER to familiarize himself with the evolutionary system of that employed in Spencer's philosophy. There is no mental training more desirable and more necessary than that which arises from becoming familiar with the wonderfully systematic arrangement of that employed by Spencer. See ad. of Spencer's complete works on another page of "To-Morrow."

# The Bust of Tom Paine



The marble bust of Thomas Paine, by Sydney Morse, now in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, was first presented to the city council, Nov. 26, 1876. It was accepted by the Common Council by a vote of 40 to 2, one of the latter being a saloon-keeper. In the select council the motion to accept was lost, owing to the violent speech made against the character of Paine by Charles Thompson Jones, who has since passed to the undiscovered country, and public sentiment has changed, and the bust was accepted Sept. 11, 1905.

The story of the twenty-nine years' contest with pious bigotry and the final triumph by the persistence and perseverance of a few faithful members of the Paine Memorial Association is here briefly told.

"The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones."

Col. Damon Y. Kilgore and Thomas Phillips, president of the Paine Memorial Association, presented the bust in behalf of the subscribers, and Charles Thompson Jones made the following speech, objecting to its reception:

I feel great diffidence in speaking on this question from the fear that I may not do justice to the subject, but I hope I may be able to show the character of Thomas Paine to have been so treacherous to General Washington that not a member of the select council will vote in favor of the resolution. I pride myself upon my ancestry. My aversion to this man, or I may say my prejudice, was formed in boyhood days and from what I heard from the last survivors of the American revolution in the neighborhood in which I lived—those who fought from pure love of country.

Mr. President, you are aware that the leading men of the revolution were divided in opinion as to the merits of the political writings of Tom Paine. Some contended that he did more harm than good to the cause and the pious, God-fearing portion of the community believed that this violent, vindictive man tried to retard the civil and religious rights that they were contending for, therefore religious people hold in contempt him whom you propose to honor on this centennial year.

The French minister spoke of Paine in the most contemptible terms. Mr. Paine received great credit for articles he wrote against England during the struggle with that country; but it was of very little consequence to him on which side he wrote—that was his profession. It is not generally known that he was paid out of a secret fund, in addition to his salary as clerk of the Pennsylvania assembly, for which he received \$800 per year in continental money. He would not accept Washington's word, but demanded Robert Morris as security for his fees.

He went to France, after being found in intrigues against this nation, and was placed in prison and pretended to believe that General Washington was the cause of his imprisonment—the man who had been his benefactor. He had the audacity to say to him: "You have not served America with more disinterestedness or greater zeal, nor more fidelity than myself, and I know, not with better effect." He spoke of General Washington as Mr. Washington. He claimed to have sailed with Colonel John Laurens from Boston, Feb. 1, 1781, for France, in the ship

Alliance, and with the aid of Benjamin Franklin obtained a present from the king of \$6,000,000 as a loan and that a fleet of thirty sail would be sent to aid America. "Colonel Laurens and myself returned from Brest the first of June following with 200,000 pounds sterling and we arrived at Boston Aug. 25."

De Grasse arrived with the French fleet and was afterward joined by Barras, making thirty-one sail in line. The money was transported in wagons from Boston to the bank of Philadelphia. It was by the aid of this money and of this fleet and of Rochambeau's army that Cornwallis was taken, the laurels of which have been given to General Washington.

All of these statements can be verified by consulting the records of the historical society.

I think that I have shown the character of this man who has assailed the "Father of His Country," but a graver charge I have yet to make. He also wrote a bitter pamphlet against the Christian religion and the Holy Bible, in which he states: "The fable of Jesus Christ as told in the New Testament—the story, taking it as a whole, as it is told, is blasphemously obscene." He speaks of the mother of our Lord as being debauched by a ghost, and further states that the Christian faith is built upon heathen mythology. Do you think, gentlemen of councils, that the marble bust of Tom Paine should be placed in the Hall of Independence with Washington, Franklin, Jefferson and Robert Morris? I hope you will vote against it.

John Bickley of the Sixth ward said: "I don't see much difference. One man abuses the Father of his country; the other man upholds General Grant, whose administration, I think, was one of the most corrupt we have had since General Washington. They are both infidels of the same stripe. I don't know if they are both Republicans. I know one of them made a speech at the Union League. I should like to amend the resolution by having a bust of Bob Ingersoll made and placed in Independence Hall." The amendment was declared out of order. The motion was laid over. Mr. Shoemaker was sick and unable to be present to reply to the charges made by Charles Thompson Jones, but he died and the members of the Select Council voted against its reception.

The marble bust cost \$1,200, the money being raised by subscription through the Boston Index and but few of the original subscribers remain to rejoice in the victory. Many are dead—many indifferent, but the kind Providence that saved the life of Thomas Paine on three occasions and permitted him to die a peaceful death at the age of three score and ten, has also permitted Thomas Phillips to be present at the acceptance by Independence Hall of the bust of Paine, which he with Damon Kilgore presented on the 100th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, of which Thomas Paine was the real promoter. I am also grateful that I am permitted to tell the history of the struggle, and hope to be present in the city of New York with Brother Phillips at the home of Thomas Paine in Bleeker street and attend the centennary of the death of Paine. I extend an invitation to all to visit the Hall and Museum, and there view the original edition of Common Sense, published in 1776, presented by this association in 1902, and will be pleased to enroll your name and give any information about the association.

JAMES B. ELLIOTT,  
Sec'y Paine Memorial Assn.



# Department of Natural Living

## SOME SUGGESTIONS

BY RALPH E. SAMMONS.

The Chicago Physical Culture Club, an organization of nearly a hundred members, meets each Tuesday evening at eight o'clock, at 308 Ashland Blvd., where they have weekly lectures by various authorities on their line of health and physical culture, followed by class exercise drill. At least once a month, the Club has some pleasant social and recreative affair, taking the form of walks and picnics and athletic events in summer. Such organizations fill a very pressing need in city life, and should arouse widespread interest and patronage from both young and old.

The Chicago Vegetarian Society has reorganized this spring. Information will be furnished by addressing the Vegetarian Co., 80 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Natural Living—the Simple Life—means the elimination of all non-essentials in every phase of daily living. It means the correction of abnormalities and perversions, and living according to Nature's Law as applied to your being. And the consequences are Health, Ease, Power.

Such perversions as white flour, polished rice, unripe fruits and olives, "refined" sugar and all bolted meal; such abnormalities as meat eating, 99 per cent of conglomerations of cooking, condiments, spices, adulterants, ferments, preservatives, and "regular meal times," are among the prime causes of disease, early death, and a multitude of the pains and whines of humanity.

The superficialities in fashionable dress, too heavy clothing, and of the whole ultra-conventional atmosphere make much in-harmony and ill-health in individual and social life.

Over-eating—gluttony—caused by our general hurry, the abnormalities in food preparation, and our lack of care and knowledge of the factors in nutrition and health, is the crime of the age.

All these "evils" may be eliminated. Man has the power of observation, memory, reason, and control and direction of his habits, and if he has the desire to use these faculties for his higher good and continuous happiness and ease, every individual of the race can attain to health, poise, and a long, comfortable life.

*Disease* is a fitting name for the feverish unrest of the functional system under the pressure of unnatural and abnormal

habits of living. The efforts of the body to take care of all the thoughtless burdens thrust upon it in our ignorance and hurry, is like the laboring of an engine, with the throttle wide open, when it is forced to haul a larger load than its intended capacity.

Nobody need be sick, ill, or diseased, if they will conform strictly to the laws of health.

The only solution to the Jungle and slaughter house problem is the universal abolition of the cannibalistic practice of meat eating. Every person who eats the flesh of dead animals is a party to the crimes and cruelty and degradation of the packing-town districts all over the country, as well as responsible for their own ill-health and unlovely natures. These cancers of society and industry will exist as long as there is the demand for lifeless animals, and just so long will animals be killed. And this killing can never be done in a sanitary and humane manner. It's up to you!

Bernarr Macfadden, editor of "Physical Culture," has instituted and begun the first annual fast of the thirty days of the month of June, together with about fifty of his readers and co-workers all over the country.

## A LONG FAST

Readers of TO-MORROW will be interested to learn of the case of Harriett M. Closz, of Webster City, Iowa, who recently completed a fast of forty-five days, in the hope of curing rheumatic arthritis.

The pioneer of fasting, Dr. Tanner, was the wonder of the whole country, when he fasted forty days, but there have been others who have accomplished the same fast since, and many who have fasted from ten to twenty days.

Mrs. Closz had previously fasted from eight to fifteen days, but not having effected a complete cure of the disease, which has always been pronounced incurable, she concluded to abstain from food until the disease was eliminated.

Under the advice and direction of Dr. J. H. Tilden, of Denver, she prepared for the long fast by living on one meal per day for a week or so, and on March 3rd she left off eating entirely, and took absolutely nothing but water, of which she drank from two to two and one-half quarts per day, until April 15th, when she broke her long fast by eating the juice of half an orange.

After using orange juice alone for two days, she gradually added baked apples with cream, wheat flakes and nuts, salads of raw vegetables and cooked spinach.

Mrs. Closz went about her usual work during the first week of the fast, after which she spent much time in bed. She sewed, wrote letters, read, entertained callers, waited upon her own wants. Her voice remained clear and strong throughout.

She lost eighteen pounds weight, and grew quite weak toward the end, but rapidly regained her strength after she commenced taking food again. All indications would seem to prove that she is entirely cured.

Mrs. Closz is a well-known radical, and has written several brochures that have attained a wide circulation. She has contributed articles, in prose and verse, to most of the radical publications in this country, and has given addresses on Freethought subjects in several of the different states.

As her friend, I have had the privilege of being with her during the latter part of her late ordeal, and am pleased to record her improvement in health and strength.

MYRA PEPPER WELLES,

Mitchell, S. D.

# Bureau of Group Organization

We have organized a bureau which without charge of any kind and with no other object except to help on GROUP PROPAGANDA however and wherever organized, with the aim to assist all those desiring to live in coöperative groups to find their way to the one best suited to their tastes and inclinations.

We invite correspondence from groups and individuals. We shall publish each month a list of names and addresses of various groups and from time to time we ask all of our readers to coöperate with us in the matter of sending in the names of any new or established movements that do not appear in our list.

It is immaterial to us whether the groups we list are organized on conservative or radical lines, whether they be religious or irreligious communities, whether their basis is sound or weak, fanatical or otherwise.

**We stand ready to aid and encourage GROUP LIFE wherever and however planned or organized, and from our point of view EVERY FAILURE WILL BE A SUCCESS, because those who fail will be valuable in showing the way which others must not tread.**

The following is an alphabetical list of coöperative and group movements, the number to be increased and corrected from time to time as the information comes to our hands:

Altruist Community.....1452 Webster Ave., St. Louis, Mo.  
Arden (Single Tax).....Grubbs P. O., Del.  
Amana Society.....Amana, Iowa  
Beacon Company.....Aberdeen, S. D.  
Bryngolen.....Ilfracombe, Eng.  
Bureau of Helpfulness .....Box 54, Collinwood, O.  
Colorado Coöperative Company.....Nucla, Colo.  
Coöperative Assn. of America...5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.  
Coöperative Mnfg. Company..315 E. Wall St., Fort Scott, Kan.  
Co-operative Commonwealth of America

451 Van Buren St., Chicago

Co-operative Brotherhood .....	Burley, Wash.
Evergreens.....	Ollalla, Wash.
Fellowship Farm.....	Westwood, Mass.
Fraternal Homemakers' Society...70 Dearborn St.,	Chicago, Ill.
General Industrial Company.....	Ruskin, Ga.
Golden Rule Fraternity..604 D. S. Morgan Bldg.,	Buffalo, N. Y.
Helicon Home Colony.....	Englewood, N. J.
Home Colony.....	Lake Bay, Wash.
Home Employment Company.....	Long Lane, Mo.
Koreshan Community.....	Estero, Fla.
La Hacienda.....	Alpine, N. J.

League of American Homesteads.....	
.....	425½ So. Campbell St., Springfield, Mo.
Le Claire Group.....	Edwardsville, Ill.
Lloyd Group.....	Westfield, N. J.
Los Angeles Fellowship.....	Los Angeles, Cal.
Martha McVister.....	Kenashaw Ave., Washington, D. C.
Modern Harvesters.....	17 E. 5th St., St. Paul, Minn.
Mutual Home Association.....	Home, Wash.
New Clairvaux .....	Montague, Mass.
Oneida Community.....	Oneida, N. Y.
Physical Culture City.....	Spotswood, N. J.
Right Relationship League.....	427 Reaper Block, Chicago, Ill.
Rose Valley Group.....	1624 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Roycrofters.....	East Aurora, N. Y.
Ruskin Commonwealth.....	Ruskin, Ga.
Salvation Army.....	120 West Fourteenth St., New York City
Single Tax City.....	Fairhope, Ala.
Society of Believers .....	Mount Lebanon, N. Y.
Spirit Fruit Society.....	Ingleside, Ill.
Straight Edge.....	1 Abingdon Square, New York City
The Israelite House of David.....	Benton Harbor, Mich.
The Ruskin Coöperators.....	516 Reaper Block, Chicago, Ill.
To-Morrow City Movement....	2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The above are all successes whether they fail or not, because they are planting the ideas of group life and group ownership.

If you cannot select the one with which you prefer to unite, let us assist you to do so.

ANYONE INTERESTED IN CO-OPERATION, GROUP PLAN, FREEDOM AND EQUALITY of Sex, or other Progressive Endeavor, or who would like to discuss by correspondence any subjects pertaining to health, physical, mental, moral, spiritual and social culture, industrial conditions, the relations of the sexes, child culture and education, purity, temperance, new thought, Socialism, and other progressive thought, is requested to write to THE BUREAU OF HELPFULNESS, Box 54, Collinwood, Ohio.

The Golden Rule Fraternity, 408 D. S. Morgan Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y., is a secret organization. Among its purposes and objects which are made public are the following:

1. To band fraternally together for mutual benefit and expansion all acceptable and worthy persons who are in harmony with Truth, Union and Equity.
2. To demonstrate the benefits to be derived through intelligent giving and receiving under a practical application of the Golden Rule.
3. To educate people generally as to the advisability of intelligently assisting each other, and thus attain benefits and advancements here and now, instead of blindly waiting for the indefinite future.

4. To install and operate an intelligent Economic System having for its object the just and equitable distribution of products and the consequent abolition of poverty, and in this connection to establish and conduct manufacturing institutions and distributing centers.

The organization work of the Fraternity is extending rapidly; already chapters have been established in several leading cities. The office of the Chicago branch is at No. 1610 Masonic Temple. This Fraternity is not an ordinary co-operative enterprise, since the word "co-operation" most inadequately expresses the nature of the movement which comprehends vastly more than is contained in modern co-operation. The public work of the Golden Rule Fraternity cannot be set forth comprehensively in few words.

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## NEWS OF THE ALTRUISTS

Dear Sercombe:

We have a place at Sulphur Springs, Jefferson Co., Mo., on the Mississippi River, 22 miles of St. Louis, on which we now have two young men living, and at work in gardening and poultry raising. We have rented a large six-room house with a large yard in the little town near by for the accommodation of more members.

So with this beginning of practical operations, we are now ready to give permanent home and employment to others, as equal partners in our property and business operations, for only \$100. We want 100 members here as soon as we can get them, to enable us to carry on larger business operations, and thereby proportionately increase our income, and, at the same time, secure more of the comforts and enjoyments out of life.

Our plan is for each member to invest all his means and give all his labor, and, in return, to be supplied with all his living expenses, the same as in an ordinary family, without keeping accounts or giving any wages, including also care and assistance in case of accident, sickness or old age, at common expense.

We find that this community of interests works like a charm, avoiding all selfish and conflicting interests, engendering the same brotherly feeling that exists in the ordinary family.

We have had a number of applicants, and will make room for the first to come, without reserving any seats. We do not wish to entice anyone from other groups, but we are ready for all who desire to come. Shall be glad to report our progress to you from time to time.

Yours truly,

A. LONGELY,  
1452 Webster Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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## THE WORLD MOVES

Dear Sercombe: Your own idea of forming hundreds and thousands in a bowl, is a winsome fancy, lad.

of Groups, which will, by natural growth, reach out and cohere like bubbles

What a sturdy ring shall echo down the corridors of time from that "Open Letter to the Public!" Even now the great, hulking Body Politic begins to feel the breeze of Truth upon its perspiring brow. See! It moves an eye-lash—McClellan drops the reins of office and the People's Choice assumes the Mayoralty of New York.

One hand twitches! The Big Stick falls clattering to the ground. The right leg stretches ominously—and the Party of Special Privilege alinks into the woods, where each may gnaw upon his neighbor in kind, undisturbed by the awesome light of Day.

The left leg moves—but the Do-Nothing Party has already *resolved* itself into its constituent egotisms.

The Giant sits upright, rubs his blinking eyes. Loudly he calls and long, for his enemies to appear, singly or together. 'Twas all a dream—he never had an enemy in the world, barring his own inactivity.

Finally, standing full-breasted to the World, he says unto his myriad component entities: "Good Sirs: This Day shall be a Day of True Thanksgiving; henceforth, all Mankind shall have equal opportunity to Be—to Know—to Do—and to Attain Happiness, to which inalienable rights all are born of Nature! To-morrow take ye counsel together what things are good to do—and upon the third Day, we will put the several matters forward, to determine by a show of hands, the greatest Good to the greatest Number. For 'the Voice of the People—in Freedom—is the Voice of God.' "

JOHN VANLIEW PIERSON.

## A CO-OPERATIVE PLAN

Dear Comrade Sercombe: I've enjoyed the splendid articles in *TO-MORROW* immensely. Am at work in a mammoth slave mill, the Troy Laundry, at starvation wages.

Some of the comrades told me that you thought of coming to Los Angeles. I'd be glad, if you came, to join myself to your contemplated co-operative scheme, and think I have one of the most feasible and practical enterprises in view, which I think might interest you.

It is a plan that can be put into operation at less cost and more assurance of success than any enterprise I know of. It is a co-operative laundry.

This is the best laundry town I ever saw, and although there is a large number of them here, all are prosperous. The prices are better than anywhere else.

The work is comparatively clean and can soon be learned, and, properly conducted, will afford pleasant employment for a large number of comrades of both sexes, of any age, from 12 to 75 years old.

I've had a number of years' experience in the business, and have a general knowledge of its various branches, with practical experience in its most important phases. I have no hesitancy in saying that it would be one of, if not the most practical and profitable branches for co-operators. If interested, I should be glad to discuss the matter in all its details, with you or others. Fraternally,

J. ALLEN EVANS,

2518 South Main, Los Angeles, Cal.

## DEMOCRACY

BY R. W. BOROUGH.

Hail to you, ship, plunging bravely to sea,  
 Battling with storm in your journey,  
 Heavy and strong and invincible, breaking the cumbrous waves with your  
 body,—

Charging with frenzy of militant joy, damning and smiting with steel the  
 forces confronting you,

Hurling the spray from your prow contemptuously,  
 Daring alike the trough and the mountainous height,—

Onward and on, forever!

Flooded with sunlight, beaten by fierce heat,  
 Your masterful heart throbbing loud with passionate purpose,—

Onward and on, forever!

Dreaming at night alone in the starlight upon the vast wastes,  
 Dreaming of futures of vaster endeavors, achievements,—

Of realm after realm to be won for the children of men,—

Onward and on, forever!

Haughty and fearless and forceful, permeated every inch of you with  
 virtue and power,

Scorning the dangers ahead, exulting in conquests,—

Exulting in the lengthening trail behind you, in every drive of your wilful,  
 massive wheel

That hurls you along on the path of Progress, farther and farther away  
 from Slavery and Ignorance,—

Leaping in love to discover the glad lands of Knowledge and Freedom!

O ship! O mighty ship! O indomitable ship! fiercely I love you!

Onward and on, forever!

# INFORMAL BROTHERHOOD and CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

Conducted by RALPH E. SAMMONS

Short articles, poems and opinions from our readers are solicited for this department. This place is reserved for quarrels, discussions, nonsense, or for the willing heart—but make it short.

All matter intended for the Informal Brotherhood Department, should be addressed to the Department Editor.

## CHIPS

BY RALPH E. SAMMONS.

What is so raw as these days in June?

TO-MORROW grows. Our space is crowded and cramped. Henry Frank's Chapter V. of the "Story of the Doom of Dogma" was omitted last month for lack of space, though we disliked very much to break the thread of this fascinating narrative.

I wonder if the recent remarkable number of elopements of preachers with women of their congregation has any connection with that little couplet about Springtime and young men's fancy.

The enlightened selfishness is the attitude of one who seeks for the betterment of his community, or society in general, with the purpose of making that betterment of others yield to him more advantageous surroundings and environment. It is the animation of those who find conventions and customs restrictive to their own comfort, welfare and happiness, and put their effort into the cultivation of a more cultured and more elevated atmosphere—the enlightenment of those about them—for the sake of their own greater opportunities for free expression and greater happiness.

That attitude which impels the reformer, preacher or teacher to attempt to ingraft a belief into the minds of other folks to "save" their souls, instead of setting forth Truth in the best manner possible for each one to use in their own way, usually is accompanied by a very low standard of daily life, and often of morality—the loss of their own happiness and development.

Keep clean, keep busy, keep cheerful and open-minded, and you will never grow old.

There is a soul in music—a meaning, a message, a part of the life, feeling, and soul of the composer. It is this fact which distinguishes classical from light, "popular" productions. The compositions of the masters have been, and are, the vehicle for the preservation and reproduction, in melody and harmony, of their deepest feeling, and their life message. The greatness of any musician depends as much upon his or her ability to sense and appreciate the soul quality of the great productions, and to re-express it as if it were their own, as upon ability to compose such.

These thoughts have come to me in studying over the remarkable work being done by the pupils and teachers of the Central-

izing School of Pianoforte Playing, Fine Arts building, Chicago. Mrs. Radle-Paradis, the director of the school, trains her pupils, old and young, in the understanding and expression of the soul and meaning of music and musical productions, and has them work exclusively on compositions that really have meaning in them—something that is really worthy and possible of study and interpretation. The results so far transcend those gained by the ordinary teacher of pianoforte who knows and teaches nothing more than “technique,” as to allow of no comparison.

Is a back number of To-MORROW a Yesterday? Has any one person a monopoly on nakedness?—The Sparker.

There are no back numbers of To-MORROW. To-MORROW is never past-perfect, but always future-perfect.—Will.

## “UNIVERSAL”

Editor To-MORROW :

For the benefit of the many readers of To-MORROW magazine, who are inquiring where they can obtain the new grammar of “Universal,” let it be stated that it can be bought in Chicago from Koelling & Klappenbach, East Randolph street. It can also be obtained in large amounts at 25 cents per copy direct from the publishers, Jul. Püttmann, Leipzig, Germany.

For Dr. Molenaar’s new \$1 per year magazine in “Universal” send direct to Dr. H. Molenaar, Grosshesselohe, Munich, Germany.

Respectfully,

F. CAMBENSY,  
37 N. Hoyne Ave., Chicago.

## SOME OPINIONS

Brother Sammons asks for opinions by readers of To-MORROW.

The May number was unexcelled.

The best in the June number is the trenchant definition of “Undesirable Citizens” on the front cover.

The next best is the short “prevention better than cure” article, “Child Slave Twaddle,” by Mrs. Bruce, who has some really practical advice to give: “No child, no slave. See?”

The next best is Dr. Rullison’s “Lost Labor.” But to him I will cite Byron’s lines:

“Yet, let us ponder boldly—’tis a base

Abandonment of reason to resign

Our right of thought—our last and only place

Of refuge: this, at least, shall still be mine;

Though from our birth the faculty divine

Is chain’d and tortured, cabin’d, cribb’d, confined

And bred in darkness, lest the truth should shine

Too brightly on the unprepared mind,

The gleam pours in, for time and skill will couch the blind.”

W. C. Cope hits the nail square on the head when he writes about love, that “its delights are only the bait with which Nature allures us into the pains of parentage.” Exactly! And when “kind, bountiful Nature” thus sets up the example of heedless selfishness at the very start of (all) creation, how foolish, how



short-sighted, to ever expect unselfishness in any form from the "one-third tiger, one-third ape and one-third man" result—the human race! (At least under present conditions.)

To the real, unbiased student and observer the entire scheme of the universe is only one of pure, heedless selfishness with the vulgar and sole aim to "increase bulk," and from the planets to the atoms this alone is the aim of all existence. Yes, brother Cope, Nature invented that "sex-intoxicating" tickle called love, simply because she knew that without some sort of a "drug" (spiritual or psychological "dope" in this case) her creatures would not take the trouble to propagate their species. So, you see, she has us all under her "spell."

But "wise" man here, too, comes to the rescue again by fining the "love-intoxicated" swain \$200 for having under "kind Nature's laws" only smiled publicly at some strange woman! Talk about "between the devil and the deep sea," why, it is our average situation!

Then comes sedate Mrs. Holmes, and for three and one-half pages wonders why "Raymond's and Grace's love" began to wane after three months of cohabitation. My first guess naturally would be, it was because their appetites got jaded—they had too much of one thing; the same for breakfast, for dinner and for supper. If they were philosophers they would know that variety in every form is the handmaid of Nature; and Nature herself is only constant in her inconstancy. This is the great cause of all "unhappy" marriages. Invisible chains; tug, tug, tug till they break.

But I must not forget the Hunt-Kuehn controversy on Governmentalism. In some things they are right; in others wrong. Mr. Kuehn is wrong when he says that "Savages were not practicing barbarities until civilization invaded their lands," when every school boy knows that the main occupations of all savage tribes were standing feuds, constant warfare, raids and even wars of extermination—sure enough, not between individuals of the same tribe (such, for instance, as our modern commercialism is, and which Mr. Kuehn does not want to be disturbed), but emphatically so, between the different tribes; and, of course, as with the modern nations, different tribes would, when occasion demanded, unite to make war on other tribes, in order to overcome them easier.

And the reason, Mr. Kuehn, why individuals of the same tribe behaved toward one another is because they always had some kind of a government, even the very, very earliest, in the shape of recognized or elected leaders or chiefs; yes, for life, too; for then, as now, "the chief could do no wrong." They had their priests, priestesses, medicine-men and "soothsayers." They held caucuses and councils at regular lunar intervals. They had no "written" codes, but social ones; and all this for one reason: They had super-animal intelligence and speech. Mr. Kuehn's theory of utter absence of Governmentalism is only conceivable therefore among the lower animals.

Mr. Hunt is wrong in believing that "Man's brotherhood has been evolving," because the same "schoolboy" knows that there is a much finer and completer brotherhood among the savages of the same tribe than there is among the "civilized" in the same modern tribe (state). The baneful cause of all this has been

and is today that governments are mere individuals and are representative in name only. When a nation is wise enough to compose a really representative government, "of, for and by the people," we shall be able to realize the aim and purpose of Socialism; a government that will be a standing guarantee of "the greatest possible good for the greatest possible number," and in spite of our innate selfishness. That would be a concrete example of Social Evolution. But, so far, we have not even, contrary to Mr. Hunt's statement, "evolved the state," for, today as of yore, the individuals that form the head of any state still act and say: "L'état c'est moi!" And the result is, as of yore, society forcibly divided into classes, mainly into two: Master and Slave.

F. CAMBENSY.

## A STORY IN SYMBOL

MARGUERITE MILLER.

They met much the same as thousands before them, without design, unless there is a Planner who plans our every act had guided their wandering steps to stand at last face to face "To read life's meaning in each other's eyes."

For the Woman, the past with its joys, its tears, its Paradise, its Gethsemane were forgotten, and there burst forth a glorious, now unfolded, undreamed of radiance. The Man neither thought nor cared then, but later—well, as Kipling says, "That is another story."

The Man was fair of face, strong in form, clean in heart, "A White Soul," the Woman thought, then straightway painted an imaginary circle of light around his well-shaped head, "A halo" she said.

Three days passed; for the Woman, days of undefinable pleasure. Then back to the dreary round to walk side by side with Duty, stern-eyed sentinel of destiny. But ever and anon, woman-like, she stole away, to commune with her inner self, to a place called "The Garden of the Heart," and carefully closing the door, watered the flowers of Memory with many tears.

In a lonely corner stood a silver stock, its leaves of mist, its blossoms an unearthly light, and out of the depth of its heart came the voice of Long Ago: "Go thy way, forget; leave me to suffer alone, but know as leaves fall to rustle in broken showers through the forest to be reabsorbed in the bosom of Mother Earth, as streams flow by devious ways, under mountains and over valleys to be lost in their father, the sea, so shall you and I be one in eternity." The Woman bowed her head but dried her tears. The name of the blossom was "Hope Nailed to a Cross."

Then from the ashes sprang a small white star on a tender stem which grew and grew and strengthened as it grew, until it stood tall and firmly by the Woman, and lo, as she looked, from out the Star came the face of the Man.

And the Woman smiled while the ice in her heart became molten gold, as she hurried away to city streets to feed on the blue flames which came from the touch of soft finger tips.

Days, weeks, months passed. The flower within the garden grew and grew, and the Man knew it not, but seeing a fleck of silver on the Woman's crown of gold, said with a smile: "My

love is Universal; I opened my window today and gave freedom to a fly." There were tears in the Woman's eyes, and he wondered.

Again the Woman walked the length of the garden, and going close to the flower which filled every crevice of her world with an unnamable light, cried in the agony of soul: "Not for me, Oh, flower of Love! Not for me, cold beautiful thing of my heart. You must die. I must tear asunder your wondrous blossoms. I must uproot your graceful stem." Then one by one she plucked the radiant stars and hid them in the bosom of her gown, over her heart. But the stem was strong and the strength of the Woman weak; so she tore it piece by piece to the ground, and, at last, worn with passionate weeping, fell asleep on the fragments and as she slept dreamed a dream.

The root of the flower stirred, then put forth a tender stem which grew through the Woman's heart, and its blossoms were white and many which swayed with each breath of the sleeper, and swaying, chimed a melodious song, "Love never dies, Love lives forever." The Woman awakened, but life was never the same.

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## THE NEW OLD THEOLOGY

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON WEBSTER.

The "New Theology" talked of in England just now is merely a "coming out of" orthodoxy. The New Old Theology is in opposition to the conception of Theology, held more or less in common by Christians, Chinese, Jews, Mohammedans, Unitarians, Buddhists, Mormons and Christian Scientists—the Monotheists.

The kind of Dualism here presented is not that of a Good Power and a Bad Power, but of two Good Powers, whose goodness consists in Perfect Balance. This conception can be fully appreciated by us only when we all arrive at the same state, through following the Way, the Truth and the Life to the point where Love is brought to its consummation by Liberality.

When Matthew Arnold wrote that he did not despair of finding some lasting truth to minister to the diseased spirit of our time, we may say it was modesty on his part in not telling us that he had really concealed it in the former part of his essay on "Culture and Anarchy."

In that essay Arnold pointed out the defect of our present stage, to be superabundance of the Hebrew spirit in religion and commerce and not enough of the Greek spirit. The "eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth" methods of trade were the inevitable accompaniment of the Hebrew religion, upon which, in matters of trade, the more Hellenistic (there is a tale that the "Holy Ghost" was a Greek) teachings of Christ have not had a feather's weight of influence as yet. The cause for the objection of Aristotle (in the opening chapter of his "Politics") to the whole system of usury would be eliminated, in course of time, if Arnold's plea for the Greek spirit were carried out largely along the lines of the Greek religion—which goes Christianity one better in that it is closer to the facts of life and nature in its recognition of two Gods instead of one.

True, the Greeks had more than two Gods, but a nice compromise between the Greek and Hebrew ideas would bring us to

acknowledge the truth we all should know, but which Dante and other Italians did not know, that God is not in love with himself—but that “in some sort Love is greater than God” and that this is because Jesus is quite as great and important a factor in the universe as “Our Father Zeus.”

But as humanity lives so it thinks, and not until the position of woman has become stronger in the intellectual world and man stronger in the moral world will there be that acknowledgment of the True Religion of all ages.

When that day comes individuals will be counted as non-entities, and only the successfully mated, whose love is perpetually on the increase for each other and all humanity, will be considered as entities and true reflections of the Divinities, whose souls are inseparably one with us all, for all time—and always were. But this truth cannot be appreciated until we evolve into entity from non-entity by the way and truth Christ taught—with one law—the law of Purity and Fidelity for both sexes alike—of one mate—from the cradle to eternal life.

## NOTES OF A DISCOURSE AT THE FUNERAL OF EDWIN B. FERGUSON

BY HIS BROTHER CHARLES.

He and I have often passed the jest that sensible men are not afraid of death but of the funeral—the shroud and pall, the trappings and the suits of woe. He would rather have died in his boots out in the desert, leaving his body to the wasting elements and the wild things. It is not for his sake that we have brought his body across the continent—but for our own, and that it might serve you here as a sacrament and a witness.

In him the West uttered its profession of faith. I have known many who write books and make poems, but not one other who interpreted so truly the religion of democracy, the spirit of the wide plains and high sierras, the genius of these states. The West, more than the East, has faith in the God of the Open Air. Mile by mile as one travels eastward from Arizona to New York by any route, the pulse of idealism flags. So the West sends you this sacrament to lift your hearts up.

He had no wistful hope of immortality, but something better—a present sense of eternity. He felt himself indigenous in the cosmos; he was here to stay. He was not afraid of changes; he expected them. Impossible things had actually happened to him again and again—he had been a baby at his mother's breast, a wondering school-boy, a workingman, a husband, a father, a traveler in ships, prospector, preacher, printer, farmer—incredible things had happened to him, unimagined new worlds had opened to him, vista upon vista; and so he did not fear the change that is called death, but expected to find beyond it solid reality and matter of fact.

He suffered. He knew what it was to have a hard time. But he knew, too, how to make friends with his luck, whatever it might be; he avoided—wisely, warily—a head-on collision with Fate. He would not much have approved that dead-set willfulness of the English poet, Henley: “Out of the darkness that covers me, black as the Pit from pole to pole, I thank whatever gods

there be for my unconquerable Soul!" Not that, but something very different was his way. He was a fighting man but he fought gayly; he was serious but his seriousness was blithe; he was a happy warrior. He had a more masculine and consistent mind than Robert Louis Stevenson though less versatile, less expressive. He had much in common with Stevenson, outward and inward. He would have approved that prayer of the Scotchman: "If I have faltered more or less in my great task of happiness, if I have moved among my race, and shown no glorious morning-face \* \* \* Lord! thy most pointed pleasure take, and stab my spirit, broad awake!" He believed in that; he believed in the categorical imperative to cheer up, believed in the duty of happiness. He would make the best of everything.

Sitting with him by a camp-fire in the Rocky Mountains—in Ute Pass under the shadow of Pike's Peak, I recited to him one night some lines that I had found in a newspaper. I liked them and had remembered them because they fitted him; I knew of no other man that had forged such sharp tools out of his failures:

"Of wounds and sore defeat I made my battle-stay;

Winged sandals for my feet, wove—of my delay;

Of weariness and fear, I made my shouting spear;

Of loss and doubt and dread and swift, on-coming doom,

I made a helmet for my head—and a floating plume!

From the shutting mists of death and the failures of the breath,

I made a battle-horn to blow, across the vales of overthrow!

Oh! harken, Love, the battle-horn; the triumph clear, the silver scorn!

Oh! harken where the echoes bring, down the gray, disastrous morn,

Laughter and rallying!"

## IS CRUELTY INCREASING?

BY ARNGRIM ARNGRIMSON.

When I read the speeches of Fourth of July orators and the books of authors whose minds are moulded by and cannot reach beyond conventional ideals, I can discover no fault-finding with American progress and American education, but only flowery approbation of America's ways and means of doing things. In their speeches and writings, she clings at the head of the list of nations, the foundation of this progressive position being "America's true liberty."

Their works are filled with the words "truth" and "justice," and set off with gems of expression on "liberty" and "love," and their hearts are glutted with sympathy for the poor, as well as flattery for the rich.

But the plain, common laborer is forced to ask himself a few questions: "Are their actions as pure and honest as their talk? Are they working in the direction of improvement and progress? Is the government and the condition as bright as they paint it? Are the tillers of the soil receiving the comforts and luxuries of life that should result from their highly utilitarian exertions—'the support of the nation'? Have the poorer laboring classes of America the full liberty prated about?"

Is not this blowing about liberty in this country merely a make-believe of the mammon-loving, capitalist ruling class—

almost monarchs—scattered over the land, with no sympathy for the laborers of the country who are being overworked for the benefit of all people?

“What “living statues” of America’s liberty and equal rights are the great number of penitentiaries! What modern, “civilized” chambers of torture they are! Visit one or more of them and see for yourself; have the warden take you into some of those dark, lonely cells of the prisoners.

Two cases impressed me on one of my trips of visitation to a well-known prison. The first was that of a young man that the warden told me was to be “strung up” the next day. He was kindly of face and bearing, shut up in a dark, damp cell. That was to be the last day of his life, and I could not help thinking of the relatives and friends, far or near, perhaps impotently offering up prayers for this unfortunate youth, an outcast from “respectable” society forever; of the many chances that there were that this man might become a member of society with a love of liberty and justice, if he were only given a chance in freedom. These circumstances make our “criminal” system an outrage on humane ethics.

In a still darker and drearier cell was found a “prisoner for life,” a young woman of eighteen years of age, a sight to make the heart sick. Her attitude of calm resignation, in view of the fact that she was another outcast from the love and joy of human associations for the remainder of her life, was enough to bring tears to the eyes of any but those with a heart of stone.

Yet we call these “hospitals” for the “curing of crime”! Would it not be better to make real hospitals of our penitentiaries, with well educated men of strong, moral character as physicians, to look into each individual case, with a free, healthy atmosphere thrown about these unfortunates? It is about time that something of this kind be done in this country, if we are to maintain our vaunted claims to Liberty and Justice.

College and university graduates, you who are looking forward to a grand life-work, can find no more noble missionary work, than in the raising of your voices in protest against these practices of cruelty in this “civilized” country. And the sooner this work can be started, the sooner will the goal be reached. The monarchs of mammon are rapidly making further restrictions on the already limited liberty of the people, and unless this protest of voices crying in the wilderness of legalized robbery and cruelty is heard soon and loudly, the small body of free-thinking and liberty-loving souls will be crushed lifeless.

Not before our political and social life is cleansed of these crimes against criminals will this country achieve the destiny that is possible for its magnificent forces to attain.

Our hope lies in the coming generations, who, profiting by the mistakes, perversions and crimes of the present and past, will right these national wrongs, so that, in the coming centuries, there will be no monarchs of riches ruling as kings, but all will live as brothers and sisters of the Universal Brotherhood, with love and cheer in our hearts, on our faces, and in our actions, with no buildings set apart for the practice of man’s inhumanity to man; when the honest wishes of the poor as well as the rich will be heard, and when love and liberty will be our God.

## THE SICK-A-BED LADY

For five days and nights—it seemed nothing short of five ages—the skeptic had not slept. The capsules brought by the kindly interne were as useless as though an unscrupulous druggist had compounded them of breadcrumbs and labeled them “Morphia, or Just as Good.” But now as one lay quietly upon the little hospital bed, this no longer seemed a thing to perturb the mind: sleep could scarcely be a necessary part of the arrangement of affairs, after all, since the world went on quite the same whether opiates had the proper effect or not. Such a short time ago it was, too, that one struggled, and hoped, and went gayly enough about one’s business; now there was no outside world at all, only this little room with quiet, deft fingered nurses, doctors and internes. Even pain had gone away, and had faded from the mind as though it, too, had never been.

Some disturbance, however, of this placid condition of mind and body was threatened by the odd conduct of the few friends and relatives admitted to the sick room, who when they entered and beheld the occupant, began to weep with all the enthusiasm of an East Lynn audience. On their account the skeptic wished they would not do this; still, she reflected, it was rather nice to behold one’s self so popular, and every whit as good as going to one’s own funeral and enjoying the laudatory remarks proper for that occasion. Albeit, it was evident that she must be presenting a pretty ghastly appearance, such as in the case of Cleopatra Screwton would certainly have called for rose-colored curtains, tightly drawn.

The good doctor came often on this particular night; now, laying his hand sympathetically on the hot head of the skeptic, he asked her kindly how she felt, but not one word would come in answer to the question. She wished to raise her hand, and lo, it behaved after a curious and rebellious manner and moved not in the slightest degree whatsoever! And now things seemed to be receding in a strange, perplexing fashion, and suddenly assumed an appearance unfamiliar and vague, as though one saw them in a dream, or had gone with Alice into Wonder Land. Evidently matters were serious, then. At this juncture, according to all the traditions of die Philister, the various events of one’s life—so-called “good” and “bad,”—should have come trooping into one’s head, and one should have remembered with the deepest penitence that at such and such a time one had forgotten to feed the family cat, or had spoken disrespectfully of the family clergyman. Nothing of the sort! What really came repeatedly into the mind of the sick one was the fact that, out of consideration for the feelings of those friends and relatives aforesaid (who seemed so loath to have her transferred to the angel band), she had from day to day postponed the mentioning that in the event of her untimely decease, she wished to be incinerated and blown by the strong, free wind out over the surface of the lake some pleasant day when the sky was blue, the air full of the coming of spring, and the water bright and sparkling in the sunshine. Now it was too late to arrange the matter, and that was annoying; if one were to be taken back to the little town where one waited impatiently so many years to make one’s escape, it was likely one would find it unspeakably dull even to be buried there. Perhaps after all, it might be better to wait and leave this life some other

time? In which event one must see, then, about that refractory hand—indeed, how vexing and humiliating that one could not do as one liked with one's own hand! *Lauter Unsinn*, it should move! one, two, three, now—and it did!

When the skeptic awoke there was the sound of music in the room. At first the wandering thought could not be collected to distinguish what it was; but presently it became apparent that they were singing—hymns. One had died, after all, then! but looking about in great consternation lest one should find one's self arrayed in a *Jeness-Miller* robe and a halo, with that most tiresome and inexpressive of instruments, a harp, near at hand awaiting the initial performance (so likely to be trying to the sensitive ear), *Sceptica* discovered that she was still safely tucked away in that small hospital bed! Gentle reader, fear not that this is a message from the "spirit world;" the writer did not die, but the experience was so extremely close that she feels able to assure you the *Pleasing Prattle of the Preacher* as he dilates upon the fearful end of the "unbeliever" who "perishes outside the fold," is but vain babbling and an empty sound; moreover, she believes with all her heart that it is also but the echo of arguments wont to be advanced by the agents of a powerful fire insurance company once enjoying the monopoly of a large and profitable business, until a certain Luther and sundry other curious souls had the rudeness to insist upon a too close scrutiny of the books; whereupon some daring folk completely cancelled their policies, preferring to invest their funds in enterprises paying more tangible dividends and managed in a way more to the approval of the small stockholder. Behold, let us all go and do likewise, and putting our moneys and our heads together, form a beneficent combination for the Discouragement of Ignorance and Credulity, and for the Promotion of True Human Happiness; and by the end of the present fiscal year, we shall beyond peradventure be in a position to determine whether or not the poets spoke truly when they said men found life worth the living in the Golden Age!

## THE PRIESTLY PLOT AGAINST THE SCHOOLS OF SPAIN

BY GERALD CHRISTIAN, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Some men glory in calling themselves "Freethinkers," because they attack religions. They are, properly speaking, not Freethinkers—but, yes, anti-religionists. Because I have found many of them to be as bigoted on any other social problem, not in accord with their views, as the men whom they attack on questions religious: the churchmen. That is not free thinking. A Freethinker is a person whose mind is open to *all* points of view, and not fettered by *one single prejudice*; whose mind, in other words, is *free*. He therefore advocates freethought and free speech. Now, if you advocate freethought and free speech, you must allow everybody to do the same thing; and not because that somebody else differs with you, must you spurn that somebody else, or throw a slur on his way of thinking. The moment you disrespect another person's thought or speech, you become a *bigot*. And here I have a few words to say to Mr. W. Hearford on the question of the bomb outrage in Madrid.



Mr. Heaford evidently labors under the painful idea that to be an Anarchist (I spell it with a capital "A," if you please) is to be a felon. He says in *TO-MORROW* (January) in effect: "Ferrer, albeit an enthusiastic Republican, and an *out-and-out Freethinker* (italics mine), has never belonged in any degree to the anarchist body. And then: We have the assurance of Naquet that during the whole course of his unfortunate connection with the 'Escuela Moderna' and its founder, Morral was careful to hide from Ferrer the fact that he was an anarchist, and refrained from speaking to him about anarchism."

Now, Mr. Heaford, do you expect any rational being to believe these statements of yours? It means that an out-and-out Freethinker would have been shocked—terrified probably—on learning that his co-worker was an Anarchist! Just fancy! A Kropotkin! A Spencer! Good gracious, what felons! Ah, you would-be Freethinkers, how you remind me of a fly in a honey pot: buzz—buzz, but still stick to what surrounds you—the honey. Only from such as you, and questionably worse-off brothers—the orthodox crew—must I learn that it is a crime to be an "anarchist"! For have you not said, in January *TO-MORROW*: "Now, what is Ferrer's crime? He is not an *anarchist*." Listen to this! Because a man disbelieves in government, organized vengeance called "justice," despotism, tyranny, and all their consequent evils, reeking under our very noses to-day; and advocates communism, real justice, love, brotherhood, freedom!—he is a felon! Thank you, Mr. Heaford, and all such as think like you. But now let us come to facts.

Ferrer is more of an Anarchist than ever Mr. Heaford has *dared* to dream of, notwithstanding M. Naquet's declaration. Proof sufficient of this is that his school curriculum was comprised of *free* subjects, and, therefore, included thots and teachings from Tolstoi, Kropotkin, Malato, Spencer, and other teachers of *advanced* thot. More glory to Ferrer; it shows that he is a man worthy of that ever glorifying, ever beautiful title: *Freethinker*.

And as to Morral's act, who can defend it—uphold it? Nobody, unless he be mad. Can it be justified? Yes! (Please do not get shocked, Mr. Heaford. I mean no harm, I assure you. I shall not throw nor dream of throwing, at you or anybody else—barring bombs of just sarcasm). All abnormal acts can be justified. We have only to *think* for a moment, and the case is legible for justification. He did not commit the outrage because *he* thot it was wrong; he did it because he thot it was right. No person does a thing when he believes that he is doing wrong. Put it to yourself and see.

That he was mad—well, I do not suppose that a sane person could think otherwise than put him down as a madman. That is why I do not condemn him. That is why I pity him. Because I pity the person who loses his life's staff: the brain. And Morral—aye, Morral, Mr. Heaford—needs our human pity, and not our bigoted condemnation.

#### TO-MORROW COMRADES.

Ask for *TO-MORROW* at the news-stands. If they do not have copies, insist that they order them for you. This will help distribution.

# THE OLD GUARD OF FREE THOUGHT

## THE SUPERIOR SEX



Nature always works, if we may so term it, to produce *the female*. Protoplasm itself is female, because it is the mother of all organized life. All through the vegetable and animal world we see life working for the perfection of the female. If we examine closely into her modes, we shall see that it is really the female that is the acme of all organization. If males are produced, it is because the conditions for producing females were not favorable. The development was "arrested" and only a male was the result.

Cultivate a single poppy or a wild rose and in time you will see the stamens one by one turning into corolla leaflets, and by and by they become nearly all

flower leaves. Some kinds of flowers will do this till not a stamen (or male part) is left, and then the flower will be seedless unless fructified by the pollen of some single flower from the same plant or one of the same kind. High cultivation will produce melons, apples, etc., that are nearly seedless.

When all conditions are favorable, there are many of the inferior insects and animals that will reproduce themselves through virgin generation. All of these facts go to prove the female the superior instead of what she has been so long termed, the inferior of man.

"By feeding, the sex development of the young bee may be modified." This is correct in so far as all the working bees are concerned, for they are undeveloped females, and every one of them might be developed into a perfect female or queen bee by the same feeding and care that changes one or two of them into queens. Before the queen is fertilized she only lays drone or male eggs. When fertilized she lays two kinds of eggs, drone and female. The drone eggs are male because in passing from her they fail to receive the spermatozoa on their filmy covering as they pass by the spermatheca that contains the sperm received from the male. In three, five or six years the spermatheca is empty and the queen lays only drone eggs. A young, immature queen and an old and feeble one cannot produce the superior sex, but simply an incomplete (arrested development) male.

Schenk has proved his theory of determination of sex. Proved the female the superior animal. "He has not failed to produce

a female in a single instance where his regimen was faithfully carried out. In forty-one cases thirty-nine succeeded," two failed where the patient did not follow his instructions. The conclusion is evident that the male is arrested development, and that under proper conditions females alone would result.

ELMINA D. SLENKER.

Snowville, Va.

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## FUNERAL ORATION OVER THE BODY OF MANAGER JOHN A. AVERY—TOUCHING TRIBUTE PAID TO MEMORY

BY DR. J. B. WILSON.

Brothers and Friends: We are again called to the side of an open grave. We come here with hearts filled with reverence and our feet shod with silence to pay a last loving tribute to the beloved dead.

We can hardly realize that the familiar face will greet us no more; that the end has come to the tired body; that the bright mind has gone out, and that the brave, patient life is o'er.

How little do we know of this wondrous thing we call death. It makes no noise, occupies no space, it speaks no word.

One moment life is here; the next moment death has taken its place, so gently, so quietly, that one seems only the shadow of the other.

This invincible presence sanctifies whatever it touches. What can we say of this wonderful mystery of death? What it is no one knows. What lies beyond it no one can tell. All that we know is that it is nature's way of ending life. It is natural, therefore nothing to fear. Death's shadow falls upon all that lives.

Did it take one and leave the other; did it rob one family of its household jewels; did it put out the light in one home, then, indeed, might we arraign this visitor and rebel against his decree. It is the inexorable law of nature that nothing is exempt from the sway of this all-potent king. Whatever is universal, we must, somehow, regard as best.

If to die is an evil, then to be born is an evil, for every step of life is a step toward death. Because we cannot see beyond the grave is no reason why we should fear to pass through its portals.

We do not fear the morrow. We wish the day to end, the night to come. It is nature's cry for blessed sleep. Death is a part of nature, and when life goes out, when the eyes close forever on the faces and the scenes we love, it may be, it must be, we are launched upon the surges of evolution, pointing humanity to that better salvation, wrought out between the hammer and anvil of cosmic law.

Although we sorrowfully stand in the presence of this mystery and have not the power to translate silence into sound and hang speech on voiceless lips, yet it is our duty to live well as long as life lasts, and take the last step on earth as bravely as the first.

When John Avery died a lot of sunshine passed out of this world. Wherever he be now a lot of mirth, happiness and joy has been added to the place.

Every man seems to have been designed to fill some particular niche in nature. We are all just what we are for a wise purpose. For every diversity of nature she has designed brains peculiarly adapted for the development of that diversion.

Nature seemed to have fashioned Avery for the purpose of adding to the mirth and pleasure of human existence. This dominating impulse led him into the museum and show business. There he contributed entertainment to hundreds of thousands, old and young, and let me say here that humanity's greatest benefactors are not always its serious advisers; not always those who scatter their ill-gotten wealth in golden showers, but more often those who bestow the smile instead of the frown, and those who bestow kindness instead of gold; who furnish mirth and music to those whose pathways of life are stony and hard.

No one will tell you that John Avery ever gave pain to a single person, but thousands will tell you that he added to the joys and happiness of their lives. No one will tell you that he brought tears to their eyes, but thousands will tell you that he brought laughter to their hearts.

What a wonderful thing is laughter. It is the great civilizer for this reason: It is one of the very qualifications and principles of reason, being confined to the human race.

Man is the only animal that laughs. What would we be or do without laughter? It is the symphony of speech, the chorus of conversation, a music without bars. The heart is most heavenly when it shines through the cheeks and dimples them with a smile. Sweeter than night breezes blended with the fragrance of roses is the laughter of young girls at play, and sweeter than village and chirp of wildwood is the mingling mirth of lovers long parted. We laugh, and the heart, like a bee in a wilderness of flowers, finds sweetness everywhere.

We remember our beloved dead and the old friends of bygone days not by the solemnity of their expressions, but by their laughter and smiles and ringing voices.

No one was a greater promoter of this spirit of kindness than our dead brother, and the mirth and joy he set in motion will widen like the ripple in the sea to the farthest shore of time.

Gloomy dogma will never succeed in dominating the drama for the simple reason that men have become civilized, and because the laughers are in the majority.

Men who furnish healthful entertainment, either mental or physical, are public benefactors and are not held in the respect they merit nor given the credit they earn.

Instead of opposing them they should be protected and upheld every day in the week and every week in the year.

Whatever healthful entertainment, either of body or mind, that tends to ameliorate the sorrows of, and, for the time being, helps the weary to forget their cares, is conducive to morals and progress and consistent with the nature of our beings.

The value of these funeral occasions is not only in paying a fitting and tender tribute to the dead, but to draw a lesson from it.

Let us cultivate that cheerfulness so largely possessed by our departed brother. Let us do more to promote the happiness of this existence, which is cheerless to so many aching hearts.

Let us, like him, warm ourselves by the fireside of human affection. Let us not keep the alabaster boxes of love and kind-

ness sealed until our friends are dead, but, like him, scatter their fragrant perfume in the path of the living. All this is better than storied urn or marble shaft.

Words are but ashes to his mourning widow and relations in this hour of their deep bereavement. Time alone can assuage their grief. Their comfort will be in the remembrance of his many kind words, loving care and generous deeds.

Let us not weep for him, but for the living. He is forever past the trials of life and free from its pain.

Soon we will bear his tired body to that paradise of death—beautiful Spring Grove.

There, 'mid the beauties of nature, rest thee, dear brother, under the blue canopy of the sky, in the moonlight, starlight, sunlight; 'neath summer's golden dawns, autumn's chilling blasts and winter's shroud of snows. Forever in nature's warm embrace we now consign thee to join the forces that move the planets and give the stars their light.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune, May 5.

### OPEN LETTER TO DR. J. B. WILSON



My Dear Dr. Wilson:

I read, with much interest, your oration at the funeral of John A. Avery. It is an inspiration. It should be in the hands of all. Nobody could take exception to it.

If you shall be living at my demise, it is my request that you shall perform the last rites. There is not a person within my knowledge so competent.

At Connersville, Ind. (68 miles from Covington), is a beautiful cemetery, where repose the remains of a loving and loved wife, son and daughter; where, at no distant day, I shall lie down to a sleep that knows no waking.

Everything in Nature tells me that death is the end of all consciousness. Of course, we know that nothing dies in the true sense of the word, as matter is eternal. You cannot conceive of something intangible—something

that cannot be seen, felt, or touched. From that, I draw my conclusions that there is no Supreme Being who cannot be seen, felt, or touched. I would not infer from that, that there is a corporal Being. In what we behold in the workings of Nature—the elements—we see no evidence of intelligence, no love, no mercy. None of us know what there is behind the great systems of worlds, where there is place without space, when there was time when time was not.

The oldest, the wisest, the most cultured know no more than the unborn child, or the unlettered child of the forest.

While I am in my ninety-second year and have studied these matters from youth up, I am now more confirmed than ever in my convictions. Not from choice, as I would most gladly believe in an immortality, where I would meet loved ones to part no more. Immortality is born of a desire to be immortal. "Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished," but if desire was a hope or a fulfillment of your desires, we would all be millionaires, or at least have a competency. An eternity of happiness may be in store for us. We don't know, but I think it very doubtful.

While it is true we may live in some other form, we will not be conscious of having lived before. At my time in life, when in the "sere and yellow leaf," I have no prejudices to serve, knowing that sincerity is the guardian of belief. I claim to be honest in my views.

What I have said, of course, is nothing new to you nor original with me. It is a kind of souvenir for you, a sort of will and testament after I shall be gone.

With high regards and much esteem, I am sincerely yours,

SILAS ROCKWELL,

Covington, Ky., May 24, 1907.

Patriarch of "The Old Guard."

**THOMAS PHILLIPS, CLEMMENTON, N. J.**

I was born March 22, 1833, at Whiston, near Rotherham, in Yorkshire, England. I first attended the Davidson Charity School, where I learned to read, write and cipher. During vacation, I used to visit Rotherham, and played with the children in Walker's Iron Foundry, where the model of Thomas Paine's Iron Bridge was cast, and talked with some of the workmen who worked upon it and who remember paying a shilling to see it when it was on exhibition.

At eight years of age, I 'tended cattle, working 12 hours per day, for 12c. At eleven, I was apprenticed to a shoemaker, but took sick, and was unable to work for some months, during which time I read the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress and Joseph Barker's works, stimulating a desire to know more about religion and industry. I took an increasing interest in books, and spent much of my subsequent earnings for them.

About this time, I became interested in the temperance question through a course of lectures by Joseph Barker, and also in a series of debates that were being held in the town hall at Rotherham, on all questions related to labor and co-operation, between the Chartist and the Owenites. Paine's "Rights of Man" was a text book in these debates.

In 1851, I bought my freedom from the apprenticeship to my master, as he was removing from Bolton, on account of the interests that were holding me near Rotherham, and, in 1852, I came to America, with eight shillings in my pocket when I arrived in New York, Sept. 15. With some difficulty, I managed to purchase Paine's "Rights of Man" and his "Dissertation on Government" and George's "Progress and Poverty."

In March, 1854, I removed to Philadelphia, where I organized a shoemakers' union. I remember quite well attending a Paine memorial celebration, at which Thos. Illman presided, Gen. J. Sydney Jones delivered the oration, and Thos. Curtis, Robt. Whalen and myself responded to toasts to the Author Hero of the Revolution.

The works of Paine formed my philosophy of Humanitarianism. I believe in political and religious equality and absolute freedom of speech and press.

I have spoken on the same platform with George Lippard, Lucretia Mott, Damon Y. Kilgore, Henry George, Lucy Parsons, and identified myself with the Anti-Slavery Movement. I attended the meeting held by Lucretia Mott, when John Brown was coming to Philadelphia. Thos. Curtis was hooted at and mobbed by the workingmen—white wage slaves—for his defense of John Brown.

I found that the so-called Irish patriots were not in sympathy with Italian and French patriots. I learned that freedom would have to separate from religion.

I was elected President of the Paine Memorial Association in 1904.

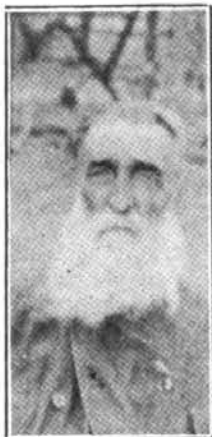
I was the first shoemaker in the United States to join the Knights of Labor and was one of the organizers of the Sovereigns of Industry, and in 1876 edited the labor column of the Philadelphia Record, published by W. M. Swain. In 1887 I received the large labor vote as candidate for Mayor on the labor ticket.

I was one of the founders of the Liberal League, which met in Concert Hall, Philadelphia, 1876. Was a member and subscriber to the Marble Bust Fund, which secured the services of Sydney Morse, of Boston, to execute a bust of Paine for Independence Hall. This bust was presented and refused by the City Council, on motion of Horatio Gates Jones, on account of Paine's "immorality, infidelity, and his insults to Gen. George Washington." I was appointed by Damon Y. Kilgore, President of the National League, to answer these charges, in detail, made by this pious bigot, at the next meeting of the Council. The account of this controversy will form the basis of another article for TO-MORROW.



## SOCIALISTS AND SOCIALISM

• BY JAMES BEESON, "THE IMAGE BREAKER."



In your April To-Morrow Mr. Kuehn takes me to task for my allusion to his views on Socialism in March To-Morrow and says I set up more images than I knock down. He insinuates that I worship Eugene V. Debs. I deny the impeachment. For Debs the Socialist, I have no more reverence than I have for Kuehn the Anarchist. It is Debs the worker for Socialism that I admire. He may turn traitor yet to Socialism, *a la* Hugh O. Pentecost to Freethought, but he can never take back the sledge-hammer blows he is now striking for the abolition of wage slavery and overthrow of capitalism. Mr. Kuehn says that I and Debs want to reform things, but that he does not. From that, one would conclude that he was satisfied with the "kingthing" he afterward condemns so strenuously.

For my part I say I do want to reform things, and that is why I am for revolutionary socialism, which would play havoc with his "kingthing." I have no patience with fossilized bigots, be they anarchists, free lovers, anti-Comstockian delvers in "obscene" literature, or what not. They must all get out of the way or be run over by this solid phalanx of organized labor as they march on to the overthrow of capitalism and the establishment of socialism—which is true democracy. Then they will all see the folly of their strifes and contentions as they have never seen them before. Any one that can see a "kingthing" or "coming slavery" in socialism can see the square deal in Teddy Roosevelt's condemnation of "undesirable citizens." How can there be a "kingthing" or slavery where there is no private ownership of the means of production and distribution of the products of labor? An officer of the socialistic commonwealth would be chosen for his efficiency in the management of work assigned him, and not because he had a political pull on the party.

Why should people be so afraid of a change of our competitive system of legalized plunder? They could not make things worse. The laborers have nothing to lose but their chains and balls, the capitalists nothing but their power to kill and rob in the name of "law and order."

The only redeeming trait of character I can see in "Sercombe Himself" is his renunciation of private ownership of property. He is *acting* socialism, which is better than preaching.

The mission of socialism is to unite every opposing force of organized plunder which has its life and power in the private ownership of property.

Socialism will make room for improvements that can never come under any competitive system of government. Co-operation will use steam, electricity, air and water in the management of the latest improved machinery. Toil and hardships will give place to a little healthy exercise in the production of food, clothing, etc., for all. Besides, everyone would be insured enough

of life's comforts without any individual effort of their own. The parasitic plunderer would be ashamed of his profession, and would enjoy the changed condition as much as anyone. Nor do I think the improvement will stop after the most sanguinary hopes of co-operation have been realized. The great drawback on progress in all ages of the world's history has been the bigoted ideas of people who think they have reached the ne-plus-ultra of human knowledge. But every epoch in civilization's march shows the folly of such conclusions. We can see the mistakes made behind us, but we cannot see we are making similar mistakes ourselves.

In 1887 I advocated the liberation of the "Chicago Anarchists" by force; but the time hadn't come. I now say with organized labor that the time is ripe for the liberation of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone by force, if peaceable means fail. If organized plunderers are allowed to kill them, the cause of freedom will get an indefinite setback, as it did in the Chicago legalized murder case.

So far as I know history doesn't give any account of rulers ever giving up their hold on the lives and property of their subjects and slaves, until forced to do so. Our rulers and masters will prove no exception to the rule. They will have to be choked off and now is the time to do it, while the working class is in the notion.

Every one that opposes legalized murder and robbery for the property holding class will hereafter be "undesirable citizens" and marked for victims. Washington and the Continental army were undesirable citizens with England's monarch and nobility. So were John Hancock and the signers of the Declaration of Independence. All that have questioned the divine right of kings and emperors of Europe to kill and rob at their own sweet will have been undesirable citizens, and doomed to die. And so on through the historic periods of the world.

## I LOVE YOU

DELPHA PEARL HUGHES.

I love you, Oh my kindred, who doth by the wayside dwell;  
Fairies of the bogs and marsh-lands, fairies of the shady dell.  
All the cruelty you suffer, hurled in sport from savage lair,  
All the thoughtless feet that trample, all the wounds you meekly bear,  
All the blighting blasts that chill you, are not felt by you alone.  
Yea, I join in all your anthems, and I moan whene'er you moan,  
For I love you, O my kindred; dost thou know me as thine own?

I love you, O my children, who doth in the valleys dwell;  
E'en deformed in mind or body, finding life a prison cell.  
All the arrows of unkindness from the bows of blindness sent;  
All of thy defeats and failures, from the last best effort spent.  
Be ye spurned because of color, be ye scorned because of dress!  
All thy hungers, all thy heartaches, painfully my soul oppress,  
For I love you, O my children; dost thou feel its fond caress?

I love you, O my brethren, who doth near the summits dwell;  
Ye, the teachers—God's evangelists—of the "new time" to foretell.  
From my cot upon the hillside, watch thy wondrous flight and song,  
And I glory in thy laurels, and I sorrow in thy wrong.  
Aye, I feel the darts that sting you from the false and the untrue;  
All the shafts of jealous envy that do pierce you through and through,  
For I love you, O my brethren, though I am unknown to you.



## TO THE BENEVOLENTLY INCLINED

BY JAMES FRANCIS SUGGLES.

What old-time Freethinker has not perused with pleasure the brilliantly enlightening contributions of the veteran, Elmina Drake Slenker, of Snowville, Pulaski Co., Va., who, for more than a generation, has tirelessly labored with pen and hands in the cause of progression, and Samaritan-like, devoted a life-time to the taking up of collections of dollars and dimes for the aid of suffering humanity.

Of plain Quaker honesty and unsuspecting nature, she has fallen a victim to the duplicity and rapacity of some who should have been the truest friends, so that now, when the shadow of old age and ensuing debility are fast falling around her, she finds herself in financial distress. From her modest fireside have been sacrificed even the literary treasures, carpets and everything that would help to keep the hungering wolf from the door.

Some "Truthseekers" have responded nobly to its editor's generous call, and we think that each TO-MORROW reader and admirer should regard it equally a duty and an honor to alaciously come to the assistance of this aged benefactor, who is so worthy of being kindly remembered.

So, let's all send her *some* token, if no more than a cheering-up letter, with stamp for response, for be assured "Aunt Elmina" has invariably been an edifying and delightful correspondent.

## A LAYMAN PREACHING TO HIMSELF

BY W. P. BENNET.

Death has prevailed for unnumbered years; he takes his victims from here and from there—a strong man, a beautiful woman, youth, and old age. He came to my door, he called for admittance, he entered and took away my wife.

Death had been the subject of my thoughts for many months, and I had bolstered up my mind that I had wisdom and that I was a philosopher, and could meet his majesty on his own ground without flinching; but when he called for Mary Bennet, my philosophy wilted.

A warning came on Monday morning, with a four day's notice of her exit. Friday she gave up her life for the prolonged rest.

On the following Monday, I saw the garment of her soul placed in the earth's deep grave. It all seemed consistent and in the order of Nature.

We left the grave and went to the home of the living; there we saw the empty chair and stood in the empty room. Then my philosophy failed me. My physical body was strangling for breath, my lungs were puffed, and I felt that I was choking to death—such is the power of the mind over the body. This was a new sensation. I realized that *death has a sting and the grave a victory*. But time subdued the excitement, for we cannot long live under extreme torture of mind or body. The shock was fearful, and will not soon be forgotten.

The long, lonely days that are to come will weary and wear out this frail body, and ere many months, I'll follow the good wife.

We lived together in harmony for 57 years. She was ever prompt in her duties to her family and neighbors. She was careful and saving in providing for the wants of her family, but liberal when need called for sympathy and material aid. She was one of the crusaders against the saloon and to the day of her sickness she was a ready worker for temperance.

I do not propose to brood over this greatest loss of my life, for Nature is very kind in her dealing with man, and if she can have half a chance, will conform to the conditions of life, and life will not be a burden. We need not lose hope, for there are other sources of happiness at hand.

There are two Bibles, and all may be pleased with one or the other. One man may consider the printed book as dull, heavy reading and too severe for our sins, and that it is full of mysteries that cannot be solved—and if solved of no human good; yet millions find happiness and consolation in its pages. But there are others who reject revelation (see heresy trials), and turn to Nature for a happy life—and find it.

The Grand Old Book of Nature is full of truths; it has mysteries, to be sure, but they are yielding up their secrets daily to bless mankind. The insects are so many letters to spell out the story of creation; the bee, the beaver, the ant are so many lessons in industry and economy; the elephant, the dog, the horse are schoolmasters to teach us affection, bravery, and patience, essentials to noble character.

God is the Author of this Book, to which the Scientist can turn with an inspiration of pleasure. What can turn a man to God more quickly and surely than to seek truth in Nature for Truth's sake?

## About Books

"The Simple Truth" is a little book of timely protest against the doctrine of Biblical infallibility, and the confusion in right thinking resulting from people looking to an outward man-made authority instead of following the inner voice, which is always in harmony with Nature. Pamphlet form, price 10 cents. W. H. Richards, 1020 West Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.

Books on self-control are always in order, and one by Rev. Chas. A. Hall, and one bearing that title, dealing with the terrible evil of secret vice, is full of rational advice, delicately yet plainly put, and should prove a godsend to any boy or girl who reads it. Paper cover, six pence net, L. N. Fowler & Co., London.

Books on Love's power are a potential factor in the life of whoever is willing to be a learner, and "One With the Eternal" is a powerful portrayal of the power of love in every walk of life. Neat cloth, price 35 cents net, Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

"Concentration: The Road to Success," a lesson in soul culture by Henry Harrison Brown, is published by the Balance Publishing Company, Denver, Colo., in paper at 50 cents and in cloth at \$1. Henry Harrison Brown in this book makes success as simple as making a garden: plant certain seeds, grow certain results. According to the author, success is obtained by knowing how to use to the best advantage the equipment we find in our possession in starting out in life. The thing to do is to know this, then go to work finding out what the tools you discover are intended for, and how to use them.

"In Memorium: Edward Bliss Foote, M. D."—the funeral oration, delivered at 120 Lexington avenue, New York, October 7, 1906, by Thaddeus Burr Wakeman. Also contains a letter to the legatees, the records of Colonel Ingersoll and Mrs. Stanton, newspaper notices, resolutions, letters from coadjutors and friends. Published for free distribution by Edward B. Foote, 120 Lexington avenue, New York.

"The Mental Groups," by N. S. Edens, is an illustrated, paper covered book of forty-six pages, on the location

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and significance of the various parts of the brain, as to their phrenological divisions. Fowler & Wells Company, New York.

"Community Homes: A Narrative of the Relief Community," by A. Longley, editor of "The Altruist," is a small cloth covered book of 424 pages, setting forth the results of the author's forty years of community life experiences—the better way of living, with property in common, united labor and equal rights to all. Nearly all our readers will be very much interested in this work. Price, 50 cents, A. Longley, 1452 Webster avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

"Basic Elements," by James Madison Allen, is a pamphlet of forty pages, purporting to be a hand-book of sociology, an organic basis for the Spiritual Co-operative Brotherhood. Price, 25 cents, James Madison Allen, Springfield, Mo.

"Fowler's Self-Instructor in Phrenology." Illustrated, cloth bound, 192 pages; price, \$1. Fowler & Wells Company, New York.

"Proofs of Immortality," by Alex. J. McIvor-Tyndall, is a pamphlet on psychic phenomena, attempting a demonstration of life after earthly death. Price, 10 cents. Psychic Dept., Wahlgreen Publishing Company, Denver, Colo.

"From Poverty to Power," by James Allen, is a powerful, rich volume on character culture and the attainment of happiness and success through the cultivation and unfoldment of the inherent, individual attributes and possibilities. Board cover with beautiful color design; fine gift or library book; 200 pages. Price, \$1. Science Publishing Company, Chicago.

## MORNING ECHOES—A REVIEW.

BY MAUDE JACOBS.

There are two kinds of poetry as well as two kinds of music: the kind we enjoy and the kind we admire. There is music which flows or ripples or pours or rolls in majestic waves, or steals softly into the soul—but always with a movement as free and unrestrained as the winds and rains of heaven, genuine as the sunshine and unlabored as the dew. Other music seems intended only to inspire us with admiration for the skill of the performer. We applaud, not because it has great meaning for us, but because we recognize that its execution requires great exertion, great sacrifice and great skill.

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With poetry some lines flow with the freedom and grace of the wind, the compelling power of the sun or the rhythmic beat of the rain. Others must be studied. Great concentration is required to discover the meaning that lurks behind its imagery. The attention is caught and held by an unusual word or an obscure phrase. Such poetry is less the language of emotion than of learning and art and words.

There has just come to our notice a little volume, "Morning Echoes," from the pen of J. Edward Morgan, of Denver, which contains much of the kind of poetry first alluded to.

It is a collection of reminiscent and descriptive verse and is full of touches of rare delicacy and sweetness. It contains also a number of strong poems, voicing the social unrest of the age and the protest of the toil enslaved soul become conscious of its chains.

Mr. Morgan is a prairie product and his inspiration has been the sky and the meadows and the birds and trees, and those rare sweet friendships that bud and blossom in lives lived close to nature.

The following lines have the freshness of the morning dew upon them and illustrate Mr. Morgan's natural and free style:

"Silver tongued bobolink out in the mead,  
Close by the hidden nest, sits on a reed.  
Dewy gems sparkling round, roses in bloom,  
Meadow flowers everywhere, sweet with perfume.  
Heart enthralled bobolink, spreading his wings,  
Proud of his loving mate, rises and sings:

"Oh, my love, oh, my love,  
Skies are so bright above,  
Bobolink's heart is so free.  
Oh, my love, look above,  
Hear me, love, hear me, love,  
Bobolink lives but for thee.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Alas! Poor me. My cornstalk lyre  
Is all too gross for sacred fire.  
Tho' long on bended knee I whine,  
Crouched low before the muses' shrine,  
All deaf to me, the 'Sacred Nine.'  
So I am left without a muse,  
No sacred fire my lays enthuse,  
But shades of night, the gathering gloom,  
The evening walk, the dismal room,  
The lonely path, the pendent cloud,  
The sleepless night, the heavy load,

The buried hope, the troubled heart,  
The days that pass, the ties that part,  
These and other dismal things—  
Ill omens that the raven brings—  
I own their spell; I bow me low;  
I touch my lyre; my numbers flow."

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"Why don't pigs have a morality?"

"Why is an untruth sometimes called a lie, and, at other times, a piece of diplomacy?"

"Should our wise legislature declare that a bird has no right to fly, would her wings wither?"

"Why don't religious people religiously love?"

"Why does wisdom fall?"

"How long do you think Life will consent to let you suppress love?"

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 More of the bonnet with less of the gauze.  
 More of humanity, less of the saint,  
 More hearts in the rough, untarnished with paint;  
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There are many more selections I should like to make, but space forbids. The booklet is divided into two general sections, the first dealing with the theoretical and scientific phases of the natural cure of disease, and the second dealing with practical suggestions and directions in the use of air and water baths, massage, etc., and also with vegetarian cookery. Mrs. Lindlahr is a genius and an artist in the preparation of healthful and appetizing foods as the writer of this can attest by personal experience, and each number of the series will contain a number of her recipes.

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## May Magazines

*The Nautilus*, Holyoke, Mass., keeps up its reputation as one of the leading New Thought magazines of the country, with some fine editorials by Elizabeth Towne, on food, digestion and fear; articles by Florence Morse Kingsley, Wallace D. Wattles, Eleanor Kirk, Ellen Price, William Towne and others.

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*The Craftsman*, New York, is, in itself, a work of art, with profuse half-tone illustrations on fine paper in soft brown tints. It has poetry, editorial notes and contributions on economic, sociological and general art subjects.

*The Stellar Ray*, Detroit, Mich., is getting down to neat system of arrangement of its material, under the departments of Editorial, Contributions and Selections, Health and Hygiene, Stellar Science, Books and Periodicals, and Miscellany.

*The Business Philosopher*, Chicago, true to its name, has some good philosophy for June—philosophy of business methods and philosophy that will bring business, if practiced. A. F. Sheldon's editorial talk, "In the Study," deals with the increase of honest methods in the modern business world. The June number has a reprint of J. D. Kenyon's address on "Salesmanship," delivered before the National Commercial Gas Association in New York; a study of George Washington in his exemplification of "Ideals of Success and Growth"; and a clean-cut dissertation, "Action," on how to get things done by doing them, by Stanley L. Krebs; besides the reproduction of four of Joseph Addison's "Classic Gems of English Literature."

*The Bibelot*, Portland, Ore., is a little, odd publication of thirty-six pages, devoted to "reprinting poetry and prose for book lovers, chosen in part from scarce editions and sources not generally known."

The most vital contribution that has appeared in *Health*, New York, for some time is "The Outdoor Woman," by C. Gilbert Percival, M. D., outlining the various outdoor exercises and recreations for women, with their special benefits and general health value. There are numerous editorials on health and medical subjects; "Luxuries of Modern Camp Life," by Winifred Fales, and other kindred contributions.

*New Thought*, Chicago, is a hustler. It's bright, full of vim and optimism. In the June number Franklin L. Berry has a sparkling editorial answering the question, "How to Be Poor and Sick and Work"; J. T. McDill finishes his "plain, unvarnished tale" of "Ruskin Colony," a very instructive study of a failure that may help many such others to success; Henry Frank continues his *Fundamentals of Success* with a talk on "Decision of Character"; the Reading Circle has a little study of Emerson, and the various other departments are full of life and interest as usual.

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*The Liberator*, Minneapolis, is a periodical of thirty-two pages, \$1 per year, that "proclaims the freedom of health," devoted mainly to anti-vaccination.

*Humanity*, St. Louis, is a little magazine that calls itself "an olive for your monthly magazine repast," and is indeed a "relish."

C. D. Larson certainly has some thought provoking "stuff" in his *Eternal Progress*, Cincinnati, along psychological lines. There is a tendency to slightly overestimate the power of thought, without its objective manifestation in definite, purposeful action.

*The Optimist*, Boston, is another of those little, handy periodicals on metaphysics, new thought and the philosophy of happiness. It is now in its second year.

*Washington News Letter*, Washington, D. C., edited and published by Bishop Oliver C. Sabin, pastor of the Evangelical Christian Science Church, is devoted to Christian Science exclusively, a goodly share of the matter being reprinted lectures of Bishop Sabin.

In the June *Good Health Clinic* Editor Keeler says that right living is true beauty culture, in an editorial to "The Girls of Today." The *Good Health Clinic* is the official organ of the International Health League, and is devoted largely to the health interests of its members.

*Current Literature*, New York, gives its first eight pages to a history and discussion of "Both Sides of the Moyer-Haywood Case," now on in Boise, Ida., with a number of photo reproductions of parties involved, while the remainder of the pages of this up-to-date periodical is filled with world-wide news, extracts from and reviews of late literature worth while, and items of current interest in the worlds of music and the drama, economics, science, religion and politics.

*Vigor*, La Crosse, Wis., though primarily a health publication, has departments on "Cooking Science," "Queries and Answers," "Notable Current Events," "The Latest Fashions" and stories.

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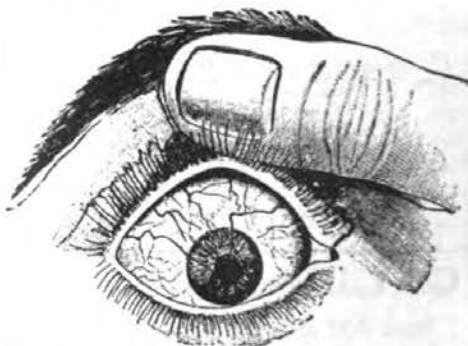
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Yours very truly,

(Signed) THOS. H. THURSTON.

Allen Place, Hartford, Conn.,  
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(Signed) W. H. MORSE, M. D.

Greenwich, Ohio,  
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New York City.

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I am now enjoying a condition of health that I have never known before. Mr. Christian, I regard you as a great man. You are far advanced in one of the grandest causes for the good of humanity.

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Yours very truly,

(Signed) E. L. WASHBURN.

707 Oxford St., Phila., Pa.,  
March 4, 1907.

MR. EUGENE CHRISTIAN,  
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My Dear Mr. Christian:

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Most gratefully yours,

(Signed) MISS CARRIE SCHWARZ.

Corning, New York,  
April 6, 1907.

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Dear Sir:

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Yours,

(Signed) HUGH H. KENDALL,  
C. R. Maltby Co. Treasurer.

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Very sincerely yours,  
(Signed) LILLIAN G. FAIRBANKS.

Eureka, Cal.,  
Feb. 13, 1906.

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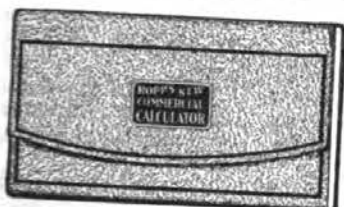
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BY ALICE M. LONG.



A message thrilling with love, joy, and thankfulness for the revelation of the more beautiful and spiritual in life, written to the ill, the weary, the despondent and all those in sorrow and pain, each word being fraught with warmest desire that it may do for others what it has done for the writer.

To study and practice its rich gems of truth and helpful suggestions is to restore health renew youth, to make the woman of forty far more fascinating than the girl of sixteen, and to give constant expression to life as it should be. It is New, Practical, and Refreshing for all those who desire Mental and Physical Rejuvenation and greater Happiness.

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TO-MORROW PUBLISHING CO.  
2238 CALUMET AVENUE CHICAGO

SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TO-MORROW."

## WILL YOU SIGN?

With a view to locating several coöperative industrial groups we wish to secure the names of a few able-bodied men and women who are satisfied to *just live well* and enjoy the reasonable necessities and luxuries of life, *without private ownership* of any property, or the receipt of any wages.

*Private Ownership* is our fundamental curse, the direct cause of our separation into economic classes, the basis of every oppression, of all privilege and subserviency, and it stands in the way of Comradeship, Real Democracy and The Higher Life.

*Group Ownership* is the only present means to economic freedom, hence it is the only direct method to attain nobility of character and completely overthrow all desire for graft, greed and preference. Now then:—

In order to form *Property Owning Groups* some of us must renounce private ownership; we must become permanently cured of "*the mania of owning things.*"

It is understood that those who sign the following pledge do so, not as a means of reformation, but merely to express a conviction and signify their preparedness for right living. We trust that our readers will manifest their interest in this page by securing as many signatures as possible to the following:

### RENUNCIATION

We, the undersigned, in order to accomplish a plan of life that will insure greater health, happiness and harmony, and supply an environment that will enable us to escape the baneful effects of individual competition and insure a life of culture for ourselves and children that will enable us to live as brothers instead of animals, hereby pledge as follows:

To renounce all private ownership of real and personal property, while a member of a To-MORROW group, and, after connecting ourselves with the group of which we arrange to become a part, not to accept pay from the group for our services, *hirelingship* being but the fruit of private ownership—the foregoing to hold good only with the proviso that there be some group formed whose individual spirit is not adverse to our own and settled in a plan satisfactory to ourselves.

NAME.	SIGN HERE.	ADDRESS.
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A. C. FISHER,		113 Poplar St., New Haven, Conn.
E. W. LANGLEY,		2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

### BUREAU OF GROUP ORGANIZATION

We are conducting a Bureau of Group Organization and in this number we print a list of some fifty industrial, educational and agricultural groups, each conducted on lines different from the rest.

We believe that to make the socialist ideal, a *coöperative commonwealth*, practical and operative, along with the movement toward political socialism, there should be coincident *educational movement* thru the means of many group organizations, whereby people may be gradually prepared and accustomed to living socially. Perhaps after several thousand groups get into successful operation, eventually a GROUP TRUST may be formed which in effect will be "A Coöperative Commonwealth." We seek correspondence on this subject.

The Spencer-Whitman Center, 2238 Calumet Avenue. Chicago — A  
**RATIONAL WORLD MOVEMENT**, devoted to the intensified process  
of **CHARACTER CULTURE** through the medium of right association  
and environment. \* \* \* Dues \$6.00 a Year, \$1.50 a Quarter

# To - Morrow

For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, Editor  
LOUIS DUCHEZ, Managing Editor

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## OUR INVISIBLE KING

Every king has ever maintained his place of power and wealth just to the extent that the people were willing to **MAKE-BELIEVE** that he was an important personage, that he was respectable. Kings have held their places by this make-believe—remove the make-believe and the king becomes a hobo.

In addition to the ignorance and superstition of the masses on which kings have always relied, they naturally through thousands of years instituted such systems, regulations, superstitions, punishments and modes of education as were best adapted to perpetuate their power—*be convinced* all the king's moral systems, laws and ceremonials were originated for his own express benefit and gratification.

Taking an inventory of our own government, systems, courts, punishments and institutions which guide our methods of life and shape our forms, professions and customs, it is seen that we have lifted the entire *modus-operandi* that has grown up around the kings of Europe and taken it over wholesale for our own use, and knowing it was originated for the use of kings to control a subjected people, we look about us with some consternation for the tyrant in our political and economic wood pile. Do we find him? Yes—our network of business interests is **OUR INVISIBLE KING**, and our codes, our courts and institutions are devoted to his profit and gratification.

This invisible tyrant actually walks in the footsteps and employs the fetters forged by our ancestral rulers across the sea, whose whims have destroyed millions of worthy people by quick and slow death. If to kill is criminal then it is criminal to be a king, and those who employ the systems and institutions expressly originated by and for kings are also criminals. **LET US NO LONGER RESPECT THE INSTITUTIONS AND CODES OF OUR INVISIBLE KING.**

Though employing unusual foresight and honesty of purpose in the organization of this government, it was impossible for our forefathers to know that within one hundred years this invisible king would usurp the power which they gave the people; a king, soulless, relentless, persistent, whose power now controls the political, economic and moral destinies of our land.

To state the case with utmost clearness, in the growth of corporations and their large capitalization, they have become owners of all the banks, railways, hotels, mines, newspapers, traction companies, commercial institutions and manufacturing companies, and all of these corporations having thousands of shareholders, and these various shareholders sometimes owning stock in fifty to a hundred different companies, forms **A NETWORK OF MUTUAL INTEREST** more powerful and conscienceless than any despotism the world has ever known, and in its determination to control courts, schools, finances and politics it employs the police and military departments to enforce the very codes, institutions and standards of morality by which European kings have held the people in bondage for thousands of years.

You are called upon *now* to dethrone this **INVISIBLE KING**, establish democracy in our schools, reorganize our systems of punishments and rebel against being tried by any other code except **THE WORKINGMAN'S STANDARDS OF RIGHT AND WRONG.**

# To-Morrow

For People who Think

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PARKER H. SERCOMBE, EDITOR

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## RATIONAL EVERYTHING

With this issue To-MORROW commences a new era in the expression of Rational Life, Rational Thought, Rational Food, Rational Books, Rational Clothing, Rational Headgear, Rational Footgear, Rational Recreations, etc., for not only are we convinced that no publication can be truly educative that depends solely on writing and preaching, but our staff of helpers will hereafter spend half of their time and gain suitable exercise in preparing Rational Health Foods of perfect purity that will be advertised in our columns at reasonable prices and we have also arranged to supply our customers with imported Mexican Sandals that will insure healthy and cool feet; "Vegetarian Socks" for those who need such, besides a full line of sensible and Rational Wearing Apparel for both men and women.

Our co-workers are all athletes and models of health, because we eat only two meals a day and live on "Rational" Foods and we have therefore established a department to be known as THE TO-MORROW RATIONAL HEALTH HOME, in which we will accept for cure without drugs those who have been living wrong and whom if they have enough vitality left to build upon we will guarantee to bring into perfect health if they will follow our methods.

The Federation of Miners, in conjunction with labor organizations all over the country, have raised nearly two hundred thousand dollars for the defense of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone. The lawyers and friends of these men have fought the mine owners, the state officials and their personally conducted court to a standstill. Every workingman in the United States knows that these men are innocent, no matter what evidence is brought in, no matter whether they are condemned or acquitted, because American workingmen do not believe in the standard of right and wrong employed by the mine owners' court, any more than those people who threw the tea overboard in Boston harbor believed in the standard put forward by the English officials who levied the tax.

Everything is ready for an economic revolution in this country, and if the states' attorneys and governors of Idaho and Colorado, in combination with their personally conducted courts, can succeed in condemning and sentencing the federation officials, or even Haywood alone, then the revolution will come at once, *and it will win*, otherwise it will be delayed until the future presents some other climax.

It would appear heartless to encourage an extreme sentence of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, though history furnishes numberless instances where Freedom's cause could only be



advanced by the sacrifice of similar heroes. What would the cause of Christianity have amounted to if Jesus had not been crucified? Will history record it—Bunker Hill—Sumter—Boise?

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Our Invisible American King, made up of the inter-related financial interests of those in power, will fight to the last ditch. Capitalism will die hard. No ruling class has ever recognized any other control but *suppression*, and it seems doubtful whether any of our present government officials will have insight enough to compromise.

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Owing to the recent exposure of Pinkerton labor spies who, in the hire of capitalists, have worked their way into official positions in labor unions a very tense, earnest and suspicious state of mind has been engendered among those who are actively engaged in these organizations—it is the state of mind that has maintained in the past when bodies of earnest men have combined to put informers out of the way, when secret conclaves have met to brand with a hot iron the forehead or cheek of associates with the word “Spy”—it is the tremulous, turbulent, fearful state of mind that precedes revolution.

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Suppose our government officials were men who really wished to punish those who took what did not belong to them, suppose we had a government that really wished to force people to stop stealing? Would not Paul Morton be now lying in jail for his connection with the Santa Fe rebates? Why was not Paul Morton sent to jail instead of being quietly dropped and recommended for another position? Because the “wise Theodore” realized that once started it could not stop with Morton, and that before the storm could possibly blow over every railway head and trust magnate in the country would be doing time in stripes within a year, and that is exactly what will happen as soon as judges and prosecuting attorneys are elected who will handle their cases in accordance with the workingman’s standard of right and wrong.

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Is the revolution on? Note the change that has taken place in the last ten years. The subserviency of John D. Rockefeller on the witness stand in Judge Landis’ court. He trembled with fear and hesitated; this man who presented fifteen millions to a university where pupils are taught a system that will enable them to live without work. Ten years more of economic revolution, even with no other crisis, will record such further advance in human freedom as is next to inconceivable at this date.

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Glancing back over the above paragraphs I find that I have written the truth. Is it not strange that always in the past it has been dangerous to write the TRUTH? To this hour it is still the same and will so continue until TRUTH gets to have a majority—up to now we are still floundering in 97 per cent of error.

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While our contemporaries acknowledge that their success depends on supplying “dope” to their readers, notwithstanding the risk to my character as well as my pocketbook, I shall continue to write in TO-MORROW just as near the TRUTH as I know how.

Judging from letters received it does not seem to be understood by some of our readers that To-Morrow editorials are written from the standpoint of general evolution. The truths of mathematics and evolution are the same. I do not write "opinions" and it will be as whimsical to find fault with *me* for what I write as to charge me with the iniquities of the multiplication table.

To persecute me for my "opinions" is futile, for I have none—my plan of writing consists simply in pointing out the relationship of ideas that seem to harmonize with the sum of human knowledge. No opinion of mine can have any standing as against the multiplication table or any related facts that are in harmony with it.

## ONLY BUGS

We are not surprised when social units of the caliber of bees promptly overpower and sting to death any member of their group immediately it appears in their midst with any new form of decoration—a yellow tuft on the head, some unusual substance collected on the back or thighs, etc. We do not expect a higher intelligence from bugs—we do not consider those kind of creatures capable of discriminating or differentiating, they go it blind; but does not humanity go it blind, notwithstanding our boasted intelligence?

The bee promptly destroys any member of its group that appears in an unusual garb, or acts in an unconventional manner. We criticise, ostracize and condemn those who do not think and act according to the fashion to which we are accustomed. We, at least some of us, know the law of life and the value of individuality and the unaccountable fact is, that we supposedly intelligent beings go on destroying originality and initiative just the same.

It is nothing to me if others do not adopt my fashion of thought, life, dress, diet, etc., but I am sane.

The other day I called upon some Hindoo friends who in good humor decorated my head with a turban, their native head-dress.

Why should I not feel free to take a trolley car or walk through the streets to my home in this oriental headgear? Surely an immaterial exterior innovation compared with the far more revolutionary tendencies germinating on the inside of my head.

We are not surprised that the dull bee thinks it has cause to fear the portent of a yellow tuft on the head of one of its members, as a manifestation of some grievous danger to come, but WE are supposed to be intelligent beings—we are supposed in free America to understand the advantage of individual action and taste, for even in our kindergartens we encourage initiative and differentiation in thoughts, dress, diet, manner of living, etc., all of this being in the order of progress.

I wore the Hindoo head-dress through the streets to my home; not for the comment it might make, not to be conspicuous, not to experience the wonder and guesses of the rabble (bugs), but merely to enjoy the impulse of the moment, as one now and then raises the eyes, strikes the breast, shuffles the feet or does any other immaterial thing.

My walk through Chicago streets wearing a Hindoo turban

convinced me that my fellow citizens are still bugs—that they have bug intellects—that they take a bug interest in the affairs of other people, and that they are yet unintellectual, incapable of self-guidance and entirely unfit to live on any except the bug-house plane that marks their present characters.

### TO THE SATISFIED

No, Mr. Conservative and Mrs. Orthodox, I do not think as you do or live as you do, nor dress, eat or drink as you do. My way of life and thought, if adopted by all, would cause Supernaturalism, Slaughter-houses, Gluttony, Preachers, Prostitutes, and the pretensions of the Idle Rich to go out of business at once, for want of patronage.

*What is the difference between us?*

You are satisfied with things as they are and accept tradition, with its dead ghosts of ignorance, for your guidance.

Accepting the Sum, the "Network" of Latest Scientific Knowledge for guidance, I am appalled at the slowness with which humanity puts its knowledge into use.

You, Mrs. Orthodox, and you, Mr. Conservative, do not realize that you are upholding the very viewpoint that is responsible for both the degeneracy of the Idle Rich and the degradation that makes vagrants, food adulterators and smug hypocrites.

*I am for Renovation, Regeneration, Revolution.*

### WHO ARE THE CRIMINALS?

Few people realize that our prevailing conceptions as to what acts are criminal, are entirely in accordance with the tests of despotism, viz.: we have accepted the dictum of our ancestors, who lived under despotic conditions, we still permit ourselves to be tried by the Ghosts and Tyrants long since dead.

In a country ruled by the people and for the people, in fact not in theory, it naturally follows that it is the interests of the people and not of the Rulers that must be conserved, in accomplishing which, not only the order and degree of criminality must undergo an entire transformation, but it is clear that as people become more free, many acts considered "criminal" under despotism become entirely justifiable and completely blameless under democracy.

With a view of presenting this subject in a form so that it may be thoroughly understood and appreciated, I have compiled a table, in which an attempt is made to classify, in their order, the various crimes with which society is now obliged to contend, placing the most criminal and detrimental first on the list and the balance, in their order, down to the lesser crimes which deserve the least punishment.

In deciding upon the various degrees of criminality the criterion employed has not been either tradition or prejudice, but is based entirely upon the extent to which the infractors are a detriment to the progress and well-being of human society, and it naturally follows that whatever punishments are inflicted for the commission of these crimes, should be the greatest for the greatest crimes, less for the lesser crimes and least for the least.

It is an astounding fact that notwithstanding our vaunted standards of this age and civilization, our courts and legislatures have never yet seemed to feel the need of establishing a systematic order whereby all may know the varying degrees of criminality, in order that justice may be fully done when fixing

the degrees of punishment. The fact that our courts still continue to deal out punishments in a hap-hazard manner; that the legislatures of different states seem to have entirely overlooked the need of getting together and agreeing upon a schedule of various degrees of criminality, is merely one of the indications of the fundamental dishonesty originally born out of the whims of political tyrants, which modern economic tyrants and grafters seem to be only too glad to retain and profit by. No need to seek real justice they say; only a few thousand people's lives at stake every year, *that is all*.

## THE WOMAN ACCOMPLICE

From Houston, Va., comes the report that Judge W. G. Loving is acquitted of the murder of Theodore I. Estes, a mere boy, shot while at work unloading a freight car, by the Judge, whose daughter, a foolish child, had drank too much whiskey and when brought before her father, laid it (of course) to the fault of Estes, with exaggerations.

Away from the pressure of *community opinion*, without interest in Virginian Chivalry or acquaintance with any of the parties concerned, with no desire to uphold "unwritten law," and no particular faith in the efficacy of "punishments," let us see how this case looks when bared to disinterested analysis.

When shot, the boy, unconscious of danger, was engaged in useful, honest labor the mortal virtue of which his destroyer was unable to appreciate, having been for years in a position of authority and a notorious hard drinker, the effect of which is to invariably stultify the souls of those who imagine themselves called into the world especially privileged to rule and destroy others.

As the matter now stands, young Estes, probably as upright and conscientious a young man as there was in the entire state of Virginia, *is dead*, the foolish girl accomplice to his destruction is alive and well, and his murderer, exonerated by his neighbors and the courts, is being lionized and made a hero of by his brutal and unthinking friends.

So terrible is the situation, knowing as we do that it will poison the minds of thousands of young men throughout the country, who for years to come will await the opportunity to "kill their man" and be made *heroes* of also, that it should cause us to pause in this mad rush of passion and prejudice, and consider whether, if we believe in punishments at all, a way cannot be devised to bring murderers to justice and force those who are responsible for violent deaths to receive the full punishment for their crimes.

There is really but one road to justice in such murder cases as those of Theodore Estes, Stanford White, etc. In the case of Estes the responsible parties are *Elizabeth Loving* and *W. G. Loving*, her father, and they should have been indicted together and punished together as accomplices in the crime, and it is in the separation of this *joint responsibility* that the quibbling of lawyers in the interest of rich and influential criminals have shown a way whereby these murderers are allowed to escape and thus permit unpardonable crimes against the law to go unavenged.

The utterly silly and nonsensical procedure in refusing to admit evidence to show that Evelyn and Elizabeth Loving both lied and that in each case these women were accomplices in the

dull murders committed at their instigation, is in no wise a diff-

cult problem to solve, and the question arises, How many more men will these lying, hypocritical women lay away in their graves before a halt is called by passing laws that will make them equally responsible with the murdering idiots who fall into their trap?

The criminal dishonesty of lawyers and courts who admit the employment of senseless twaddle in the way of buncombe, vanity and appeals to State Pride in order to influence the jurors, just because they know they are ignorant, is a relic of the regime of lying despotism that would have been abolished a hundred years ago if America was really "the democracy" that we have cracked ourselves up to be. But what can we expect as long as communities continue to confer the title of "judge" on such murderous, irresponsible, man-hunting villains as W. G. Loving has proved himself to be?

## STATE PRIDE—DELAWARE

Among the over-worked, meaningless fetishes which political spellbinders employ to catch voters, and court lawyers invoke to befuddle ignorant jurors, is the worn-out and thread-bare "excuse" called STATE PRIDE.

Attorney Lee at Houston, Va., in pleading for the acquittal of his client, Judge Loving, is said to have spoken for several hours and brought the jury to tears by his oratorical outbursts wherein he declared that "Virginians" must not permit their state to falter in its willingness to commit brutal murder in the "protection of womanhood," that the "Great State of Virginia" could not permit itself to be classed with those that did not have citizens willing to shoot down hard working, defenseless boys to satisfy the blood thirstiness of drunkard judges; and now comes Delaware with a "State Pride" so pronounced and sincere that recently *under the law* nine prisoners were publicly whipped on their bare backs by the prison warden at Wilmington, each one receiving from five to forty lashes, so cutting and furrowing the flesh that the blood streamed down their backs and the prisoners were obliged to go to the hospital for cure. WHERE IS THE "STATE PRIDE" OF THE PEOPLE OF DELAWARE?

Adam Ward, eighteen years old, made a frantic appeal to the two hundred spectators gathered in the workhouse stockade while the warden plied his bare back with forty strokes of his terrible whip. The youth became so weak that he had to be dragged to his feet to receive the blows and this was only a part of his punishment for a small robbery as he was obliged to spend a year in prison as well.

So completely have we absorbed the institutions and methods of European tyrants and despots that the legislators of Delaware seem to be unable to perceive the unpardonable discrepancy between the use of the whipping post and the inductive method of education now employed in kindergartens, as well as colleges, and being introduced into family life and between friends and lovers as the only means by which to bring out the highest and noblest elements in human character.

NOTE.—While my usual method of presenting such truths as the following is to employ *the scientific interpretation of life*, it seems necessary to explain that this article is really written for large general circulation in book form among people whose belief in a personal God and special creation will enable them to better understand the fundamental depths of the truths herein expressed, when stated in the form chosen.

PARKER H. SEECOMBE

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

# God's Principal Jokes

BY SERCOMBE HIMSELF.

"He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision."—Psalms 2:4.

Though Nietzsche seems to have been the first philosopher to express the fact that God was a humorist I do not recall that any writer has ever detailed the character of the principal jokes which the Creator has played on mankind.

Emerson, Aristotle and many others have discoursed on "the mysterious ways of Providence," "our progress by indirection," "the law of compensation," etc., but I believe that nowhere in literature has there been set down any kind of a list of the Divinity's practical jokes, with the full meaning and the intent thereof as here set forth.

**THE MEDICINE HOAX.**—Starting with a hoax of lesser magnitude, partly with the desire of keeping the best for the last, let us indulge ourselves in a hearty laugh at the "materia medica" joke, for surely it is an irresistibly funny thing to note the way Jehovah has for several thousand years set us to work searching out all kinds of herbs, chemicals and nostrums—how for hundreds of years "medicine men" and alchemists bestirred themselves to seek out elixirs of life, etc., and, after causing millions of physicians and chemists to write millions of books and fill millions of bottles and boxes with the results of their discoveries, we find it all a hoax, materia medica a fake; that no one can live an improper life and remain healthy, no matter what kind of chemicals they take; and on finding after all these thousands of years of search the medicines discovered are entirely unfit for the purpose intended we turn and ask, "Why are we put to all this trouble, why did God play this joke on mankind?" The answer is (1) the search and experimentation furnished mental exercise that helped to develop the brain of man, and (2) in order to "know all things and become as gods" man had to know chemistry and God employed the medicine hoax as the surest means of stimulating man to search out the mysteries of nature, write books, fill bottles and learn the constitution of matter. **GOD HAS FOOLED US FOR SEVERAL THOUSANDS OF YEARS TO FORCE US TO DISCOVER THAT CHEMISTRY IS A SCIENCE, THAT MEDICINE IS A HOAX AND THAT WE CAN ONLY KEEP WELL BY LIVING CORRECT LIVES.**

**THE RELIGION HOAX.**—We may well ask "what could have been God's aim for throwing humanity into a turmoil of discussion in relation to Himself, instituting wars and massacres, subdividing the world into thousands of creeds," etc., only to discover at last that the divine power exists in every atom; that every moment is judgment day with us, that we are constantly remaking and creating ourselves mentally, morally and socially, and that the whole old-fashioned scheme of churchanity is merely another one of God's jokes. The cost has been tremendous—but there must be a sufficient compensation somewhere, for true it is that a careful study into all of God's expensive practical jokes invariably reveals a gigantic scheme in harmony with eternal law, a plan of racial improvement by indirection, sure, beneficent and effective.

It is surely a wise plan of our Creator to place us in a position to "find ourselves," to develop our own faculties, to discover

our own relationship to the universe, and in so doing through thousands of generations gradually develop our powers, the multiplicity and complexity of our nerve centers and brain cells, all preparatory to becoming fit to cope with the marvelously complex world of the future. It is a well-known law of heredity that we transmit our acquired variations, that is, the mental and physical changes that are wrought within ourselves by exercise in the struggle for existence are transmitted from parents to children in an ever increasing rhythm, and what other plan of speculation could possibly be initiated that would give so wide and divergent an opportunity for discussion, inquiry and gymnastics for the development of the mind as for God to initiate serious differences of opinion in regard to Himself. Surely the law of compensation has been fulfilled, for besides being the mother of Poetry, Music, Art and Architecture, religious discussion has caused the brain cells to be multiplied a million fold; interest, zeal, excitement, spirituality, earnestness are all faculties that mankind has developed in the struggle, and while we have been fooled for thousands of years the old religion is proved a hoax, and we are turning to new ideals, the joke has done its work and the purposes for which it was sprung have been plentifully fulfilled.

**THE GOVERNMENT HOAX.**—It is in this one of God's jokes on mankind that we are enabled to get the key to His system. We know that for countless thousands of years the same laws of evolution that have reigned over us and over the stars, and over every race of animals, even to insects and plants, have also held sway over the human species. Among wild groups, swarms, and herds it is easily observable that the divine laws have worked with wonderful precision and developed through evolution the most perfect forms of government, government entirely dependent upon the inner convictions and acquiescence of the units, in no instance, except with man, dependent upon gross external control.

Up to a certain point in man's evolution he was satisfied to accept natural law, the same as all the rest of God's creatures, but when he became self-conscious he grew arrogant and egotistical and set up a lot of crude laws of his own, all dependent upon external control or compulsion. *Herein lies the joke.* Why has God for several thousand years permitted man to fool himself into the belief that he was capable of much better self-guidance by a lot of artificial forms and ceremonies than by the use and acceptance of the perfectly voluntary system adopted by other creatures? So persistent throughout all tribes, nations, primitive and advanced races has this compulsion method of organization been manifest among humankind alone that it is clear that it must be another of God's crafty jokes, and, sure enough, when we come to examine into the "method" back of the madness His plan for initiating this governmental provision is seen clearly to be for the purpose of developing system and organization, for throughout our entire educational and economic life, especially in cases of corporations employing as high as fifty thousand workers, controlled by a single head, it is seen that by no other means could all of this vast systematization be accomplished wherein we so completely out-distance all other of God's creatures except by the fantastic perversion of governmental compulsion. By and by, when the units of human society

come to understand their power and realize that they have all the right that those have assumed who have been controlling and seizing their produce for centuries they will take possession of their own, having gradually acquired the industry and capacity for management, and in doing so will receive it into their hand fully organized and systematized in a fashion that would have been impossible in any other way except that God for so many centuries has fooled them again, in this case with the hoax that they must be politically and economically controlled.

THE DRESS HOAX.—In the matter of dress a somewhat new element is seen to become a factor in the list of God's jokes on mankind. It is seen on visiting Arctic, Temperate and Torrid countries in various parts of the globe that types of dress have been adopted which have varied in accordance with the climate, material, skill in manufacture, tendency to elaborateness, etc., but in each country one remarkable feature of the hoax holds good, viz., it is not considered respectable nor modest, on the contrary it is "exceedingly vicious," *always*, to appear in any other dress than what the people have become accustomed to. In cold countries, where it becomes the custom to be very warmly and fully clothed, it is the height of immodesty, *especially for a woman* to show even the smallest portion of her neck or wrist in public. In temperate regions the custom of clothing the entire body, including the feet and the head, is so insisted upon that a person going out, even in sultry weather, without having the entire body fully clothed, down to foot gear and hat, is enough to have the delinquent pronounced both indecent and insane, and entirely excludes the culprit from equal association with his fellows. In torrid countries, where the natives are in the habit of going unclothed, it becomes a breach of etiquette to wear the slightest adornment, and among certain South Sea islanders the death penalty has frequently been inflicted upon women who have tried to add over conspicuously to their plentiful charms by wearing an over-sized breastpin or a too elaborate pair of bracelets.

The vital part of the joke which God seems to have planted everywhere is the seriousness with which every race views the slightest departure from conventional custom in dress, thus causing each race to centralize their ingenuity on whatever happens to be the prevailing custom, and thereby developing all there is of art, beauty or variety in the matter of adornment. Note the striking possibilities in the differentiation of dress between the naked Congo and Ethiopian and the American Negro dude—only two or three generations removed. While races that have dressed elaborately have developed beauty in dress to the highest point, those who have worn no clothes have vied with each other in developing beauty of the *body* to the highest point. As God clearly saw that the resources of nature would not be fully drawn upon nor the ability to manufacture fully developed without implanting the "DRESS HOAX" in the mind of man, He caused him to assume that it was immodest and improper to dress otherwise than in the fashion, and as a result, though the human physique has degenerated miserably in the process, a phase of knowledge and activity has been developed that could not be acquired in any other way.

GOD HAS FOOLED US by permitting us to grow into



the belief that it is "indecent" to dress differently than climate and expediency have dictated and at much sacrifice we have searched the devious channels of the world for materials and marvelously developed our talents in transportation and manufacture.

THE FOOD AND DRINK HOAX.—We have recently been assured with a great deal of profundity by the editor of the *Chicago American* that "owing to the diversity and variety of man's labors, he therefore requires a diversity and variety of food," and while *in a social sense* this is obviously true, from his view-point (that of the individual) it is rank nonsense. Many of those who have accomplished the greatest tasks in the world have lived on the simplest diet and notably those who have lived most simply and on the fewest foods have lived the longest and the most effective lives.

Why has God, with his knowledge of the infinitesimal as well as the infinite, implanted the destructive, gluttonous and fantastic food and drink tendencies that are variously exhibited in long French bills of fare, midnight carousals, the development of thousands of useless food and drink preparations, the destruction of wheat nourishment by elaborate grinding and bolting, the maintaining of slaughter houses to supply unfit animal food and the idiotic expenditure of millions annually for tobacco which is neither food nor drink?

In the ridiculous food and drink habits of the rich which foster a destructive expenditure of energy and treasure, it is clear that the Creator has as usual certain indirect objects to attain—that while more people die of over-eating and wrong-eating than by all other causes combined, the ultimate benefits to be derived are far in excess of all the havoc that is wrought in the accomplishment. In all of God's practical jokes it is apparent that he takes no account (individually) of the life or comfort of persons. We seem to be placed here to gradually gather poise and balance through our own efforts no matter if it takes the destruction of countless thousands of generations to attain the final end. Only those who are quite conversant with the laws of evolution and heredity will get the full value of the *Food and Drink Hoax*, but it becomes a sublime picture when completely understood.

The tendency to gluttony and excess has created a demand for the products of every part of the Earth and has not only developed commerce with all of its details of mechanics, art of navigation, exploration, competition, etc., but has set the producers of the world to improving stock, raw materials, fruits, cereals, etc., until a perfection under cultivation has been reached that could not be arrived at in any other way. Add to this the development of Physicians and Hospitals with all their science and paraphernalia to care for the millions of sick and the lawyer to advise those who in traffic acquired wealth and the preachers to save their souls, and we have not touched upon but a small per cent of the generic beneficence of the Food and Drink Hoax.

In all of *God's Jokes* there is seen a motive to keep us busy physically, mentally, commercially—we are impelled to constantly respond to the law of motion, persistence of force, and while differentiating, combining, discovering, we not only bring more factors into the world but those who in this differentiation remain within rational laws survive and those who go to excess, either by too great or too little action perish because unfit.

It is clear that through the medium of our appetites, our vanities and our desire for conquest, God having finally through medium of the development of our own powers placed the products and materials of the world at our disposal—enabled us to set before ourselves daily the wholesome foods, the products of vineyards, the treasures of the sea, the wonders of the forest, the condiments of India, the trash of the slaughter house, the poison of wormwood, and all the seductive and ravishing juices and potions that Nature gives forth, and having given us the knowledge to supply ourselves with these we are enabled to take what we will, destroy or fulfill as we may elect.

God is the greatest of all kindergarten teachers. He has awakened our appetites, stimulated our spirit of avarice and adventure, caused us to garner the good and bad harvests of the world and He further permits those who wish to kill themselves with gluttony and debauchery to do so, leaving those with the stamina and intelligence to resist what is wrong and destructive to go on populating the world, for those only are to be the parents of future generations who in the face of plenty, with infinite variety of foods and drinks at their disposal, have the stamina, the poise, the sturdy character, self denial and abstemiousness to select only such nourishment as will give them the longest life and the greatest mental and physical powers—SURELY A MOST WISE AND WONDROUS PLAN OF INDUCTIVE EDUCATION.

THE CHARITY HOAX.—Let us take a really fundamental view of what is Charity. If the teachings of Jesus mean anything, if mankind are brothers, if the relationship between the units of human society really implies an extension into a larger family circle, what becomes of this word Charity? Why has the idea that giving Charity is a virtue been handed down to us from past ages as the expressed sentiment of Jehovah when we know that were society organized on a just basis there could be no such thing as Charity? This cannot be God's blunder so it must be another one of His jokes.

There is no factor of Charity in a beehive and these insects have under natural selection and without any works on Political Economy or Sociology developed the best form of government known to man. Why is it then that God has fooled us in this and permitted us to go on through the ages recommending Charity, personifying it as one of the "Three Christian Graces" and embodying it in Song, Poetry, Art and Architecture?

When the churches plan their annual free lunch graft it is done in the name of Charity. When society desires to make an unusually grand display of fine clothes and jewelry, the trophies of the economic struggle which men hang on their wives, they call it "a Charity Ball," all of which implies that there is a large class of unfortunates who do not have wherewith to eat and wear.

Plainly, Charity is only a virtue as a makeshift; as a temporary compromise during man's period of animalism. Charity, like mercy, has been supposed to be twice blessed, blessing him that gives and him that takes. As a matter of fact, it is thrice accursed, destroying him that takes, and planting smug vanity in him that gives and wrecking whatever society practices it. As there is no supposed virtue that results in greater detriment or is better evidence of our degradation than Charity, and as it is clearly an outgrowth of human greed plus egoism, this one of

God's jokes must necessarily find warrant not in the direct effect of Charity upon humanity, but as an evidence of our alertness at self deception, a proof of our anxiety to muddle ourselves into a belief in our own goodness and self importance.

As gluttony is a form of egoism, so egoism is a form of gluttony, and that form of mental dry rot which manifests itself in being "smug," self satisfied, strictly "proper" and in the fashion in all things is as surely destined to work self destruction upon all its devotees as all other forms of drunkenness and excess, for sturdy children never have or ever can be the offspring of other parents than those who toil with their own hands and concentrate their minds chiefly on their work, hence, thanks to God's joke, Charity finally destroys both him that gives and him that takes.

**THE WEALTH HOAX.**—It would be in the natural order of development if the desire for great wealth should grow out of the experience of great need, for it is easy to understand that spurred for many generations by hunger and cold, any race might under more favorable conditions, become exceedingly provident on account of having experienced want, but failing in modern times to recall any populated country where the natural power of production has not been far greater than the consumption, we are obliged to seek other explanation for society's present craze for unlimited ownership.

It is easily conceivable that man in his natural state in a true spirit of thoughtfulness and providence would lay up enough each season to carry him through the rigors of winter as well as to supply himself with abundance for the period of old age when he could no longer toil, but the acquiring of hundreds of millions of property is clearly not an evolution out of this impulse, unless perhaps in a secondary sense. It was sometimes through great wealth and sometimes through physical strength that men became kings and chiefs of tribes and the king and his nobles glorying in their own preferment and prestige grew to delight in impressing others with their power and importance, sometimes through the magnificence of their dress and accoutrements, sometimes through badges and feats of arms and again by their trains of servants, by their palaces and broad acres.

It is easily observable that no king has ever been able to maintain his power for one or many generations except by permitting a considerable division of wealth and spoils among his nobles and captains, and caste growing up quickly among the wealthy finally became the chosen means by which, through magnificence in display, each might exhibit the extent of his power, the extent of his right to be a despot, the extent to which the king (the government) was ready to back him in his aggressions and usurpations.

While down to every village and cross-roads in this country this interpretation holds good that the desire for wealth is a desire for prestige and a relic of despotism dribbled down to us from a long line of ancestry who aped and fawned on kings, the question now arises, why is it, that for these thousands of years God has permitted this hoax to go on, has seemed to encourage the members of His Christian church and the people of all other devout nations to bow down automatically as it were, like mere animals, to this controlling power of wealth, not only acquiring all the property possible for themselves, but always fawning on those who have more than they—why is it that God has per-

mitted us to foolishly obsess ourselves all these years by this wealth microbe, when the real man is he who is satisfied with enough and has no desire to employ compulsion on his fellows or dazzle them with display? This is the answer: God's plan for the working out of a scheme to *perfect humanity* has taken but a few thousand years, through the means of the WEALTH HOAX and other jokes that He has played on us. It would probably have taken millions of years of evolution to accomplish what has been done in a few thousand except that greed, combined with vanity and superstition, has opened our mines, developed our sciences for commercial purposes, established colleges and laboratories, constructed great railroads and transportation facilities throughout the world, stimulated invention, fathered manufactures, taught the masses a million of things that they could not have acquired by individual endeavor. In the process, millions of people have laid down their lives in a struggle for wealth, health has been undermined, viciousness and vice have arisen as a scum on human society, labor and capital are brought into fierce conflict and what will occur as the generations pass—what one thing must occur—the wealth of the world, all systematized, its secrets uncovered, the world's work ennobled and operated with the least possible friction, all will be returned to the people for their common use and ownership, and all this the result of the WEALTH HOAX, one of the principal jokes which God has played on mankind.

THE PUNISHMENT HOAX.—It is in this special perversion that God exhibits the fact most clearly that He is humorously inclined, and while most of His practical jokes tend in some way or another toward beneficence it must be said that the good that grows out of punishment is exceedingly remote, to say the least. Why should God obsess man with the idea of punishment when life itself is a punishment? Man is the only one of all of God's creatures that fails to stop training his children when they have grown large enough to take care of themselves. The various forms of resistance which every animal and plant form on the face of the earth is obliged to overcome in order to live are surely sufficient for guidance, direction and discipline to enforce every needed act whatsoever, and in the great economy of nature it is easy to see that those who do not conform with this law of overcoming resistance and thereby acquiring the strength and character necessary to live in the face of the resistance offered, are the ones that perish, hence, the only forms of life that continue are those which deserve to continue, those equipped to resist, those with a stamina great enough to persist in the face of a natural punishment (resistance) that life itself affords. God not only clearly indicates this method and corroborates it in every field to which we may direct our attention, but provides unmistakably but one discipline, and that is the natural punishment of our wrong acts which in a sense disciplines us, guides us or destroys us, always in accordance with the great impersonal need. As before stated, every other creature but man knows when to stop directing its young, when to teach it self reliance by placing it upon its own resources to sink or swim according to its powers. But man, responding to a fantastic rhythm of useless theories, keeps on with his paternalism even to old age, until the obsession of punishment is so thoroughly fixed that every one in the world assumes a mental state in which he continuously punishes, scolds, ostracises,

jails or hangs every other person, so that this mental state has become *the racial busybody*, society's village gossip and executioner.

But why did God implant this punishment idea, why has the world been poisoned with it since Cain killed Abel? Surely not for the purpose of encouraging the development of willows, black sticks and rawhides, policemen's clubs and guillotines?—there is but one great psychological good that can come out of all this.

It seems to be a part of humanity's evolution that we are destined to pass through a period of hate, a state which to a large extent now exists, in which every one takes a vital interest in the affairs of others to their detriment, and that the next stage in our development will be a period of love wherein every human creature will take an interest in every other one to their benefit and not to their injury, and while the interest in all mankind is absolutely necessary, God must have known that this interest could not be inspired through love, but must first be inspired through hate, through gossip, through punishment, and after a while, as conditions should change, and love should come to be the controlling factor between human kind, nothing could be grander or nobler than that the interest in others be retained with its interaction on the plane of love instead of on the plane of mutual destruction.

Let us remember, then, that God is fooling us, that He only wishes us to bear each other in mind, to remember each other's needs, to think good of each other, and while keeping up this interest of each in each, though we are still working out our life problems in a spirit of selfishness, future generations will reap from our present miseries an abundant harvest of comradeship, mutual love and helpfulness.

THE SEX HOAX.—If God is in a place where He can go off every day and have a rousing laugh all by himself I am sure He does it whenever He stops to think how utterly and completely He has fooled humanity into the notion that procreation is wicked except under certain very special conditions, that it is immodest, that it is not fit to talk about, that it is unclean, that at times it requires immaculate conception, notwithstanding it is the only means which He himself has provided for perpetuating the races of all animals, plants, birds and fish.

If it were not for our egotism, greed and jealousy we would have no more reason to blush, disguise or hide the process of our birth than to feel embarrassed and discomfited when caught planting seeds in the garden, observing a hen on her nest or partaking of milk at table.

Between ourselves, living clean lives, thinking clean thoughts, indulging in no form of excess whatsoever, let us be unafraid and laugh too, just as God must do once in a while, to see how kingcraft and priestcraft during these thousands of years have completely perverted and poisoned our minds with the idea that sex is nasty, immodest or a reprehensible subject. Let us understand that in this matter we are merely the victims of king and priest who, training us into jealousy, greed and egotism for their own purposes, gradually learned to make use of the situation for their own whims and profit and encouraged the perversion and the poisoning of our ideas because it suited their purposes to do so.

When we think of the thousands who have committed suicide and murder because they did not dare to face those whose ideas relative to parenthood had been completely perverted by priests, when we understand that our present fashion of marriage grew out of purely a matter of money, the protection of property rights, when we know that the debasement of motherhood, both with and without the superfluous sanction of the priest, is the cause of all prostitution, all debauching of children, all sex perversion, all venereal disease, is it not time that we should do something more than merely laugh at the priest?

It has become "immodest" to be seen without clothes simply because the climate has enforced the habit of wearing them, and it has grown to be "wicked" to speak of sex or bear children without the consent of the priest simply because priest and king have connived to make it the fashion. We who think know that no benefit is derived by humanity as a result of ceremonials by those who do or do not believe in the supernatural and we know, too, that the cohesion of family life is a universal principle, that the cohesion of families is not the result of ceremonies, but that the ceremonial, or rather the injunctions and powers that are back of it, are the most potent factors for destroying the cohesion that would otherwise naturally exist.

Having stated the case in terms that defy contradiction because in complete harmony with life and nature for all time past and all time to come, why then did God in His wisdom fool us or permit kings or priests to deceive us for these thousands of years with the pretense that we could not be born right unless they were given a hand in adjusting the affair between our parents? We know to a certainty, backed up by such authorities as Luther Burbank and every stock raiser, that no kind of ceremony can affect the progeny of animals and plants in any way, and those who have studied nature seriously, especially in the matters of sociology, psychology and heredity, know that there is but one law of life for all beings, that man can be no exception to any universal rule and that we have no warrant for our fantastic view of the subject of sex except that it is the outgrowth of ancestral ignorance. Still, God's fooling us on the subject for all of this time can not be and is not without warrant, and what he has intended humanity to gain is this: In the evolution of mankind from the savage state to the ideal state of human brotherhood, when no man will accept what all others can not have the counterpart of on the same terms, the transition from the plane of hate and universal warfare to that of love and universal brotherhood can best be reached under a condition of non-congested population. It is clear that though a few persons might require thousands of acres on which to live in a state of warfare and mutual hatred, the same amount of territory would support countless numbers living in a state of helpfulness and good will toward each other. During the period of human society that we remain in a universal struggle and enmity against each other it would be disastrous, in fact impossible, to make headway in the event of over-crowded population. Marriage and all rules and regulations of sex have invariably acted, not as an aid, but as a detriment to the increase of population; in fact, were it not for human institutions that operate for the restriction of population our numbers would grow so rapidly that there would be absolutely no chance for the evolution of our higher qualities and there

would be no room for the working out of all those higher sentiments and ideals that must have their place in the future perfect society. God, knowing all things and appreciating the need of the gradual evolution of our various qualities and ideals, has in many ways placed obstacles in our path which must be overcome before we pass into the better life, and among the many obstacles for holding down population and preventing congestion prior to the time that we are fitted for living closer together the institution of marriage and all the sex humbuggery that has come down to us from our ignorant ancestors have been the means set by the Creator for the accomplishment of His end.

God often laughs at this great sex joke of His, and as fast as we get wise enough to do so He intends that we shall laugh with Him.

**THE PREACHING AND TALK HOAX.**—Having come to the crowning hoax of all, the one that marks the only great difference between modern and primitive man and the lower animals, we find that it was in fooling us as to the power and effect of preaching and talking that God was enabled to spring all the other jokes upon us that have been enumerated.

During the recent years mankind has acquired enough knowledge of God's method in nature to understand that there is no phase of life, no division or subdivision from bee colonies to solar systems, that makes progress in any other way than by RACIAL ADVANCEMENT; viz., by the gradual perishing of the unfit units and the survival of the more fit, the more alert and the more worthy. Should we ask the ant to what extent he had charge of and directed his own life he would say "*completely*," that the advancement of ant colonies was the result of the free will on the part of each ant, free self-guidance and self-direction, in which some ants became great and noble and other ants reach naught but misery and death. I am convinced that there is not one reader in ten thousand who has reached a sufficiently impersonal interpretation of himself and his race to realize that human society is as automatic, is as much subject to natural law and that in every walk of life we respond as blindly and irresistibly to surrounding forces as bugs or eagles.

For thousands of years we have been taught that by responding exactly to the fashion of thought, code of laws, etc., laid down by our elders, that we would become great and noble and good, but as a matter of fact we now know that some of the noble and great of this period are descended from the outlaws, the non-conformists and apparently debased and despised families of long ago. We find that our prophets and teachers of the past knew nothing of life or its meanings, were unfamiliar with the forces and conditions that were to build up the stronger characters of this age, for those of noble and royal blood who responded most precisely to the dictum of the seers are now physical and moral degenerates, while the sturdy characters of these days, those who command our armies, direct great enterprises, write our poetry, compose our operas and direct the affairs of state, are invariably descended from the peasantry who had no guidance; they have invariably been the children of those who have blindly toiled and have thought of but little else excepting the labor of their hands. If the preachers and prophets of all ages, then, have been incapable of offering true guidance, unable to make right discrimination, where then shall we turn to discover the power that *does*

discriminate, the power that does guide and uplift, for invariably among human kind as well as among all other genera and species, the discriminating power is the same — NATURAL SELECTION, whereby the inapt, the unfit, whether ideas or people, constantly suffer destruction in order that the fit may survive and propagate their kind so that AS A RACE we may go on and on in our uplift, always progressing as a race but not as self-guiding individuals.

This being God's own law, and one that is universally enforced, of what effect or by what warrant are we justified in promulgating talk and preaching as a means of human uplift, and if talk and preaching has been merely a means of exercising certain muscles, nerves and brain cells, why is it that God, knowing all things, should for these thousands of years permit us to go on chattering and making believe that preachers, teachers and parents could make the world grow better by their sermons?

Placing ourselves in comparison with the rest of God's creatures it is convincing to observe how completely our human method of self-guidance has failed to bring our government system to anywhere near the perfection which natural evolution has imparted to many varieties of animals, insects and plants.

The bee under natural selection has evolved a form of democracy far in advance of our own political practice, for without despotism or compulsion the units voluntarily bow to "THE SPIRIT OF THE HIVE" as a result of internal conviction, a form of government by no means so gross as ours, which enforces control from without.

The fact that many inferior creatures and organisms have reached, through natural evolution, an extremely high phase of equipoise and this, of course, without any preaching or theorizing whatsoever, and the further fact that there is but one order of truth and one method of progress in the entire universe should be convincing that in a specific as well as in the generic sense the "talk method" of securing material progress must necessarily be inoperative and without value.

As we are social beings our moral and intellectual states are interdependent on and interrelated with the rest of our race. We can not separate ourselves very widely from or differentiate greatly from the type and customs of our group, and as we are bound to absorb practically the same characters and habits of those with whom we live, including the useless habit of scolding and preaching, it seems to be sufficiently clear that the employment of the preach method is merely the exercise of a bad quality on the part of the preacher and is bound to have no ultimate effect on the one preached at.

With the proper conditions supplied by the teacher the life would naturally grow to conform therewith, hence there can only be one course of successful moral instruction, which is to be supplied with a normal environment, among normal people, which could not result otherwise than in normal conduct.

Teaching people to know better, depending upon their knowledge of the right way is of no avail, for though they may know the right way they do not follow it, but conform to their natures and their environment instead.

Given a vicious environment in which to live, with opportunity to come in contact daily with only vicious people, such as make up the vain, dishonest and greedy population of Chicago,



no Christ characters can be developed within its borders though there be a hundred preachers to every man.

Why, then, has God so completely bamboozled the human race and permitted these millions of preachers for thousands of years to fool themselves and us into the idea that humanity could be talked into a state of moral perfection? This is God's greatest and most far-reaching joke on humanity. It is one of the means he has employed to retard progress in one way while we catch up in another, for while this plan has resulted in millions of heartaches and disappointments because of humanity's theory of things being constantly "talked" into a point away in advance of our knowledge of the world the fact that our brain cells have undergone an endless multiplication, in order that we may be fit to live in the future complex and highly organized human society, fully justifies the 'apparently endless and far-reaching joke which God has played upon us.

There is no use for us to be fooled unless we wish it. God is perfectly willing that we should have a good laugh with Him on the subject whenever we grow smart enough to see the joke back of it all. In the meantime it will probably take a thousand years or more before parents, teachers, preachers and other talkers all grow to realize that all moral progress is racial; that the talk method does not help humanity's moral character a bit and that God has sprung this huge preaching joke upon mankind merely to hold us off from progressing over fast until our minds should become sufficiently exercised and complex as a preparation for the future day of highly organized society; the day of democracy and human brotherhood.

## WHAT THEY SAY

If TO-MORROW has helped you in your struggle toward Truth tell us about it. Others want to know it, too. If it has held you down, tell us about that also. "We are in love with Truth."

Dear Sercombe: I wish to make known to the readers of TO-MORROW my appreciation of the poem entitled "A Remembered Day," by Walter Hurt, which appeared in your January number.

As good as was his "Call From Colorado," "The Remembered Day" was much better. The one was the voice of indignation, the other the voice of Love; it is certainly one of the very brightest gems of English poetry; such a perfect musical rhythm; so rich in rhyme and alliteration; so full of real heart-felt pathos. Oh, it's simply perfect, and the author has "marked for all time the fact of his being" and assured for himself a place in the great "Pantheon."

Hurt is certainly abreast of the greatest of his time and the rest of us may feel proud to have our work appear in the columns of TO-MORROW with his. And, in fact, I believe that TO-MORROW is destined to become a recognized factor in this—the greatest of all ages.

GEORGE VAIL WILLIAMS.

Dear Comrades: TO-MORROW just fills the bill. It improves with every issue.

FRANK L. SMITH,  
Clear Water, Minn.

Dear Sercombe: TO-MORROW is doing its work for humanity along practical lines. May its continued success broaden until the world at large is ready to accept its liberal thought.

MARGUERITE MILLER,  
Rochester, Ind.

Dear Comrades: Enclosed find one dollar for subscription. Please let me know from whom you received my address. I want to thank them. TO-MORROW MAGAZINE is the finest in the land. Truly yours,

MRS. HARVEY H. HARRIS.

Dear Comrades: The July number of TO-MORROW is a feast. You are certainly coming—arriving greatly. Fraternally yours,

GLADYS LAMB.

????

BY WALTER HURT.

Life's punctuation consists simply of the interrogation point. When we pause there is no comma—we pause but to question. When Life's sentence is ended we come only to this—?

Existence is an eternal enigma. We are ignorant alike of origin and of destiny. The miracle of birth equals the mystery of death. Through the darkness of doubt we can only grope and guess.

The sum of present knowledge is a little thing. The wisest is he who is most impressed with his infinite lack of understanding. Not much beyond the grossly physical has come within the limited range of our crude and feeble reason. All about us are invisible influences for which science has not yet even suggested a name.

It was this awesome aspect of the unknowable that oppressed the mighty heart of Ingersoll when, standing beside the open grave of a child, he said:

Every cradle asks us "Whence?" and every coffin, "Whither?" The poor barbarian, weeping above his dead, can answer these questions just as well as the robed priest of the most authentic creed.

Again, in the same spirit of human helplessness, above the body of a beloved friend he spoke these words:

We question, but there is no reply. Out on the wide waste seas there drifts no spar. Over the desert of death the sphinx gazes forever, but never speaks. \* \* \* The miracle of thought we can not understand. The mystery of life and death we can not comprehend. This chaos called the world has never been explained. The golden bridge of life from gloom emerges and on shadow rests. Beyond this we do not know. Fate is speechless, destiny is dumb, and the secret of the future has never yet been told. \* \* \* What can we say of death? What can we say of the dead? Where they have gone reason can not go, and from thence revelation has not come. But let us believe that over the cradle Nature bends and smiles, and lovingly above the dead in benediction holds her outstretched hands.

At another time, when spent in his fruitless struggle with the sovereign secret, these words—the honest confession of a hopeless ignorance—were wrung from his long inquiring lips:

As a matter of fact, the questions of origin and destiny are beyond the grasp of the human mind. We can see a certain distance; beyond that everything is indistinct; and beyond the indistinct is the unseen. In the presence of these mysteries—and everything is a mystery, so far as origin, destiny and nature are concerned—the intelligent, honest man is compelled to say: "I do not know."

In the great midnight a few truths, like stars, shine on forever—and from the brain of man come a few struggling gleams of light—a few momentary sparks. \* \* \*

Take a grain of sand, reduce it to powder, take the smallest possible particle, look at it with a microscope, contemplate its every part for days, and it remains the citadel of a secret—an impregnable fortress. Bring all the theologians, philosophers and scientists in serried ranks against it; let them attack on every side with all the arts and arms of thought and force. The citadel does not fall. Over the battlements floats the flag, and the victorious secret smiles at the baffled hosts.

Life—the wondrous fact of earthly existence—was to Ingersoll the largest of all secrets, and of it he said:

We live on an atom called Earth, and what we know of the infinite is almost infinitely limited. \* \* \* Life is a shadowy, strange and winding road on which we travel for a little way—a few short steps—just from the cradle, with its lullaby of love, to the low and quiet wayside inn, where all at last must sleep and where the only salutation is—"Good night."

To me it is incomprehensible that any person both honest and intelligent can be either an orthodox religionist or an absolute

atheist. Agnosticism seems the only rational ground. Facts, not faith, are the only proof. Neither superstition nor skepticism can demonstrate or disprove. In the absence of conclusive evidence it is folly to affirm or deny. Until exact truth, which is an ultimate, is attained, the only consistent answer to the eternal question is: "I do not know." But despite all doubts let us garner every gracious promise, hold fast to each buoyant hope, nor lose one light that beckons us on to the heights that rise above the clouds of a carnal comprehension. Whatever our mingled doubts and dreams, however we may think or theorize, whatever we may wish or believe or hope or fear, the human mind in all its excursions of exploration must finally fall against the stone wall of inexorable ignorance with a shock and a recession as when a strong sea beats against the unyielding cliff of granite. But with all these limitations it is not foolish to feel that the Eternal Plan is working toward a Perfect Purpose, that at the Endless-End lies the Light of Truth. It is surely the part of philosophy to let the forces we do not understand work out the way to our understanding.

While reverent thinkers, with throbbing brains, are seeking to read the everlasting riddle; while strenuous souls are searching for the secrets of life and death; while earnest investigators, with sighs in their hearts, are wrestling with infinite problems; while all this is going on, with echoless æons behind him, with a voiceless eternity before him, with all the inscrutable wonders of an unmeasurable universe about him, standing above the temples and tombs of vanished civilizations and forgotten races, the atheist delivers himself of his arrogant dictum.

A microbe beneath the Omnipotent microscope, an atom of an incalculable aggregation; feeble and futile in his foolish efforts—pitiful, puerile and wholly impotent in his finite ends; posing on a planet formed of star-dust that has sifted down from solar systems that swung through space countless chiliads ere the morning stars gave their concert; the span of his ephemeral existence but a moment in the life of the megacosm, the religionist dismisses all doubt with dogmatic gesture, assumes to measure all magnitudes, and finds in the sophistries of his unreasoning faith an answer sufficient to the mightiest question the mind of the philosopher can hope to propound.

Christians, their hearts filled with the love of God and hate of their fellowmen, worshipping a Saviour who was only a man, or merely a myth, with amazing egotism and cheerful ignorance complacently sing—

"The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone"—

then send meddlesome missionaries to a people whose religion was hoary ere the cross was ever uplifted or the sword of the church had dripped with blood, and from whose teachings the best in the Christian system was appropriated.

As to the atheist, it is a question with me whether he is ever really in quest of knowledge. He contents himself with giving expressions to doubts and denial. But has he ever turned the searchlight into the hiding-places of Truth? Always an iconoclast but never an investigator. Both the religionist and the atheist are intellectual loafers. It is so much easier for one to believe and the other to blaspheme than for either to delve and discover. The atheist denies but does not disprove; the religionist affirms

but does not establish. Both are bigoted, narrow, intolerant. Each is an egotist and worships Self in the names, respectively, of Religion and Rationalism. They mistake conceit for conscience. He who says "It cannot be" is not less a dogmatist than he who answers "It is so." Neither knows and both make false and foolish claims. It is useless to discuss these things. No argument ever advanced by an atheist has proved one of his propositions. No book written by a believer has substantiated a single statement set forth therein. Nothing can be known as yet. Before the smallest secret of creation we can only stand with a futile question on our quivering lips.

"What hope reveals  
Mind tries to clasp,  
But soon it reels  
With broken grasp."

I do not denounce any man because he fails to teach the truth. Mayhap we all are mistaken. Here's my hand to each and all, whether atheist or Christian, Jew or Gentile, who seek to slay the shadows. I have suffered persecution at the hands of doubter and dogmatist alike. I find enough of narrowness on either side. Only from the independent searcher for truth can I hope to receive charity and the comfort of comradeship. And so I am willing to welcome any honest effort toward liberty and the light. I strike only at superstition. I strive for intellectual emancipation. I am rewarded for all my labors if I lay a single stone in the foundations of the Temple of Truth.

Faith may falter, and hope may halt and lag behind; the sweet star of promise may go down in darkness, and the white waters for which the soul has thirsted may be spilled on the quenchless sands of the desert of Despair; but the way leads ever onward and upward, though the trail be thickly set with stones. Though paths may cross till the bewildered pilgrim cries out for comfort like one who is lost, let him look above and ever will he see a guiding lamp, like Bethlehem's beacon, set in the sky. A multiplicity of faiths may mingle until confusion comes upon his mind and into his heart, but unseen forces are ceaselessly sifting the components of the spiritual cosmos, separating the true from the false. Knowledge may slumber through the night of superstition, but the dawn shall drive away the darkness and in the end we shall come out from the chrysalis of every creed, full-winged and free, into the light of the living Truth.

In that time the ashes will be blown from every altar, to mingle with the dust into which have crumbled all of earth's forgotten fanes.

#### OUR SPECIAL DEBS EDITION

Do not forget that an early number of To-Morrow will be devoted almost exclusively to the life and works of Eugene V. Debs now recognized as one of the strongest figures in contemporary American life. This Special will be in the entire charge of Walter Hurt who is a close personal friend of Debs, and is particularly able to do him justice. This number will contain a masterly article from Debs himself, a dozen or more contributions from the most noted leaders of the socialist movement. Before going to press with the Debs Special we wish to have as large a number of orders for extra copies as possible. *Send in your orders for the Debs Special.*

# Poetry of Martha Virginia Burton

(A Review.)

A Book of Poetry is shortly to appear from the TO-MORROW press by this new artist in verse and rhyme, whose unusual talent in weaving together the truths of philosophy and mysticism into the woof of beauty, may be seen in the following selections and extracts. While I had the pleasure of knowing Miss Burton several years ago as a clever writer, investigator and conversationalist, it is with no small degree of pleasure and interest that I now "rediscover" her, as it were, a finely developed and highly sensitized resonator of the music that always lies hidden from the many, but still has ever existed in abundance in the realm of the speculative and fundamental verities.



One must go to the oases to become a discerner of the fine, sweet light that only shines in those temples where natural order has been the theme of inspired teachings, and the fact that Miss Burton, during recent years, has taken advantage of the rare opportunity to withdraw from association with those who make life a struggle while she drank deep from the fountains that attracted Ibsen, Whitman, Spencer and from the Upanishads, no doubt, accounts for the philosophic yet reverential motif that reverberates through all her lines.

Miss Burton is now in Chicago for the purpose of completing her volume of poems, and she has another book under way which will be the Interpretation of the Symbolism and Mysticism of the Dramas of Henrik Ibsen, her work in this line being designed on a par with Ludvig Passarge in the field of dramatic comment.

Miss Burton's prolonged retirement from the world and from friends, while she alone, by earnestness, faith and study, strove to place herself in tune with the harmony of the universe, has developed in her a power and independence that is bound to impress itself on present day thought, for approaching all subjects from the impersonal, from the standpoint of generic truth, this writer treats the most delicate subjects of Love, Learning, Patriotism, man, etc., from a point of view entirely untouched by the seared hand of bias, prejudice or theory. Her work speaks for itself.

THE MUSICIAN'S LOVE LETTER.

(An Extract.)

It is one thing to be master,  
But another quite to call  
All this brood without disaster,  
From the far depths of Valhall.  
\* \* \*

It is one thing to be woman,  
It another quite to save  
All there is of best in human  
From the deep depths of the grave.  
All these little lines a-flaming  
With that holier thought of thine,  
Do but free man from its claiming,  
As a draught of heavenly wine.

THE CHELLO.

Above the still, black coffin's face,  
Aft of love and moan,  
Some heart has knelt, to know the grace  
Alive in that sweet tone;  
To kindle motif in that place  
The spirit hath made known.

CAMPAIGN SONG.

He must have in him the conscience that will teach him to see right,  
He must have the bravery and hardihood;  
He must be the living banner, he must be the better light;  
The American must be *man making good*.

He must know the rights of fellow while he helpeth fellow man,  
He must know that thought and growth are right for all.  
But above the noise of politics, of party and of plan,  
The American must hear his country's call.

WITH THE SILENT MASTER.

When I claim my own in Heaven, when I make a name unknown,  
Sound the greater glow of glories mankind does not oft intone;  
When I stand before a master who has kept me wise and free,  
I will never name disaster, but "Thou art as God to me."  
O Krishna, Vishnu, Agni! O heat of fire and life!  
Wilt never me untangle from the silences of strife?  
O Moses, David, wisdom-ones, of many a name and way;  
O temples of Uranus! When comes thy altar day?  
I have heard the call of dervish, known the law of silent things;  
Would that I could tell all nations how doth heaven brush its wings.  
In its grace to serve the people, in its ardor to keep true,  
To the height of any steeple, what there is of God in you.

THE SOUL AGROPE.

Something beckons and I know,  
Gleams a hand;  
One hears "wait," another, "go,"  
Its command;  
One hears, "Every age was so;  
Understand."  
Science, thou hast dart of flame;  
God is kind;  
Goodness, thou hast all of fame;  
Thus we bind.  
Shadows lengthen on the hill,  
Deep shades hold words deeper still,  
"God is mind."

# A Biological Study of Sex

BY GIDEON DIETRICH.

## CHAPTER III.

### SEX DEVELOPMENT.

In changing our viewpoint, the nature and character of an object will appear in an entirely new light.

In viewing natural phenomena in the light of the facts of evolution, the development of the Cosmos appears altogether different from what it did through the cloudy light of a "special creation story." Thus it will be if we change our viewpoint of the phenomenon of sex from that of its elementary "reproductive" nature to that of its being only nutritive expressions of a living process. If the reader will endeavor to remember this scientific principle, he will then be in a better position to understand the important facts presented in this study, and thus be able to get a more rational view of the nature of sex.

The metabolic process of life has the nature of a continuing process, in contrast to the dying process of a fire. A primary living plasm is formed, into which food matter is constantly drawn and assimilated and this tends to increase the amount of plasm and so perpetuate the process. It also has the power of organization, and through the development of complex species organizations, greater power is gained to maintain a continuous food supply with which to perpetuate the process. In the combustion of a fire there is no organizing plasm left in reserve to perpetuate the process and so a fire must die out when the immediate fuel matter (food) is consumed.

From this fact it is clearly seen what causes that strong selfish ego impulse within every living unit. This primary impulse of self-preservation is a vital part of the living process, to continue that process within the ego-center—not within an offspring or new living unit, but only within the center of self—forever, if that is possible.

It is through this immortal impulse of an organized ego center which caused the development of all the different species-forms; each center struggling with all its power to adjust itself to its environments in order to perpetuate the living process within and around the organized ego. Now, environments never have been and never are the same for two successive moments, so that these eternal changes of the surrounding conditions must have a decided influence upon the living units who are struggling to adjust themselves to these conditions.

Aside from the great variety of species developed through these laws this changeableness of conditions causes a fundamental influence upon the metabolic process of life, which tends to divide all living beings into two hereditary nutritive classes.

Thus under primeval conditions as well as those of the present, a certain combination of environments, such as a low temperature, abundant food supply and food matter of a low degree of stimulation, the living process would tend toward a well-nourished anabolic direction, and if such conditions would continue for numerous generations such a tendency would become hereditary and so exert its influence upon succeeding generations. In this manner a predominating anabolic femaleness may easily be developed within some living units.

On the other side a certain combination of environments such as a stimulating temperature, scarcity of food and food matter possessing a high degree of stimulation, the living process would tend to be carried toward an active, hungry katabolic direction which would gradually develop into a predominating maleness within some living units.

This hereditary maleness or femaleness is not brought about in one or two generations, and even after there is a decided tendency in one or the other direction, and there is then a radical change in the surroundings, or through some catalytic effect, the metabolic process in such units would be brought back to a fertilized equilibrium and might even be carried in an opposite direction. But if either combination of environments will continue to exert a distinct anabolic or katabolic influence for numerous generations such influence must finally become hereditary and then exert a controlling force upon the metabolism of each unit.

When once established as hereditary factors, the anabolic or katabolic influence will carry the entire metabolism of uni-celled beings over to a decided maleness or femaleness; but in colony formation only a part of the organization will be effected directly and the rest is gradually effected by reflex influence. Organization implies an increased power of adjustment to surrounding influences, so that the hereditary and surrounding anabolic and katabolic influences would have their first or primary effect upon the least differentiated organism or the least differentiated part of an organism. Thus the somatic body of multi-cellular beings is only effected in a secondary manner by the anabolic and katabolic influences, while the primary germ tissues and germ units are the first to be directly effected and given a distinct male or female tendency.

Even in colony organization the hereditary influence of maleness or femaleness is at first so small that germ units arising at one time will have a distinct female character and those arising in the same identical tissues at other periods will have a distinct male character, thus clearly demonstrating that it is the changing environments which cause a tendency toward maleness or femaleness. After the hereditary influence becomes stronger the germ units arising at one point of the colony germ tissue will always possess a distinct male character and those arising at another point in the same colony will have a distinct female character.

With the advance of organization the germ tissues of the colony are developed into Germ Glands, both male and female glands. Both classes of germ glands have become a part of the species, heredity, and so they are both transmitted to every succeeding offspring; and in nearly all the lower forms of life they are both developed in every being, making such organisms Bi-sexual.

The primary germ tissues and germ glands are formed within the Middle layer of colony units, and from here the germ units force their way out through the surrounding layers and thus form distinct passages which are called Germ Ducts. One such duct leading out from each somatic germ tissue or from each germ gland.

In the lower organisms there are generally an indefinite number of these glands and ducts; but with the advance of or-



ganization their number gradually becomes reduced to only one pair of each class. Their pairs result from one developing on each lateral side of the body, but in some special cases only one is developed, the corresponding one remaining dormant in the individual.

Both the glands and ducts follow the line of the excretory ducts, and in most cases the ducts become partially united with one or more of these before reaching the outer surface in a cloaca. The anabolic female glands generally remain within the abdominal cavity in which they are formed; but among higher animals the active katabolic glands move over the bladder, down and out into a scrotum pocket.

The character and development of the germ ducts are greatly modified by the anabolic and katabolic influence of the associate glands from which they lead. Thus the ducts leading from the anabolic glands become well nourished, full, expanded, the two becoming united into a trunk duct which leads directly to the outer surface. In some species it is further modified by the character of the egg-cell which passes through it; while in mammals, the developing embryo attaches itself to the well-nourished walls of the duct, as being the very best feeding ground which it could possibly find, and this point of attachment becomes developed into a Womb.

It should be noted here that the primary function of all germ ducts and all their parts is to allow the passage of germ units to the outer surface of the parent colony and thus the primary function of the womb part is *not* to feed developing embryos as the old theorists so long maintained. Among higher animals where a distinct fertilizing association has been developed, the anabolic duct has been further modified through such association, especially the trunk part and around the external orifice.

On the other side the ducts leading from the katabolic glands remain poorly nourished, narrow, kinetically drawn out to extreme lengths, forming into coils and bunches of coils before reaching the outer surface. In the higher organisms the two ducts leading from the two glands become united into one trunk and this also unites with the urethra.

Primarily a germ duct extends no further than the outer surface of the colony body, and with that its basic function of a duct is expressed. But with the gradual development of a fertilizing association between two mature units of the higher aquatic animals and land animals, the katabolic duct becomes greatly modified, even more so than the modifications of the anabolic duct through such association.

The development of this fertilizing contact association will be fully considered in Chapter V. It is during such association that there is an impulse developed to press the orifices of the ducts together, as the greater metabolic activity is taking place at those points; and this results in a tendency for the smaller katabolic duct to penetrate into the fuller anabolic duct, thus drawing it out beyond the body surface and surrounding this part with spongy erectile tissue.

These facts of comparative anatomy and physiology make it clearly evident, that only the germ glands and the simple germ ducts are all that could possibly be considered essential parts of propagation, and even as such they are only secondary factors of this process. It is also evident that the great modification of

the simple germ ducts into the distinct male and female sex organs has not been caused by a "reproductive necessity" or as an elementary part of propagation; but, aside from their primary function of ducts, their most essential modification has been caused by the development of a fertilizing contact association among higher animals, and they are therefore purely *love organs* and not "reproductive organs."

## Social Spontaneity

BY HENRY CARMICHAEL.

Recently I undertook to enumerate the people whom I know to believe that there is a *trustworthy* social evolution that is fetching man from barbarity to a plane of civilization. So few were those who have no program that the list would be ridiculously meager. Among those few I found none affiliated with any of the churches. This is remarkable, when you come to think of it. The people who profess belief in a guiding omnipotent power seem most loth to place any trust in that wisdom as applied to social well-being. They seem to be impressed with a strong conviction that the governing principle in the universe is sadly in need of advice and assistance. Hence the injunction: "Mind Your Own Business," finds no adherents where it might be reasonably sought.

Nor is the agnostic or Freethinker less meddlesome than his churchy brother. Nearly all of them have a *program*. Some scheme for "the prevention of others," or the compelling of others. All these programs are doubtless animated by a sincere desire to make the world better. Granting the sincerity, what are we to think of the intelligence of the programmarians?

All history, all human experience, is before us. No program ever yet "came true" in accordance with its specifications. And all the steps in the progress (such as has already been made) of man from brutality toward decency, have come about without any program at all.

There is a spontaneity at work. Call it God if no other term is convenient. And this spontaneity has given so many evidences of trustworthiness that I, for one, am unwilling to substitute any human enactments for the natural order, the Divine Spontaneity implanted in the constitution of man. All the misery we see around us is the result of the vain endeavor to improve upon nature.

It would be interesting to have readers of TO-MORROW (and I doubt whether there is greater intelligence extant among any like number of people on earth to-day) give their reasons for believing that they, respectively, could write a code of laws that would work out better than the impulses of man, when unfettered by human coercion.

### The Pinkerton Labor Spy

This remarkable book by Morris Friedman, for three years stenographer for James McParland, superintendent of Pinkerton's Western Division, in charge of the Moyer-Haywood case, will be given free, postpaid, with one year's subscription to To-Morrow.

# The Story of the "Doom of Dogma"

BY HENRY FRANK.



## CHAPTER VI.

Ten years' contact with the world of business quite disillusioned one given to dreamy idealism. Fortunate he who is not wholly shorn of his poetic locks and forced to see but the stony face of stubborn facts.

Commercial competition affords but little evidence of vicarious sacrifice, and the fleshly opaqueness of human relationship but little corroborates the immaculate conception. The grim compulsion of financial obligations,

Business is devoid of heart or sentiment as corporations of souls; and one must needs buffet the waves of commercial contention but for a brief period to be convinced of the prosaic truthfulness of this declaration. One is forced to catechise himself with relentless persistence to see whether what he learned so fondly in his days of poetic religionism will dovetail with the demands of a sternly practical world. One is forced to ask himself of what avail the promise of salvation in another realm if in this the hope it inspires avails not for betterment and higher character. The world of business asks you to "make good" the prayer of Sunday in the transactions of Monday, and if you fail calls you hypocrite and pretender. It makes no apologies; it cannot understand your "spiritual" explanations.

In the practical world where counterfeit money cannot pass for genuine your alleged proofs of infallible inspiration are put to the test and the defender of the faith cannot shirk or insist on rules of evidence no earthly court of justice would permit. You are compelled to locate and describe with knowledge not conjecture the hell you assume, and if you fail to do so you are called an impostor conjuring imagined horror for the stultification of dupes whom you seek as cowed supporters of your creed.

The cold commercialism that stamps upon its coin "In God we trust," you soon find to your amazement, had no thought of your academic God, but of the golden deity minted in the coin. It declares with icy lips, "If you demand our gold for the support of your God you must first prove to us that His existence is as palpable as this gold, and in the instance of his existence that he can be as profitable to us as the deity we worship in the coin." The world of business is nothing if it is not practical and it has no use for a God of the imagination who cannot increase the weight of one's coffers or multiply one's coupons and dividend-bearing stock certificates.

If the blood of Jesus is rich enough to pay all the costs at the court of heaven for the wholesale salvation of a once abandoned race, you must prove the value of each drop of his blood computed in the vulgar shekels of the shambles, before the world will believe that its efficacy is sufficiently universal to avail for the final redemption of all humankind. If Jesus be the Infinite incar-

nate in finite flesh, you must prove by his earthly career, supported by incontrovertible evidence, that his achievements were consonant with the omnipotence and omniscience of such a Being or behold him cast from the synagogue in utter disgrace. If he descended into hell, you shall hear this coarse and unkind world demand that he recite a complete account of its unique characteristics and give us unquestioned proof of his sulphurous sojourn, or hear himself dispraised, dishonored and dethroned. If his was the resurrection that forestalls ours the historicity and certainty of it must be made so positive, that not a fiber of doubt can linger in the human mind, else you shall hear your creed denounced as no more trustworthy than the promises of three card monte men or the equivocal vaporings of antique soothsayers.

All this I learned and more that leads to swift and sorrowing materialism which "denudes the ancient Christian structure of its gargoyles of superstition and metaphysical phantasy," as I have since said in my "Doom of Dogma." Still I had not gone wholly down the easy descent to Avernus, and had not wholly lost sight of the faith, though now much modified, that continued to attach me to orthodoxy, howbeit in a pseudo or semi-phase of interpretation. In my commercial peregrinations throughout the land I had met an elderly and most noble Christian gentleman, who by this time in his eighties had come to be regarded as an "elder in Israel." He was a venerable Congregationalist whom I came upon in Atlanta, Ga., in those days a veritable oasis of rationalism in the desert of southern orthodoxy. While I was yet officially attached to the Methodist Church I felt that I had so wholly outgrown its theology and catechetical requirements that I could no longer afford, for the sake of my self-respect, to return to its active ministry. Nevertheless, I still felt the tugging at my heart strings of a vague and restless striving after spiritual understanding and development, which I divined as a lingering "call" from some mysterious source demanding my re-enlistment in "the service of the Lord."

Under the benign encouragement of my venerable Congregational friend I concluded to retire from my business ventures and once more cast my lot with those who were "battling on the side of Jehovah." Under his direction I went at once to the headquarters of the Congregational Church in New York city, entered my application for a pulpit, and within a brief time was instructed to go to Jamestown, N. Y., where a large congregation of some four or five hundred communicants had been without a settled pastor for several years. It appeared that the congregation was somewhat fastidious in its taste and none who in all these years had "candidated" seemed to have pleased their palates. By some strange irony of fate, I, who had just passed through such a stormy evolution in personal experience, seemed instantly to ingratiate myself in their good will, and after a single sermon the entire congregation unanimously invited me to be settled over them.

The incident was both singular and amusing. It was singular that a Congregational church which had been unable to be satisfied with any candidate for so many years should suddenly prefer a Methodist-trained preacher. In these days it was still regarded as half a heresy for a Methodist minister to change his colors and enter the ministry of any other denomination. The amusing feature consisted in the fact that this congregation, whose chief

supporters and leading officers were of "the strictest type of orthodox belief," should choose me who had been so speedily shifting from the moorings of tradition and the limitations of the creed.

However, to make myself "void of offence," as far as my personal theological conceptions at that time were, I purposely undertook in my trial sermon to make my meaning clear. I took for my subject "Religion versus Theology." I reviewed much of the transformation of Christian belief which the last decade had brought about in Christendom and gave them clearly to understand that my ministerial career henceforth would but little concern itself with regard to the theological traces that bound it, but much with the underlying basis of ethics which was indeed the soul and essence of true religion.

My readers who are interested may learn just how far I went in that trial sermon by reading chapter XVI of my "Doom of Dogma" entitled "The Fundamental Conflict Between Theology and Religion," in which I have largely elaborated the ideas that were germinally expressed in that initial address. Naturally had I reached all the conclusions which I have since elaborated in that chapter I could not consistently have remained in any orthodox denomination or have satisfied the restiveness of my conscience. But I had not then gone so far. I would not then have presumed to utter the following paragraph from that chapter without expecting at the same time to hand in my resignation:

"Ecclesiastical theology deals not with the evolution of religious experience in mankind, but with the metaphysical doctrines of the vicarious atonement, the nature and person of Jesus Christ, the Holy Trinity, and eternal salvation and damnation. Every one of these doctrines has been imposed upon the race by the arbitrament of war, and sealed by the spilled blood of human sacrifices. Such doctrines are vacuous explanations of things inexplicable. So long as they are forced upon the unwilling attention of the race by the terrors of everlasting excommunication, they caused men to neglect the study of their practical relations." (p. 351.)

Today there are orthodox pulpits that would not excommunicate a man for such an utterance; but there were none in that day. Not many years, however, passed over my head before I became convinced that I was traveling too fast to remain even in an orthodox Congregational church. It was at the time that a reactionary "spiritual" wave set in against the old-time material philosophy of Carl Vogt and the earlier writings of Ernest Haeckle. It was that epoch in which Sir William Jones, Abbe Duc and Max Muller were lifting high the torch of research amid the musty crypts of India and from Sanscrit roots were re-translating our ancient Bible and the traditional meaning of conventional Christianity. It was the period when from those bright scientific orbs there was reflected the pseudo-scientific glimmerings of Theosophy, a huge conglomeration of worn-out Spiritualism and Indian Occultism. It was the day when from these commingling sources a new form of anti-Christianity arose, which because it emphasized the occult intimations of Indian philosophizing through Bible Symbolism and Christian phraseology arose at length to be the most conspicuous cynosure in the entire heavens of modern Christendom, and adroitly yclept

"Christian Science" ingeniously intimated that it came as the last reconciler of the age-long enemies which for these centuries had been warring in the progress of intellectual development. What part each of these played in my own intellectual development and the birth of the "Doom of Dogma" remains to be witnessed.

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## Damrosch at Ravinia Park

Dear Editor TO-MORROW: Allow me as a stranger to Chicago, but as one who knows you and your aspirations, to have space with your August number for just a few words. I believe you will in sympathy subscribe to what I have to say, as it pertains to one of the best and finest of life's vibrations,—art and the common good.

I had gone three hundred miles to stay a week in Chicago, for the purpose of attending the Damrosch concerts at Ravinia Park. This of course you are familiar with, but let me say for those of your readers who are not, that Ravinia is a sweet mosaic of fine, clear atmosphere, wonder of white flowers, smooth lawns and stately trees, with both a neat little theatre, well-built, for the drama, and an open commodious, restful pavilion in which are held the summer concerts.

One wonders if Madame Nordica's beautiful ambition for the more pretentious regions of the Hudson river and the city of New York, will after all be for a very long time to come, a really more excellent acquisition to the opportunities of musical art than this green, western jewel-like spot.

There was the ideal,—like a perfect rare sweet flower of light,—that we in our present-day American life so strenuously believe in, so much talk about, and so much assert does not anywhere exist. The music was of the highest reach in its own sphere that this or any earthly age has known; and then being set forth in a manner to which the same words might be applied, compels one in the seats to think that, "What wonderful things the Damrosch men can do," but rather "How wonderful is an interpreter who can make a musician's soul speak so effectively."

One cannot help sensing conditions at this park as of almost righteousness; the sweet outdoor of nature, the open door of life. It is the sunny, half-ripened summer-time; the blooms are still fresh; the green not quite mature; the skies abundantly, livingly blue; and last, shall I say also best? Well it is a very, very great good that it should be so,—the cost to the visitor of going there is the very least,—the price so to speak of a cigar or two.

But what a memory to carry with us when the visit is over.

What a golden gleam of courtesy to culture; to the educational, to the best in modern aspiration, to all that Americans, in their dawning of the art-understanding are reaching for and as yet but vaguely laying hold on! And this "bearer of the golden cup," this "Ganymede," I am told, is a railroad company; something we all so often think heartless and soulless. But certainly in the management of this one there is soul somewhere, actively and excellently alive; and for such and to such let us give thanks for this rare glory of Ravinia's summer music. A READER.

# Roosevelt too Hasty

The following strong words appeared some time ago in the Labor Journal of Rochester, N. Y. They strike a blow straight from the shoulder in regard to the trial of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone:

President Roosevelt's apologists say that his greatest fault is in speaking first and thinking afterward.

When the President classed E. H. Harriman, Eugene V. Debs, Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone in the same rank that was the excuse put forth by these apologists.

But these apologists have nothing to say after the President's deliberate letter of a few days ago.

That was not penned in the heat of passion, it was not dashed off without deliberation.

Instead of apology, the President reiterated his declaration that Debs, Moyer and Pettibone were "undesirable citizens!"

If what he alleged were true, if it had been proven, Mr. Roosevelt would be justified in his assertion and the first to back him up would be Organized Labor.

Labor has no desire to shield criminals. It demands their punishment.

But it does demand that the labor leader, when accused of crime, shall have an equal show with the rich man accused of similar crime.

Is that true of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone?

Did the President rush into print when the Thaws scoured the country for the most eminent attorneys to defend Harry Thaw? Did he prejudge Thaw before his case had been presented in court? Did he wink at violation of legal and constitutional rights of Thaw?

In rushing into print while the western miners were yet waiting trial Mr. Roosevelt was guilty of grave injustice.

Would any judge try a case in advance?

How much more unjust for the President to do so!

Moreover, the President evaded the point at issue. Labor is not demanding that Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, if guilty, shall escape punishment.

It is demanding that they shall not be convicted in advance.

It is demanding that they shall have a fair trial.

In so far as it is able it intends that they shall have it.

In this it is clearly within its rights, just as much as the friends of any accused man are.

Labor remembers the "bull pen." It remembers when the Legislature of Colorado was prevented from carrying into effect a constitutional amendment. It remembers how the state militia overawed the judiciary and strangled the press.

If it is possible to arouse public sentiment to a point where a repetition of the high-handed proceedings of the past will not be tolerated, labor intends that it shall be done.

Incidentally, it may be remarked that Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, in general makeup, will compare favorably with "Bull" Andrews and "Bat" Masterson, of whom President Roosevelt appears to be so fond.

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## AGAMEMNON

BY H. BEDFORD JONES.

Home, home again, mariner-soldiers! Strike oars in the deep!  
Smite the broad purple seas with the arm of tough Troy-mountain ash!  
Up, up over the sea-rim to Argos! Our prows nearer leap  
With each bounding wave, with each onrushing foamcap's sweep.  
Home, home! Till the billows throw foam like a steed from the lash!  
Each crest bears us on—hoist sail! Let the gale, as it sings  
Through the ropes, tell of home! There our children, our dear ones, await!  
Hasten, hasten, ye waves! Ah, sweet to our ears is the crash  
As our prow cleaves the seas! And sweet is the spume-cloud it flings  
To our faces behind—Speed, speed, for the distance is great  
To our home, and our children long left, and our wives' sweet embrace!  
Home, men! Smite strong with the ash, and the gods lend us grace!

# Haeckel

BY GIDEON DIETRICH.

Since Darwin's *Origin of Species*, there has been no work written which has produced a profounder impress upon the scientific world, than *The Riddle of the Universe* by Ernst Haeckel. But this work had hardly left the press before the author saw that he had left some important gaps in his review of the scientific field which were not sufficiently elucidated and were thus liable to misinterpretation, so that he immediately set to work to write the *Wonders of Life*, which was designed as a concluding companion to the former work. The two must therefore be studied as one, in order to understand this master's review of our present scientific knowledge and his statement of a Monistic Philosophy.

It was unfortunate that so many superficial critics formed their unchangeable dogmatic conclusions about Haeckel before his complete life work had been presented to the world. But even today with his completed presentation of a monistic philosophy, fully and clearly harmonized with all the known scientific facts, his position is continually misinterpreted by some writers, and even some of our most advanced scientists are prone to leave the physicist's beaten path and fail to acknowledge the *oneness* of the great cosmos. Whether such misinterpretation results from not having read his complete works or from a desire to accept only such parts as will fit in with special theories is impossible to say.

The objection has often been advanced that Haeckel is too severe and pugnacious in his style and method of argument. To the English reader who delights in the mildness of Darwin and diplomacy of Spencer, Teutonic sledge-hammer plows may appear shocking; but, from inherited nature and training, the German mind cannot obtain the proper psychic vibrations without having his arguments mixed with an occasional flavor of brimstone. It must be conceded that Haeckel is in no way wedded to any theory or dogma and that his whole object is to demolish error with merciless blows, if considered necessary, and revile truth in whatever form it is presented.

In his preface to *The Riddle of the Universe*, he says: "Eminent thinkers from both scientific observers and speculative philosophers are now leagued together in a united effort to attain the solution of that highest object of inquiry which we briefly denominate the 'world-riddles.' The studies of these, which I offer in the present work cannot reasonably claim to give a perfect solution of them; they merely offer to a wide circle of readers a critical inquiry into the problem, and seek to answer the question as to how nearly we have approached that solution at the present day."

Our scientific knowledge has advanced considerably since Spencer formulated his Synthetic Philosophy, and the imaginary line of the unknowable which he drew beyond the physical atom has already been demolished and our vision extended for quite a distance into that mystic realm. No fact is more evident than that there is a psychic phenomenon expressed within the Cosmos, and this must ultimately be explained through empirical knowledge and scientific analysis in accordance with the monistic nature of the Cosmos, as Haeckel points out.

Time will no doubt find errors in some of the deductions and conclusions in his two companion works, and some readers



may be offended with the acidity of his arguments, but on the whole his ripe scientific training enabled him to give us a clearer review of our empirical knowledge than any other living student, and outline a philosophy which is perfectly scientific and destined to exert a predominating influence upon the world's thought.

## The Hearthstone

The word suggests many things; log fires and domestic circles; the cheery corner and the very center of the family. Steam and hot water heating have succeeded the log fires and succeeded better in their purpose, and many rooms have thus lost their particular cheer. In many, too, the hearths have been beautified with colored tile and faience surroundings and in others, in imitation of foreign taste, the hearths have been replaced by stoves covered with colored tile which harmonize in shade with the other decorations of the room, and this stove and the beautified fireplace remain like the old hearth the listener in the domestic circle.

But those who have sat in the chimney corner curtained off from the work-a-day world, and near to a different world in the stars which the width of the chimney revealed overhead, would not exchange their seat even for one beside the beautiful foreign stove. And their successors are like the hearth's successors, they have changed. The light from the hearth logs sufficed for the evening knitting, and the stars and fire told their own stories; but the knitters' children like more light and more literature. They like other pictures than the fire's fleeting ones and they place its indelible colors which are the tints of the tile on the beautiful stoves and mantelpieces which surround and hide the hearth, and so they see the firelight still. They choose the substance which is itself a product of fire to give them back the pictures which the fire paints behind, and they watch the power of the fire to withstand the heat of the fire which has itself fashioned it.

Such tile are the hearth's most fitting associates; they tell the fire's stories and give back its light. They make for it a perfect setting, or hide it under a firepainted form; they rival its warmth in their own warmth of color, and its glow in their own brilliancy, for they are near akin. The painters choose them for their canvas, and their pictures are not finished till they are burned in; and so the fire becomes the pictures' preserver, and the fire's stories grow longer, and the lights more subtle, because the men painters have shared the canvas.

The old curtains have grown faded; the old woodwork grown too old or yielded itself to the flames which waited for it; but the fire's own painted setting only seeks the fire to illumine it and gives its wealth of color to the children who love luxury in all. The old chimney and chimney corner are hidden away like the faded curtains; the burglar and chimney-sweep prefer cleaner raiment and paint most the children's picture books; and the fire paints gaily on behind and all around the hearth to give the added stories and added light that the later domestic circles love.

All the fire worshippers met at the hearthstone, and the fire speaks and paints for them all. The paintings that men have made are preserved in their imperishable canvas, and the hearthstone is ever warm.

E. L. G. BROWN.

# Kuehnism

BY C. F. HUNT.

Mr. Kuehn now informs us that "savages are never savage among themselves." Legends of wars and feuds among the American tribes before the white man came, are all false. The Incas of Peru are said to have increased their sway by conquest of ignorant tribes about them; this too is apocryphal. But the Congo tribes, here Mr. K. is at home, and asserts from his positive knowledge that these were brotherly until the superstitious whites came, then suddenly the "coons" were mad with desire to slay their neighbors, and did so at the request of Leopold, who wanted rubber without working for it. We thought superstition worst where ignorance was greatest; now we learn vice versa; that superstition grows with the advance of science, for the further back we go the more ignorant and brotherly. I think the saurians were altruistic, guarding with jealous eye the rights of small fishes.

But K. states the opposite of this, of course, else he would not be Kuehnistic. He *has* stated that invasion is the same whether done by state or person. So we are still without a clear definition of "kingthing." When did man evolve from brute into full brotherness, and when did he backslide into love of "kingthing?" A bit of history will help us.

If the slave is persuaded that slavery is his rightful portion, does he not choose slavery; and if he chooses any condition is he coerced? K. says he chooses and is still coerced.

Some believe the state may increase in importance as a social factor and still grow less iniquitous. Formerly the king farmed out grafts to favorites, allowed toll roads, etc., while we now are realizing the advantages of collectivism, and have common pavements, and other like things, and are roused to anger when any one attempts arbitrary control, kidnaping, and the like. It is useless to argue that the state is one thing, administration of collective capital another. The state is what we observe it to be.

Some think it coercive when individuals reap all the advantage of sites, and would have the people, through the state, reap that advantage, but this action, which is simply asserting equal rights, Bro. K. calls coercion. It is a measure advocated by two growing parties, the single taxers and socialists. If it carries it will surely not be a symptom of a disappearing state; but K. has admitted it would be better than land monopoly. Now he will dislike to admit that the state and justice can both increase at once.

Others would have the state own railroads, etc. This would not tend to diminish the state, yet wherever tried such ownership results in a freer use of those utilities. The state is changing, not disappearing, with the growth of intelligence.

Only clairvoyants and Mr. Kuehn pretend to get inside of a human brain and tell what thoughts are there produced. The rest of us are obliged to get each man's doctrine from what that man says. Mr. K. absolutely refuses to cite any expression from any socialist, Mr. Patterson or other, to show that he favors invasion, but insists that the socialist shall prove a negative and "set right a mistaken world" which has no business to be mistaken, when the statements of all sects are before us and can be quoted. It may be that only Mr. K. is mistaken.

The contradictions of the higher philosophy are like those of the bible; with proper insight they disappear, though ordinary mortals never acquire the insight. So when Kuehn says the state is diminishing because "mankind has been progressing away from its primitive superstitions," one would infer: The more primitive a people, the more superstitious, hence the more powerful state; but he tells us primitive people have no state, and never invade.

The way Bro. K. ignores all rebutting propositions, loftily re-asserting the thing in dispute, is cheering. Instead of going to some dealer to inquire whether price is made up from the items of cost he simply repeats it is so. My illustration was strictly in accordance with arithmetic and the facts, and Mr. K.'s failure to refute, or even grasp it, must be ascribed to the proper cause. Perhaps I can illustrate further: Profit is that part of price that may be called the wages of the dealer. The quantity of profit is in no way limited by cost of the article sold; the margin may be great or small according to demand. From such wages must come rent, the price of the right to use the site. But, where rent is the highest, the number of sales is so great that such wages are made up of a great number of small profits, rather than a few large profits. Demand keeps price about the same, regardless of both rent and cost. The owner-dealer who pays no rent gets the same price as a rent payer. Therefore it is safe to assert that rent cannot influence price; and the fact that prices are lowest where rent is highest proves that rent cannot be added to price. Mr. Kuehn takes an empirical view that he is just as sure of as was Rev. Jasper's view of the sun. "In the mo'nin' the cabin am dar and de sun am dar. Now how in de debbil could de sun be over dar in the evenin', unless de sun do move?"

## Jeanette

BY VIOLA RICHARDSON.



Jeanette stood before the glass putting the last touches to her hair. A faint smile curved her lips and just the least excitement was betrayed by the shine in her eyes and the flush on her cheeks. It added a charm to her. She was called cold, self-contained. She was indeed a woman of poise, of breadth, of rare insight and intelligence,—the flower of generations of culture, and she had the sense of the fitness of things that saved her from many of the trivial emotions and aims that pecked at other women's lives. But she had the capacity for emotion, and the gentle excitement which filled her tonight added to her a sweetness and womanliness.

Richard West was coming tonight. He had written a book so keen, so forceful, with so deep a purpose in it that people said the world could never be quite the same again—that he had planted the seeds that would produce a new and more enlightened consciousness. He was a great man—a man of power—and it was an event to Jeanette to meet him. She had read his

book and its power had laid hold of her, and through it she felt that she had read the man, had understood him, touched him.

When they met and she looked up into his fine earnest eyes a sort of thrill went through her, the recognition of something of such superlative merit that her soul went down in homage to him before a word was spoken. He was a man too earnest to have anything but the utmost genuineness and directness in him. He looked straight at you and said the thing that he felt to be true.

They talked of many things, he finding in her that fine sympathy that makes a man spin out his most vital thoughts and hopes and ambitions, and she responding with the directness which he unconsciously demanded of her.

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They were together much during the summer. There had come that deeper understanding that many times sensed the unspoken thought. Jeanette did not try to disguise from herself the fact that she loved him—loved him with an intensity that filled her whole life and made a background against which all the other interests of her life were set. She merged herself into his ambitions and felt that no sacrifice could be too great—that nothing would be a sacrifice—that she could do to add to the potentiality of his life. She dared to dream dreams of the time when he should awaken to the fact that he needed her with him always. That he did need her she knew by a thousand little ways. Did he not bring to her the things he wrote, were they not hers before they were given to any one else—did he not tell her the things down in his soul too subtle to catch with words—was there not in the fusing of their spirits the creation of thought forces with which he reached out and touched the world to impulses toward new life?

To sit with him under the stars, to walk with him among the flowers and trees, to listen to his voice, to enter together into that holy of holies where souls fused and communed—it went through her like music and for her a new world was created.

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To-night she went down filled with that superlative love, that transcendent music, that divine ownership. Richard was in his accustomed place but he was not alone. On a low stool at his feet, leaning against the window sill, her eyes closed in restful relaxation and one hand resting in Richard's as it lay on his knee, sat Pearl.

A something that held in it all the fury of hell gripped Jeanette's heart. It was as if the blood in her veins suddenly congealed and yet were streams of fire. She stood still for a moment because she had neither the power to move or speak. Richard saw her and smiled a welcome. She recovered herself in an instant. "I beg your pardon, I thought you were alone?"

Pearl sprang to her feet. "I just happened to come in," she said confusedly, for in some indefinable way she sensed the feeling that surged in Jeanette. It was tacitly understood, any way, that Richard belonged to Jeanette, and no one had ever tried to dispute her right in any way.

"Sit still, Pearl," Richard said in a tone of gentle authority. "Here is a place for Jeanette," and he indicated the chair at his side. "Come, Jeanette, and enjoy the twilight with us."

Had Richard struck her or have driven her from his presence it could not have cut her more deeply than did his words, bearing as they did the implication that she was admitted as a spectator to something which held a special meaning for him and another woman.

Something welled up in Jeanette that was stronger than pride, stronger than love, something that held a cruelty and a ferocity which for the time swept away all of the gentleness and beauty of spirit that generations of culture had bequeathed to her. In that instant she knew why men skulk in the dark and strike down their fellow beings, she knew why fingers can fasten themselves around human throats and strangle the life out, she knew why accursed souls can poison the food and drink of which others are to partake. She came in and took the seat indicated, gracious and calm outwardly, but like a murderess inside. Pearl had dared to sit beside Richard and receive a caress from him.

Richard took up his book again but laid it down saying that it had grown too dark to see. Like a flash Jeanette seized the opportunity to crush this woman, humiliate her, make her a laughing stock to Richard,—this woman who but for a mere chance would now be scrubbing offices down town instead of sitting here with Richard.

"Pearl has the light there by the window, let her read." Pearl protested, but Jeanette insisted and Richard placed the book in her hands and added his own insistence. Pearl stumbled helplessly over the words, mispronouncing many, reading without understanding, betraying with every sentence her ignorance, her hopeless illiteracy. Jeanette listened with a mad kind of joy, a joy that was like the hissing of snakes, a joy like that with which an enraged tigress might tear its victim. To hear that into which Richard had woven his life, his soul, mutilated by this woman's voice—it was like a bloody triumph. This woman who had dared to sit beside Richard and receive a caress from him.

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Jeanette was alone at last in her room. The tempest tossed her soul and she walked back and forth, back and forth, "What have I done—what am I?" she cried. "I am not worthy—I have stooped to the lowest—I have done a dishonorable thing—I have done the thing that cowards do—that people with craven souls do—that women who are low and vile do—I am not worthy."

## TO THINKERS WHO THINK

No matter what your belief in relation to politics, society or religion, and no matter whether you agree with some of the conclusions of Herbert Spencer or not, it is of paramount importance to every THINKER to familiarize himself with the evolutionary system of that employed in Spencer's philosophy. There is no mental training more desirable and more necessary than that which arises from becoming familiar with the wonderfully systematic arrangement of that employed by Spencer. See ad. of Spencer's complete works on another page of "To-Morrow."

# The Constitution of Matter

BY A. BETTES.

## PART III.

Cell action and form is accounted for under the law of electro-kinetic and potential. Electro-kinetic energy produces the greatest wave amplitude at the center of the cell form and the shortest wave length or the least potential thereat. As the wave moves outwardly from the center of the form the wave amplitude (kinetic) will decrease while the wave length (potential) will increase until all of the kinetic energy of the center becomes changed into potential, thus forming the curved surface or surfaces of the cell. If the curved potential surfaces do not enter into a set condition the potential will immediately change back into kinetic energy with increasing velocity called acceleration. This change from potential into kinetic is called gravitation, while the change from kinetic into potential is called levitation. Gravitation is the downward force, that is, the force toward the center of the cell, and produces pressure which terminates in heat.

at the center, or near thereto, which heat force moves outwardly along the radical lines and gradually changes back into potential to become again the downward force. The ball thrown upwardly starts with the greatest kinetic energy which gradually changes into potential until all of its kinetic energy applied is changed into potential, then its potential begins to change into kinetic in its downward flight reaching the same kinetic condition at the initial point. In changing from kinetic into potential velocity decreases while in the change from potential into kinetic velocity increases. Watery vapor leaves the earth's rigid surface in a kinetic condition which gradually changes into potential in its outward movement the same as did the energies of the ball. When the kinetic energy of the vapor becomes changed into potential then it no longer moves along the radial line but takes up a motion at right angles thereto, as shown by movement of

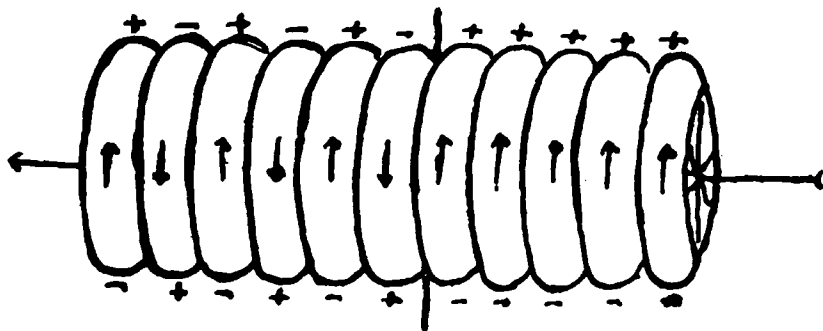


Fig 6.

the clouds which movement is along the curved potential surfaces as shown in Fig. 3. The reason why the ball immediately returned and the vapor did not is that the energy applied to the ball suffered change and not the ball by virtue of its rigidity, while the molecule of watery vapor suffers a force change into potential and is thus diverted into the curved potential surfaces of the atmosphere. Sense matter is electro-potential which

varies or shades off insensibly into kinetic matter. So we find throughout nature two extreme phases which are blended together by an intervening mean called the equal or neutral condition. Edison said that there are no single forces in nature, that there is a dualism throughout. When Newton announced "that every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle," he saw only one of the universal phases. Attraction without repulsion is as inconsistent as action without reaction. This single phase law of Newton, astronomers and many physicists are endeavoring to fit into a bi-phase universe, which results in many misfits and inconsistencies. The potential diverted to the curved surfaces of the cell may take a "set" and remain therein for a great period of time, thus giving stability and durability thereto. To break down this "set" requires kinetic energy applied thereto while kinetic energy liberates the latent potential and changes the same into kinetic, as observed in the burning of coal or wood. The change from potential into kinetic means the evolution of heat, while the reverse change means the absorption of heat. When the change from kinetic into potential and vice versa takes place within the cell without the influence of external force, the process is called adiabatic action which does not increase the magnitude of the cell. Induction or involution of external elements must take first before the cell becomes increased in magnitude or before evolution can take place. The solar cell must have involved its potential elements from the universal cell before the evolution of the solar cell could have taken place. The planet cell must have involved potential elements from the solar cell before the evolution of the planet could have occurred. So the molecule, atom, electron or any multiple thereof must have respectively involved from its prior parent cell before evolution of the successive cells could have possibly occurred. Involution is from a kinetic state into a potential state while evolution tends to the reverse. The exchange from kinetic chaos into potential cosmos and vice versa is always equal in magnitude though opposite in action. Newton observed these two equal exchanges with opposite phases when he formulated the law of action and reaction. The kinetic energy of the universe into its potential gives a universal constant. While the kinetic and the potential factors of the universal entity vary inversely their product or constant will obey the law of conservation. When the universal stock of kinetic energy disappears, an exact equivalent of potential energy appears, so that the sum total of the energy of the universe remains unchanged. As matter represents the potential phase of nature, it must vary as the potential factor varies; therefore, matter thus cannot obey the law of conservation. As the kinetic chaos decreases the potential cosmos increases and vice versa. This oscillation from one extreme to the other has taken place during time past and will so continue throughout time future. There must have been a time when the universe was in a kinetic state from which it may be swinging into a potential state or the reverse as the case may be. So the universal All is the universal kinetic factor into the universal potential. Heretofore we have treated of single cell action and form. Single cells may organize along a single axis forming a filament, fiber or tissue of cells; or they may organize along two or three axes of development forming sur-

face or solids of cells. The cells composing a filament, fiber or tissue become more or less compressed or flattened as shown in Fig. 6. This figure represents the form and arrangements of the blood cells or corpuscles as they circulate through the arteries and veins. The pressure of one cell against another will develop an elastic property longitudinally with the direction of the blood cell movement, which elastic property causes the corpuscles to spring into the chambers of the heart during expansion thereof. The blood corpuscles expand or contract in their transit through the circulating system, thereby evolving or involving heat, as the necessity requires, otherwise distributing the heat uniformly throughout the system. The kinetic blood corpuscles directed to the cortex cells of the brain become changed into potential corpuscles therein. The external kinetic forces, the same as light corpuscles, pass over the conducting nerve tissues to the potential cortex cells, unlocking the same and changing the occluded potential into kinetic which is then directed to some part of the system for motive work. In the potential of the cortex cell reside the emotions in a potential state which are changed to volition, consciousness or intelligence when touched with the finger of kinetic action. The cortex cell is only a receptacle for the potential forces or corpuscles. Remove the receptacle or disconnect it from the system, then the functions, volition, consciousness and intelligence, are destroyed. Stop the blood corpuscles from entering the cortex receptacle, then the higher functions of life stop also. The higher functions of life are seemingly resident in the blood corpuscle, which functions can be traced step by step through the various processes of transformation into and out of the three kingdoms of nature, terrestrially speaking, thence up the ladder of the sunbeam to the sun; thence to the universal system heretofore considered, which is the source of all volitions, consciousness and intelligence. The All in All and over All, which remains the same throughout eternity, although His factors kinetic and potential may change under laws heretofore considered. The heavens and the earth may pass away and a new heaven and earth may appear; yet, the Sum Total remains the same.

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## AN ACROSTIC

*To Grace Falkenburg.*

MYRA WELLER PAPPER.

Gently may Time's restless wing  
 Round thy life enfold;  
 And each year that passeth bring  
 Cherished hopes to blossoming,  
 Each full fruitage hold.

Friends to cheer in sorrow's hour  
 Always near thy side;  
 Love, the sweet and magic power;  
 Knowledge, life's unfading flower,  
 Each thy footsteps guide.

Never be thy soul dismayed.  
 Brave the storms that blow,  
 Using best of shine and shade.  
 Rich will be the harvest made,  
 Years that come and go.



# Reformatory for Reformers

BY C. S. CARR, M. D., COLUMBUS, OHIO.



What we want is a reformatory for reformers. A place to confine social and theological hen-hussies. The place should be well provided with padded cells for sensational preachers, wood-yard for short-haired dress reformers, chain-and-ball for anti-saloon cranks, a stonepile for peddlers of political purity. The country is getting too full of mischievous busy-bodies. Half-witted W. C. T. U.'s infest every cross-roads in the land. A horde of sexless, long-legged, toothless hags who wear blue rib-

bons, white ribbons, poke bonnets and whatnot. Communistic come-offers, with frayed pantaloons and dirty socks, obstruct street corners.

A very large stone building surrounded by high, thick walls, plenty of dungeons, heavy chains, cat-o'-nine-tails, bath tubs and horse syringes. A picked regiment of Texas-rangers with bronchos, spurs and lassos, to scour the country and drag them in by the neck at a gallop. Spare neither sex nor age.

Rid the country at once of all species of reformers, missionary-mountebanks, theological thimble-riggers, apocalyptic brawlers. Round them up. Drag them in. With lolling tongues and empty pockets flapping in the breeze. Bring them in at a gallop, regardless of time of day or weather. Every son-of-a-gun of them. Ordained or uncircumcised. Christened or unnaturalized. Every son-of-a-gun that shows the slightest symptoms of New Jerusalem jim-jams, or the faintest twinge of Bellamy-bellyache.

Single-tax paralytics, horn-blowing heretics, and goose-necked, horse-faced, expositors of the prophet Daniel. Neck and rope, horse and spur, bring them in at a mad gallop. Fill the air with sour petticoats of women's rights warblers. Pad the fence corners with the old scuffs of the walking delegate. Horse them in! Horse them in! At a pace that not a rag or scab, dead louse or tag-lock is left hanging to their miserable, juiceless bodies.

Bathe them in lye. Gargle them out with carbolic acid. Syringe them out with Platt's Chlorides. Deodorize them with quick-lime and guano. Scrub them with strong alkalis. Vaccinate them with Brown Sequard's Elixir of Life. Fumigate them with cigarettes and cod-liver oil. Massage them with pile-drivers. Anoint them with goose grease and scrape them off with the great Horn Spoon.—Selah.

Up-root the whole fraternity. Y. P. S. C. E.—pee-wees. Y. M. C. A.—Yaps. Epworth League—impotents. Foreign missionary hooded monkeys. Home missionary gilled bloodsuckers. Cow-faced Colporters. Yellow-tongued, empty-bellied, anti-tobacco gum-whistlers. Give them a free ride. A fast ride. On back and belly. Bounding from bog to boulder; from puddle to projection. Six rods at a lick, leaving a trail of cuticle, hair and rags, for the hungry dog and junk peddler.

Oh, for a reformatory for reformers! Oh, for a prison for poor-pussies! A penitentiary for peanut-piety. A jagged jail

for itinerant evangelists, who bray and bully-rag with Bible and Billingsgate, while barren old maids simper and whimper in greasy admiration. Everybody who has the slightest wish to reform anybody or anything. Oh, for the Black Hole of Calcutta, to stuff to the brim with dropsical drones, who fancy they can fix up things, improve creation, better the course of nature, push Providence, elevate evolution, hurry history, or hamper hell.

Horse them in! Round them up! In singles, doubles or droves! Flock them in! Force them in! In motley multitudes and shrieking congregations! Ride them down! Slip-noose them in! Pause not. "Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath." Exterminate them. Rid the earth of their ceaseless shuffle and the air of their meaningless mumble. Let peace reign once more.

No, I'll take it all back. I was only just fooling, but it was surely fun saying it that way.

Let them alone, they will kill themselves. Each and every one of them will die slowly, lingeringly, agonizingly. Futility of futilities will be their epitaph.

I feel sorry for the whole bunch. I really do. I would not add to their agony, nor harrow their horror. Let them peter out with paresis and paralysis. Their forgotten follies will not follow them. Their picturesque puerility is pitiable, pitiful and putrid. Each one will rot in his own rut. Waste neither horse nor lasso nor rider on things dying or already dead.

Thus endeth the twenty-third chapter of the twenty-third book of Skidoo-skedaddle.

## A TEMPEST AT NIGHT.

BY FRANK MONROE BEVERLY.

The sun has dropped below the sea,  
And grim Night stalks abroad,  
All nature's changed her wonted face,  
At her stern presence awed.

The angry clouds obscure the sky.  
The star-sown fields are hid,  
The scathing lightning flashes red,  
The lowering heavens mid.

Fast fall the scattered raindrops big,  
Loud pattering on the roof,  
And by the lightning's flash I see  
Wind-shaken trees, aloof.

Now denser grow the falling drops,  
Until the waters pour;  
To fury stirred, the elements  
In consternation roar.

But midst the fury of the storm  
The tree-toad sings his lore:  
"I like it-o, I like it-o,"  
Is heard above the roar.

# The Race Problem

BY MAUDE MEREDITH.

The cry of the South is, "The white race *will not* be ruled by the black." Why this outcry? I have seen no inclination of the black to rule. In the North he is a porter or table waiter; in the South, the laborer.

The Irish nation polices our country. The Irish and German control our city politics. I have nowhere seen the Negro try to rule.

I find the Negro race predominates in the South. Very well, what about it? I find, also, that this is the race, pre-eminently, that does the labor of the South. I find that they are, literally, the "hewers of wood and the drawers of water."

I have now been traveling over the South for three months and have never yet seen a white man or white woman do a particle of manual labor. I have looked over this laboring class, compared it with what I am accustomed to in the North, and here are some of the results:

I have not seen a Negro murderer since I have been in the South. Have not seen a hold-up man on the streets. Not a posse of colored train robbers. Not an assassin. Not a walking delegate haranguing a vicious crowd of "union" black men, urging shorter hours and more pay. Have not seen a man dirked, nor a woman terrorized by an impudent and fear-inspiring rag peddler.

All these things are a part of every day life in the North.

But I find that the Southern white feels that he wants to get rid of the descendants of the black man, whose ancestor *his* ancestor bought and brought here. He does not tell me that the Negro is to blame for being here, but that he wants to get rid of him.

What would the South do without the Negro? Who would do the work? Who would cultivate the fields, and who would cook the food, and who would run the patent laundry, which I see seems to consist of an iron kettle down by the branch?

If I had a sufficiently long scoop I would be glad to scoop up every colored man and woman in the South, and set them down on the waiting fields of our great Northwest, where labor is so desperately needed. Luckily for the South, I cannot do it, for it would mean absolute ruin, stagnation and starvation for the people.

But I am answered, "We intend to import laborers from Europe." Well, and you'll want to export some of them worse than you ever before wanted to do anything in your lives.

When the people of the South, who are still branded with the stamp of the evil influence of slavery, who are used to the "meek" Negro, who expect him to do their work for low wages, live as he can, and not answer back, find themselves in the hands of vicious, high-tempered, exacting, over-bearing whites, largely the scum of Europe, and find their lives are never safe from treachery nor their houses from thieves, then they will realize "where they are at."

Here is something I clipped from the *Savannah News*: "The other day the *Atlanta Constitution* printed a communication recommending a better religious training for Negroes as a remedy

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for criminal inclination. There is no doubt that if all, or a part, of the money now sent to foreign missions were devoted to the moral education of the Negro children, there would be brought about a marked improvement in the Negro race."

If, instead of this silly whining about sending the Negro out of the country, the country would pay the Negro for his work, educate him, set him a good example, and give him a chance, there would be no "problem" to mouth over.

It is not so much "religion" that the Negro needs as knowledge. He seems to have quite sufficient religion, such as it is, but he needs to be taught ambition, cleanliness, the out and out Godliness of genuine, honest, hard work.

But who is to teach him? All he knows is the white man, who erstwhile owned him, who considered work the greatest disgrace—and still does—who does not know how to do good work himself, nor teach the Negro how to do so.

A man whose red nose and shaking hands told their own story said to me yesterday: "I've never done a day's work in my life, and never intend to. I hain't laid by any crop this year. Couldn't get help." I asked if the Negro would not work. "Why," he answered, with the rising inflection of supreme disgust, "the — nigger don't want to work by the day; he wants to work by *hissself*."

This seems to be the greatest sin of the Negro. He wants to have a home of his own, wants to cultivate his own land, keep his children at home; wants, in short, to be a man, not a chattel. So far as I can see, he is eminently willing to be a black man. I don't find him saying an evil word of the white race. I don't find him trying to drive out the whites, or injure them, or defraud them. I didn't find black men marrying white women. I see no white women with yellow children. Yet the South is full of yellow faces.

The "race problem" is no problem at all, but the *work problem* is almost as great in the South as in the North. Not as great, by any means, because the Southern whites are not stirring and energetic. They don't sow a thousand acres to wheat, nor plant a vineyard of three thousand acres, but what little work must be done they feel above doing.

However unjust in the eyes of God slavery may have been, the present outcome of it seems to have been a benefit to the Negro, a step in advance for the race, but it has certainly been, as one Southerner remarked to me, "Hell for the whites." When the Southern white will get out his Bible and read, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," the problem of the South will be solved.

## CHILD LABOR, EDUCATION, SOCIALISM

A REPLY TO FRANCIS B. LIVESY.

Dear Comrades of TO-MORROW: I have heard and read many attacks on Socialism, but never have I met one so stupidly bitter and so void of logical thought as the one published in April TO-MORROW. If Mr. Livesey's words were tempered a little with sweet reasonableness, one could forgive somewhat his crude reasoning. As it is, one must be all the more compassionate, for a bitter-minded man is a sorry sight.

Next time you write, Mr. Livesey, remember the Socialists are men and women who are striving all their might, often at a great sacrifice, to make the world a little better than they found it.

Sincerely yours,  
JOHN C. TEEVAN.

# The Pall-Bearers

BY GERALD CHRISTIAN, London, England.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." St. Luke, xviii, 16.

To-day, in every nation under Christendom, there are millions of children—under the age of fifteen—obliged to work for a living. This is brought about because their parents are too poorly paid to sustain them. And the manufacturers, traders, merchants, etc., make use of this child labor to increase their profits. Where they would have to pay a man, say 20/- per week, they get the same work done by children for 5/-, and in many cases for less. Legislation is doing nothing to put a stop to this iniquity, therefore the legislature is not only an accomplice of the act; but, having the power to forbid this crime being enacted day after day, and not doing so, it is *responsible* for the whole barbarous system.—AUTHOR.

Wealthy nations, young and hoary,  
Boast of aping, brute renown;  
Tune your war-songs, void of glory,  
Fly your flags in every town!

But from out each raving city—  
Rising to the roofless dome—  
Parts the sound of songless pity,  
Coming from each hungry home.

Hear their hymn, O nations hear them—  
They, the slavelings born in slime!  
Few have learned to love, none fear, them—  
*Such* are only food for crime!

But, arise, ye just and human!  
Must their voice invoke in vain?  
What are ye, then, man and woman,  
That ye hear and feel no pain?

Scarce their little feeble fingers  
Put to task a treach'rous tool,  
Fact'ry fittings are their singers,  
Fact'ry "fiction" is their school.

Morn doth never bring them gladness,—  
Sun rays never see them wake;  
Starved and sore, they speak of sadness,  
When the gladd'ning dawn doth break.

Dragg'd from bed—when others, resting,  
Never dream that bairns so small  
Are already up, and hasting  
To the dreaded whistle's call.

There to reap their meagre rations,  
At the cost of life and health,—  
That the mongers of the nations  
May horde up their mighty wealth!

Woodlands never see them wander,  
 When the trees their beauty take;  
 Nightfall never makes them ponder,  
 Watching twinkling stars awake.

These are children void of childhood;  
 Flowers blasted in the bud;  
 Sprigs that, strangled in the wildwood,  
 Richer make the ruthless mud!

They know not the charms of Nature,  
 Naught of beauty, time and space;  
 Lashed to work by *legislature*;  
 Victims of a raving race.

Aye, the glory! See these millions  
 Working out their weary lives,  
 That the wealth may pile in trillions,  
 And each *thoughtful* nation thrives!

March along, O false Elation,—  
 Time shall trace your shameful tracks;  
 See — the “glories” of each nation  
 Borne by feeble, aching backs!

## NOTE.

While factory life of eight and ten hours a day for the profit of greedy plutocrats offers in no sense a proper educational environment for children, still as between this extreme and the “idleness” plan of bringing up children with no provision for making useful work a part of a child’s rearing, unquestionably the sweat shop system is the better of the two.

It is unfortunate that nearly all humanitarians who discuss “child labor” merely imply “idleness” as the other alternative instead of taking a middle ground and projecting a plan of industrial education to provide for every boy and girl at least three or four hours of *useful work* each day which in conjunction with proper hours for recreation, suitable time also to be provided for music, drawing and book culture, would have better results in the way of rearing balanced human beings, would train the muscles to become handy in the use of tools and establish the characteristics of industry, originality and initiative on a firm basis, without impairing the mental or physical health of the child.—EDITOR.

DEAR SERCOMBE:

I take much pleasure in reading TO-MORROW. You seem to take a calm consideration of all questions and be willing to freight up at all stations. Keep your headlight of reason lit, ballast up with the sand of courage, clear the track with the plow of determination, open the throttle of wisdom, throw off the brakes, whistle and let her go. Yours,

JAMES HART,

# Consolation

BY WALTER HURT.

I long for you—this song for you  
Is faith's responsive call;  
I do not think it wrong for you  
To love me over all.  
I know, wherever I may be,  
Your heart, where'er you are,  
Still beats for me, still meets my plea  
As steadfast as a star.

Though weary leagues lie long between  
The spots where we abide,  
And many months now intervene  
Since I went from your side,  
No time nor space can separate  
The tender hearts and true,  
For love has learned to hope and wait  
The years of yearning through.

I dreamed the vintage of success  
To sip, and find it sweet,  
But drain the dregs of last distress  
And aloes of defeat.  
Upon the world's wide battle-field,  
Where my lost fight was made,  
I cling unto a shattered shield  
And grasp a broken blade.

By aiming high I missed each mark  
That Triumph held in view,  
Yet through the distance and the dark  
I reach my hands to you.  
And though for me no beacon-light  
Guides to life's golden goal,  
I feel your love's white arms tonight  
Embrace my stricken soul.

## TO-MORROW'S CHANGE OF POLICY

To-Morrow announces that, commencing with the August number, it will add a Health and Rational Food Department; that is, while continuing as an exponent of Rational Life and Thought, it will bring its philosophy to bear in a practical way and not only teach the gospel of Rational Food, Rational Dress and Rational Exercise, but will manufacture and supply the trade with **TESTED FOODS** and conduct a **HEALTH HOME** for patients on Rational To-Morrow lines.

The Editor will accept pupils by mail and in class in **THE SCIENTIFIC INTERPRETATION OF LIFE**, either for purposes of cure or for study, and the entire space in the magazine will be taken up by the Staff Editors, so that very little if any room will be left for outside contributors.

The Editor and assistants are athletes, non-meat eaters, are abstemious in all ways, lead the Simple Life, know the philosophy of fasting, and, by rational Nature Methods, they declare that they can bring back any patient to health and happiness who is not already so completely broken down that there is nothing left to build upon.

# Selfishness

BY RALPH E. SAMMONS.



Can we really maintain, as does Comrade Kuehn, for instance, that every thought and act of our lives is selfish? I think not.

Comrade Kuehn, in his dependence on the force and brilliancy of his logic, is very likely to overlook fundamentals, and has done so in this case. His term, "enlightened selfishness," signifying good done with the expectation and knowledge that it will be good for us, does not escape selfishness, and at the same time, does not cover the whole remaining field of thought, feeling and action.

For selfishness is entirely a matter of motive—of emotion—and a course of action, or a single act, that is followed by satisfactory results in the way of joy and happiness or goods, does not necessarily brand it as selfish. It depends completely upon the purpose in the heart.

We will not here try to study out the evil effects of selfishness, because all of us see and feel them daily in and about us, but let us try to find the differences and distinctions in selfishness, altruism, and unselfishness, and the effects of the latter, if it were applied generally to our daily lives and social relations.

Selfishness presupposes action, done consciously, or habitually from former consciously motivated acts, with the intention and purpose that it shall react gainfully or beneficially according to a definite plan. With this design and aim, the greatest "altruistic" effort is lowered to a self-gratification.

This selfishness has given rise to our private ownership society, which has mothered and nourished the great capitalist system of industry, whereby it is possible for one party to gain the ownership and control of a great amount of the natural wealth of the Earth, and with this power, to suppress and oppress others for private gain and personal possessions. And this same attitude has been the destructive and disintegrating force in all attempts at "group life" to date.

This mode of life has come into such general acceptance as the only way to get on in the world, that the great majority never stop to think of its baneful influences, nor its eventual goal of individual and social ill-health. But its own power and methods shall eventually work for its disintegration and death—the natural death of all organisms and conditions that have served their allotted time, giving place to transformations and new adjustments of their particles that shall embody more of harmony, health, and brotherhood.

Selfishness is often opposed in thought and meaning to altruism, but it should be used more correctly as opposed to *unselfishness* only. For altruism gives one the impression of action done with the avowed purpose of giving in such a way as shall rebound to the credit of the donor, either in goods, reputation, or position.



Very often "altruistic" effort takes the form of pure selfishness, as in the case of the rich, who give to "sweet charity" or some already over-gorged capitalist school, in order that they may be heralded abroad as a munificent benefactor. Or perhaps more often in these cases, they give that they may bribe their accusing consciences, for having robbed a portion of their brethren of a proper share of the Earth's bounteous endowment to all creatures.

It is very difficult, for minds contaminated with the poison of our present set of greed and graft convictions, to grasp a conception of the fullness of an unselfish soul and its stamp of feeling, thought, and action. But there are such, born of a union of Trust and Love.

Come! Loll with me on the grassy slope for a short while, and let us build air castles in the genial sunshine. Let your imagination erect for you, on the foundation of a universal law, a structure of beautiful material and of matchless proportion—a dream edifice.

The Soul that has an abiding trust in the Justice of the Laws of Life, and an unbounded love for the Unity of all Life manifestations; the Soul that does its work and performs useful, helpful service in any capacity for love—love, either for the work itself, or for that person or purpose for which the work is done—cannot correctly have the appellation of a selfishness applied to it.

I grant you that it is to such free spirits as these to which the greatest returns come, in the way of friendship, love, and the necessities and comforts of life. It is the person who relinquishes all claim to personal gain and all ownership considerations, and who depends upon his service to those about him, who can have anything on the earth within his reach or the reach of his friends. It is only when a person becomes self-seeking that there is a barrier raised up between him and his fellowmen.

But merely because there are great rewards to the loving giver does not necessarily imply selfish motives in the service. He takes no thought of getting, because he has no need; the things necessary for his character development and general welfare are ever at hand—the natural result of his untiring devotion and labor of love. His joy and happiness in ministration leave no room for selfishness.

Now lift the door from the cage of imagination and let it soar to the highest peaks and view a marvelously fair panorama.

In a society where there should be no private ownership nor desire for it; where there should be comradeship and loving service to the community in which each individual should find itself; where the little children should be trained up in a self-reliant and free atmosphere, with some chance to let their natural desires, inherent in their beings, reach full expression; there would we have a poised, rational basis of living, opulence for all units, an independent womanhood and a free motherhood, with only love as ruler over all. With each and all filled with the desire for kindly service, with no monopoly of the natural forces and products of Nature, no hoarding and no poverty, we will have realized the Co-operative Commonwealth, the New Democracy, a condition far surpassing even the wildest fancies of Socialism or Anarchism.

This vision is prophetic. We have the foundation for the castle and the plans are being tested. More and more of those who are awakening and beginning to think out the meaning of life and its use, are working at the perfection of the plans in accordance with the Pattern of Nature. More and more are our philosophy and religion allying themselves with this purpose. Co-opération and Brotherhood—freedom of thought and speech—are being recognized and encouraged.

Truth is to become the only guide, leading us into the ways of love and unity, and brotherly kindness to all creatures.

## TROT OUT YOUR DICTIONARY

BY MAUDE MEREDITH.

A writer in a recent issue of To-MORROW, under the head of "Inspiration in General," says:

"The street laborer, dependent upon the labor of his hands and feet for a crust of bread, is 'inspired' to labor, exactly as the artist, the musician, the poet and the preacher are 'inspired.' The impulse of the laborer to labor, that he may have something to put in his stomach, is in the last analysis the same as that which moves the players to play, the singer to sing and the writer to write."

Now, being in the habit of wasting valuable time on writing what I, perhaps mistakenly, call poetry, from an inward push that I suppose to be "inspiration," the real thing, and not having been driven to the work in order to "earn a crust of bread," as the good Lord knows one would starve if they waited for poetry to feed them; and as I know from personal experience that the inward push that makes a fellow "hustle" for the "crust" is absolutely and entirely another kind of feeling, I just naturally referred the matter to Webster's Unabridged for decision. I find the definition of "Inspiration" as being—selecting the most general sense—"The act of exercising an elevating influence upon the intellect or emotions; an extraordinary elevation of the imagination or other power of the soul."

The writer further says:

"Where do I get my inspiration?"

Where the road digger gets his."

To my notion a gauntness in the pit of the stomach is in no wise inspiration. A desire to put a beautiful thought into fitting words is.

It is true both sensations are felt "inside."

But in this day of thought transference, of hypnotic control, of mind reading, and of trance, of clairvoyance and claudience, it seems to me the person who takes it upon himself to make a statement that all thought, of influence—to be explicit, "inspiration"—is a thought of the personal mind, forced into notice by some call of the physical, is assuming a preternatural knowledge of the workings of thought, that he would have a "Dickens" of a time in an attempted demonstration.

It is all right to assert what we know, but guess-work is to truth what fog is to the sea, a necessity for fog horns.

I like To-MORROW, it has the right ring and gives the true state of the race question. I am 80 years old, was born and raised in Mississippi. My father had slaves. We all grew up together in the same field and so I know what I am talking about.

Yours truly,

O. H. OVERSTREET.

# Department of Natural Living

## NATURAL LIVING PHILOSOPHY

BY LOUIS DUCHEZ.

Be yourself. Be natural and sensible, regardless of customs and traditions. These were established for the government of ignorant tribes centuries ago by the kings, and not for the sensible human beings of to-day. Break from them—it may require a little courage—but you can do it, and the struggle will make you a stronger man or woman.

These "sacred things" are the greatest form of Despotism that the Race has to deal with to-day. They prevent us from Impersonal Thinking and acting, and they make us slaves of "ghosts." We think they are a part of us and would die if we gave them up, when, with a little *Impersonal Thinking* we could easily see that they originated with the ancient kings, grew up around kings, and have been handed down to us as "Infallible Laws," which we must obey. They are the shackles that hold us down to Ignorance.

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Be happy. A cheerful disposition, under all circumstances, is the result of a proper view of the meaning of life. To be otherwise is to be unnatural, narrow and ignorant. Wisdom makes a man contented, it leads him to see life in wholesale and not from the standpoint of "pet notions." The wise man is a Constructive Thinker. Are you wise?

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Be good. Virtue is the Treasure of the Wise. The man that is really Good cannot be otherwise. To him Nature is the Teacher, and in the manifestations of her handiwork he gets his lessons for his daily life. He sees her beauty and enjoys her songs. Be Good and you will Live.

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Be hopeful. It is the birth-right of every living atom to hope. The plant, sleeping beneath the snows, unknown and forgotten for a time, living in the bouyancy of expectation that the Spring with its sun and rain will throw ajar the doors of the tomb of Winter that it may claim its new birth, has a hope that surpasses the fondest dreams of the Idealist. The vibrations of its entity tells it that there awaits a broader, nobler and fuller life. It pictures in its own little consciousness the green stems, the unfolding flowers and the waves of perfume riding the breezes.

Why, then, should not human beings have the same hope? Why, then, should not man believe in himself, his source and his destiny? All Nature is governed by the same law. When we get the great fact established in our minds that the same Law that causes the planets to circle in space, the flowers to bloom, the birds to fly, the tide to rise, the vines to climb, and the hundred other manifestations in human life, we cannot avoid knowing that we, too, are a part of the same great system, and the same Law is the Teacher of our Real Progress.

We urge upon our comrades to form the habit of reading and study. To lead the Natural Life the mind must be exercised as well as the muscles. It is a harmonious relationship between the two that developes a well rounded being.

Select books that follow the line of your Better Self. Read with an aim, and not in a desultory manner. For those that seek advice as to what books to read, so as to form a clear conception of life, we request them to write to us. We will tell you just what to begin with, so that the study will be a pleasure and not a labor, as is the case with so many in seeking advancement along the line of Constructive Thinking.

Mr. Sercombe's Course in Fundamental Thinking, mentioned elsewhere in this issue, may be just the thing for some of you. It is not "dreamy," as so many teachings along advanced lines are. The author is a practical man, who has spent years in study and experimentation in every department of human knowledge. He has gathered into a system "the accumulated learning" of our time, and from this he has evolved a philosophy that offers a solution for every problem that confronts the human race. In his own words, "The sum of all scientific knowledge forms a Net Work of Facts and Principles which, properly understood, will guide you to the Truth in every field of inquiry." In applying for admission the applicant must write an essay of not more than two hundred words, containing his best thought on a favorite subject.

Since the scientific food fad has taken hold of the new thought people, there have sprung up all over the country food manufacturing concerns claiming that they have a diet that will renew the youth, etc. Many of them are good, but there are others that play upon the fads of the public. As advocates of Rational Eating we are making arrangements to test different cereals, etc., and supply our readers with the pure article. The reader will notice that this is a move wholly in harmony with our policy. Questions regarding the selection of foods are requested.

Our readers' attention is called to our "Peek-a-boo" Shoes, advertised elsewhere in To-Morrow. They are our latest addition to Rational Living goods. We have a large stock of them, just imported from Mexico. Send for a pair, \$1.50, postpaid. Also send for a pair of our "Vegetarian Socks." They are the best thing out for anti-meat eaters. They are 40 cents a pair, postpaid.

## FOOD AND MEDICINE

BY DR. WILLARD CARVER.

There is no food but natural food. The most hair-brained, wild-eyed philosopher of New Thought has never seriously promulgated the conception of artificial food.

It is of no consequence what is done to a certain substance, classified as food products, say, wheat, barley, beef, nuts and the like, they still remain food and good food, too, so long as they retain the properties required by the digestive system into which they shall go, but if, when they enter the organism intended for food, they are not of the chemical consistency required by the organism at that particular time, they to that system are not *food*, and cannot be utilized as such. If the particular thing chosen to eat shall prove to be wholly repugnant to the digestive system into which it is introduced, no matter whether it is in its natural state or has been *naturally* boiled, fried or stewed, it will not remain, but will produce such unfriendly and bellicose surroundings that rebellion will result in revulsion and the intruder will be landed unsustained and alone in the cold, hard world.

If the part eaten proves to be not wholly obnoxious it may remain in the system, the obnoxious element producing, by unfriendly chemical combination, many untoward and sometimes damaging effects until it is neutralized by combination with other chemicals or is ejected from the system.

It will thus be seen that the question of whether a given product is *food* cannot be determined before it is eaten. How many times you have sat down to a table spread with those things you have been wont to consider the very best of food, with an appetite keen and ready, and before finishing the meal have been forced to beat a hasty retreat to give those products to the free winds. A few later efforts to eat resulting the same way, you have asked your medical doctor for the cause. After an examination of your pulse, tongue and temperature—which had about as much to do with it as the rabbit's foot you wore on your watch-fob—told you that you were bilious, or—which was still farther from specific—your stomach was out of order, all because your poor stomach at that particular time had a radically different view of what constituted food for it than your view of what constituted food. If you had known what your stomach would have accepted as food you could have eaten it with impunity.

It follows that all the multi-various talk about pure, natural and unadulterated food in the last analysis is degraded to a discussion of the "Preponderance of the Evidence," and not the "proof." In other words, all are agreed that those are the foods to be sought after, yea, to be had at any price. But the proof that an article is food must be the specific test and will be found not to inhere in the chemical constituency of the proposed substance for consumption nor yet in the chemical contents of the digestive system to be used, but in the harmony existing between the two when admixed.

Until it can be shown that the chemical consistency of the contents of the stomach, or any other part of the digestive organs, can be instantly and accurately ascertained, all discussion of food must be based purely upon speculation. That is to say, its basis must be hypothetical—pure unadulterated theory—only saved from shocking ridiculousness by the fact that it is fashionable now, and from the dawn of history has been, to eat diluted products which are composed principally of water and containing a small amount of solids with a still smaller amount of active chemicals. It thus happens that, generally speaking, notwithstanding our grievous mistakes as to what at any particular time is food to our digestive apparatus, we are mercifully spared many grave results because the chemical antagonism is thus rendered not of sufficient malignity.

The number of cases where the malignity of the chemical antagonism resulting from forcing upon an unprepared digestive system a *supposed* food results in deadly poisoning are about in proportion to those that have met with a congenial chemical condition from the administration of drugs. The deductions are logical and natural and can be readily made by the reader.

The law that only those substances that are chemically congenial to the digestive system at a given time are food is based upon a fact destined to dethrone and overthrow the so-called science of medicine, which is, that it is impossible to know the chemical consistency of the contents of the digestive system at a given time, and, therefore, impossible to select a chemical or medical agent, known before experiment, to be congenial to it or helpful, or even not dangerous. All of which is only another way of saying that there are no specifics in medicine, which fact even its most ignorant votaries will freely admit.

Of course the above applies to treatment of disease by medicine and not to the science of chemistry. The science of chemistry sustains the same relation to medication as the high sounding twaddle of the whole-wheater, natural fooders, nut-eaters, non-porkers, non-meaters does to the actual specific question of what is *food* in a *real* case at a *given* time, which is actually none at all, although because of nature's extreme kindness in the hour of error it is rendered difficult for us to realize this inexorable fact.

The study of chemistry only serves to refine the *guessing* power of the medicator. All this speculation and exploitation of food theories serves in the end the same purpose to the eater, his guessing ability is much more *refined*, but not one whit more *certain* than before.

The rules which should govern eating are simple, natural and easily understood. They may be stated as follows:

1. Learn the capacity of the stomach and never exhaust it, even to be a "good fellow."

2. Eat anything your appetite craves, eating it slowly, carefully and thoroughly. Even the swine flesh which Brother Huckins anathematizes, remembering that like the farmers to whom he referred the hog "is the pure and undefiled child of Mother Earth."

3. Make radical changes in your products for food often, covering in your selection the entire chemistry of the body, so far as known, thus giving nature the factors for elaboration. You will come to grief now and then in the application of this rule, because of an obnoxious chemical admixture. It cannot be helped, and is the best you can do, but if you keep the two preceding rules, the results of such an accident are little likely to be grave.

4. *Never eat what you fear.*

5. Do not *fear* what you have eaten.

Remember, it is not what you do, but how you do it that makes for success, and that it is of little consequence what you eat from the standpoint of health, but it is all important how you eat and how you live.

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With all due respect to Dr. Carver, surely he must admit that it is not the stomach but the *body* that is the arbiter of *what is food*.

The body may be craving nourishment, good food may be received into the stomach and expelled, and still be the very food that would best nourish the body.

On the assumption that stomachs as a rule have not been abused and perverted from their normal powers of discrimination, it might be rational to suppose that it always works in perfect harmony with the desires and needs of the body for nourishment, but how well we know that this is not the case. We know that stomachs are abused and perverted and we know they may often refuse the very food most desirable for purposes of nutrition.

EDITOR.

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Fasting would never be necessary, if people ate only natural foods in a natural and rational manner. If we ate food only when really *hungry* for it, then understood and ate only what the system was calling for, and ate it in the proper way, masticating it until thoroughly insalivated or until all taste had disappeared, there could never be a digestive ill. But because of the unnatural foods we eat, that deplete energy and create abnormal conditions; because of our eating at "meal time" whether hungry or no; and because we take no care or thought and exercise no control over the only part of the digestive processes which is subject to our direct volition, it becomes necessary to give the body a rest from its over-crowding to allow it to recuperate and cleanse itself. Either give yourself a rest occasionally from your gorging, or you will rest permanently in a much shorter time than necessary. Get your thinker to working, and straighten yourself out. Line up with Nature!

Editor TO-MORROW: I have read the February TO-MORROW nearly through and I have been asking myself "What is Freedom?" Or what is the kind that is valuable and worth trying to get?

The first answer that comes to one is this: To be free to get a sufficient amount of knowledge and ability to act in harmony with all of Nature's laws, for then I need not much thought of man's laws and opinions. This, I think, would be the top notch of Freedom.

In the meantime would I make faster progress toward this end if I should try to make radical changes in human laws, where they seem to restrain me in some of my seemingly natural desires?

It seems as if this would be to begin at the wrong end and waste a lot of strength that would be better spent in getting a true knowledge of Nature's laws, for who can change a law of Nature, and what good would a freedom be that ignores, through purpose or ignorance, any of Nature's good and careful laws?

Even these same human laws we think we do not like really cut no figure at all in comparison to the laws of Nature. They should take up very little of the average man's thoughts, while his every faculty of mind should be given to putting himself carefully into harmony with Mother Nature. Then will a kind of freedom be reached that will be worth talking about.

Now, the worst thing that shows up against our race is that they are such slow learners, but perhaps there is another way of counting time from that which we have.

If anyone thinks it is not hard to follow Nature fully, let him think carefully how far-reaching she is, and into how many different places and events she takes the leading part. Please show, if you can, the least or greatest thing that is not held fast by the unchanging grip of Nature, and when that law is complied with, the touch is as soft as silk, but when attempt is made from design or ignorance to anything not in accordance therewith, then there is a tightening grip, and a corresponding lack of freedom. Through our short-sightedness we sometimes lay the cause of this lack of freedom to some human agency, and of course we attack some human law or some phase of public opinion. And so by acting from a mistaken standpoint we step out of freedom into more or less slavery. One mistake leads to another and this is the way Nature treats those who juggle with her. If a careful observation is taken I think we shall find our greatest progress is made along the exact lines of Truth, which is measured by exact conformity to all of Nature's laws, and that therein lies true Freedom.

WILLIAM E. MANN,  
Norfolk, Mass.

Mr. Mann has the proper idea of freedom. He easily deserves a standing with "The Thinkers." What we want is more men and women of his caliber who will live and preach this gospel to others. The only natural way to live is to mold our lives in accordance with the beautiful and unchanging laws of Nature. Any other system will bring disorder.—Editor.

## GET OUT—WAKE UP

BY AMAZONIA.

Come, Sercombe, you Giant, you ought to be out wrestling with the "elements," and getting close to the source of things, close to the rivers that really satisfy, close to the free access to life and love and useful work. By useful work I used to understand the work that benefited others, but now I know it to be the work that benefits ourselves and that we cannot be so very useful to others except by letting them alone.

Out after the early worm at the first peep of morning you get as much of life as possible before the sun goes down, for "BREATH IS LIFE" and *such air* as we have to breathe! I live all day next to the Earth and sometimes I lie right down on it and hug it, it seems so good and so "placid and self-contained." I am in a kind of transport of joy here, only that I wish every one could have so much joy, but I guess they can't for the sole reason that they are not ready for it and couldn't enjoy it if they had more.

If the earth isn't the source of life it must certainly be very near to the source, for we draw from it every really useful thing: life, love, joy, truth, muscles, bones, liver, and everything else worth having. When I get so close to earth and life any other kind of work seems so artificial and so empty of results that it seems a pity almost for you to spend your days in writing and talking to those who do not understand and I hope that some day you will lay down your pen and take up your shovel and hoe and hammer and axe and demonstrate the principles of life and love and freedom and really express yourself as you cannot there.

You can't be natural there; you can't be yourself; you can neither work nor enjoy life in that abnormal place. You have simply no chance to be free. It will do you good to go camping with McPherson this summer and I think a few weeks of it will so free you from the burdens you are now under that you will never be satisfied to go back if you have to make you a dugout and flock all alone by yourself. You would make a very good circle of friends all by yourself, and we do not have so much and so good company at any time as when we are alone or with those of whom we are a part.

Yesterday we gathered armfuls of water lilies and turtles and seaweeds and chased ducks across the lake. The men go bathing and diving off the pier and it is great fun to see them in the water. They look like pond lilies, with only their heads above water, and we could only imagine them to be human beings when they squirted the water out of their noses and mouths, for pond lilies as a rule are not embellished with those superficial adornments.

The dog and I sat on the pier and dangled our tail and feet respectively over the edge into the water and resisted the impolite advances of the mosquitoes and philosophized about life and heaven and hell, only we don't think so very much about hell, either, come to think about it.

## Bureau of Group Organization

The following is an alphabetical list of coöperative and group movements, the number to be increased and corrected from time to time as the information comes to our hands:

Altruist Community.....	1452 Webster Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Arden (Single Tax).....	Grubbs P. O., Del.
Amana Society.....	Amana, Iowa
Beacon Company.....	Aberdeen, S. D.
Bryngolen.....	Ilfracombe, Eng.
Bureau of Helpfulness .....	Box 54, Collinwood, O.
Colorado Coöperative Company.....	Nucla, Colo.
Coöperative Assn. of America...5	Park Square, Boston, Mass.
Coöperative Mnfg. Company..315	E. Wall St., Fort Scott, Kan.
Co-operative Commonwealth of America	

451 Van Buren St., Chicago

Co-operative Brotherhood .....	Burley, Wash.
Evergreens.....	Ollalla, Wash.
Fellowship Farm.....	Westwood, Mass.
Fraternal Homemakers' Society...70	Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
General Industrial Company.....	Ruskin, Ga.
Golden Rule Fraternity..604	D. S. Morgan Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.
Helicon Home Colony.....	Englewood, N. J.
Home Colony.....	Lake Bay, Wash.
Home Employment Company.....	Long Lane, Mo.
Koreshan Community.....	Estero, Fla.
League of American Homesteads.....	

.....425½ So. Campbell St., Springfield, Mo.

Le Claire Group.....Edwardsville, Ill.  
Lloyd Group.....Westfield, N. J.  
Los Angeles Fellowship.....Los Angeles, Cal.  
Martha McVister.....Kenashaw Ave., Washington, D. C.  
Modern Harvesters.....17 E. 5th St., St. Paul, Minn.  
Mutual Home Association.....Home, Wash.  
New Clairvaux .....Montague, Mass.  
Oneida Community.....Oneida, N. Y.  
Physical Culture City.....Spotswood, N. J.  
Right Relationship League.....427 Reaper Block, Chicago, Ill.  
Rose Valley Group.....1624 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Roycrofters.....East Aurora, N. Y.  
Ruskin Commonwealth.....Ruskin, Ga.  
Salvation Army.....120 West Fourteenth St., New York City  
Single Tax City.....Fairhope, Ala.  
Society of Believers .....Mount Lebanon, N. Y.



Spirit Fruit Society.....Ingleside, Ill.  
 Straight Edge.....1 Abingdon Square, New York City  
 The Israelite House of David.....Benton Harbor, Mich.  
 The Ruskin Coöperators.....516 Reaper Block, Chicago, Ill.  
 To-Morrow City Movement....2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The above are all successes whether they fail or not, because they are planting the ideas of group life and group ownership.

If you cannot select the one with which you prefer to unite, let us assist you to do so.

## A PROSPEROUS COLONY

Dear Comrade:

Yours suggesting that I send you something of the General Industrial Company is received and appreciated.

The company is conducted along co-operative lines in the production and distribution, but the homes are individual property, with a clause in the deed that they can never pass into possession of a third party.

Thirdly, the company will always determine who shall be residents of the village, and that while we were heretofore desirous to increase our membership, we are now soon expecting to accept a few additional members. The company has 1,000 acres of the best land in this state, and we will shortly purchase 225 acres more, and that the town of Ruskin is wholly a part of this property. We have no encumbrance, and we will shortly have printed matter explaining our plans in full.

Thanking you, I am Fraternally yours,  
 J. G. STEFFES, Ruskin, Tenn.

## THE MODERN SONS OF MARX.

Dear Comrades:

We notice a fine epitome of the objects of the Order of the Golden Rule, and request mention of our fraternity, The Modern Sons of Marx, the objects of which are briefly stated as follows: First, to unite fraternal persons socially fit, who recognize the class struggle, the necessity of common action amongst the disinherited and oppressed, against the present possessors of the sources of man's common life.

Second, to give moral and material aid to its members and its dependents.

Third, to educate all along the line of their material welfare and a more just mode of conducting the world's affairs.

Fourth, definite action against the present possessors of the sources of man's common life.

In case you think our order worthy of mention we will be glad of any criticism.

Fraternally yours in B. C.,  
 MODERN SONS OF MARX.

The Modern Sons of Marx, as its by-laws state, is strictly socialistic in its character, and has been organized for the purpose of supplying sick and accident benefits, and as soon as possible supplying death benefit to the bereaved families or their dependents.

The qualifications for membership are as follows: The applicant must be 17 years or upward. He must recognize the class

struggle and the necessity for common action among the oppressed against the present possessions of the sources of man's common life.

Comrades who care to know more about the Order are requested to write to Vernon F. King, General Secretary, Holland, Mich.—(Editor.)

## MONEYMAN WANTS TO FORM GROUP

Campgaw, N. J.—The Paterson Railway Works, Claude Ferdmane, owner, wishes to form a Group to own his business on J. B. Gordin principle. Lands, shops, tools, to be collective. Property, household goods and clothing to be private property.

I want one hundred men of my trade, forty blacksmiths, forty finishers and twenty helpers. Conditions to be admitted, trial at the forge and bench, sober and willing to work for the good of all. Shares, six hundred dollars each, one hundred dollars cash to buy land to start building, and the balance to be borrowed from members or other persons for ten years. This money will be to build a house for members, \$30,000, and \$20,000 for shop. *No Landlord*. We will make arrangement after twenty-five years' work, that members may retire on \$350 a year pension, similar to that of the J. B. Gordin group. This is my plan and I hope that the next Number may have many more such practical ones for the study of economic industry of all kinds.

Yours for co-operation,

CLAUDE FERDMANE.

Comrades who are interested in Mr. Ferdmane's form of co-operation are advised to write to him.—(Editor.)

## THE NEW SOUTH SYSTEM

BY H. E. SAWDON.

What are called "the problems of civilization, ethics, social economy, etc.," are exceedingly simple, if we but use the right principles as a basis of inquiry. In three or four years the average child can understand ethics and social economy better than preachers and so-called statesmen of today. We are now using the ethics and economics of ancient times instead of using the best. For example, we are using the inferior and antiquated principles—robbery, slavery and murder—instead of liberty and brotherhood.

Among the new set of principles and measurements few people realize what a vast change it would make did the nation use the knowledge that "life is for happiness," instead of "life is for money," or to please some god who wants us to be unnatural, to accept pain and not pleasure. If mere honesty were nationally established its effect would be the greatest labor-saving scheme known to history.

We need no longer use force and despotism.

Liberty means that each person will receive their labor equivalent—receive their own. If all persons who work are but given what is their own, how can it cost society anything?

Eating is a part of life, as are also music, fragrance and beauty. All the education necessary is to learn how to produce and use those things which contribute the most happiness.

The ideal is, where each person can select the vocation he chooses and where each is so highly developed as to character and industry that he is already prepared to do his share of the world's work.

## A KNOCK ON THE CHURCH

To the Editor:

I was much interested in the article, "Taxation of Church Property," by Helen M. Lucas, in the April To-Morrow.

As you say, there is need of discussion on this subject.

The churches are becoming more powerful all the time.

They not only own many buildings and small pieces of land all over the country but they can, under the name of religious organizations, acquire large tracts of land and engage in any or all commercial occupations, and be exempt from taxes, in most of the states.

About twelve miles from my home there is a settlement called Amana, or the Dutch Colony. This society owns a large tract of land and is very wealthy and powerful. The state of Iowa recently tried to end its existence on the ground that religious corporations have no right to engage in business. The case was tried before the courts of the state, and the decision was in favor of the society. The following is a quotation from a Des Moines paper relative to the matter:

"The Amana society, Iowa's world-famed communistic corporation, has won a desperate fight to maintain its existence, in the face of steps taken by the state of Iowa to force its dissolution. The Iowa supreme court yesterday handed down a decision which makes the society secure in its right to exist as a religious corporation. The society will also keep its \$2,372,530 of property exempt from taxation, as heretofore.

"The opinion handed down by the court is of great importance, for it establishes the right of religious corporations to engage in gainful occupations.

"The Amana society owns seven villages and 26,255 acres of land in Iowa and Johnson counties. It has 1,750 members, all of whom hold all their property in common. The property of the society is valued at \$2,372,530, consisting of acreage, 280 dwellings, 51 barns, two woolen factories, one cotton factory, seven sawmills, stores, lumber. The community is complete, producing and supplying all the needs of its people in the way of food and clothing. Amana is one of the most notable successes as a communistic settlement, and has long been the theme of sociologists.

"The state of Iowa, prohibited by statute from taxing the property of a religious corporation, sought to have the corporation dissolved on the ground that a religious corporation has no authority to engage in gainful pursuits."

This contention was overruled in both the lower and higher courts.

According to this decision, in the state of Iowa there is no limit to what churches can do. The Amana settlement, considered itself, is a creditable enterprise, but when it seeks to evade just taxation it becomes a leech. It lives off from the state without giving anything in return. The colony becomes more wealthy all the time, and the people in Iowa who do not belong to the Amana settlement have to pay enough to the state, in taxes, to make up for what the settlement evades.

It isn't just that people at large should be obliged to support all churches. It is a direct infringement of the constitution, which declares for the civil and religious liberty of the individual.

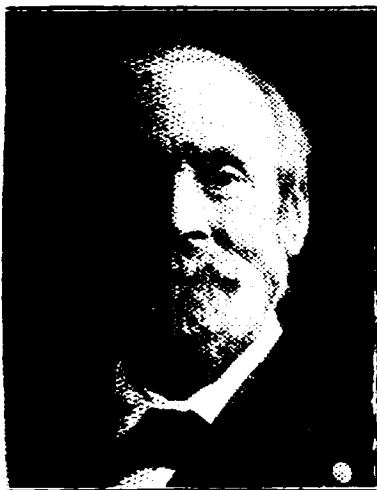
The churches, of course, consider that it is right for them to evade taxation. They always have done it and they always will do it if the public allows them to. My opinion is that the mass of people ought to rise in their power and either force the churches and religious organizations to pay their just taxes or politely tell them to "skidoo." Sincerely yours,

ANNIE LILLIAN SWETT, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

# THE OLD GUARD OF FREE THOUGHT

## JOHN HART

101 years old April 4, 1907.



The annexed picture of John Hart, the patriarch of the Old Guard, was taken about June 1, and shows him hale and hearty, probably the oldest Freethinker in the United States.

A friend of his writes us that he appears as active as a man of fifty years, that he debates in a lively manner with ministers and others who try to convert him, but he tells them that he will outlive them all and let them get thoroughly settled in heaven before he comes along. He has an excellent memory and familiarly recites many verses and even chapters from the Bible in punctuating his discussions, and being a great patriot and a

lover of the flag, he has his house painted in red, white and blue, so that there is no danger of his forgetting his nationality.

He is a survivor of the Civil War and was born in 1806 in New York City, although he has not visited the metropolis for forty-five years, but expects to go down to Coney Island this summer and have a high old time with a friend, and probably will succeed in painting his birthplace in his favorite tri-color.

Notwithstanding his advanced age John Hart has excellent eyesight, and makes a practice of walking five or six miles every day, realizing that fundamentally defeat of death lies in "keepin' a movin'." As to diet, he is satisfied with bread and butter or bread without butter, any way so as to be independent, as he abhors being a burden upon others. He has two brothers, the younger one sixty-three years of age, and the other day, in his presence he told the way by which he gets other people to reading liberal literature. For years he has been a subscriber to the *Truth Seeker* and several other free thought publications, and when he finishes reading them he wraps them carefully and writes on the wrapper "To-morrow's reading," and on Saturday night, between the hours of twelve and one, he places them under the doors of those whom he thinks need the jolt.

A friend and comrade of the old man tells us that he will accept no assistance in getting on and off cars, that before one can lend him a hand he jumps off in such a lively manner and enjoys his own agility so keenly that he is made the subject of constant wonderment among those who know him, but he lays the fact of his excellent physical condition to his extremely abstemious diet and the fact that he wastes no time in thinking of a heaven hereafter, but makes life worth the living while he is still here on this earth.

## JOSEPH HAIGH, AGE 83



I was born in England in 1824, my parents being pious and respectable. I went to Sunday school and church every Sunday and learned all about the religious trumpery, and in my boyish days I thought I was very foolish. I was born in a poor part of the country and raised poor. When I was seven years old instead of being sent to school, I was sent to work in a mill for two shillings a week. I had six brothers and three sisters. I do not think any of them ever joined a church, but they were all good and honorable men and women. Only my brother and myself are living of that large family.

I worked for my father until I was 21, and then struck out to do for myself. I got better work and better pay. My father and family wanted to come to me. I helped them move, got them work and a place to live.

I never joined a church or believed in Christian superstition. I spent much time inquiring and investigating. I made up in my mind that the Christian religion was nothing but a foolish superstition. The Church and the Government had the people under control, and I could see no chance for a poor man but remain poor. I then made up my mind that I would leave the country and go to America. When I was 25 years old I packed my grip and took passage on a sailing ship to New York. I fought the waves for eight weeks, had no friends or acquaintances, but I helped myself and got along. From New York I went to Philadelphia and met a good friend who gave me work the first day I landed, and we remained friends as long as he lived.

I improved and raised a crop on forty acres at Chicago in 1855, that is now covered with streets and houses. I pre-empted and improved 160 acres of government land at Chebanse, Ill. I lived on it and worked it for fifty years, till I was too old. I am now 83. I have been a liberal all my life. I do not believe in heaven or hell, God or devils, or life after death. When I believe a thing I want a reason for it.

I have lived a long and active life and the world is nothing like it was when I was a boy. Religion has improved with other things, and the supernatural part is almost dead. I know that my time is now very short, and I do not care how short. If I knew that this was my last day it would not trouble me any.

Fraternally,

JOS. HAIGH, Kankakee, Ill., June 1, 1907.

#### RATIONAL SIMPLE LIFE

We shall have place for one or two energetic, intelligent young men at To-Morrow Fellowship Home, to take charge of departments of the magazine and home work. A rare training for those who can live on vegetable diet, two meals a day. It will develop your individuality in congenial employment in a brotherhood atmosphere. Liberal minded young men who feel out of place in their conventional surroundings will take delight in this natural free life. We prefer those who have seen something of the world and are prepared by experience to appreciate the "difference." We have plenty of extra sandals for your tired feet. Write to Sercombe himself.

Original from

## TO MABEL

BY MYRA PEPPER.

Dear little friend of the sunny face,  
 Your rippling hair and inborn grace,  
 Soft bright eyes which the soul shines through,  
 Do you love me, Sweet, as I love you?

In the thoughts that burn in the busy brain,  
 If our life's best hope—our life's worst pain,  
 Thoughts that will brighten and set us free—  
 Is there one, Sweetheart, just one for me?

When days seem dark to your brave true soul  
 And clouds like billows around you roll,  
 May the love I bear, bring a blessing true,  
 May you love me, Dear, as I love you.

## DR. C. W. COOPER, CLEVES, OHIO

Dear Sercombe: I was born at North Bend, Ohio, which is of historic interest on account of its having been the home of old General Harri-famly was poor, my father being an unusually successful business mis-sion, who consequently had the honor to be consanguinely related to me. My manager. Owing to this circumstance, he maintained a dead level of impecuniosity till he went to California in '49.

My father was remarkable for the evenness of his temper and mother was almost singular in her optimism and self-forgetfulness. It is said that I inherited character peculiarities about equally from my parents.

I received about a year's schooling in a country school house, having attended through four winter terms. What little book education I have has been gained without the aid of a teacher. I have always had to swim upstream, but the years of my early struggle against an adverse fate can be nothing to the reader. At the age of twenty I blossomed into a school teacher, which honorable vocation I followed for twelve consecutive years. When I quit teaching to attend a medical college I left a principalship that was paying me \$6 a day.

My parents were hereditarily Methodists. There was a church called "Brimstone" about two miles from our home. Here the zealous pulpit pounder would shake his congregation over hell for one or two lurid hours. I distinctly remember one night as we were returning from church I saw the devil. I was frightened almost into convulsions. My father took me up into his strong, loving arms (I was but six years old) and consoled and reassured me, convincing me, at least, that what I had mistaken for his "Grizzly Nibs" was but the remains of a tree that had been broken off about ten feet from the ground. That moment of childish horror has come up in my mind a thousand times since the happening. When we got home that night my father had an anxious expression on his face and he startled my mother by saying, "Can that which was preached tonight be true religion?" It set them both to thinking and from that time on they gravitated toward universalism, so that by the time I was sixteen years old they had become zealous Universalists.

At the age of fourteen I was a member of a bible class. Being naturally inclined to think, I floored my teacher every Sunday with my hard questions. This shook my faith not a little. At the age of fifteen I read Paley's Evidences, and a little later I read Butler's Analogies. The utter failure of these famous authorities to sustain their position did the work—it made a thorough infidel of me. Up to that time I never read an infidel book, but from then on I read them freely. I read first that moderate, gentle, sweet and convincing work, Paine's Age of Reason. Alas! he was mistaken about it being an age of reason, for what obloquies did not the church heap on that sainted man? Ah, the cruelty of fate—he cannot know now that civilization has left the pulpit so far behind that he is coming to his own. I was a deist for some time after reading Paine, but I am not that now. So far as I can possibly conclude, God is a phase of the universe, just as we are. IT (he?) is as helpless with reference to natural law as we are—God is our brother.

# INFORMAL BROTHERHOOD and CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

Conducted by LOUIS DUCHEZ

Short articles, poems and opinions from our readers are solicited for this department. This place is reserved for quarrels, discussions, nonsense, or for the welling heart—but make it short.

All matter intended for the Informal Brotherhood Department, should be addressed to the Department Editor.

There are many practical plans being formed in the different Dens of TO-MORROW, and some of them will soon be put into operation. There are a million people in the United States who want to get acquainted with us, and we have decided that they shall, for we think the "knock down" would weld a friendship that will never separate.

TO-MORROW Magazine beats for the great Inner Heart of Humanity. Its editor and co-workers are men and women who work for pay, but not for money. They derive daily benefits that money cannot buy. They live simply, work for the well-being of all and believe that the present system of Despotism is the cause of all the crimes of the day. It is for us, both from the standpoint of Brotherhood and duty to ourselves, to help others up in the climb for Truth and Freedom.

We are a happy, healthy bunch of fellows. We practice the form of living that we advocate, and there is not one of us that is afraid of work in any form, be it mental or physical. In fact, we hold that no person can lead a well rounded life unless he does a certain amount of physical and mental work every day. It is not our law, it is the Law of Nature, man's only true Teacher.

Our increase in help has made it so that we are able to establish a new department. While continuing as an exponent of Rational Life and Thought, TO-MORROW will bring its philosophy to bear in a practical way, and not only teach the gospel of Rational Food, Rational Dress and Rational Exercise, but will manufacture and supply the trade with Tested Foods and conduct a Health Home for patients along Rational TO-MORROW lines. We are going to become doers of the word and not hearers and teachers only.

We are daily acquiring more health and vigor than we have ever had before and we want it to express itself through the columns of TO-MORROW. We want to put more life into every department. We want to grasp the hand of every Comrade and give it a long shake—the shake that indicates Comradeship. We want to get in closer touch with our readers, and we want a million of them.

To reach these million Comrades we are appealing to every reader to put his shoulder to the wheel. To get subscriptions and contributions whenever possible, and to assist us in letting the Thinkers of the United States know that there are people in the country interested in the Real Welfare of the Race. Do your

Original from

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best, Comrades, and the results will be great. Write to us for suggestions whenever you feel you need them. The Great End for which we are struggling is the Cause of Humanity. It is Our Cause.

We call our comrades' attention to Mr. Sercombe's editorial in the last issue, entitled "Crimes in Their Order." It would be well to read the list over a few times, so as to get thoroughly established in the mind what are the crimes of our present civilization. This is the most complete category of Real Crimes ever published. They are the result of our present Moral, Educational and Commercial Despotism. The study of them will lead you to become a Thinker.

Attention is also called to our up-to-date line of books advertised in TO-MORROW. There are no better books to be had, especially along the line of Inductive Thinking and its practical applications. Many of our readers are gathering a library from our list, and we advise all comrades who are able, to do the same. Good books will make your home more comfortable and happy, and the applications of their teachings will make you a broader, nobler and better man or woman.

There are so many good things begging for a place in this department that we have just had to say, "Wait a minute, there is no room." Some day TO-MORROW will be a big magazine and we will have more space, so that we may publish some of the hundreds of letters from our comrades climbing upward in the struggle for the New Day. How we wish you could read some of them. They come from all over the United States and indicate that a "Better World Philosophy" is growing up among the thoughts and hearts of Humanity.

Comrades, your attention is called to the Haywood trial. Learn all you can in regard to the Cause for which Haywood is fighting. It is a struggle between Despotism and Freedom. "The Pinkerton Labor Spy," a book written by Morris Friedman, for three years a stenographer for James McParland, superintendent of Pinkerton's Western Division, in charge of Moyer-Haywood case, is one every comrade should read. It will be given free, postpaid, with one year's subscription to TO-MORROW. Send for it.

Happy is the man whose heart beats in harmony with the Big Heart of all Life. Such a man will find the good in everything, and every day will come to him as a New Birth. In the words of "Himself," within such a being, "There shall grow a love of truth for truth's sake, a love of work for work's sake, and a love of life for life's sake."

I think the golden key that unlocks the door into the realms of Truth (which takes in everything that is Good), is the habit of Impersonal Thinking. Let your own pet feelings, whether inherited or otherwise, stay in the rear and you will be surprised how rapidly you will gain the Higher Ground. Try it, comrades, and you will wonder at the results. Begin to-day.

The "Undesirable Citizens" of to-day are the "Pioneers of Progress" of To-morrow. The "Cranks" of yesterday are the "martyrs" of to-day.



## THE CHURCH AND THE YOUNG MAN

A problem that is worrying orthodoxy is why the young man is so cold and indifferent toward religious matters. Out of the 14 million young men in the United States between the ages of fourteen and twenty-eight, only five per cent are church goers, according to the statistics, and more than that, only two per cent are "church workers." The superstitious think it is caused by "the lurements of prosperity that is sweeping the country. Opportunity for financial success," they say, "is drawing them away from God."

However, the preachers go ahead, sometimes talking on the "indifference" of these poor, lost sons. They urge the "saved" to use their influence in winning them back into the "fold."

If these troubled "brothers and sisters" would look at the matter from an impersonal standpoint, they would very easily see that the thing explains itself.

They partly speak the truth when they say that the "prosperity" of the country is the cause of it. In his close contact with the active world the ideas of the young man have become practical, and the fanatical stories of orthodox religion have grown foolish to him.

This change is often taking place unconsciously in the young man's mind. He doesn't reason it out, but it is there nevertheless. It is the gradual growing out of old superstitious ideas of religion. It is this form of transformation that is going to redeem the race from ignorance to Truth.

That is the point I want to make. The indication is a hopeful one, and it is already leading the "older brothers" to investigate into the matter and find the cause, if necessary.

Many preachers realize it already, but the life of their professions rests on advocating the old doctrine to the people. Among these too sincere to prostitute their minds in that respect is Henry Frank, the author of "The Doom of Dogma." Mr. Frank's book should be read by every church goer in America. He is a preacher who has progressed.

### FREE CORRESPONDENCE

For seventeen years I have been writing to sick people. I receive a large number of letters every week. I have learned by experience how to reach such letters—how to read between the lines. Sick people have a way of their own in telling about their ailments. They know exactly how they feel, but do not know the medical terms by which to express themselves. Hence, they must use other words. I have learned how to interpret such letters.

Write to me if you are afflicted with some chronic disease. If I cannot help you I will tell you so. If I can help you some, but not wholly cure you, I will tell you so. If I feel sure I can cure you I will tell you so.

My principal remedies are Combination Tissue Tablets. These tablets contain the natural salts of the human body. Most chronic disease is Nature's cry for one or more of the tissue salts. Tell me how you feel and I may be able to tell you what your system is crying for.

I charge \$2 per month for treatment, which includes letters of advice.

If you wish to know more about Tissue remedies, I will send you a free booklet making a brief explanation of them. In ordering the booklet enclose 2-cent stamp for postage. Address

C. S. CARR, M. D., Columbus, Ohio.

Dear Editor: I like "Side Lights on the Race Question," by Kate Kansey Brook, very much, and believe that she is on the right side of that much-vexed question. Have both written and spoken on the subject myself when in America and look upon the act of lynch law mobs as abominations of the worst possible kind.

Do not allow your writers to get out of reasonable bounds in criticising people and customs. We want a magazine which can be *lent* as well as read in *private*.

I think if I am interested in one world question more than any other at the present time it is that of the limitation of armaments. I do not see this taken up in TO-MORROW. Our great liberal Premier, Campbell-Bannerman, has taken a brave stand on this question and I wish I could see a great movement in America toward the same end.

The sex question seems to be often to the front in TO-MORROW. But of what use is it to raise a fine race of people if the male portion of humankind is to make war the most laudable profession and to die on the battle field the highest goal of their ambitions?

What is the use of talking about Love (free or otherwise), if war is to still hold the nations in bondage? The time is ripe for all the friends of human progress to get a move on themselves, and first of all abolish war as a means of settling disputes between nations. Not till then will nations have at their disposal the means for carrying out great and much-needed social reforms.

WILLIAM E. BONNEY,  
Basingstoke, England.

### FEMININE TITLES

Dear Sercombe: Your article on "The Love Not Talked About" is too true and accounts for the impossibility of eradicating the "Miss and Mrs." custom.

When I told a friend that I would retain my maiden name, she exclaimed, "But people won't know you're married!" So long as girls are brought up with the one aim in life of marrying "well," the maiden name signifies *defeat*. So long as economic dependence makes woman's Struggle for Existence largely a Struggle for a Husband, just so long will women generally take their husbands' names. To sign yourself Mary Jane Smith Jones (Mrs. John H.) is such a neat way of advertising the fact that you have caught a man.

Yours for untagged freedom,

MAY BEALS.

### ARISEN

BY FRANK CHESTER PEASE.

Midst the rumble and the grumble  
Of the bloody profit-tumbril,  
As it grinds and crushes  
On its way,  
Comes the steady tramping, tramping,  
Of a million feet a-stamping:  
Heard a moment in the rushes  
Of the dollar making day.

Surging forward to the battle,  
Hear the clanking and the rattle  
Of their fetters falling,  
Cast away:  
Mingled with the moaning, moaning,  
Of the multitudes a-groaning,  
'Neath the burden of their galling,  
Ever-present slavery.

Thrones in days gone by have trembled  
When these hosts have e'er assembled,  
And again they're learning  
Of their might:  
Strength that's ever growing, growing,  
Like a mighty stream a-flowing,  
Onward to its final turning,  
As WORKINGMEN UNITE.

## MR. ROCKEHARRIFELLERMAN COMWHITESTOCKCZOLTHAWGOSZ

BY MAUD A. THORNDYKE.

Collectively, I love him, he is part of MAN, the race.

Individually, I despise him.

Philosophically, I know he is all right.

Intuitively, I feel he is MY wrong.

Logically, I deduct him as the debris that must pass away before the onslaught of unfoldment. He is only a factor in the mighty universe, as is all. In the readjustment of Nature, he is only the medium on which is saddled the refuse of the kingdom of which he is part.

His part is as important as any. If it were possible for one atom to be more important than another (which it is *not*), I should ascribe to him the avenue through which the greatest good is to be attained, for he is of the human sewer through which is purging that which is VILE and dross in man—the race—in its onward march to a better civilization.

All things in Nature take their proper place. The Mineral kingdom is divided into the gross and less gross. So is the Vegetable; so is the Animal. In the segregation of elements, thought and impulse are factors to be considered; as thought and impulse *can* and *do* mould the organs of the physical body while in the womb of the mother, and after in the womb of environment during the years the embryo brain is plastic, the brain attuned to express to given vibrations, is all it can recognize.

A brain formed for gross thought, can only express grossly. Thoughts above that vibration cannot touch it any more than a higher vibration of color than the Violet, is comprehended by the average organ of sight; neither can the grossly organized brain rejoice in a "new birth" if left in the slough of prostituting conditions, until the seed of fertilization and conception in the sex of brain is withered. Only those who are capable of conception in the sex of brain, may revel in the ecstasy of copulation with pure thought, or be weighted with the pregnancy of ideas, or writhe in the throes of birthing new truths. And so I love him, Mr. Alphabet Man, because he is the road over and through which is being carried to the refinery, the conglomeration of the metal, MAN, and in the evolvement of the pure gold, let us not despise the dirt and flint that has been its winding sheet since it left the fiery furnace wherein all was molten gas; and in the cooling process, wherein Nature readjusted each element and attributes, likes and not likes crystallized.

If Plato, Socrates, Confucius, Joan of Arc, Paine, Ingersoll, Lincoln, Harman, Debs, Sercombe, et al, had incorporated into their organisms *bigger hunks* of human kindness and wisdom than falls to the lot of the average mortal, what praise is due them when THEY express in the ONLY WAY they know *how* or *can*?

If Mr. Alphabet Man has 8/8 UNRIPE HUMAN MATERIAL in his makeup, is it kind, is it just to kick him because he does not and "kant kum up to our kandle?"

The progress of the race is steady, but its advancement is only noticed periodically. After centuries of unfoldment in the realm of mind, now and then a character is evolved that stands out against the background of humanity like a Morning Star

against the inky darkness of the earth's horizon. The calm certain light radiating from this star, has held the gaze of the race, and by its light, it has climbed upward toward it to a higher plane. Thus does the race progress, not in *generations* but in *individuals*.

Humanity is the she-ass that carries the christos into the city of Jerusalem.

Let down the bars of your krosseyed komstock kribbage, you Jacks, wherein you kramp the Jenneys of your households, you may yet be grandfather to a savior.

## THE HAUNT OF THE HEDONIST

BY HENRY FRANK.

When heavy hung the gloom of clouds,  
And bleak and dismal winds oppressed;  
When heaven's golden lamp of light  
Paled in the purple West;—

When ponderous torrent floods outpoured  
Their wrath in inky rain,  
And thunder-shock and lightning-glare  
Rocked earth and roaring main;—

Affrighted, timidly I sought  
The shelter of a rock,  
Moss-grown and green with mould of age,  
Unharm'd by tempests' shock.

Not long I lay there calm and cold,  
Ere I felt a soft, sweet breath  
Move slowly o'er my brow and cheeks,  
I thought the approach of death.

But soon my own some lips divine  
Touched like a velvet flower,  
My spirit drawing from my breast,  
And whisp'ring, "'T is Love's Bower"!

Above the seething, wailing winds,  
I caught the melody  
Of words as sweet as treble notes  
Through plaintive threnody:—

"Here ever I abide when storms  
Without are howling wild;  
Here come thou ever when low-bent  
With grief, and woe-beguiled.

"My limbs like rose's tendrils round  
Thy frame will twine in love;  
My lips regaled with wine of joy  
Will grief and gloom remove."

\* \* \* \* \*

Her laughter like to silver bells;  
Her teeth of ivory white;  
Her bosom sweet as perfumed down;  
Her eyes of beaming light!

These ever haunt me where I roam,  
 Like dreams of peace in pain;  
 Like cooling draughts to fevered lips;  
 Like some forgotten strain.

And why, when Grief with grimy shroud  
 Smothers one like death,  
 Should not one seek that rocky shade,  
 And drink that love-lipped breath?

## NAILED TO THE CROSS

Americans of the Twentieth Century are practically nailed to the cross of our social system with the spikes of keeping up appearances.

Keeping up appearances has become a dominant factor in our lives and is the direct result of more heart ache, more sorrow and more financial disaster than any other policy that vitalizes the life of our nation. It has become the arbiter of our destiny and the power behind the throne in private as well as national life. The logical truth of the matter is that we are devoting the best of our energies to looking well in the eyes of the public instead of developing the life of the individual and building up a character that will be a stronghold against the shams and pretenses of modern society. There is no other country in the world that boasts of its freedom as does America and on high days we congregate in parks and public places while the silver-tongued orator who has been engaged for the occasion tells us what a glorious thing it is to be free. He enlarges upon the patriotic achievements of our forefathers and he tells us of the emancipation of the black man, winding up with a glowing tribute to our nation's dead, while our eyes fill with unshed tears and our hearts throb with the patriotism of being an American citizen. Before the crowd disperses we look into the blue above and sing until the heavens reverberate "My Country, 'Tis of Thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing," and yet how few among us know the meaning of personal liberty in its fullest sense or have the courage of our convictions to do our own thinking and to live within our incomes, saving something for the inevitable rainy day.

Extravagance is our national curse and is the keynote to a good deal of the slavery that we have imposed upon ourselves. The longing for personal freedom is implanted in every human heart, but its attainment is impossible unless the individual whose happiness is at stake will assert his independence along all vital issues that concern his life. Experience thus obtained is often of the bitterest, but in a sense it is a great educator, for it teaches us to assess the opinions of humanity at their true valuations and in this way we learn to stand on our own feet and then to walk alone, which is an immense step towards progression and freedom. Circumstances and that intangible something called destiny are often beyond our control, but we can if we will bring thought enough to bear on these forces. Keep them from entirely dominating the life that was given us for the highest expression of our being by the creative power of the universe. What we need is the ability to live our lives in any position in which we are placed regardless of what the public in general may think upon the subject. And we certainly need the indomitable courage to say if I cannot afford a thing I'll do without it. There is a growing tendency in this country to allow a number of women and a few men who constitute our social set to conform precious lives to their ideals and standards and the result is that we as a nation are addicted to all the fads and follies in existence, our glorious independence is never displayed except on Fourth of July, and then it is more a question of noise and explosion than anything else. Many of our brightest young men have started out in life with the most promising careers, only to be caught in the meshes of forgery and embezzlement as a consequence of striving to keep up appearances in the eyes of society. The victim is condemned by the public and convicted by a jury and cast out upon the great sea of failures, a human derelict to drift with the tide of indifference, friendless and alone, through life. We call him a criminal, but we never apply any such harsh term to the system that has made him what he is. The shame of it all to think that we, strong nation that we are, have not the pride and determination to rise up in our might and cast aside what we know to be false and live in the ever present now a life of higher ideals and purer standards.

FLORENCE M. LAURENCE.

## GENERAL SMITH IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY VICTOR ROBINSON.

Oh, to be a hero proud,  
 And have men call me great,  
 When with the shriek of bullets loud,  
 Lands will I desolate!

With death the brownies will I mate,  
 And make the cannon roar;  
 I'll slay with patriotic hate,  
 Those I've not seen before.

Now, by my gory mighty host,  
 So many men shall bleed,  
 That Father, Son and Holy Ghost  
 Will bless me for my deed!

Exultingly the men we'll kill,  
 And women we will rape,  
 As on we march from hill to hill,  
 And sail from cape to cape.

And I will shoot all over ten,  
 And crush rebellion sure,  
 By torturing the bolo-men  
 With Hell-Jake's water-cure.

Oh, the land will be reeking red,  
 When my brave soldiers fire,  
 The land will be full of the dead,  
 And grief in ev'ry shire.

And I will be a hero proud,  
 All men will call me great,  
 When with the shriek of bullets loud,  
 Homes will I desecrate.

## MY ROSE

BY GEORGE VAIL WILLIAMS.

Sweet little rose! Abide with me,—  
 On me thy fragrance sweet bestow,—  
 The cold wind flung thee on my heart;  
 I fain would all thy beauty see  
 But will not pluck thy leaves apart.  
 A rose thou art—a perfect rose,—  
 The subtle changes of thy love  
 To me the secret shall disclose,  
 And thus thy nature fully proves.

Let no rude wind of doubt, or dread  
 Disturb thee in thy haven here:  
 On this fond bosom lay thy head,  
 Oh, may it grow to thee more dear,  
 The more the wintry blast may blow—  
 The closer cling to this fond breast;  
 And never leave thy place of rest.

## THE MUSIC-FILLED AIR

BY H. BEDFORD JONES.

The music-filled air

Trembles and quivers all about me;  
Sometimes I feel it, I feel it throbbing lightly and beautifully,  
And it strikes within me to the deeps of my soul.

O music-filled air!

In thee are all the beauties that flowed from the souls of Donizetti, Verdi,  
Mozart, all who felt thy influence!

Thou art the Orpheus of old, thou art the souls of all sweet singers who  
have passed away!

Though none else know you, I still know, and I sing to you, O Air!

The earth-music pulses in thee, all the delicate harmony of Nature;

The tall trees with their mighty branches and tender buds;

The sweet songs of the birds;

The bursting flowers, the grass;

The long golden fields of wheat;

All these, whispering, sing through thee, O passion-filled air!

Thou art vibrating all about me, about everyone,

O sweet harmony of all things!

## MONEY SHARK

You are all absorbed in gaining  
Money, money, more and more,  
Mind and muscle overstraining  
To increase sufficient store;  
Crushing, killing every yearning  
For the larger things of life,  
In your greed for money earning  
And abnormal, selfish strife.

Dollars is your only daylight,  
Dollars e'en your nightly sleep,  
You've no eyes but where you may sight  
Dollars to enlarge your heap;  
Your own life and that of others  
To that purpose you evolve,  
For you, love of country, brothers,  
Must itself to coin resolve.

For you, charm of nature, flowers,  
Is the shining dollar mark,  
And artistic beauty, powers,  
To that standard e'er must hark.  
Naught for you has valuation  
But in dollars and in cents,  
You would coin the whole creation  
To money pile immense.

—PETER FANDEL.

### About Books

The new month has brought with it another large harvest of socialistic and advanced thought literature. Publishing houses are springing up all over the country, and the average reader would think that it seems impossible, almost, to imagine how they all survive. But when we realize how rapidly the people are growing out of the old foggy ideas and customs, it is easy to see that it is simply a case of demand and supply.

### Special Offer

**\$1.20**

American Journal of Eugenics  
and To-Morrow Magazine.

**BOTH FOR 1 YEAR, \$1.20**

The average reader cares very little for heavy literature during the summer months. Books on philosophy get "a day off," while the lighter stuff "gets its work in," and the rush has been along this line.

A book of this type is "The Elder Brother," by C. L. Brewer. It is a charming little romance in four chapters, *The Blade, The Ear, The Full Corn, The Bread of Life*, and tells in a simple style the story of a young farmer boy with a bright but sleeping intellect, who tried the various progressive movements of the time, afterwards giving them up and living his own life sweetly and nobly in the town of his birth. The climax of the story is his marriage to the girl of his early manhood.

The book is just out and may be had in paper binding at 25 cents or in cloth 50 cents, by addressing The To-Morrow Publishing Company. A cloth bound copy with a year's subscription for \$1.25 to To-MORROW magazine.

Two books that are again coming into popularity are "The Persian Pearl" and "Resist Not Evil," by Clarence S. Darrow, now defending Moyer and Haywood of the Western Federation of Miners, at Boise, Idaho. While having written several books Mr. Darrow has made a success as a lawyer.

"The Persian Pearl" is a beautiful volume of essays on art and literature. "Resist Not Evil," as the title indicates, is a volume of essays supporting the doctrine of non-resistance. In the preface of the book the author writes: "It has been my purpose to state the reasons which appeal to me in support of the doctrine of non-resistance, rather than to give authorities to sustain the theories advanced. Still, I believe that the student who is interested in the subject of criminology, and wishes to carefully investigate crime and punishment, will find the most of the great historians, philosophers, and thinkers will amply corroborate the views herein set forth, as to the cause of crime, and the evil and unsatisfactory results of punishment." "The Persian Pearl" sells at \$1.25 and "Resist Not Evil" at \$1, this office.

Other books that are keeping up their end on "The To-Morrow Shelf" are "The Jungle," by Upton Sinclair, and "Universal Kinship" and "Better World Philosophy," by J. Howard Moore. Each writer is in the forefront in his line, one telling about things as they are, and the other seeing through it all in the light of evolution. See our special offers.

"Morning Echoes," by H. Edward Morgan, of Denver, Colo., is a beautiful book of verses, some descriptive, while the greater number breathe the spirit

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of unrest, manifested among "the horny handed sons of toil."

Mr. Morgan has rare poetic instinct, and his life as a miner and struggler has given him a grasp on the condition he describes as one writing with authority. The proceeds of the book go to the fund for the defense of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, of the Western Federation of Miners. Price, \$1, To-Morrow Publishing Company.

"The Right to Be Lazy and Other Studies." By Paul Lafargue. Translated by Charles H. Kerr. The first study in this book is the most famous of all Lafargue's works. It is a satire on the "Right to Work," which in 1848 was asserted as a demand on the part of the working class. Lafargue shows that what the laborers would demand if they had more sense is not more work but more of the things that their work produces. A free translation of this essay, somewhat expurgated and softened by the translator, Dr. Harriet E. Lothrop, is issued in the shape of a ten-cent pamphlet. This translation is for those who wish to have just what Lafargue said in his own inimitable way. With it are printed "Socialism and the Intellectuals," "The Woman Question," "The Bankruptcy of Capitalism," "The Rights of the Horse and the Rights of Man," and "The Socialist Ideal." Lafargue can make the driest subjects interesting, but in this book he treats of subjects which are, to use Bernard Shaw's phrase, decidedly "succulent."

The book is in the Standard Socialist Series, and is published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 264 Kinzie street, Chicago, at 50 cents. It will lead you to think.

Another book of the same series is "Capitalist and Laborer," by John Spargo. It is a reply to Prof. Goldwin Smith. Part two in the same volume, "Modern Socialism," is a reply to W. H. Mallock.

The progress of socialist thought is beginning to force the defenders of capitalism to make some serious attempt at meeting our arguments. The most notable of these attempts in recent years are those of Prof. Goldwin Smith, the veteran scholar and economist of Canada, and W. H. Mallock, the accomplished English essayist and satirist. To any student who is sincerely in doubt as to the claims of socialism, we advise a reading of the attacks by these writers with John Spargo's reply. This reply will be easily understood without a full reading of their arguments, since these are in the main a repetition of the objections to socialism with which the capitalist newspapers are filled. Spargo's style is delightfully simple and direct, and the book will make excellent propaganda.

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To the church goer who is growing out of the old foolish idea of atonement, the supernaturalness of Jesus, etc., we would recommend the reading of "The Doom of Dogma," by Henry Frank. It is not the cry of a man soured on orthodox religion, but the frank confessions of a very successful preacher who could not stand to prostitute his mind with ignorance and superstition.

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## July Magazines

There are so many good magazines published that it is a difficult matter for the average reader to select just what ones he should read. For those in doubt as to what ones to purchase (one cannot buy them all before deciding what he wants) we would suggest that he sit down and think of his ideals, what knowledge he most needs, then go with a definite purpose to get what he thinks he should have.

This method will often avoid the buying of a lot of uncared for literature, and our reading and study habit will become more systematic, and the results will tell in our method of thinking and acting. There must be system if we would think reasonably.

The July "New Thought" comes out with some good stuff. Ralph E. Sammons, formerly assistant editor of this publication, has an article on "Through College on Fifty Cents a Week." Besides there are other good articles on "What I Think of American Civilization," by Kiichi Kamoko, the Japanese writer and poet; "The Art of Life," by Horatio W. Dresser. Prof. Landone's articles on "Brain Building" are as interesting as ever, and Miss Sherman's talks on Emerson are good. Miss Wells' crispy advice in the different departments make "New Thought" a magazine worth while.

The "Nautilus" for July is as good as ever. The articles are full of hope. Edwin Markham, the poet of the Brotherhood of Man, has been writing some beautiful lyrics. The current issue contains one "On Music" that is full of beauty. Mr. Markham sees the coming of the newer day and he pours forth the prophecy in song. Dr. Watson's series of articles, "How to Live the Wholesome Life," are among the best things in the magazine.

The "Cosmopolitan Magazine" for July contains several articles that are alone worth the price of the publication. "Spinners in the Dark" is a story of the child slavery in the weaving mills of the United States, by Edwin Markham. It is true and terrible. It will do you good to read it. "The Seven Kings of Mexico," by Charles E. Russel, tells how President Diaz outwitted the money kings of the United States in preventing them gaining control of the railroads of Mexico. "The Work and the Worker," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, rings true with the touch of brotherhood.

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"Health Magazine," published by the Health Publishing Company, New York, has some very interesting articles for July. Dr. Carr's "Medical Talk for the Home" contains a good article on "Christian Science and Insurance." "Eugenics and Corsets," by Mrs. I. M. Row, should be read by every woman in the United States. Other articles, "The Preparation of Food," by Robert Walter, M. D., and Prof. Anthony Barker on "Physical Culture," are very interesting.

"The Public," edited by Louis F. Post, Chicago, is still as strong as ever in its battering against the present "System." It contains some good articles for July. Comrade Post is one of us. He's real.

"Humanity," edited by Clifford Greve, of St. Louis, is a magazine given almost entirely to editorials and they are fine. The thinker can find much benefit in Comrade Greve's stuff.

"Mother Earth" is another magazine worth while. The current issue contains a series of articles on "The Democracy of Walt Whitman" that should be read by every freethinker. We all love "Old Walt." "Mother Earth" has the touch of nature in its columns.

"The Optimist" is a magazine devoted to the philosophy of the omnipresent good. It is published by the Metaphysical Club, Boston, Mass. It's a happy little publication.

"The Humanitarian Review" is bulging over with interesting stuff for July. "Where Freethinkers Are at Fault," by D. H. Steadman; a series of articles on "A Future Life," by Singleton W. Davis, and a "Reply to Maddock on the Teleo-Mechanics of Nature," by H. Wettstein. The "Review" is among the "Think Magazines."

"Wilshire's Magazine" is still pounding away and its influence is spreading like fire over a prairie. The July issue contains some up-to-date editorials on "An Eternity of 'Prosperity,'" "Blinding Our Children," and "The Trust Enigma," by Wilshire himself. The old man strikes straight from the shoulder. John R. McMahon, Wilshire's staff correspondent at the Boise trial, writes on "Haywood's Trial a Historic Landmark." It is a powerful article and should be read by every freethinker in the country.

"The Balance" is one of the good magazines of the month. It is full of hope. The July issue contains some unusually good stuff. "The Poets Knew It Long Ago," by Mila Tupper Maynard, is full of thought. "Man, the Result of Crime," in the same issue, is very interesting.

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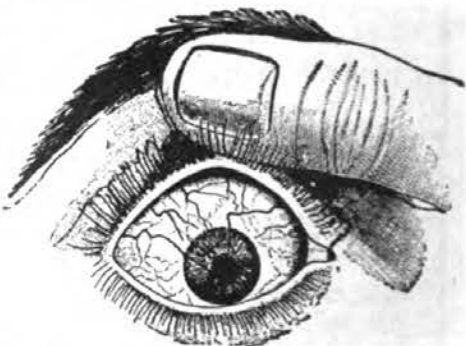
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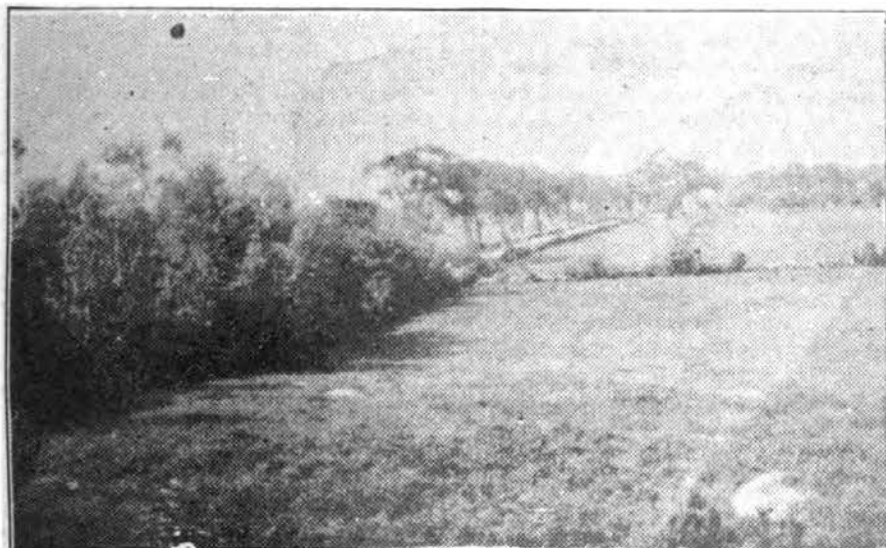
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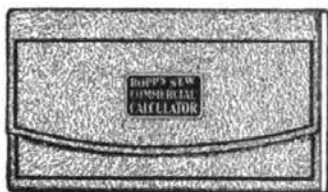
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With a view to locating several coöperative industrial groups we wish to secure the names of a few able-bodied men and women who are satisfied to *just live well* and enjoy the reasonable necessities and luxuries of life, *without private ownership* of any property, or the receipt of any wages.

*Private Ownership* is our fundamental curse, the direct cause of our separation into economic classes, the basis of every oppression, of all privilege and subserviency, and it stands in the way of Comradeship, Real Democracy and The Higher Life.

*Group Ownership* is the only present means to economic freedom, hence it is the only direct method to attain nobility of character and completely overthrow all desire for graft, greed and preference. Now then:—

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It is understood that those who sign the following pledge do so, not as a means of reformation, but merely to express a conviction and signify their preparedness for right living. We trust that our readers will manifest their interest in this page by securing as many signatures as possible to the following:

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We, the undersigned, in order to accomplish a plan of life that will insure greater health, happiness and harmony, and supply an environment that will enable us to escape the baneful effects of individual competition and insure a life of culture for ourselves and children that will enable us to live as brothers instead of animals, hereby pledge as follows:

To renounce all private ownership of real and personal property, while a member of a To-MORROW group, and, after connecting ourselves with the group of which we arrange to become a part, not to accept pay from the group for our services, *hiredingship* being but the fruit of private ownership—the foregoing to hold good only with the proviso that there be some group formed whose individual spirit is not adverse to our own and settled in a plan satisfactory to ourselves.

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# To - M o r r o w

For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, Editor  
LOUIS DUCHEZ, Managing Editor

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## BASIL.

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From "The Flaming Meteor."

I bring you, Basil, a dewy rose  
 From under the Mississippi skies,  
 As sweet as the strange, sweet breath that blows  
 O'er the glory-gardens of Paradise:

As red as the red, bright blood that crept  
 To the face of Margery, flower-fair,  
 When close to your hot, young heart she slept—  
 Her bright hair tangled within your hair.

"It bloomed from her bosom, and its hue  
 Was sucked from her dead heart in the dust—  
 A heart whose every throb was true,  
 Till you, O, Basil; betrayed its trust!"

\* \* \*

Heigh-ho! old fellow, the dead is dead—  
 The past is past. There is no return,  
 And what is a rose from a wormy bed,  
 Though its leaves with the blood of a lover burn?

A trifle—for human clay is clay,  
 And men and women are nothing more  
 Than creatures that crawl through a little day,  
 And die when that little day is o'er.

The beautiful bird, upsoaring there,  
 Knows every passion a king can know—  
 He has mourned his mate with a dumb despair.  
 And yet we pity him not—O, no!

He tingles with love and lust, has known  
 The hissing hate of a human heart,  
 Would bravely die to defend his own—  
 In all things proving our counterpart;

And yet the ball from your rifle sings,  
 And the poor thing drops to the daisied sod—  
 A quiver sharp of its soft, white wings,  
 And its innocent life goes back to God.

Well! it was made for your bullet, just  
 As my dead girl under the old rose-tree  
 Was made for me from the fire and dust  
 To die from the fire and dust of me!

I hold that whatever is, is wrong;  
 If there was no God in his glory-sphere,  
 The sin that is sinewy and strong  
 Would never revel and riot here.

If there was no life there would be no lust,  
 No daggers red with the blood of men;  
 No treason unto a tender trust,  
 Nor chain, nor scaffold, nor prison pen;

Nor arrow speeding through amber skies,  
 To cleave a carolling heart in twain,  
 No tiger-beasts with their burning eyes,  
 To suck the blood from a pulsing vein.

But I was brought to this ball of mud,  
 That swings in the interstellar skies,  
 The flame of passion within my blood,  
 And sweet temptations before mine eyes.

My very strength was a spur to sin,  
 And the God up there in the golden sky  
 Had set the tolls—if I tumbled in  
 Who was to blame for it—he or I?

# To-Morrow

For People Who Think

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY

PARKER H. SEACOMBE, EDITOR

*Advertising Rates on Application. Address all Communications to the  
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ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER IN CHICAGO P. O.

VOL. 3.

SEPTEMBER, 1907.

No. 9.

## SEE THE NEWSDEALERS.

In order to secure our proper quota of News Stand Sales it is absolutely necessary that all of our really interested readers call upon the Newsdealers in their vicinity, see that orders are placed for To-Morrow and that they are properly exhibited on the stand. We are doing hard work here, all without pay—to furnish an A1. Rational Magazine and it is up to each one interested to co-operate to push it along. The following letter shows the spirit that helps.

Kansas City, Aug. 1, 1907.—I am going to place an order for one copy per month with several dealers and will leave them on the stand each month until the next issue arrives so that they can be seen by everyone. If people get to buying regularly will increase my monthly orders to two copies or more according to the demand.

Fraternally, —Risdén Stewart Asbury.

As a result of the insistent urging of a number of our enthusiastic friends we have established a **"To-Morrow" Army of Workers**, a list of whom will be published in our next number. All those who desire to be mentioned on this list will so notify us. We will also place upon this list the names of friends who voluntarily do distinguished service.

While owing to a manifest increase of interest in the welfare of "To-Morrow" it has reached a prosperity greater than ever before, we shall not be able to accomplish the educational results nor the effective work in the departments of our rational health home, rational foods, rational apparel etc., that we would were we able to purchase the locality formerly described in this column; returns not yet being sufficient to justify the outlay.

So great has been the popularity of our introduction of Barefoot Mexican Sandals as a rational foot gear for summer that we are establishing a shop on the premises to manufacture "Peek-a-boo Shoes," or what one of the boys calls, "Skiddoo Slippers." We shall eventually manufacture sandals in both leather and a combination of felt and canvass for those who are willing or unwilling respectively to be shod with animal hide. For a certainty, all those who have adopted our sandals for summer wear are enthusiastic in the praise of them as the common-sense foot gear, and of course, no "To-Morrow" reader should be afraid to be sensible.

Some of us are now living on one meal a day instead of two as formerly and so far we seem to be gaining rather than

losing in weight, besides doing away with the vast amount of fuss and work in preparing meals and running to the dining room three times a day instead of once. Among the other funny superstitions brought down to us through our ancestry, many imagine that we must "feed ourselves" in the morning to build up our bodies to work through the forenoon. and again feed up at noon in order to supply brain and muscle for the afternoon session, all of which is, of course, pure folly, as much of the anatomy which we daily bring into action has been built up for months and even years. It requiring some seven years to rebuild all of our tissues, from which it is plain that we at all times must be composed of at least some material that is between six and seven years old.

Far from it being necessary to waste the energy, time, and misappropriate our faculties by preparing, consuming and clearing up three meals a day, the "constant stuffing" process is clearly a remnant of the custom of our remote ancestors who were obliged to grab food while they could get it, not knowing when they should be able to enjoy another meal, and like our belief in an avenging God, in war, in punishment, in eating animals, in following the fashion, in crowding our feet into hot, sweaty shoes in summer, and many other superstitions, man has continued the bad practice just because "others did it."

Having no faith in the fifty-seven varieties of canned stuff that hundreds of greed-mad manufacturers are putting up for our consumption, we have put in mills to grind our own cereals, nuts and other food, which together with stews, soups and other delicious combinations which we make from vegetables, fruits, etc., that we buy unadulterated with their skins on, we are enabled to furnish our table with a sumptuous fare that averages rather less than one dollar per week per person, and all happy and well fed.

As a group we are not patriotic in the usual sense of the term, for while we stand for freedom and would fight shoulder to shoulder for every phase of it if need be, we would refuse to lift an ounce weapon in the interest of our present government by the money power. Our patriotism is stirred when we think of freedom from the sordid, insolent tyrannies which our **Invisible American King** (the net-work of interests) still imposes upon us. From the standpoint of this Invisible King, we are "**undesirable citizens**" for we smite him hip and thigh whenever the opportunity presents itself, though he still owns the army and navy and every legislature and court in the land, so in connection with our other work we are compiling a **DIRECTORY OF UNDESIRABLE CITIZENS** that will contain the names and addresses of all the other eminent and active fighters in the cause of the New Civilization. This Directory of Undesirables will be a wonderful book, it will mark an epoch in the process of wresting the executive, legislative, judicial and educational departments of our government out of the hands of those who have proven themselves unfit.

Does any one ever forget that the newspapers of our coun-

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try, with a very few exceptions, are owned by the same group as those who own the stores, the street railways, the mines, manufacturing companies, railroads and political offices, and that when Haywood was acquitted they pointed unanimously to the "honesty of our courts and juries," knowing all the time that had it not been for the unexpected raising of a quarter of a million dollars by the labor unions of America which BOUGHT them protection and publicity, Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone would have been lied into eternity several months ago by the Pinkerton informers in league with two kidnapping governors and the mine owners. From this day onward our **Invisible American King** will have a new factor to consider, and that factor is the solidarity, muscle, money and determination of organized labor.

We have been taught that it is wrong to take that belonging to another. It is one of the Ten Commandments. A quarter of a million persons lie in jail in this country and fifty million more are perfectly willing to commit the act if they can do it in accordance with the "rule of the game," avoid punishment or escape being found out. It has grown to be quite a fashion to regard every millionaire as a thief, for well we know that no one can honestly make these vast sums—no one can make millions without offending the unwritten laws of justice and democracy—no one can so accumulate without participating actively or passively in the crimes that are now beginning to bring Railway Officials, Trust Magnates and Political Officers to the bar of justice.

Notwithstanding commandments, judgments, laws and court, could I but get the opportunity I would promptly become the greatest criminal of all ages, I would commit the greatest theft the world has ever known and do it joyfully, confidently, for I would promptly take away and give back to the people all of the vast millions which the money tricksters have under a false code, a false government and a false conception of ethics stolen from those who have degenerated at the hands of the ones they have trusted, who are invariably victims of an ancient system designed and perpetuated in the interest of the select few.

Some one asked: "What is Socialism? Is it a science, creed or party, or is it a trinity of all three?" Suffice to say it is the proletariat heaven. In distinction from the Bourgeois Heaven with its palaces and golden streets, Socialism is the dream of

**YOU WANT TO BE WELL** and strong now as well as active and spry in your old age. You have sluggish blood, a stiffened body and indigestion. Try to run the distance or jump as far as you did a few years ago and see for yourself. You cannot stay where you are and break your old habits of life and diet even if you know how. You need to get into a strong, rational, abstimious environment for awhile. That will clean up your system, give you the right start and if you are too far gone already we will make you as frisky as a colt and enable you to live a hundred years.

Write for terms.

**THE RATIONAL HEALTH HOME (No Drugs)**  
2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

those who are willing to work, willing to serve, willing to continue to exist on "enough," on no more or no less than others are able to enjoy.

Let us always realize that no matter what form of governmental equilibrium we adopt, no government will succeed that is not in accordance with the nature of its units, and whether we move to higher political ideals by way of evolution or revolution, no permanent betterment can take place unless the betterment first takes root in the individual hearts and natures of all humanity. Jesus taught brotherhood, Carl Marx taught comradeship, Thomas Jefferson taught democracy—all the same thing, all part of a striving toward harmonious relationship. No high degree of harmonious relationship can ever be brought about by laws. It is only in the voluntary association of brothers and fellows on a basis that is mutually agreeable and without compulsion that can ever satisfy the spirit of man or enable him to reach his highest growth and efficiency.

Our present Government as it is, is exactly in accordance with the natures of its units as they are. Delicately, imperceptably, in accordance with the formulae of organic evolution the natures of these are undergoing a gradual change and swiftly and surely the government, its attitude, its ideals, is changing to conform with the imperative demands of the changing units. Some of us understand the change and are anxious to move in advance of the mass into a state of better living and better thinking. That is why we call ourselves "**To-Morrow People.**"

**The People of To-Morrow** will not require so many laws, police and soldiers to keep them straight because they will be naturally more fair and brotherly. They will not need so many Lawyers, Doctors or Preachers to tell them how to live and how to think for this knowledge if real comes from within and not from the Courts, the Laboratory or the Platform.

To learn how to think correctly one must come into an environment where others live correctly. Most people imagine that they are thinking and living correctly when they simply follow the fashions of the world and become a part of its prevailing brutality and ignorance. It is easy to prove that the prevailing fashions of living and thinking are 97 per cent.

incompetent and vicious against 3 per cent. vital common sense and intrinsic worth hence we have undertaken to point out the way to a few **prepared ones**, HOW TO THINK AND HOW TO LIVE and that is the mission of To-Morrow and To-Morrow Fellowship Home.

There is but one mental attitude with which to oppose and defeat the impudent and assertive **Class Consciousness** of the Idle Rich, the consciousness that assumes the right to ride the backs of others and denounce them as criminals if they rebel and that is, the development of the highest **Class Consciousness** on the part of those who do work, a consciousness that will refuse to divide with idlers, that will refuse to vote with idlers, that will refuse to fight with idlers or be condemned or jailed by idlers.

The fact that Haywood could be indicted with Orchard and that Evelyn Thaw, who admits that it was **her own conversation** with Harry that caused him to kill, has not even been suspicioned as an accomplice shows the elasticity and accomodating spirit of our code and courts. Our warmed over system of codes and practice was initiated in the interest of Idle Rich, Royalty and Nobility so as to blow hot or cold as wanted. Our present day Idle Rich are taking full advantage of the old code while it lasts. If New York was a real State citizenized by **Real men**, Evelyn and Harry would have been indicted and tried together for the murder of the man who is dead. If Virginia was a real State Judge Loving and his daughter would have been convicted together for the brutal murder of Estes. Woman is no toy. She is just as responsible a creature as man and neither Evelyn or Elizabeth should be allowed to kill by lying without suffering equally with the ass that takes the dope.

How alike the Plutocratic forces are in different States. Colorado's Governor took the trouble to order the lights of the Welcome Arch turned out so that Haywood would meet a "dark reception" on his return to Denver and Busse's Chicago School Board was barely organized when it ordered the name of Henry George School changed and that of George M. Pullman chiseled in the stone over the entrance: The former stood for equality and democracy the latter for self and economic tyranny. His sons were masculine harlots whom their sire had neither the time or brains to train into decency though the secret could be had for \$1.30 at this office.

It is such acts as these of Governor Buchtel, the Busse Board and the Standard Oil trying to sneak an appeal through Judge Grosscup's court that does more to liberate the toiler than all other agencies combined.

Those who understand how intimately related as parts of the Great World Movement toward Democracy are the Haywood trial, Judge Landis' Twenty Nine Million Dollar fine of Standard Oil, The San Francisco Graft Trial and the Thaw Trial with Britton Evans Brain Storm fake, should feel abundantly satisfied as to the world's ability to reform itself. Even Haywood, Schmitz and Rockefeller are just "lookers on" at the game.

The distinguishing advantage which this Government secured over the other nations of the world was in the larger area of freedom granted to its units.

More freedom more progress. More freedom more purity. More freedom more strength, both individual and collective.

Do you think kittens would be graceful and agile without freedom?

Can Humans become mentally, morally and socially agile and graceful without freedom? Never!

All the instructors and works on Physical Culture in the world will not compare with **freedom** when it comes to developing beauty, grace and glory in men or cats or any other organism on the face of the earth. Consumption, Prostitution, Graft, Smug Aristocracy, Divorce, Suicide, Preaching, Laziness, Wealth-getting and Hipocrisy are all the natural products of despotism, compulsion and force rule.

In Chicago anyone may call up Newspapers over the phone, and by saying, "Newspaper Business," no charge is made—no nickle in the slot exacted. Can this be anything but graft, or are Newspapers sacred. Up to last January Railroads gave passes to all sorts of publications, but the system was overthrown because it was **graft**. Are we still so sordid in our ideal that we must overthrow grafts one at a time? If **real honesty** was the aim everything on the graft principle would be knocked out at one blow. All this shows how completely inoperative are the Ten Commandments and all other varieties of dogmatism. Each person seems to insist on stealing until they are stopped.

We may as well understand that before many years all of the means by which great wealth has been amassed in the past will be classified as crimes and punished as such. The millionaire is simply our wholesale thief, but his methods have not yet been classified as criminal.

#### **DIRECTORY OF UNDESIRABLE CITIZENS.**

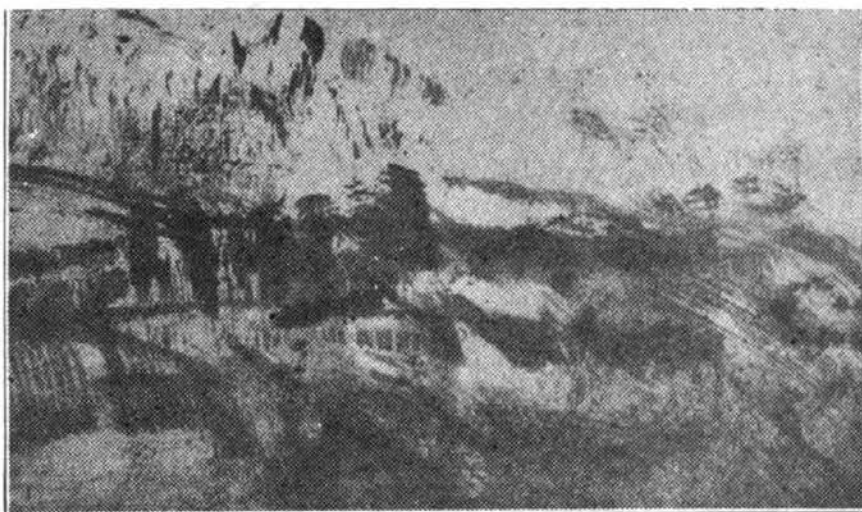
Are you against Government, Courts, Schools, Army and Legislatures run by the money-power? Do you realize that we have an "Invisible American King" made up of the network of "Interests" that own all the Newspapers, Courts, Trusts, Banks, Factories, Railways, Mines and Legislatures, and who runs all these for the benefit of 5 per cent. of our population?

Do you realize that this Invisible King has borrowed all of the fake codes, practices and ideals that were originated for the use of European Monarchs and that these are the cause of all our poverty, prostitution, misery, graft and unrest?

Then we will accept you in the Directory of Undesirable Citizens which will contain the names only of the eminent and active workers for the New Civilization. Send 10c with full name and address written plainly. If you want a copy of the Directory with your name printed in bold faced type send \$1.10.

**TO-MORROW PUBLISHING CO.,**  
2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## TEDDY'S BRAINSTORM.



The above is an accurate reproduction of Teddy's **Brainstorm** on hearing of Haywood's acquittal. Artistically drawn by Editor A. M. Simons of the Chicago Daily Socialist, with an ink roller.

## NOTHING TO TAX.

Those who do not believe in the divine right of taxation, which under our present civilization has become an accepted dogma, may rid themselves of the inconvenience of the tax-collector by giving the "open door" to this same civilization.

Few people realize that the thief and police, the preacher and prostitute, the beggar and the millionaire are all the products of the same set of forces, the same set of laws and the same ideals.

Having natural dislike for locking doors, drawers and secreting things I am gradually and silently being relieved of all need of enduring the obsequious tax-collector. The time was when I owned a violin, a bicycle, a guitar, some pictures, a suit case, some valuable books etc., but they are no more. The tax-collector is foiled for they have disappeared through the open doorway from which the key has also been abstracted, by some "Weary Willie." Let those whom taxes annoy do likewise. Do not rail against the system, but simply leave your door wide open to the entrance of the weary ones and after a while you will no longer be asked to pay taxes.

## SANDALS.

Why do we To-Morrow Folks wear sandals?

Because we live **Rational Lives** and think **Rational Thoughts** and it is utterly ridiculous to house up the feet in hot sweaty shoes when they really need the air just as much as our faces and ears and they are quite as respectable and as fit to be seen.

It is noticeable too that immediately we commence exposing the feet or any other part of the body the tendency is to manicure them carefully and make them pleasing to the eye. Even the naked Igorrotes are graceful, shapely and fair to look upon because they go uncovered—the same reason why our own race is not fit to be seen in the nude.

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### GOVERNMENT BY TRICKS AND FRAUD.

Those who have been taught from childhood that Government is sacred, incorruptible and always just; that "patriotism" (meaning a blind reverence for things as they are) is the noblest virtue, are naturally shocked and unsettled on discovering the supreme authorities of two states in conspiracy with federal officials and brute capital endeavoring to stay the cause of freedom by tricks, fraud and bluff.

In this country where the mines, banks, railroad companies, manufacturing companies, street railways, newspapers and commercial enterprises are all owned by the same group of people who compose perhaps 5 per cent. of the population it is not strange that the entire machinery of publicity should be constantly at work poisoning the mind of a gullible public and minimizing the rights of the producer, misrepresenting the toiler in every phase of his fight against oppression, but it is diabolical that the forces and influence of the Federal and States Government should gratuitously throw themselves into the battle on the side of the strong against the weak.

When brute government, brute money and brute Phariseism unite to rob and dispoil those who, under the Constitution, were guaranteed equal opportunity, what means can the masses employ, what weapon have the downtrodden ever employed except **BRUTE FORCE** and if out of all the foul means adopted to enslave the "man of muscle" **brute force** is to be the only delinquency punishable, what means remains to overthrow oppression?

The Haywood case certainly offers a rich field for proving up the iniquities employed by our "**Invisible American King**" (the network of financial interests) for perpetuating its reign of profit from economic serfdom.

Following the atrocities of the mine owners in combination with the military and the courts as plentifully shown up in the trial testimony, the authorities of Colorado and Idaho coaching Orchard, pretending they believed him, taking time to manufacture a whole network of falsehoods, further descended to the despicable kidnapping of the three federation officials. Having placed them in jail, doubly guarded them, invoked the aid of the stading army and delayed their trial on various pretexts, this same tricky and fraudulent government proceeded to select venire men making a pretense of a "legal" jury trial, not only was the original plan of the authorities foiled, which was to take these prisoners into an obscure town, give them a quick quiet trial and dispose of them by way of the noose, but when forced to bring the case to Boise, instead of the usual non-partisan venire the **government** influence sufficiently controlled the sheriff so that no men of their own class were called—for although Boise and vicinity contains more than a thousand union laborers, it was noticeable that not one of these men were called out of the two hundred and fifty names presented by the sheriff; closely pointing to a conspiracy to railroad these innocent men to their death.

Perhaps the most brazen and far-reaching factor in this scheme of duplicity was the systematic poisoning of the public mind by lies and exaggeration through the medium of

**OUR COURSE OF SIX LESSONS** in Fundamental Thinking, commencing with "The Origin of Thought" and ending with "The Limitation of Thought," "How to Know Truth" and "The Power of Generalization," will cause every real Educator and Psychologist in the World to sit up and take notice. The Fake Psychologists will not dare to go through this course or mention it to others because it will put them out of business.

the capitalist-controlled Associated Press and its thousands of satellites and influencing a derogatory expression against them by Pres. Roosevelt all for the purpose of prejudicing the jury and the public mind against them. The employment of the disgraceful Pinkertons for the purpose of creating testimony against these innocent men is ample evidence of the degree of trickery and fraud to which the authorities were willing to descend in order to gain their point; and it is to this kind of government, a government willing to give itself over to a conspiracy to murder innocent men because they stand in the way of the money power, that the millions of school children of this land are urged to bestow their patriotism.

Let us understand, once for all, that this kind of wholesale patriotism is no virtue nor honor to anyone, for there is but one kind of patriotism and that is the kind that stands for freedom and equal opportunity to every citizen. While no man should be backward in taking up arms in the cause of freedom, no one but a mental serf should be willing to bear arms to perpetuate our present capitalistic government whether we go to war with Japan, Germany or any other lesser despotism.

With a Machiavellian consistency, in some cases born of craft and in others of stupidity, the entire capitalist controlled press of the country is now calling attention to the fair trial which Haywood finally obtained from the Idaho Judge and jury though the influence that brought fairness into this fight was purely the effect of a determined proletariat which to the surprise and dismay of the opposition secured contribution of a quarter of a million dollars, rushed to the rescue from the scant earnings of a million American workmen.

History, in this country at least, offers no parallel in the way of duplicity fraud and attempted murder, all entered into with open eyes, by the **government itself**, in conspiracy with a bunch of thugs, scurvy politicians and economic grafters—the whole forming a combination that should not be able to excite the patriotism of a scorpion.

It is well to remember that our Courts, Schools, Religion and Government are NO BETTER than the average human being who acts with or is acted upon by these institutions and as our competitive system and craze for wealth has naturally created the grafter and murderer so the majority of these coming into power have influenced the government to go into the grafting and murdering business.

### WHAT MIGHT WE BE.

One may be constantly reminded as we meet our fellow creatures in the daily walks of life, to what extent we are all the products of only the amount of exercise that our environment, including that of our ancestors, has forced upon

us. Many consider this a "hard world" to live in and are prone to point out the obstacles which animals, human beings and even plants are obliged to overcome, in the struggle for existence in order to live at all, but careful analysis makes it clear that all the forms of resistance placed in our way are among the greatest blessings that we enjoy—that where no resistance has been offered to give us and our ancestry mental exercise we have grown mentally weak—when no resistance has been offered which has enforced physical exercise we have become physically weak, and that almost all forms of disease with which humanity suffers can be traced to two primal causes, viz., either too much to eat or too little exercise.

Studying the thousands of people whom we meet daily, whose weak eyes, shuffling frames and pale or bloated faces tell the story of lives and ancestries devoted to ease and lack of rugged out-of-door activity, we can but marvel to what extent mankind falls short of what he really might be.

Our ancestors of only a few thousand years ago, who spent much of their time in the trees, were able to jump fifteen or twenty feet in the air, and catching a limb with either foot or hand swing themselves to the branches of other trees thirty or forty feet distant with perfect accuracy. They necessarily led very strenuous lives, and were daily forced into these activities either to escape death or in quest for food. Even our greatest athletes are clumsy and weak in comparison with these forest dwellers, and all because for thousands of years our plan of life has been to indulge in as little physical activity as possible, until the majority of our race are tainted with hereditary tendencies toward catarrh, consumption, Bright's disease, etc.—the result of over-eating unaccompanied with the necessary proportion of rugged out of door activity.

Those who judge by their own "feelings" and "think they are well" little realizing that even a short period of sluggish living is sufficient to implant sluggish and morbid beginnings of disease in the vital organs of the body, fail utterly to take advantage of the world's accumulated knowledge for their well-being. Not only does the entire body and brain proceed to lapse into a sluggish state immediately we dispense with rugged out of door exercise but the weakness thus engendered becomes a factor for hereditary transmission and children are being brought into the world, even to the third and fourth generation with the weaknesses and defects that may be merely the result of a period of laziness and inactivity on the part of their ancestors.

The question then is, shall we continue to live and think according to the prevailing fashion or shall we better ourselves and make luscious creatures of our children by living according to the sum of knowledge which a general observation of the world's processes affords.

### THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

While the rank and file of Americans think that they are horrified and shocked at the theories of anarchists and revolutionists, the utter contempt of the law shown in the daily practice and mental attitudes of the majority of our population is laughable and almost pathetic.

The truth is that there is scarcely a man, woman or child who is not ready to steal any amount, providing they can do it legally, that is, so that the "law" will not catch them. There is not a "Captain of Industry" who by his greed and heartlessness is not the cause of scores of slow deaths, driving countless numbers to despair, heartaches and endless pain. While both church and state have made abundant laws and regulations against adultery and abortion. So universal are these crimes and so utterly hardened is the entire population to their constant occurrence, that it is only the very few who "publicly" get caught—to whom any attention is paid. Were the men, women, physicians and nurses who are connected with abortions, properly sent to jail according to the law intended for the "other fellow," our jail population would be increased by at least seventy-five thousand per annum, in Chicago alone, and if the law against adultery was properly enforced it would be necessary to get judges and lawyers out of jail in order to conduct the cases which would not amount to less than a hundred thousand per week. I know of a family who systematically whip their Tom Cat with the expectation that they will thereby cure his wicked sex nature. What they have really done is to make him a pervert for their espionage has driven him to destroy several small kittens by attempting to rape them. Our Adultery and Abortion problems are a part of the same process.

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### LOVE.

Dependent upon travelers, story tellers and wandering minstrels the people of "ye olden time" were given a perspective in the stories of love, which together with the impossibility to accurate accounts in those days, lent an air of mystery and romance as coming from a "far off countree" that was inviting to those who would stop and listen. To-day our newspapers serve up such a never ending round of "thrillers," which though sufficiently inaccurate to suit the disposition of the most ardent romancist, still enabled us to formulate a fairly accurate notion of what all this fireworks is, that people have the audacity to label "love."

An unsophisticated young woman who committed suicide at Colorado Springs while on the honeymoon trip with a married man from Pennsylvania, is seen to have been in intimate correspondence with a friend in Oklahoma and another in New York, while also receiving love letters and regular remittances from still another Johnny Wise in Chicago, and

" 'Twas a shame to take the money  
Said the bird on Nellie's hat."

Among maidens who are up to date the "remittance" type of love affairs has grown to be exceedingly popular.

Then we have the Mabelle Gilman type involving a five million dollar courtship including a comfortable "settlement," and again the Catherine Clemmons type that first catches her millionaire and then refuses to let go without taking, at least a third of his fortune with her.

Then we have the kind who give their husbands and fathers "brain storms" by telling them "perfectly devilish

stories" laying all the fault on the other fellow, but who always recuperate in time to appear in court in most faultless garb, where in simpering tones and a flood of tears they become "the bravest little woman in the world" by telling all the horrible imaginary details in open court.

The question is where does love come in? What part does love play in all these fantastic affairs? Is it not a fact that in all these countless instances, not one in a hundred of which are ever brought to public knowledge that it is merely a case of sex being played against a bank account?

Startling as it may seem, there are almost as many men as there are women who are engaged in exploiting their sex for a profit, for a living, for prestige or for place, and when the story is told about any of the vast numbers so engaged it is generally entitled a "love affair" when it is nothing of the kind unless it is a love of self.

Like adopting a creed or a party in religion or politics those who have read novels and seen plays of the Romeo and Juliet variety think it necessary to proceed by a programme or formula of behavior instead of permitting their own natures or feeling to take care of themselves. The result is a muddled consciousness and generally disappointment and separation, because they found real life and story book love so different.

But little comparison of the daily episodes in public print suffices to thoroughly establish the fact that but few of these harrowing tales have ever been touched by the spirit of love and that the term has been greatly misapplied to instances of pure greed, graft, vanity and the kind of selfishness that is able to design, calculate, watch and wait its opportunities. Providing you understand the "game" you are all right but 99 per cent. of readers swallow it as written in the papers and only awaken when it hits their own family affairs.

### **AUTOMOBILES.**

Why is it thus? Why does the pretty face ride and the plain girl walk. Why is it that most of the love tragedies and divorces now-a-days have direct or indirect connection with automobiles? No one ever sees anything wrong going on in an auto, for they seem to spin along in a direct, respectable way as though to defy gossip—but they go the pace and they are beginning to be found out.

As long as women want to be toys and as long as men want them as toys just so long will autos, theaters, midnight-suppers etc. play their part.

Some day there will be women and men who want each other as companions; their value will consist in their being efficient parents of the race—being seen with certain ones at horse-shows, swell cafes and on auto ride will not be the whole thing. **Some day.**

### **TWO TRAGIC LOVES IN REAL LIFE.**

#### **Tabatha. I.**

It was just after twilight in the full moon of a July evening. A stealthy tread was heard on the walk and Tabatha the gentle, solicitous mother rose and went forth to see who was the intruder. "It is I Tabatha, come back to you again. You see I return to you—always to you—do let me in." No

Tomasi you cannot enter—go back where you came from, unfaithful wanderer that you are—I shall never see you again—go away!” There was silence for a few moments and then—“Don’t for God’s sake—why do you say this—you know I was obliged to leave Tabatha. I did not expect to stay as long as I have. This is a hard, uncertain muddled world—we never know all—never can plan all—but I have come back at last and I must see you—by God I will see you.”

“No you shall not Tomasi, you must go away and go at once—I have my little ones to look after, I have learned to live alone and care for them fully all by myself—the affairs of my life are all adjusted, things are running smoothly, the children are being well educated, I do not need you, I don’t want you so go away, **be gone I say**—you have been drinking again, you are not yourself.”

Silence followed: It was quite certain that none of the neighbors or anyone else had heard a word. Tabatha was determined. She had lived a hard life almost entirely dependent upon her own efforts and now with five young children to rear, (his children) she did not propose to put up with the additional burden of having the careless, wandering, Tomasi about, who, though big, strong and sometimes gentle and tender, was completely irresponsible and a breeder of tumults and discords throughout the entire neighborhood.

The silence continuing for some time she finally lay down and went to sleep though several times in the night she aroused, sat up and listened intently but her alert ears hearing nothing she slept soundly between each period. It must be confessed that deep down Tomasi was very dear to her and reigned supreme in a very tender corner of her heart and on account of her very harsh and abrupt dismissal she would have feared him also, except that he had always been so aimless, so lacking in any capacity to organize his forces to accomplish anything good, that she did not give him credit for the stamina and will power to carry out any evil.

Had she known the extent of the wound that stung the heart of Tomasi at the word “**be gone**” she would have trembled. He had not seen her for weeks, he had wandered miles on foot, he had been spurned, hounded and cursed by everyone, and finally returning to Tabatha as the one of all the world who would offer a haven for his troubled, uncertain spirit, he was met with “**be gone**”—he was stung—he became dangerous.

“It is those brats,” he murmured as he stole away looking back three or four times in the hope of being recalled. “**Dam those brats**” he repeated. “If it were not for them I would be accepted back gladly in the place I used to occupy.” Shuffling, gliding, hesitating, he wandered out into the night never stopping until he reached the river wharf, where he dropped himself through a hole in the platform and made his bed on the fallen plank that had left the opening.

There in his foul bed of vermin, spiders smells and parasites, accompanied by the slop of the murky water against the piles, he gave wing to the foul vultures of his fancy. “She is mine, I will have her,” he said starting up, his dull mind

fascinated and pulsing with the fever of his passion as he clutched the sodden filth on each side of his plan. "**The brats**—those brats are in my way. Her thoughts are all for them. They steal her soul, consume her body, absorb her time. To-Morrow? No that is too soon. On Wednesday the day after she will go out at daybreak. Then is my time. I will strangle them, I will put them quickly out of the way. She will suffer but she will know that I did it because I must have her. I will be there when she returns. I will consume her cries, I will fold her to me with my strength. I will perfume her sorrow with my passion. I will dethrone her conscience by my overmastering persistence. **I shall win**—the brats will be out of the way—she will then have only me—she must take me—she will take me." At last he slept. Once—twice he reached out to feel a face. He smiled, his breast heaved with exuberance—he clutched into the filth and slime on each side like the roots of a bad tree.

All that day he remained out of sight under the world's feet. He drank in the stifling odors around him like a new life, he pressed his head fondly, close—close in between the rotten planks and the black muck. The virmin, rats and spiders fled from their rival. He had made the one vital decision of his life—he was ripening for his task, aflame for the hour to arrive. All day and night he regaled himself on the juices and odors of the sewer—all day he dwelt with maggots and vied with them at their own trade.

At last morning came. Concealed he watched from afar the form of Tabatha as she passed out of the house and disappeared down the street.

Have pity oh! oh! Reader—there are tears everywhere—the world chokes but I must write what is true.

By the time Tabatha returned her five innocent ones were strangled—their voices silenced forever and that night—did the stars refuse to shine? No, a tender glow from heaven spread over all like a benediction—the stars peeped out and saw Tabatha after hours of futile struggle against superior strength finally, for consolation, draw Tomasi to her and with the confession of his mighty love burning in her ears, she gave herself unreservedly to his carresses.

#### **In the Same Block. II.**

Three o'clock Sunday P. M. had finally arrived when the letters home were to be written. Dinner was over and just one look out of the prettily draped window of her room—then the call of duty.

Laura had arrived in Chicago from Joplin, Mo., just four days ago—she had gone to the "Great Northern" first, called on the School of Dramatic Art the same day, where she had paid for her first three month term in preparation for the stage and she was now past the middle of the third day in her present quarters where all the boarders were "so kind," her cheery face, perfect form and natural grace having captivated the entire "bunch" including the Ten Dollar a week two meals a day landlady.

Laura's mother was a widow and poor, her father had been something of a promoter, had struck a couple of "profits" during his fifteen years of married life, had each time given

the family a taste of luxury, he had been known to be "gay" and had been dead three years. Though only eighteen Laura knew more of life than she told. For one and a half years she had held a position in the office of a well to do manufacturer in Joplin—a man with a busy wife, four servants, two carriages and an automobile. He and Laura were very good friends, his wife came to the realization one day that they at least were no enemies and shortly after, without ostentation Laura came to Chicago to study for the stage. It may be well to observe in passing that most successful primadonnas receive the same kind of a start.

The law that enables a poor young woman to pay a three month term in advance, wear good clothers, occupy a ten dollar a week room and feel assured of the wherewith to keep it up is not half bad especially when the Professors, the willing friends who flock in, the landlady and the boarders all know the law.

"My! she is particular," said one young bank clerk on the second day, "she would not even let me help undo her automobile veil when she came in." "Gee but she's modest," said another, "she saw me admiring her throat and since then she does not look at me and immediately took to wearing a high up collar"—and so her reputation was made and so they all took the "bunco" handed in by each though all of them were "wise."

Hardly had she drawn her chair up to the mahogany desk where her writing materials lay ready when a knock on the door was followed by the question, "Mr. Baker wants to know if Miss Laura would like a little spin in his auto." "To be sure, will be right down," and so instead of an afternoon of letter writing it turned out to be a seven o'clock dinner at Kenosha with a jolly crowd, a dozen or two introductions to other "good fellows," a ride home in the moonlight, a midnight lunch at the Wellington and to bed, tired and overstimulated at 2:30 A. M.—The meat of this cocoanut lies in the fact that any well dressed, good looking girl of eighteen may come to Chicago and within three days get into equally friendly relations with our young millionaires and have all of this kind of pleasure their bodies can stand. Our young millionaires are anybody's property if the girl will only dress well and be a "good fellow." If the girl has had a good "start" before she gets here, if she knows something of life and men, a la Evelyn Edith, and Kathryn she will "catch" one of them. If she gives way to her heart, if she takes things seriously, she may get "shattered nerves" and go the suicide route within three years the way Laura did.

Pretty clothes, flattering ways, (men are all dupes) and a little vivacity will within a week in Chicago place any fairly attractive young woman in a position to scorn the pin money waiting to be sent in crisp bills by the "old fellow" back home, because if she chooses to exploit herself, a dozen hands will be in readiness to draw on their bank accounts for whatever the whims of "Dolly May" demand. They are all "Tomasies" on a different scale.

Chicago at this moment can be said to have an actual demand for at least five thousand more young women of this



variety and their fate will largely depend upon their natural breadth, the training given them by their first lovers and their natural mental equipment.

Of the thousands who on this plane have come into contact with the rush of Chicago life, many are among the respected wives and mothers of the community, some are on the stage, some have remained adventuresses and accept the positions of temporary consorts of out of town patrons of Hotels and Clubs.

Many of the plain ones and those without dash or a knowledge of their powers are plodding along on small salaries as stenographers or as clerks in stores. Others have ruined their beauty and their "chances" by dissipation while the usual percentage have taken to professional prostitution and suicide.

Had Laura been satisfied to just live, maintain good hours, eat rational food, take a rational amount of exercise and thereby husband her beauty and her powers she would not have become nerve-shattered and she might still be enjoying (?) life in some one of the ways above described.

The last story is about a girl and several men—the first one is about a cat and a Tommy. Both of them are true.

### THE SIGNIFICANCE OF FUNDAMENTAL THINKING.

The remarkable quickening and illumination of the mind during the last half century makes the present the most vital epoch in human history; and the indications are that the real flood of intellectual power is on. So far all our learning and thinking has been limited by elemental misconceptions—knowledge obtained under the primitive and laborous system which initiated every clique in religion, philosophy and science and caused them to oppose or ignore every other one and try to solve the problems of the universe from an isolated view-point. Not only were men so separated from each other that thought production was just as crude and wasteful as food production, but Man was conceived as being radically distinct from everything else, above and below—a mistake that consigned all his intellectual effort to the category of rudimentary babbling.

The significant feature of the present awakening is the steady assault from all sides upon the walls of isolation and limitation. Just as in astronomy the Heliocentric conception made constructive work possible by displacing the Geocentric idea, and so prepared the way for the grand Cosmic conception in which the solar system is but a component unit of an illimitable universe, so have the Egocentric, Homocentric and Anthropocentric ideals played their successive parts in the evolutionary process by which the groping Mortal Mind has approached the thresh-

hold of Immortality. Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" is a striking instance of how isolated factions have been broadening from within; and Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy" marks an epoch in the struggle for the emancipation and unification of knowledge, to the end that it might serve as a basis for Cosmic Conceptions, and make Fundamental Thinking possible.

There is a state of mind, called "Cosmic Consciousness," which is as much superior to the ordinary ego-centric Mind as the latter is to the mentality of sheep. It is supposed that in all the ages past perhaps fifty human beings have reached "Divine Illumination," and there are probably not more than that now living who can be so classified. The state of dynamic equipoise—the faculty of universal perception of "Truth in Being," which some have called the "Christ Mind," is the climax of an evolutionary process, the expansion of the racial intellect. This Unification of Knowledge, and elimination of waste from the mental field by the systematic application of intelligent superintendence to intellectual processes, means that our race is approaching the beginning of its ability to apply its cosmic knowledge to its own development by means of the same laws by which we effect improvement of plants, fruits, fowl and domestic animals. Thus far Human Progress has been blind, as automatic and as independent of the intellectual assistance and co-operation from ourselves as are plants, insects and stars. It is evident that the To-Morrow School of Fundamental Thinking has a wide range and should claim every human being as a pupil.

—C. L. Brewer.

#### A SPARK.

Each soul reaches the UNION TERMINAL STATION over a different route. I do not claim that my Road is the best for it isn't. It is rocky and a long way around. Still, it is my Way and the one I have to travel.

—Eloise.

Dear Mr. Sercombe—

I am enclosing \$5.00 to help establish your Fellowship Home and though I know it's not much am sure you would be able to carry out your splendid plans at once if every other subscriber would do likewise. I keenly appreciate your fine, clean method of thought, your great charity and interest in the cause of humanity. It requires fortitude to toil on with dignity and forbearance in the face of man's average incompetence and ingratitude.

every truly,

—Agatha Wieboldt.

My Dear Sercombe:

To say that To-Morrow pleases me would be stating the truth in a very mild form. The reasons for my joy are not far to seek. I have read much on Socialism, but none of the others propose doing anything—a lot of talk is all they appear to desire. You seem to be the man who proposes to do something. The talking stage has passed: the stage of action has arrived. The man who can take the lamp of Truth in his hand and march forward, is the man the hour calls for, and it appears to be a fact that the editor of To-Morrow has read this message in the sky above his head, and in the grass beneath his feet. Your renunciation of property is a grand piece of unselfish work. When men are able to throw off these heavy and useless burdens, and trim themselves for the race, the top will soon be reached. The Declaration of Independence was a good piece of work in its day, but it was a mere bagatelle compared with your renunciation of property, and the time is speedily coming when this fact will appear in brighter colors than now.—H. W. Hunt.

Everyone who lives in Indiana thinks that he has got to write poetry. Here follows one of them—a real Hoosier yap.—Editor.

### THE QUESTION.

Pretty little maiden, on your morning way,  
Linger for a moment, I would have you stay;  
So I may fare, and like you to seek,—  
Where did you get the roses in your cheek?

In what hidden bower washed by crystal dew,  
Did you find the roses of such laughing hue?  
Will you please inform me? I would pray you speak;  
Where did you get the roses in your cheek?

But there's no returning now for me, my dear!  
Winter fills for me, lass, so much of the year:  
Yet I can but wonder from this hillside bleak,—  
Where did you get the roses in your cheek?

Memories they bring me of flowers that have died.  
Ah, to be alone—alone, in a world so wide!  
For me the wintry sunset on some snowy peak;  
For you the morning roses in your cheek!

—Alonzo Rice, Shelbyville, Ind.

### TO A DOG.

By E. E. Braffet.

Oh give me a dog for a friend  
A dog who is loyal and true  
One who will love me till the end  
And whose friendship I never shall rue.

A friend who shall show all his joy  
Show all his love for me  
Who will trot by my side in pride  
Whose nature from malice is free.

On whose head I can lay my hand  
Receiving therefore his caress;  
Who knows when I'm lonely and sad  
Who will watch o'er me while I rest.

A friend who is worthy the name,  
In my lap he will lay his head,  
And when perchance we grow weary  
At my feet he will make his bed.

One whom I can love without fear that  
 He will repay me with scorn;  
 To whom it will not seem a fault  
 That my love was first to be born.

When troubles assail, such a friend  
 Will not pass me by with a frown  
 But sympathy silently give  
 And a mantle of love throw down.

Then here's to my friend staunch and true,  
 Who has never an axe to grind,  
 Who gives, asking naught in return  
 But that I love him and be kind.

### CRUCIFIED TO-DAY, CANONIZED TO-MORROW.

William T. Stead, the British veteran in the modern battle for the right of the press to utter ugly truths about the eminent respectable members of society, in his article, "The Coming Parliament of Man," published in "The Saturday Evening Post," June 1st, 1907, says:

"MANKIND SEEMS BENT UPON REALIZING CHRISTIAN IDEALS THROUGH OTHER THAN CHRISTIAN AGENCIES."

Well, now, that puts a hot proposition up to "To-Morrow" and all the horde of reformers with magazinelets, for surely every mother's son of them is chummy with the Nazarene Carpenter who was murdered for his utterances and apotheosized by his followers to this day.

His teaching must be the truth to survive all the opposition of other beliefs and still hold to the world at large something that appeals to the common heart of humanity despite the fact that several hundred millions of "Christians" systematically misrepresent him to the rest of the race.

It occurs to some of us having considerable painful experience with ecclesiastic Christianity that the only time that Christendom gave Christ's doctrines a fair test was when Christianity was confined principally to the Catacombs of the Imperial City.

Now since Christians have gotten out of the hole and hopped upon the thrones of Christian Civilization they do not seem to feel the necessity of illustrating and enforcing the whole set of social ideals as set forth by the Galilean peasant.

Jesus uttered the profoundest sentiments of the human heart and never until his teachings have secured a fair trial, upon a universal scale, can his still small voice be silenced.

He is yet as far in advance of Christian Pharisaism as he was ahead of Jewish Pharisaism, two milleniums since.

Evidently, too, his discipleship must arise from the ranks of the common people and his defenders and apologists spring from among modern publicans and sinners.

—John R. Downer.

## WHAT THEY SAY.

Dear Comrades:—

Kindly send us at once one hundred (100) copies of "Our Invisible King." We intend to push the sale of this booklet as much as lies in our power, and hope that its sale will be as great as its merits.

Fraternally yours,

—Socialist Literature Co.,  
New York City.

Dear Sercombe:—

Just a line or two to tell you that I am much pleased with the Mexican Sandals you furnished me with. My feet are having the first really happy summer they have enjoyed since childhood.

Yours fraternally,

—(Rev.) Eliot White.

Editor To-Morrow:—

As a woman I thank the writer, Edward H. Cowles, for his forcible expression in relation to our "Sex Natures," and congratulate him upon his arrival "where he is at."

—Carrie Eloise Holmes.

Dear Editor To-Morrow:—

The August number of your magazine is full of flashes of Truth. I think the idea of God "splitting his sides" is an excellent one in those days when all the "ghosts" from the Holy One down are taken so seriously.

—H. Howard.

Dear Comrades:—

"Crimes in their Order" and "Socialism & Socialism" in your July number are fine, but few are able to comprehend such sublime truths. With superstition as the main, and almost exclusive mental diet, and such a diet as the ruling class permit their slaves to eat, and such unnatural sexual lives as most of the race endures, is it any wonder that so few are in perfect health?

—J. L. Higbee, Jenero, O.

Dear Sercombe:—

"God's Jokes" is a boundary line—it marks an epoch. In spite of themselves people will stop at it. As they can't get over it they will have to go through it. Congratulations to you—not as the first man who laughs with God but as the first man who knows why he laughs and what he laughs at.

—Anna P. Ferguson.

My Dear Sercombe:—

Congratulations on your "God's Principal Jokes." It is really good—very good. My only objection to "To-Morrow" is you give too much for the money. It is really excellent.

—Walter Pulitzer.

My Dear Sercombe:—

You are certainly striking clever blows at ancient nonsense and outworn superstitions. Your catagory of modern hoaxes in the August number under the title of "God's Principal Jokes," while apparently a little blasphemous is decidedly a sockdolager. It is such a broadside and so well aimed at every species of humbuggery that has waxed strong and grown fat under the nursing of our particular strife of civilization that you are sure to become the object of not a little return fire but you are steel-clad and will be impervious to the bullets of this polemic warfare. Here's glory to you.

—Henry Frank.

Dear Comrades:—

"Our Invisible King" is a masterpiece; no words can do it justice. Like the two-edged sword, one edge cuts with pleasure where one has grown to accept certain truths, the other with sorrow, because of the reader's own deficiencies.

Sincerely,

—Maud A. Thorndyke.

Carrying their creed of rationalism into practical use, Parker H. Sercombe and his followers of the Spencer-Whitman center are garbing themselves during the summer months in a manner tending to make them the envy of their more conventional neighbors.

While unusual, there is no question as to the comfort of the Sercombe modes. Sercombe himself is the leader of the sartorial art and he certainly presents a cool appearance.

A white duck business suit, negligee shirt and Panama hat make up the major portion of the costume. As to shoes, he wears no shoes. From the days of the Actecs the Mexicans have worn sandals. They never vary in style. The twentieth century sandal is the same as the sandal of prehistoric days.

The Spencer-Whitmanites from the high chief Sercombe himself to the latest disciple of the cult clothe their feet in these sandals. They are cool and easy, and bid defiance to the corn and bunion.

The entire uniform of the cult is in direct line with their rationalism, for the Sercombite believes in being rational in thinking, rational in living, rational in eating, rational in dressing, rational in working, rational in playing, rational in marriage, rational in government, rational in business methods, rational in education, in short rationalism and freedom versus compulsion in everything.

—Chicago Journal.

Editor of To-Morrow: I am moved to send you for publication a few notes I have taken on the Mate question.

The Unit may be impersonal, as impersonal as Sercombe himself, but the Unit is Dual. This is the only conception strong enough to be simple or simple enough to be strong.

The fact of an individual possessing a triple or a quadruple—or a divided and subdivided—soul in but a single body is sad to contemplate.

"As one element in a chemical combination rushes with irresistible force to join itself with another element that attracts it, so, without doubt, hesitancy, forethought, desire even, the spirit of our mate, our other half, rushes to mingle itself forever with us, in all the incontrovertible persistence of natural law—joined, united, intermingled with, and one with your destined mate, yourself and not yourself, exquisite contradiction and agreement within yourself at once." This from "As It Is To Be," by Cora Linn Daniels.

According to Ferguson's Better World Philosophy, the **Personal** man loses himself in a hole, and the **Impersonal** man loses himself in a fog. We are both personal and impersonal, subjective and objective, center and circumference. But Ferguson's "man" is man and woman; the Unit is Dual.

—A. P. Ferguson.

# "Lest We Forget."

By Grace Amadon.



"There go the freights! (not the ships) and lying on the roads I see a man, a tramp, the eleventh I've seen this afternoon on the Illinois Central trains."

Two of them were boys playing in a box-car.

"It was right here," said Ben Reitman, "that I learned to be a tramp. I used to flip on trains and ride out to Grand Crossing and back."

"That was fifteen years ago, and it was fun for me then."

But the time came when he **had to go**, his serious nature compelled him. and he has been going to and fro on the earth ever since.

To be free, to ignore all obligations, to be broke, and just a little bit hungry—that's a tramp's ideal.

I said to one whom I met this morning—"Are you happy?" "Not quite," was his answer, "I have fifteen cents yet!"

"When I'm tramping," says Reitman, "I think of one thing all the time—how I'm going to get my next meal."

"But it does me good to keep just a little hungry, I can observe better."

Now-a-days, we consider a tramp good-for-nothing, lazy, a creature of habit and chance. We condemn him for roaming about and forget that it is his birthright to wander, the same which prompted Paul to plant the gospel in Rome, Columbus to seek a new route to India, and Franklin to search for the North Pole.

The man out at 39th and Cottage Grove Av. every night has got it too—he's been all over the world selling tooth-powder!

When a man has something to show as a result of his wanderings, we give him praise, and if he dies, a monument. But the man that wanders about until he becomes poor, "raggedy," and apparently aimless in life, gets abuse; he begins to go to jail, where he ultimately spends half his time, and associates with anarchists, murderers, and thieves.

And when we consider these men, we forget that they are human and that they had just as much right to attempt a traveler's life as men who have money.

Wanderlust compels them all.

It is a spirit not human, for people in general are too much inclined to settle down in one place, where there are plenty of rocking-chairs and cushions!

A tramp demands the earth for observation, and will have it, too, in spite of difficulties.

And not only the policeman, the tramp, but the whole universe mankind, urges to "move on." The sun and moon and stars are daily declaring, "We live and move."

But because some folks have not yet solved the problem how to live and work while they are on the go like the sun

**OUR COURSE OF SIX LESSONS** in Fundamental Thinking, commencing with "The Origin of Thought" and ending with "The Limitation of Thought," "How to Know Truth" and "The Power of Generalization," will cause every real Educator and Psychologist in the World to sit up and take notice. The Fake Psychologists will not dare to go through this course or mention it to others because it will put them out of business.

and moon and trains and boats, they are despised and "every man's hand is against them."

Neither is the man any better understood who espouses their course.

Chicago winked and blinked a while ago when Ben Reitman gave his tramp banquet. All the city papers were there, but they played it up funny the next day and lost their cue. Perhaps they were thinking of a little speech at the Press Club one night where English was not built just according to their pattern, and after that they never could be quite sincere!

But it's not to be wondered at that they did not comprehend when the author himself said afterward, "I'm finding out every day why I gave that banquet."

With some Reitman got an undesirable notoriety. He simply wanted to stir men up to help the tramp, "who," he says, "is human—who can love and feel and be happy like any other man."

When he proposed "Kindness and no red tape," he understood the need of his creed. And no man ever knew **him** that did not love him for his kindness. Perhaps it's this very trait that the cruelty of his father has accentuated. His father was a Russian Jew.

His frankness and honesty appeal to one. Honesty! Bah! And we hear of some college scrape he got into—he let one of his fellows write his examination. But afterward, when the professor led him on into a string of lies and then caught him, Reitman turned and said, "Yes, Doctor, I'm lying."

His attention to detail is a striking characteristic. He does not forget what to do next. A man that has tramped in every state in the Union and around the world several times, serving as ship-doctor, cattle doctor, cook, fireman, sailor, sometimes a stowaway, and in several places a prisoner—such a man **has** to remember details,—he cannot risk forgetting.

But I consider his greatest power to be that of winning souls. He has a peculiar habit of "firing" his friends, but he always wins them back again. Swear at him today, turn him out, you'll be wishing him back tomorrow.

And he will come too—that's Reitman.

He does not hate his enemies. I once heard him say to a woman who stamped her foot in sheer hatred of something, "Don't do that, you can't love if you hate."

It was on the street-car one day, when he suddenly turned to me and said, "There's a woman who verily hates me."

I could hardly believe it, but answered, "Do you feel the same toward her?"

"No," he said, "I couldn't, she's too clever."



He is always on the alert for the man that can do things. For such a one he has a profound admiration—never jealousy. A new friend is to him a new world, and he makes it his first business to find out what that person can do.

A boy tramp, his education was neglected. And now, whenever se sees a school building, he says that he feels like swearing because of its failure to interest him in things he ought to have learned.

But the whole earth has been his school ground, and while tramping it down from year to year, he has become fired with a zeal to better the condition of the men on the "out trail,"—to make it less easy for boys to become tramps, and to make life more reasonable for men who are.

No one questions Reitman's sincerity who knows him. Few see how he is going to solve the tramp problem, but it is certainly encouraging that one has undertaken it who is a tramp among tramps—a man after their own heart.

And neither is he a reformed tramp—he is a thoroughbred. and will probably tramp the rest of his life.

He has an old grandfather nearly eighty years of age who has just returned from a long sojourn in Europe. He has been in nearly every country of the world and has been wandering about for the last forty years.

But Reitman has proposed no arm-chair theories. He demands first a good law, which he says is just as reasonable and necessary for the probable 1,000,000 tramps and hoboos in the United States today as for the 4,000,000 slaves 50 years ago—human beings that had become as beasts. He prophesies "no better outlook now for our vagrants until we have a law that will keep them separate from murderers and thieves, and that will make it possible for the man who is down and out to find a job instead of being continually thrust into jail until he becomes a slave of crime, law, and prison."

"The tramp is already so degraded," says Reitman, "that most men think him hopeless, but he is still human, and needs kind dope, which I propose without red tape."

#### DIRECTORY OF UNDESIRABLE CITIZENS.

Are you against Government, Courts, Schools, Army and Legislatures run by the money-power? Do you realize that we have an "Invisible American King" made up of the network of "Interests" that own all the Newspapers, Courts, Trusts, Banks, Factories, Railways, Mines and Legislatures, and who runs all these for the benefit of 5 per cent. of our population?

Do you realize that this Invisible King has borrowed all of the fake codes, practices and ideals that were originated for the use of European Monarchs and that these are the cause of all our poverty, prostitution, misery, graft and unrest?

Then we will accept you in the Directory of Undesirable Citizens which will contain the names only of the eminent and active workers for the New Civilization. Send 10c with full name and address written plainly. If you want a copy of the Directory with your name printed in bold faced type send \$1.10.

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# A Biological Study of Sex.

By Gideon Dietrich.

## CHAPTER IV.

### Sex Characters.

The continuous alteration of environments exerts a basic influence upon the metabolic process of life. A non-stimulating temperature and abundant food supply will always tend to carry the living process toward an extreme well nourished anabolic direction. In contrast a high stimulating temperature and a low food supply will always tend to carry the process toward an extremely active catabolic direction.

Such changing influences are continually exerted upon every living being. In fact the very seasons are divided into cold katabolic and warm anabolic periods, and the earth is divided into male and female zones, so that none can escape the influence of these sex laws.

At first the effect of these influences is only temporary and susceptible to be reversed, but if one or the other class is continued for a sufficient length of time their effect must become hereditary and then exert an inner hereditary influence upon the living process.

The least differentiated organism, as well as the least differentiated parts of an organism are the first to be affected; and thus the simple unicelled beings are easily and rapidly divided into the male and female classes, and in colony organization the least differentiated germ tissues are the first to be divided into the hereditary katabolic and anabolic germ glands.

With the hereditary development of the germ glands and germ ducts as sex organs, which was fully described in the last chapter, they are both transmitted to every successive offspring and under ordinary conditions they should both be fully developed in every one of those offspring. While this bi-sexual development is the general rule among the lower orders, yet among the higher forms of life there is a decided tendency toward uni-sex development; and it is this fact which we must now consider.

In accordance with the old theory of the elementary nature of sex it was but natural to assume that normally each unit should develop into either a male or female and that bi-sexuality was abnormal or a special created condition. The scientific facts, however, clearly demonstrate that the natural law is just the reverse of this assumption, and that the primary state is bi-sexual and that uni-sex is a higher and secondary developed condition. Even in all so-called males the female organs and characters are always partially developed, and in all uni-sexed females the male organs and characters are also more or less developed. When these are once incorporated within the species heredity they are all transmitted to every offspring, as there can be no dividing sex-wall within the nuclear structure thru which the hereditary power is conserved and transmitted. Thru the law of heredity all characters acquired by a species, whether so-called male or female characters, form a potential part of

the hereditary nucleus which is passed on from one unit into another at every cell-division.

Our full specie-characters being thus transmitted and so inherited by each one of us, it is evident that their subsequent development, either fully or partially, is purely the result of external causes or surrounding conditions,—extra-hereditary, and so our being either a male or female is not a direct hereditary result.

What are these causes and conditions?

Where the colony organization is simple and of such a character that both classes of germ glands and germs ducts, as sex organs, can develop in different somatic regions of the body they will both be fully developed. As already stated, in simple loose colonies such as sponges, there are an indefinite number of both classes of glands and ducts developed in different parts. In the bi-sexual earth-worm the female glands are developed in the 13th somite, the duct passing out in the 14th, while the male glands are formed between the 10th and 12th somite.

But when the organization becomes more complexly differentiated, or rather each part of the colony becomes more interdependent upon every other specialized part, different conditions of developing the specialized parts of the colony are brought about. Every differentiated part of an organization must be in harmony with every other part as well as with the whole. The specialized germ glands can only develop within one of the primary, undifferentiated somatic parts of the organism, so that with the increased complexity and specialization of the different parts, the development of these glands is restricted to the single abdominal cavity where the least differentiation has taken place. This fact causes an anatomical restriction for both classes of glands and ducts to develop fully in the same part of the body, especially where the ducts have been developed into very complex sex organs. This restriction and anatomical interference of one with the other is clearly seen in the imperfect development of both organs in hermaphroditism.

This is the anatomical cause which tends towards unisexuality; but far more important is the physiological cause.

Anabolic and katabolic tendencies are in a certain sense antagonistic toward each other, as they are completely opposite metabolic expressions. Now where both classes of glands are forced to develop within the identical same region of the organism, the influence of one would have a tendency to overcome the hereditary power of the other, forcing it to remain dormant or partially dormant within that individual. This influence in determining the sex would be greatly assisted by the anabolic or katabolic conditions which surround the developing embryo during an early period.

The determination which causes the potential hereditary power of one to develop and forces the other to remain dormant is governed by the same law which causes one color to develop in the skin and hair, and forces another inherited color to remain dormant during one, two or more generations; or which acts in the same manner with any other characters. Both the anabolic and katabolic hereditary

power of the glands and ducts being in an active state, the influence which determines one or the other to develop must be largely caused by the anabolic or katabolic conditions surrounding the stem-cell and embryo. But whatever may be the influence, it is not absolute in its determination of every case, as both classes of glands may and often do develop side by side, so that those persons who claim to have discovered the cause of determining sex, are not yet able to demonstrate their claim as a scientific fact.

However, from the known facts of sex development it is reasonable to conclude, that anabolic conditions within both parents during germ formation and within the mother during the early period of embryo formation will "produce females"; and in contrast katabolic conditions at such periods will have a tendency to "produce males"; but in all cases it is only a tendency and no absolute certainty.

The character of the developing germ glands and germ ducts once being determined within the embryo, their anabolic or katabolic nature will then exert a reflex influence upon the whole organism, modifying the general specie-character in an anabolic and katabolic manner and thereby developing what are called "secondary sex characters."

\* On the one side the katabolic male glands exert a strong kinetic influence upon the whole organism, increasing metabolic activity, cell-division and thus forcing an increase of organic construction. Especially at and after the period of maturity, the active katabolic glands impart a renewed impulse of metabolic activity with each recurring crisis, thus promoting organic construction in every part of the organism, and tending to develop the potential hereditary power of the species to its highest and fullest degree.

From this fact it is seen that the male only expresses the fuller development of the species heredity; and that the "male characters," aside from the germ glands and germ ducts, are no more specific male characters than they are female, but they are purely general characters of the species. This fuller development of the specie-characters within the male does not imply however that he is the more perfect of the two.

In biology the more perfect organism is considered to be one which possesses the greatest power to adjust itself to its environments, no matter what form, size or complexity it may have. Extreme katabolism leads to exhaustion, death and extermination, just as extreme anabolism will; and in setting up an ideal standard of measurement we must remember that it is a fertilized equilibrium toward which all nature is struggling.

On the other side, in contrast to the male development, the reflex influence of the anabolic glands causes a lower rate of metabolic activity, cell-division and organic construction. This contrast is specially noticeable at and after the period of maturity. Up to this point organic construction has been carried on at about the same rate as in the corresponding male; and under normal conditions and among natural animals there is no very distinct difference between an immature male and female, aside from the sex organs.

Thru forms of dress, play and training, civilized society has succeeded in developing a more distinct difference between a boy and girl, to the great injury of both; but this artificial difference is not found among the savages and barbarians who live a more natural life.

With the special activity of the germ glands at maturity the metabolism of the entire organism is increased the same as in the corresponding male, but the checking anabolic influence does not allow it to be carried up to such a high degree. Therefore there is not the same amount of organic construction and the potential hereditary power of the species is not as fully developed as in the male. The direct effect of germ activity together with a better food supply causes a fuller organic development of the pelvic region, but from here out the development is checked thru a lower degree of metabolic activity than in the male.

In this manner all the so-called secondary female characters have been developed, or rather these characters are only anabolic expressions of the general specie-characters, and are therefore no more female than they are male. The laws of heredity are not divided into two parts, and one part automatically transferred into one individual and at another time the other part transferred into another individual. •

Thus the female only represents a checking of the katabolic storm, a calming, conserving haven toward which to fly when the lightning flashes and the elements howl in their madness; and it is out of this soothing anabolic mother nature that all the humanizing and civilizing acts in the world have been developed.

### IF I KNEW.

By A. M.

If I knew what poets know  
Would I write a rhyme,  
Of the buds that never blow  
In the Summer time?  
Would I sing of golden seeds  
Springing up in iron weeds  
And of rain drops turned to snow—  
If I knew what poets know?

Did I know what poets do  
Would I sing a song  
Sadder than the pigeons coo  
When the days are long?  
Where I found a heart in pain  
I would give it peace again  
And the false should be the true  
Did I know what poets do.

If I knew what poets know  
I would find a theme,  
Sweeter than the placid flow  
Of the fairest dream;  
I would sing of love that lives  
On the errors it forgives,  
And the world should better grow  
If I knew what poets know.

# The Story of "The Doom of Dogma."

By Henry Frank.

## CHAPTER VII.



When I was still an ardent Methodist I recall the sudden shock my congregation experienced when I quoted in one of my sermons the saying of Max Muller, that no religion could be correctly understood without comparing it with all other religions in human experience; that to know the real truth the Christian religion contained, one must first apprehend it in the light of the religions of India and the mythologies of Greece and the Teutonian people.

In those days it was firmly believed by all consistent Christians that the Bible alone contained all the spiritual knowledge which a soul needed for its salvation and even an intimation that the meaning of the Bible, which was infallibly inspired, could be better comprehended by a believing Christian through its comparison with any heathen or pagan literature was supposed to be an offense to God and a libel on Christ.

Today the Church has far advanced and such an intimation would not be so severely criticised; but in those days it was little less than heresy. But my own mind was so constituted that it was compelled to fight every inch of the way in the attainment of the truth; and if once tradition declared such and such was the truth my pugnacious faculty at once asserted itself and demanded proof and logical demonstration. This was the singular quality of my mind which the already referred to methodist elder, Cobb, he shelled of every grain of culture, warned me would finally bring me into a serious conflict with the authorities of the church, who demanded nothing so much as submission and subservience. And he was right; that disposition did bring on the final clash. While I was ministering to the spiritual necessities of my congregation parishioners in Jamestown, according to my own understanding, I became deeply interested in the researches of the "Orientalists" of England headed by Sir William Jones and Max Muller. I became engrossed in their works, and Rhys Davids, Maurice, Monier-Williams, Kingsborough and the like. To me nothing was more fascinating than these researches which had been made among the antiquities proving that the entire Christ Legend or Mythos had been for nameless ages anticipated and again and again acted in the mythology and dramatic mysticism of every people.

This discovery was chiefly instrumental in forcing me to change my angle of view with reference to Christianity. I felt that I must doubt the absoluteness and supremacy of Jesus as the one and only savior of humankind and that other avatars had been in their own way quite as effective as the Gallilean Master in their official benefactions to humankind. An appalling and darkening doubt seized my soul. I

felt that I could not keep silence; that I would stultify my conscience if I withheld from those who meekly depended on me for their spiritual instruction if I continued to drag them along in the night of ignorance when the daytime of a new inspiration was dawning on my soul. Therefore on one memorable morning, immediately after we had rededicated the beautiful edifice, having added about ten thousand dollars worth of improvements on the building which had stood for half a century, materially increasing the seating capacity because of the rapidly growing audiences, I delivered a sermon that proved to be epochal in my own career. I had little knowledge that the outer world would ever hear of it; but I knew it made a profound impression on my own hearers. I saw that it instantly divided the congregation: the one and larger half siding with me in my conclusions because they quickened a higher spiritual inspiration in their devotions, and the smaller half dissenting because they clearly saw that my new preachment seriously and irrevocably collided with the traditional standards of the church.

But it so happened that a bright newspaper correspondent who signed himself "Bob White," being a *nom de plume* Mr. Will Clemens, a cousin of Mark Twain, appropriated for journalistic work, was present and was so affected by what he heard that he made a full descriptive story of it for the Morning News. To afford my readers a slight glimpse into the theological darkness of those days and the strange delusions into which people of general culture will permit themselves to drift under conventional influences, I quote at large from the racy letter:

"The writer, who has started out to make a tour of the churches of Jamestown, is a churchless, creedless, non-sectarian, liberal-minded individual who cares more for original thought than for theological rhetoric, plain homely truth than poetic expression, true worth in man rather than the size of his pocket book or the length of his prayer; who prefers a minister who preaches what he thinks than one who talks for effect . . . . It is difficult for me to believe that there is in any church organization an absence of hypocrisy, sham, or even heathenism. We are living in an age of flat-ttery, falsehood and deceit. . . . Hence comes a false conception of man and likewise a wrong idea of God. . . . To show to what extent so-called Christian men and women, devout church members, if you please, are misled and deceived, I can cite the case of an intellectual lady of this city. She believes and solemnly affirms that when she dies she will wear a pair of wings and will sit through all eternity, harp in hand, at the feet of God—and God she thinks a white-haired benevolent old gentleman, robed in gold, who sits upon a throne in heaven. Another friend, a Christian gentleman, told me not long ago that hell was a burning lake, that boiled and bubbled and smoked forever. . . . Another lady among my Christian acquaintances assured me that heaven is a garden of Eden where one can pluck choice fruit and eating thereof enjoy eternal life and be happy. . . . Is it any wonder, then, that I was both surprised and delighted on

hearing a remarkable sermon yesterday morning by Rev Henry Frank in the Congregational Church? Mr. Frank is a pleasing speaker, and yesterday he delivered a masterly discourse that breathed truth in every line and evinced common sense in every utterance. His topic was 'Some Mistakes About God.' He overthrew all the old, false and traditional notions about God, heaven and hell. He cast aside dogma, creed, form and ceremony, and in their place gave the divine truth and light that comes to man only occasionally in these hypocritical times. . . . Said Mr. Frank: 'God cannot be glorified externally; only within each human breast is to be found all of God the human mind can comprehend. What we need is truth and light. The truth is God and God is truth. We must learn to love truth more than God, more than Jesus Christ, more than the Bible, for truth is greater than Bible or Christ or God. The world is sick and tired of hypocrisy. What we need is more character. We can glorify God better by character and the moral life than we can by creed or cult.' . . . I wish this sermon could be reported in full. It was remarkable not only for its honesty and sincerity but for its truth, its light and wisdom."

Little wonder the gloomy superannuated—dried-up relics of the antiquated theological museums, who sat beneath the droppings of the pulpit I occupied should have been shocked out of their wrinkled hides by these amazing utterances. That a young preacher should dare to confront white-haired incarnations of "the faith once delivered to the saints," with a doctrine that would make Paul, as they believed, wrestle in his grave with imaginary opponents, was beyond the demands of charity. The Lord who sits in judgment on his holy throne had beyond a doubt marked me for an ingrate and rebel, and the eager Devil was standing with arms expectant as I fell tumbling down the deeps of Tartarus.

No excuse was to be made for me. I was a heretic bold and bad. I had overstepped the limits of endurance and but one thing could be done; I must be expelled. Unfortunately for my happiness the gods endowed me with a warsome nature, and when the weapons of the foe are pointed at my breast I hurl myself with mad unconsciousness at their piercing points. So instead of retrenching, I threw down the gauntlet and declared I had thus far but hinted at what my interpretation of Christianity and religion was, and I would therefore instantly begin a series of twenty-one sermons on "The Spiritual and Essential Meaning of the Teachings of Christ." The rumblings of the theological war that was threatened immediately reverberated through the village and reached the outermost regions of western New York, till ere the battle was long continued the nation at large began to hear its echo.

Thus while I was still in the old pulpit, under the cloud of suspected heresy, I sent forth the deliverances that finally became engrossed in the elaborations of "The Doom of Dogma," but only after many more purgatorial purifications, which brought their accompanying experiences of pain and annoyance.



The people had heard that a heretic was holding his own behind the guns of orthodoxy and the crowd gathered in phalanxes and battalions to witness the amazing conflict. I was well aware the ancient forts would not surrender, nevertheless I determined to fire my Parthian shots before I was perhaps finally forced to retire. I did it, however, in a spirit of kindness and sympathy. I endeavored to avoid harshness and the show of "bloody tooth and claw." I have even at this day the satisfaction of knowing that whatever I said in those troublous days was uttered for the sake of endeavoring to give the people a clearer conception of what I believed the mission of Jesus to be in saving the world not by "blood" but by love. But I found I was speedily involved in a war to the finish, and taking Polonius' advice, "being in," I strove to "bear't that the opposed may beware of me." But having freed my soul of the burden of enforced hypocrisy, which I carried so long as I attempted to preach the old ideas in an old pulpit, I did not give my enemies the opportunity of expelling me because of my honest belief, but lovingly and politely withdrew once and forever from orthodoxy in each and every phase. Which event immediately opened a new chapter in my career and a series of chapters in the then future "Doom of Dogma."

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“ ? ”

By Frank Chester Pease.

Whose was the hand which wrung from emptiness  
 This world of men?  
 Whose was the hand that strung in endlessness  
 The stars, and then  
 Struck—swift—shat'ring through the dark, the light  
 From distant sun,  
 And gave each finite cell the start, the might  
 ITS race to run.

Who set Eternity its never-ending task  
 Of aimless life?  
 Who set the brutal elements steadfast—  
 In futile strife,  
 Against this course inexorable, and makes  
 Construction,  
 From the same source from which it takes  
 Destruction,

Who from the awful, pristine silence wrought  
 This subtle plan?  
 Who through the early eocene has brought  
 This foolish man;  
 To have him worship fact of consciousness,  
 Himself without,  
 AND THEN—to hurl him back to nothingness—  
 In awful doubt?

# The Constitution of Matter.

By A. Bettes.

## PART IV.

The law of Electro-Kinetic and potential fully explains all of the changes that take place in a dielectric about a conductor as regards heat, light, current, potential and resistance. The change from electro-kinetic into electro-potential or vice versa is always equal in magnitude though oppositely directed. This principle of equal exchange though opposite in effect, Newton discovered as applying universally and announced the same as his third law of motion.

This property of the dielectric to change its state and its properties of elasticity and inertia have led many scientists to believe that matter in its various conditions is nothing more than electricity in some potential condition. When a ball is projected upwardly, the force applied thereto gradually changes from its applied kinetic condition into a potential state. When all of the kinetic energy applied to the ball becomes changed into potential energy, then the ball stops its upward flight and begins to descend due to the tendency of the potential energy to change back into its initial kinetic. The applied kinetic force is what may be termed action while the developed potential energy may be termed the reaction or the restoring force.

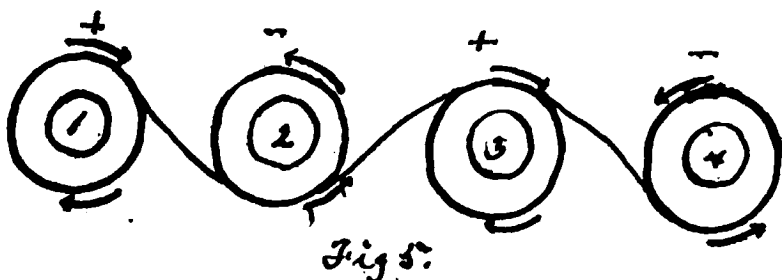
The process whereby the developed restoring force, potential or resistance tends to change back into kinetic, in the case considered, and thus bring the ball back to its initial place is due to the change that takes place in the applied force and not due to the influences of external forces called gravity. If a change of force from its strained or potential condition into its unstrained or kinetic condition is called gravity or gravitation then the change from a kinetic state into a potential state is equally entitled to be named, so we herein call it levity or levitation. When the energy of a body is changing from its kinetic state into its potential state its acceleration gradually decreases while a change from the potential condition into kinetic the acceleration increases. This increased acceleration given to bodies by the application of energy has been attributed to the force of the earth's attraction. The energy that influenced the upward flight of the ball was the same energy that influenced its downward flight, only in its upward flight the energy change was from kinetic into potential called by us Levity or Levitation while in the downward flight the energy change was from potential into kinetic called gravity or gravitation. In this case a certain amount of physical kinetic energy applied to the ball disappeared in the upward flight while an exact equivalent of the same energy appeared in a potential state. In its downward flight the reverse action and state took place. Watery vapor may be considered kinetic in character as related to its potential liquid, while the liquid condition may be considered kinetic as related to its solid or ice condition. In nature there is

a maximum kinetic condition also a maximum potential condition intervening which maxima there are many intervals of conditions in no two of which there exists the same degree of energy potential or kinetic.

In the electrical dielectric, current represent the kinetic phase while the pressure represents the potential phase. As potential in the dielectric decreases the current increases and when the potential increases the current decreases. This inverse action of the kinetic and potential phases of the dielectric is along the natural law of nature.

All of our universities, colleges and schools are now teaching that this inverse change in the dielectric is due to other causes than the inherent changes that take place in the kinetic and potential conditions of the dielectric itself. They say that the change in the current (kinetic) is due to the resistance of the circuit and that the change in pressure or potential is due to a threading through process of adjacent lines of potential forces. This explanation of such changes is looked upon with grave suspicion. This explanation must give way for a more logical cause. Resistance is only the developed restoring force. While the dielectric was being built up from the center outwardly, there was developed a backward force toward the center, this backward effect toward the center of any form is the true resistance and is called herein gravitation. This is why Lord Kelvin said, "tell me what resistance is and I will tell you what gravitation is." This is why that resistance electro-magnetically speaking is always represented as a speed factor. Wherein electrical action is the stress force, resistance or potential is the strain force. We are taught under Ohm's law that the conducting wire of less cross-section offers greater resistance to the transmission of energy than a conducting wire of the same metal, of greater cross-section. This is surely a false conclusion. If it requires a certain amount of energy to raise a molecule of the metal conductor from its natural vibratory state to a higher state such as heat or light, then to raise two or more molecules to this higher state will require two or more quantities of energy. Why? Because the greater the number of molecules in a conductor to be raised the greater the resistance of the circuit. The conducting wire of small cross-section by virtue of its less resistance is brought to that higher state by the application of a certain quantity of energy when the conductor of larger cross-section remains in a cold state by virtue of its greater resistance. Ohm did not rightly understand the difference between the phenomena of the dielectric as regard heat and resistance. The small wire by virtue of its less resistance reaches the state of heat or light before the large wire; therefore, the smaller wire begins to radiate into space heat energy of the dielectric and thus produce line loss or a lowering of potential as some of the potential of the dielectric went into kinetic and left the system. Current does equal potential directly as to the magnitude of the exchange but inversely as to its effect or action. Current is the action while potential is the reaction. They equal in exchange but opposite in action. So we find Newton's third law of motion correct and it will also apply to the

tion and reaction of the dielectric. As the revolving armature of the dynamo carries its cross-loops by the potential fields thereof with alternating reverse windings as shown in Fig. 5, alternating electrical whirls are generated and placed on the conducting circuit which are approximately spherical in form when not modified by the pressure of contiguous whirls. Should the dynamo supply a greater number of electrical than there are removed from the circuit, then the whirls become more and more compressed as shown in Fig. 6. The pressing together of these whirls develops a horizontal stress and strain which is not the same as the cross-section stress and strain which we have heretofore considered in single whirl action. Lord Kelvin says "that there is something taking place in the dielectric at right angles to the axis of the conductor, also there is something taking place in the dielectric horizontal with the axis of the conductor. Whatever this something is we do not understand; but, one thing we do know, that which is taking place at right angles to the conductor is that which produces heat and light." It will be remembered that we



considered in Article 1 and 2, cell action. We considered the positive and the negative stresses and strains and the intervening neutral. We also considered the color planes and their proper location. We also remember that the positive stress produces expansion while the downward or negative stress produces contraction, also that one potential point was located at the center of the form (Fig. 3) and the other potential point was located at the surface of the form and that the intervening potential surface oscillated backward and forward between these two potential points like the swinging pendulum. Whenever oscillation took place toward the center the potential surfaces were carried toward the center producing less volume and greater density, also the evolution of heat while the reverse action would cause expansion and produce reverse phenomena to that of contraction. From the center of the dielectric which is practically the center of the conductor the potential gradually changes into kinetic, reaching a maximum at the surface of the rigid conductor from thence the kinetic condition gradually changes outwardly into potential until all of the kinetic energy of the surface has passed into the potential of the dielectric. These potential surfaces of the dielectric can be mapped out with iron filings. The number of potential surfaces in the dielectric will depend on the number of what is

called lines of force in the magnetic or potential field of the dynamo.

(Continued.)

### "INTELLECTUAL LOAFERS."

In a recent number of *To-Morrow* Walter Hurt in behalf of agnosticism, speaks of the atheist as an "intellectual loafer," also as an "arrogant dogmatist who denies but does not disprove," and then proceeds to dogmatise about atheism in a way that makes me, one of the most positive of atheists, gasp for breath.

Of course, there was nothing else for Hurt to do except to dogmatise against dogmatism, but still it is amusing to see how much a man who "does not know," really **does** know. For instance Hurt, the meek agnostic, to whom agnosticism only SEEMS to be true, speaks *ex cathedra* as follows:

"Neither superstition nor skepticism can demonstrate or disprove." (Dogmatic statement.)

"The atheist is always an iconoclast, but never an investigator." (Dogmatic statement.)

"Both the religionist and the atheist are intellectual loafers." (Dogmatic statement.)

"The atheist denies, but does not disprove." (Dogmatic statement.)

"The atheist is bigoted, narrow, intolerant." (Dogmatic statement.)

"He mistakes conceit for conscience." (Dogmatic statement.)

"The atheist is an egotist and worships self in the name of rationalism." (Dogmatic statement.)

Speaking of agnosticism Hurt says: "Agnosticism SEEMS the only rational ground." Atheism, however, IS wrong. and so if there is such a thing as an "intellectual loafer" it SEEMS to me that it is the agnostic who does not know anything except that atheism and religion are both wrong.

Atheism does not mean anything more than that the world is not run by a god or gods, and I KNOW that atheism is true the same as I know I am going to die. The man who does not know that Genesis is a fable does not know that he was born, for certainly I can as reasonably say, "I do not know whether I was born or not," as "I do not know whether there is a god or not." What Hurt seems to wish is for some atheist to SHOW him there is no god, and in the same way I might ask him to SHOW me that he was born of woman!

And so I say dogmatically that the agnostic is simply a Gratiano who "talks an infinite deal of nothing," just an intellectual loafer, talking to hear himself talk.

Of course, Hurt is a good fellow, but it were better for him to leave those questions alone that require real thinking. As a writer of poetry and a blower of socialist soap-bubbles he truly shines, and if I ever gave anyone advice I would advise him to leave facts alone and stick to fancies!

—James Armstrong

**A PEN SKETCH.**

**By C. L. Brewer, Author of "The Elder Brother" and  
"Stepping-stones to Heaven."**

Out in California, on a hill overlooking the illimitable Pacific, I worked for a man who, among other fads and fancies, thought he had a call to raise chickens; so he acquired a dozen pullets and two gay young roosters. He knew by experience that one rooster was enough, but got two on the principle that competition is the life of trade; and as a result the chicken pen became a replica of Christian Civilization, done in silver mounted Wyandotte. They grew up equal in size and stature, but one was poor in spirit and the other a monopolist, autocrat and fighter from beak to claw; and by the time the layout was ready for business he was cock of the walk sure enough. The other never got next to the Declaration of Independence or anything else, and wasn't in the game at all. He had to scheme and dodge for every peck of corn he got, and his eye grew so weary watching for a chance to wink at a hen that when the chance came the wink went batty. The only time he ever dared to crow was while the other was busy doing something to crow about; and if he did risk a crack at posterity down behind the coop, and got caught—well, he knew his feathers would fly anyway, and the only chance for staying with them was to fly with them. The poor fellow got no sympathy from the Boss, who was a rather gamey cock himself, and said it served him right for not having spunk enough to fight for his rights; but his better half instinctively sided with the one who was always on the jump without ever getting on top. As a natural result of being chicken-hearted he lost his head one fine Sunday morning; and while gracefully presiding at the obsequies the gentle queen of the ranch dropped a sympathetic tear in the soup, and told us how sorry she was that the beautifully done deceased had never had a chance to develop himself and make good Karma for his next incarnation.

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**THE ANARCHIST.**

**By David Diamondstein.**

He would not harm a flower in a field,  
Nor bind a butterfly of pretty wing;  
Yet would he rather perish than to yield,  
To man-made laws which are like serpent's sting.

He cannot sing of sunshine and of joy,  
Because his eyes are always open wide,  
He sees how poverty doth life destroy,  
He sees man drowned in selfishness and pride.

He sees the wounds and feels the pains of all;  
And never fails to hear the weak one's sigh  
He always seeks to lift the ones who fall,  
And teaches how to live, and not to die.

# Freedom—More Freedom.

By Louis DucheZ.

We believe we are on the right track—we know it. A survey of the world's learning and experimentation tells us so. We hold that Freedom is the basis of all Progress—no compromise. Freedom is Real Life; authority is the lock on the door of Progress. "Sercombe Himself" says: "How may our race reach political greatness? Through freedom. How may we reach commercial greatness? Through freedom. How may we reach greatness of character? Through freedom. How may we become physically great? Only through freedom. What must be our attitude toward children? Give them freedom. On every account the answer is the same.

"Authority has been the frost and freedom the sunshine throughout all time and space, and this statement is in perfect accord with humanity's complete network of knowledge up to date."

The unprejudiced students in every department of living phenomena have all come to the conclusion that where there is no freedom there is no Progress. You may build scaffolds, prisons and asylums. You may establish homes for fallen women and "bad boys." You may carry the cross and the bible to the darkest parts of Africa. You may do all this and more, but until you learn what the teachers in the kindergarten are beginning to learn, you will have crime, cops and carousals.

How long, human beings, will you hypnotise yourselves with the idea that you must be held in chains and shackles to Live? How long will it take you to learn what every other living atom knows and does, before you will take your place in the great rythm of life? How long will you stay ignorant of the simple laws of your being? How long will you believe that Despotism is the only rule of life?

The strongest argument against the present system of despotism is the fact that it makes a slave of the despot as well as his subjects. The "pioneers of progress" have always been from the crushed class. They were held in bondage, but were compelled to do strong physical labor, consequently, though their intelects were cramped, developing a rugged physique—the foundation for a progressive being. On the other hand the despot, with all his wealth, and the customs and traditions of his subjects, has developed a dissipated constitution, unfit for survival and perpetuation. He must submit to the same thinning out process that is manifested everywhere throughout nature, namely, the survival of the fittest.

If we would live, if we would grow, if we would progress, we must have Freedom—bushels of it. Again I say the world is afraid of Freedom. They think if the present system of compulsion were abolished we would tear each other to pieces. It is this same fear that has kept us within a stone's throw of the "Jungle." Come, comrades, let us cease to follow the mob. Let us live and think Freedom. Let us set the example. Let us fulfil the law of our being.

# Chips from the Whirlpool.

By L. H. Dana.

At the Zoo I watched a distant cousin of the human race while he was engaged in having five-o'clock tea. He took a bite or two as fast as he could snatch it from the tray, then looked behind him with much nervousness to see if any larger inmate of the monkey house appeared to entertain an objection to the proceeding. He looked to me a good deal like a salaried man afraid that he might lose his "job."

Caesar's wife, good soul, was asked to be above suspicion; but unless the sensational newspaper was flourishing at Alexandria in 49 B. C., there seems to be reason for concluding that the husband of Caesar's wife was really nothing of the sort. "And new is old, and old is ever new!"

A million little seeds are made where there is liability that they may perish young; a thousand tiny eggs are strewn upon the water that a few insects may survive; many little things are thought, and little books come forth profusely all the while; yet the eagle and the elephant are never lavish with their progeny, and I hardly think that we have Darwins, Ingersolls or Paines to spare.

Recently when a young man killed a woman in the slums of this community and then committed suicide, why did the reporter for the "secular" newspaper inform us carefully how the deceased was a Liberal and a follower of Robert Ingersoll? Suppose the offending youth had been a Baptist or a Methodist; about how prominently would his religious faith have figured in the story. do you think?

The "Great Physician" of the Universe, if such there be, is too much given to the vivisection habit. The world-patient grows always better, let us hope; but what a tremendous number of experiments, and no pretense of anesthetics ever used! Poor human clinic; why, even the richest of you often fares no better than the thinnest beggar at the free dispensary, and in the hospital of fate there is no private room or extra nurse.

A fool curses the obstruction against which he hurts his toe; a thief lays his ill fortune to the gold that dazzled him; a Milton thinks that the sex opposite to his own is "a fair defect of creation," since on account of women men have been known to rob and lie and kill. But the strong soul knows that a temptation only proves the mettle of the will.

Once I saw a motion picture of men in fishing boats on a rough sea. The water rolled up very high; and as the picture was taken from a distance, it gave a most grotesque effect, as of little spiders sprawling in the trough of powerful waves. Perhaps if we had catalogued this work of art, we might have called it something in this wise: "Man, the Ultimate End of Creation and the Ruler of the Universe."

The idea that women have but one virtue comes, maybe, from the other thought that they are for just one purpose in this world?

Some students of political economy propose to remedy our economic ills by a series of land taxes, asserting that



there could be no wealth were there is no soil. Perhaps, then, all diseases of the body should be treated in the feet, on which we are obliged to stand.

The body of man, composed of many cells, furnishes a biological argument for socialism; but the solar system, throwing from a central mass great worlds which move in orbits of their own, supplies the anarchist with a convenient parallel.

Richard Wagner was ungrateful to the brave but ill-paid "liberation soldier" and man of genius who helped him in his time of need, but this may be forgiven him by the devout, for that he was a Christian, and wrote of pious souls in bifurcated garments and wicked ones in skirts, along the good old lines of orthodoxy. Men have invented every religion that we have, consequently the Messiahs were all masculine, just as a Dutch artist makes his holy families look as tho they came right out of Amsterdam. I rather guess that Richard never had a conversation with any of the officials of such an institution as the Florence Crittenton Anchorage, of our town; some one from the place dropped in the other day to solicit for her charity, and, honestly, she told me that the men were not all saints. But I suspect she was not up on Parsifal.

Under the new vagrancy law, which provides that persons having money but no discernible occupation may be carried to the Bridewell, do you suppose policemen will presently be molesting the givers of the "monkey dinner" and the delicately colored tea? Oh no, beloved, not by the biggest kind of a majority. Dear, dear, I thought there were no class laws in this country, and that those who talked about "the proletariat" were demagogues and lawless agitators!

The alienist has met a great many folk who fell into the habit of believing things for no other reason than they were unbelievable. —Descendant of THE SPECTATOR.

#### LOVE'S STORY.

By Myra Pepper.

Each wave that sweeps the ocean's shore

A story tells in mystic lore

Hidden from those who idly sue

But all revealed to me and you.

Tender and true,

Tender and true,

Is the story told to me and you.

Each radiant star that softly shines,

Like beacon light above the pines,

Sends swiftly from the quiv'ring blue

This message, Love, from me to you,

"Tender and true,

Tender and true,"

This is the message from me to you.

Each fragrant breeze from o'er the plain

Repeats the story once again,

Ever the same, yet always new,

Is the story told to me and you.

Tender and true,

Tender and true,

Is the story told to me and you.

# The Irrestible Drift.

By Walter Hurt.

(From the Culturist, May, 1906.)

Socialism, it seems, is well on the way and is destined soon to arrive. Those who have deduced the logic of events must consider the condition inescapable. Whether or not we welcome its coming makes not the slightest difference. Those who oppose it would be wise to recognize its imminence and reconcile themselves to the inevitable. On the wall of the world is written in luminous letters the doom of the competitive system, and all would do well to read it aright, cultivate adaptability, and adjust themselves to the certain Change. The puny efforts of its enemies can not avert it nor even greatly delay it. They are facing a force that can not be checked. To ignore it is impossible; to sneer at it is ineffective; to abuse it is of no avail.

Whatever the diagnosis of different political doctors, the seriousness of existing industrial ills must be admitted. They are acute, and one need not be an alarmist to say that the social body is sick unto the pathological crisis. The turn to recovery is near, but first a remedy must be applied. This remedy can not be prescribed according to *a priori* economic therapeutics. The process of reasoning must be reversed.

Whenever a condition becomes intolerable, a remedy is applied. And—don't fail to remember this—the **remedy is always close to hand.**

Is Socialism this remedy in the present case?

Let us present the case without prejudice and consider it judicially. I am no partisan. I am not predisposed toward Socialism. It holds no mortgage on my mind. My opinion is as free as a floating feather. If Socialism can not stand the test of analysis in the alembic of Reason, it can find no favor with me. Unless it proves the best alleviant available, let us discard it and look for something better.

Prove to me that monarchism is the best system, and straightway will I shelve Socialism and become a monarchist. So long as we must endure government as a necessary evil, I want the best brand obtainable—the best is none too good for me.

Moreover, I am not one who considers Socialism a catholicon for economic ills. Change of governmental system will not change human nature or obliterate self-interest. It will improve human conditions only by removing the incentive to improper human action, as well as the opportunity for oppression. And, although human nature may not change, under improved conditions comes improved character.

Every man is, at heart, an individualist. Nevertheless, the thinker can consistently advocate Socialism as a matter of expediency—as a temporary condition as a necessary stage in economic evolution—Communism as a step toward Individualism. For myself, I must confess that could the same results be wrought for the general good under the present individualistic status of society, I would prefer individualism. Socialism, as at present conceived, is not a perfect system.

It does not even approximate perfection. But then we do not expect perfection in other things, so why should we demand it in any political doctrine? Because its opponents find that the most convenient method of attacking it is to point out the very palpable fact that it is not perfect, in this world of fallible things! Sure enough, we say, and condemn it without further consideration.

Of course we expect more—much more—from Socialism than from any of the old-line parties, else would we not consider a change. But it is a far cry and a long leap from the principles and purposes and methods of these obsolescent parties to anything approaching perfection.

Now, let us start fair, admitting Socialism's imperfections in common with all imperfect things. Let us confess that its theories might have to be considerably altered and modified in order to make them altogether practicable and to adjust them to the requirements of established society. In fitting this new garment of government to the social form, it perhaps will be necessary to trim a trifle and shift the lines a little and pad a bit here and there, even as a tailor alters a coat at the first "try-on." This would be the case with any other untried system, no less than with Socialism. All things are susceptible of improving change, from a mechanical invention to a plan of government.

It might not be amiss to remind the satisfied ones that our original Federal constitution has been considerably amended; and all will, I think, concede that it still is a somewhat imperfect instrument.

But, while Socialism may not be a political panacea, will it be most effective in affording relief?

Influences patient and persistent—forces silent, inexorable, irresistible—are bringing scattered elemental society to convergence, forming a focus in which we see standing forth like a star—**Socialism**. This is not the work of any theorists, of any organization, of any class. It is Natural Law, obedient to an apparent and a growing need, operating on society—the same conservation of Nature that plants the oasis in the desert and gives its changing colors to the chameleon.

Remember, **the remedy is always close to hand**. Is there any in sight other than Socialism? If so, and it is a better one, then let us put Socialism aside. If not, then let us try Socialism. Isn't that fair and sensible?

Whoever holds that a change so radical and sweeping as must accompany Socialism would result in chaos and disaster, can know little of the philosophy of history. Every change in form of government has been a step forward. We began with the "law of the pack"—the tribal code. Next came feudalism. Was it not slightly better? Then centralized absolutism. Another advance. Next, a constitutional monarchy. Still a step forward. Now a Republic. A further improvement. Have the possibilities of economic progress, then, been exhausted? Has civilization halted on the frontier of governmental evolution? Are the political problems of the present to remain unsolved? Hardly.

Why should society continue a form of government it has outgrown, that no longer fits its changing requirements, nor

serves its newer needs, any more than the individual should cling to a garment his youth has outgrown? The whole idea is irrational, but it is with reluctance we relinquish accustomed things.

Let those timid ones who fear the consequence of a change be reassured. Never yet was rebellion against a Right. Every revolt is directed against a Wrong. No change can be effected except by the majority, and the majority in movement is always right. The unconquerable minority patiently nurses Right through the painful years until it gains to a majority—and then the change. The majority may negatively concur in a wrong, through inertia or indifference submitting to injustice under an Existing Order outgrown, but when it passes from acquiescence to action it is always with the Right.

The majority in action makes no mistake. But such action is the social century plant in blossom. And the fruitage is always good.

Whatever integrates out of the imperative demands of social necessity is certain to be fitting. When a preponderance of the public judgment disturbs the social equilibrium and shifts the center of economic gravity, the restored balance is sure to be reliable. So infallible is the instinct of self-interest that whatever change is wrought by common consent is bound to be beneficial—such is the law of the Universal Understanding. Society unfailingly conserves itself.

Furthermore, no universal social change can come until society is ready to receive it. Otherwise, resistance would be too great for it ever to obtain.

Its advocates can make no greater mistake than to suppose that Socialism is the end of economic progress. It is only one of its early mile-posts. Progress has no terminus. It is as infinite as time, as illimitable as space.

After Socialism—WHAT?

We have a To-Morrow Army of Workers—Are you one of them?

We want the names of **Liberal News Dealers** or at least dealers who will push sales and subscriptions of To-Morrow in every city and village in the country.

We want you to read this, then see your nearest newsdealer and if he will **push** To-Morrow, send us his name and we will write him naming special inducements.

To-Morrow has subscribers in every town in the United States. If every reader will talk with one or more Newsdealers and send in their names we will establish trade relations with them that will give the business foundation for our movement for which we have been seeking for three years

**Push it along.**

# One of the Causes.

By Viola Richardson.



The other morning on my way down town via the trolley a girl entered the car, who with myself and some two hundred others, had worked in the Stenographic Department of a West Side concern last summer. I knew that she had recently secured a place in an up-town office and as I went down the aisle to greet her, asked if she were on her way to work. "No," she said hastily, and with what must have seemed to her unforgivable obtuseness, I continued, "Or are you not working now?"

"No, but don't speak so that the whole car can hear you," she said in a distressed whisper—and then it dawned on me—but perhaps not just as she intended.

She was ashamed of the fact that she worked. It was eight o'clock in the morning—not an hour at which people of leisure go down town. Possibly every person on the car was on his or her way to work, in order to earn the daily wage. And yet this woman was ashamed of the fact that she worked, and would have felt a deep humiliation for it to become known to the other occupants of the car that her being on the car at this early hour meant anything but that she was out for a pleasure trip of some kind. It seemed to her that she would be more worthy of respect and consideration if she could pass for a woman who did not have to work.

This is the attitude of a great many people, not alone among those who do not have to work, but also among thousands of workers themselves. Work is regarded as a sign of inferiority.

I once heard a young woman at a hotel complain of being so tired out and needing the few weeks' rest which she was taking. A solicitous neighbor asked her what she had been working at, and she replied languidly, "Oh, I have not been working, I have been traveling, but you know that becomes so fatiguing after awhile," implying that she did not have to work, when the fact was that she was a traveling saleswoman or general agent for toilet articles, and thus earned her living.

Any one who will stop and think for a moment will realize that it is much more respectable and worthy to earn one's own living than to live off the earnings of some one else. When we have come to call things by their right names and see things in their true light, we will call the latter "prostitution" or "theft," because that is what it is in principle. Our entire social consciousness is poisoned with the crazy idea that to toil, to earn one's living, is ignoble, and that not to have work is a sign of respectability. If toilers respected themselves and their work and were not ashamed, perhaps they would come sooner to enjoy the full benefit of their labors, instead of taking what they do get as humble petitioners on the favors of the rich.

I know a dear little woman who is a genius in the preparation of wholesome foods. How infinitely more deserving of honor and respect she is than if she sat around in laces and jewels and did nothing except discharge her "social duties."

Practically all men and women have come to feel that a great gulf lies between the individual who has to labor to earn his bread, and the individual who does not have to labor for the things he enjoys—who lives off the labor of others; a gulf on one side of which sits patronizing arrogance and on the other slavish humility. The man who sits in the carriage feels that he belongs to an entirely different world from that to which the man belongs who sits on the box and holds the reins. The lady who in her drawing room receives her guests feels that she belongs to an entirely different world from that to which the girl belongs who has swept her floors and dusted the rooms and prepared the food for the table. This feeling is also shared by the coachman and by the girl. All laboring people feel that a certain deference is due to men and women who have a great deal of money, just as those who have the money feel that the deference is due them and the newspapers encourage this conception because they are owned by the exploiters. The great discontent felt by working people is not discontent with our system which makes it possible for some to gather to themselves the bulk of wealth and power, but it is born of an envy of the things which the rich man and the rich woman enjoy—they are bitter because they have not these things, too. A discontent which goes no farther than this has in it no curative power for the condition which exists. If the discontented workman by some unexpected chance becomes possessed of wealth, he becomes arrogant and patronizing, and uses his wealth just as do those against whom he as a poor man directed the bitterness of his denunciation.

In the great discontent that fills men's minds today there is a great deal of blame for those who own the money and hold the power which this possession gives. But in reality the condition which prevails springs out of the consciousness of the great mass of working people and is maintained by them, and whatever guilt there is, rests fully as much with them as on the "lords and masters." All people are victims, the rich and the poor alike. The man who wears the chains and the one who welds them and wields the lash are alike slaves, slaves to an impalpable something to which they both bow in mental subjection, a subjection more potent than any mere physical enslavement—the **enslavement of their own mental attitude.**

Change the consciousness of men and women, and lo, the system is changed, but change the system while men and women still hold their present consciousness, and the old system would be restored just as rapidly as human activity could restore it.

In that consciousness which holds the cure for present evils which manifest themselves in property ownership and the ownership of people, there must be a realization of the beauty and worth of self-expression in creative labor—a realization

that expression is the end, and not the accumulation and hoarding of material things.

Today we are a race of servile fools, prostituting our energies and bowing to false ideals. Tomorrow we will understand, and then there will be no more ownership and arrogance, no more servility, no more slavishness. The new consciousness is the consciousness of brotherhood—the realness of life instead of the realness of ownership. But this consciousness must come from within and cannot be put upon the race by any amount of external legislation and manipulation. The salvation from present conditions must come through education—the forming of a new social consciousness.

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### A NAME.

By E. L. G. Brown.

What is there in a name? A world of history. Read it in the plant or thing that bears it and the man who gave it and also bears it.

A man is known by his works. So the naturalist leaves his name with the flower that blossomed first for him, the musician with the wind's whispers that he heard, the painter with the forms that nature revealed to him, and the builder with the temple of his dreams. A great musician, poet and king wished to build a temple but he had left his name with the booty of his fallen foes and was not worthy.

The Egyptians chose clay burned seven times in the fire and left their names with the monuments which have not been overthrown with the overthrow of empires. The Romans took the same clay and those monuments to their epicureanism, their baths—have lain buried with Pompeii 1928 years, and modern excavators remark no sign of decay in them.

And so on westward, Pagan and Christian, each Empire leaves its name. The Christian Church of mediaeval days took up the clay and being purified in the fire they found it fit to pave and adorn the sacristy of their temples, whose worshippers must all pass through the fire of affliction; and being indestructible the most sure memorial of their piety and labor of love and so they left their names.

As with the empire, so with the clan, the family, the individual, and as with the past, so today. The Christian now frequents the temples left for him, and calls them his church. There is little to show the flight of time, much is as the builders left it, as it was meant to be. The walls give back the echo of clanking steel and wooden shoe, but no foot-prints are visible; the wear of the feet of many generations yet unborn had all entered into the builders' plans; and only the most indestructible, strong and unchangeable substance, the clay—could stand the test of time and so well symbolize the indestructible Christian Church which no Caesar's sword or fire had been able to prevail against.

The tide runs always further westward, and always with

increasing strain, time which had and has no meaning to the oriental is the pivot of life in the newest land. Each bearer of a name seeks something pure and durable upon which to stamp it.

A large field is open in the churches which are being built, and the honor craved by King David is denied to none. But how much of what is being built will last? If the rush with time obscures from view the very object of the building,—a lasting memorial—how shall the name be read? for time will have its ravages on the work where it was spared. If the earlier church had chosen its materials and built with haste, how had those for whom they built profited, but they sought their knowledge in the east and in the past, and who shall do better, for the east must ever be the teacher, and the master potters' art were better learned.

A memorial is a witness to the future and against time, and theirs were well chosen. If ours like theirs are to serve the end to which we build, then let us write our names on imperishable substances as they.

London, Eng.

#### WHO IS THE DREAMER?

By Louis Duchez.

You tell me I'm a dreamer when I think of better things—

When I think of Life and Progress as a Whole;  
When I think of Nature's beauty and her truthful whisperings,  
Her plants of Wisdom sprouting in my soul.

You tell me I'm a dreamer when I say we're going mad,

And the System that we cherish is all wrong;  
When I say that Nature's Knowledge would make the whole world  
glad,  
If followed, and would fill our hearts with song.

You tell me I'm a dreamer, and my dreams are foolish things,

Without the least relationship to facts;  
That we must submit to bondage, to decrees of lords and kings,  
And lay down before the rope, the block and axe.

Dear Comrade, who's the dreamer, he that studies Nature's Love,

The System of her Progress and her Growth?  
Or you that wanders blindly, and of everything approve,  
Without the least desire for the Truth.

He who studies Nature's Way for all of human ills—

Who sees through her the only Cause and Cure;  
He who gets a message from the blooming daffodills,  
And a Faith in Man and Nature that is Sure;

Or you, who go for Knowledge no further than your nose,

And think you've all the wisdom in the world;  
Or you, who do not study how the little lily grows—  
How the planets through the boundless space are hurled.

Dear Comrade, you're the dreamer, Truth you turn away—

Its presence finds no welcome in your life;  
Narrowness and superstition fill your mind from day to day,  
And the forces of your Being are at strife.

You believe that ways and customs, handed down from lords and kings,  
Are the statutes made by God for "prostrate man";  
Ah, my friend, you are the dreamer, and you dream of senseless  
things,

Out of time with Truth, and Time's Eternal Plan.

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# To the Author of "Kuehnism."

By Herman Kuehn.



Your arithmetic is good kingthing arithmetic. And by its precepts you discover that prices are lowest where rent is highest. This proves to you that the king can do no wrong; that the compulsive principle in human relationships is fully justified, and that the voluntarian or brotherly principle will not serve as a basis for human association. You may dissent. But unless this is what you claim to prove, of what value is your demonstration? According to kingthing mathematics it is doubtless true that prices are lowest where rent is highest. But it is also true that prices are lowest where advertising expenses are highest; where salaries are highest; in short where expense is highest. And according, then, to kingthing mathematics a merchant can keep right on lowering prices as his expenses increase. Yes, that's satisfying kingthing doctrine. But free trade mathematics would teach you (if you permitted them to enter) that prices are not lower because of higher expenses, but in spite of them. No merchant can add to the price of an article the "rise" in salary he allows a competent department manager. But by reason of the manager's efficiency the number of sales is increased. He may pay much more in the way of advertising bills while he is reducing prices than when circumstances compel him to advance them. And rent, being an expense item, may be ever so high, it is not ultimately measured by the gross outgo, but by the proportion of that aggregate which each separate sale must bear. Price is made up by adding each expense item to prime cost. The merchant fails in business, inevitably, who does not gauge his price by the expense item. The lord of the land can compel a tenant to pay more rent because the site permits larger volumes of business. The larger the volume the less expense item on each transaction. Hence, while it is true that prices are lowest where expenses are nominally highest, it is also true that unless these higher expenses connote a lower expense ratio your formula fails. Whether it be rent or any other form of expense, it is the "ratio" that counts, and if one persists in solving mathematical problems regardless of the "rational" view he will come to the conclusion, as you have done, that the higher the expense the lower the price—a proposition that reduces itself to absurdity so utterly as to leave me no reason to engage upon the task.

However, if you insist that if a merchant had no rent or salaries or other expenses to defray that prices would be no lower than they are with those items "in the bill." I would advise you against engaging in the commercial game until you have recanted your "kingthing arithmetic." Even kingthing merchants are wary of employing "them mathematics."

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And you are doubtless right in assuming that the kingthing is the best form of human association, and that brotherness cannot serve as an efficacious basis of social tranquility because you have shown me to be wrong in my assertion that savages are never savage among themselves. I admit that you have proved me in the wrong as to the savages, and therefore I must be wrong in my reliance upon the innate decency of human nature. But while I admit that you have shown me to be wrong to your own satisfaction, and to that of the Cambesians all, your proof will not convince those who deal in "ratios" and rational methods. The fact that savages are savage needs no elucidation. Of course savages are savage. Having admitted that there are and have been savages I must have taken into account the fact that they engaged in savage warfare. But they were never savage among themselves. They were kindly, neighborly and brotherly among themselves. When the alien aroused them to savagery they were savage toward the alien. Same way with wolves. Savage enough to satisfy even the criterion of the greatest president God ever made. Yet among themselves there could not be a more well-behaved set of brutes. Because wolves are savage toward some other animals and not among themselves does not admit them to the ranks of the altruists, as you imagine. Wolves govern (kill) some animals and do not govern others.

I have never anywhere stated that man has "backslid." I think the race "forwarder" now than heretofore. And this is demonstrated best by the fact that his superstitious regard and reverence for the kingthing is lessening. When man has entirely outgrown his kingthing superstitions he will have become fully enlightened. I do not look to the past for my models of brotherness. The first man who slew his neighbor was the first governor. The state is not an improvement upon, but a regression from governmentalism. States that govern least develop more enlightened people than such as govern much, and when the governmental idea of human association is outworn (and it is showing signs of dissolution constantly) men will still maintain organizations for administration, but instead of these being for the purpose of governing they will have the opposite purpose; that of protecting the associates from government, which by the way, is the only thing against which protection is desirable by rational men.

You have studied your "Kuehnism" to little purpose to have overlooked the Kuehnistic contention that no liberty is more precious than the liberty to be a slave if one so prefers. Four millions of negroes at the south could not have been held in subjection by less than one-third their number of white people had they not demed their status fixed for them irrevocably. They were coerced and consented. Yet they were no different from the great masses of working-people throughout the workaday world, who are in a condition akin to slavery but who acquiesce in that condition else it could not exist. Slavery, as an institution, in any of its forms, is impossible without the assent of the slaves.

You cite the advantages of collectivism and attribute them

to the kingthing, intimating that such a thing as a highway could not be established and maintained by people who have become too enlightened to acquiesce in the kingthing. This would be important if true.

Yes, I would dislike to admit that the state and justice can both increase at once. There are several reasons why I would dislike to make such an admission, the chief one of them being that the admission would not be true whoever made it nor how much disliked. The contrary is true. That no injustice can ever be formidable unless it has state support. As the state withdraws its protection over injustices these tend to diminish. But never yet have institutional sanctions to injustices been withdrawn without weakening the state idea. Each such withdrawal has marked an era of greater reliance upon non-state initiative and non-state development.

You assure us that you can tell what a man thinks by what he says. I have long since abjured that criterion. I prefer to determine what a man thinks by what he does, no matter what he protests and professes. Mr. Patterson professes to be a socialist, yet has no reliance at all upon spontaneous social harmony. His reliance is upon compulsion. He would have his comrades join him in taking possession of the powers of the state in order that they might then compel all mankind to be good. I care nothing for the words in platforms or in speeches. It requires no clairvoyant powers to know what a man thinks whose reliance is upon compulsion; who mouths the word "comrade" to the ear to break it to the hope. I want no comrades whom I must compel to be social.

Nevertheless, assuming that you have proved all you set out to demonstrate, what's the use unless you intend it as a justification for the principle that men will not and cannot associate capably unless compelled to do so?

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My Dear Sercombe:—

In Frank's fine article in the February issue of To-Morrow, a letter is quoted from a Mr. J. H. Johnson, of New York. In it this phrase is used:—"so-called Christianity is, and has been, a hindrance etc." Now, why "so-called" Christianity? Christianity, the doctrine given 2,000 years ago to an ignorant oriental people, it is that has hindered progress; the introduction of that "so-called" implied that the Christianity of to-day is not the teaching of Christ, which it emphatically is. Christ taught in order to raise a bigoted race of semi-slaves to his own ideals of a higher phase of life and work; but when his teachings are applied to other races of other ages, they become themselves intensely bigoted, as they necessarily must when dealing with things and developments of which Christ was ignorant.

Consider a moment the Jew of the Augustan era and the American of to-day—can the religion of the one serve the other? No, certainly not—but why, then, the "so-called"? Certainly, Christ has been to some extent perverted, but merely as regards the ceremonies and outward forms. He is taught to-day as he himself taught under Tiberius; but although, as Fiske very justly observes, Christ was no ordinary man, he was not sufficiently extra-ordinary to produce a time and change-defying religion. I have before observed, in previous issues of To-Morrow, this unfortunate usage of "so-called Christianity," and I believe that if writers would consider for a moment the meaning of such a vital phrase, they would not so frequently be led into error.

Yours sincerely,

—H. Bedford Jones.

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## The Smoot Case.

Reading in a daily of recent date a short account of the ending of the "Smoot Case" has suggested some reflections.

What was the real animus lying back of this noisy and flamboyant attempt to unseat the senator from Utah?

He was a **Mormon**!

Yes perhaps he was a Mormon, but that of itself cannot constitute a crime under a government that boasts of equal rights and religious toleration.

Yes, but he was guilty or had been guilty of immoral there are hundreds and thousands, aye millions of your own faith—pretended supporters of the Monogamic theory of so-called Christian marriage—who are guilty of the same "immoral practices" *sub rosa*? and if the establishing of "social purity," whatever that means—was the real animus of the crusade against Reed Smoot, why did you not, in the spirit of one Jesus Christ (vide his suggestion to the accusers of the woman) begin at home and after having a good house cleaning and clearing up the social atmosphere—even a **little bit**, you might consistently have gone after Reed Smoot's scalp.

Yes, but while covert and stealthy infractions of the moral law lurk everywhere, this man Reed Smoot, United States Senator, in defiance of the established rules of prosperity and supported by the Mormon church was a menace to institutions we cherish which lie at the very foundation of our government.

Is not the law proposed to be enacted by Congress for the express purpose of suppressing this Mormon church?

There! Now we are coming to a show down.

The real animus of this persecution is the same old spirit of religious intolerance that antedates the crusades.

If Reed Smoot were content to be a **real smooth hypocrite** he might easily commit all the moral irregularities charged by his bitterest enemies, and not even attract the attention of the moral scavenger.

It was the open and honest method of **living** just what he professed that came near being fatal to him. But he was not unseated.

All honor to Senators Beverage and Foraker and others, who defended him in the face of the popular clamor for his removal.

It is gratifying to know that this attempt of intolerance and bigotry to be recognized in the United States Senate has failed; but it is also enough to "make the angels weep" to contemplate that even the attempt was made in the bright morning of this promising century when man has almost solved the problem of aerial navigation.

Comrades, the dawn of religious liberty and toleration may be at hand; but it is not quite light enough yet to blow out your lanterns. Keep 'em a burnin'.

—Wyatt Millikan.

# Thots Thrown Out at Random.

By Louis Duchez.

Life has its meaning to all of us. To some it means growth while to others it means stagnation and decay. To some it means the acquirement of material wealth that they can never use, but becomes a millstone to the neck of their children, while to others it means knowledge, harmony with the laws of Nature, and Progress.

Heredity and environment determine life's meaning to the individual. Given proper conditions before and after birth the child will have a natural view of its existence.

To improve the Race, to remedy the disorders of mankind, the child of to-day must have the proper environment. Then and then only will we have a strong, progressive race. Then and then only will our children know the true meaning of life. Then and then only will our lives be fashioned in harmony with the beautiful and unchanging laws of nature. Only those conditions will produce human beings that may be able to stand on their own feet, such as the Creator intended them to be.

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It is so easy to talk, so easy to preach, so easy to advise, but blessed is the man that **lives**. He shall be a living example and needs no other recommendation. What he is will speak louder than anything that he can say. What he does will have a greater influence than any promise he can make. The preacher is the man who has failed to do and feels he must make up in talk. Let us cease to be exhorters, gabblers and busybodies and **do**--we will be known. Our own will come to us.

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Comrade, are you afraid to be true? Are you afraid to stand up for the right if all the world be against you--are you? Then no good, red, healthy blood runs through your veins. None of the blood that flowed through the veins of Jesus, Washington, Jefferson, Ingersoll, Debs and the rest. They were all lovers of truth; they were strong men--strong-minded men--and they despised shams and falsehood and loved the Truth. They were **men**. What are you?

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Freedom is the greatest word in all the languages, but a greater thing is to be able to live it. It is the life desire of every living atom. It is a prize for which all things struggle. It is the great highway that leads to perfection.

Freedom is the bulging desire of the little plant quietly hidden beneath the surface of the ground--freedom to spread its green leaves, to gather the sunlight and the rain, freedom to scatter its perfume on the passing breezes, freedom to do good. The same longing desire fills the heart of the swallow and the deer. Both love the sky and the forest--they love life in full measure, which is Real Freedom.

Why then should not the human plant have the same freedom? Why does man, ignorant of the laws of his own being, deprive himself and his fellow creatures of that gift of Real Life, that gift of all gifts? There is no harmonious growth where there is no Freedom.

Arise, man, and claim your own. Think freedom and you will grow—live freedom and you will be. Clear your eyes. Push aside the curtain of forms, customs and superstition and enter into the realm of Truth. Then you shall know the meaning of Life, the love of Progress, the science of Being.

All the disorders of society are the result of compulsion, which is despotism. Ignorance and crime, which are the same thing, spring from "Thou must." Until human society learns that the greatest growth is reached only through the greatest possible freedom, we will have drunkards, prostitutes and barred buildings. The natural life is the free life. To be free is to Live.

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Every day I worship in the temple of my soul,  
 It is there I learn of Nature, great and true;  
 It is there I see the scheme of life as one celestial whole,  
 Its beauties and its glories ever new.

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I am part of you. You are part of the stars that filled your mind with wonder as a child and imbued your heart with wisdom as a sage. We are all one. Kick the poor dog that lurks around the corner and you kick yourself, steal from a fellow creature and you rob yourself.

The same order that brought forth a Christ shaped the blade of grass that you trample under foot. From everlasting until everlasting all is Law. There is no difference between the law that made a John D. than that which made a Harry Orchard. Give either the heredity and environment of a Jesus and you have a savior. Cause and effect is all and in all.

We have compulsion because our first masters, the ancient kings, established customs and religious ceremonies that have since held us down in ignorance. We have crime, poverty and suffering because we have Despotism. We have despotism because we believe in despots. We would be free if we believed in Freedom. Again it is Law.

The ancient kings established Despotism, and their princes and dukes, the money and custom sharks of the present day, still carry out their orders. How long, O race of human beings, will you endure the yoke of custom and the shackles of ignorance? How long will you believe you are slaves instead of free men? How long will you bow down to the idols of your fathers, the "ghosts" of the blind ages? How long until you learn the Law—that custom begets custom, ignorance begets ignorance and decay begets decay?

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There is no failure to the knowing soul,  
 All things are beautiful to him;  
 He views all Life as one grand Whole—  
 Nothing is lost, nothing is dim.

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To-day is a day of suffering—every day is. Thousands of people throughout the world are starving. Mothers, with children hanging to their skirts, are weeping, while the husbands are lying drunk in the ditches. There is work in

the country, and there is plenty of food, but still the poor, frail bodies are falling into the graves.

Bright, intelligent sons leave their parents in want, younger brothers and sisters in rags, forgetting those that are so dear to them; daughters are running away from their homes and dabbling in shame, and sorrow. Children are murdering their parents, parents are killing their children. Crimes, worse than has ever been told about in history, are being committed. There is no limit to the degradation of human beings to-day. Nothing is so low, so immoral for latter-day humanity.

Is it any wonder that the preachers, missionaries and surface reformers say, "There is no use, let it alone with God. He, probably, knows." Poor fools, they are. They started out to redeem the world, but it is too heartless and hardened with sin—it cannot hear the voice of God.

Yes, mistaken ones, it is no use. Turn back, follow your plows, wash your dishes, earn your bread and feed those dependent upon you, but don't try to reform the world from the outside. You may ease the pain for a spell but it is still there. It is the cause that should be remedied—then all will be well.

Live **right** and you'll be right—so will your children. Cultivate kindness of spirit, naturalness, **think** great thoughts, be yourself. Be not slaves to customs and traditions—be free, natural beings.

Above all things be joyous and happy. There is disorder all about, but in the great scheme of life all will be well. The wise powers that be, will use the mistakes of the world to build up a truer, nobler people—a people that will live in joy and comradeship. **Be happy.** I am happy.

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### JESUS' SECOND COMING.

By John R. Downer.

What I meant by his second coming was that in case He should return in resistless power and glory, as indicated in the Christian sacred writings, and popularly understood by Christendom, "as lightning shining from one part of the heavens to the other," and, "every eye shall see Him, even them that crucified Him"—all indicating the idea of universal appearance, that these would forever settle some questions, such as miracle, prophecy, spiritual world, inspiration of the sacred writers and collateral questions.

Whether the orthodox view be correct or not this I do believe that in the future more perfect civilization the Man of Nazareth will be Humanity's Hero, Teacher, Prophet and King as never before even in the palmiest days of ecclesiasticism.

The bulk of the Christian priesthood practically repudiate the Christ upon whom they throw the burden of the world's evil and the few who do stand by their Master are proving their discipleship by having the same kind of a hard time He suffered, up to the ability of the modern "scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites" to persecute the individuals who rebuke

wrong as their Lord who said, "Ye serpents, how can ye escape condemnation?"

Organized Christendom has never given The Sermon on The Mount a fair trial in sociology and perhaps never will until those whom they characterize as "infidels" create a few more Americas where Truth will have a free field for expression and realization.

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### EL UNTIMO GRITO.

The twentieth century of our Christian era is upon us, hot, fluid and volatile as a new world in chaos—or is it an old one wrecking itself into asteroids?

Like dams in a summer flood we may brace ourselves against the resistless spirit of the times only to be swept away and borne oceanward.

No more contradictory are these similes than opposing hosts of Armageddon gathered for the final conflict of the Old and The New Humanities.

The orthodox armies shout hell has broken loose upon the earth while the heretics answer, no! It is the outcome of the Truth uttered by your own prophets and the Christ whom your Hebrew fathers have slain and ye have tried to entomb these long centuries.

Ecclesiasticism bellows stirring up their millions of church members to save themselves from this untoward generation—but all in vain, for even orthodox religionists are susceptible to the Latter-day Pentecost of simplicity and common sense.

Priestcraft has but one more opportunity—the union of all its organized forces, Catholic, Greek, Protestant, Sub-Protestant, into one vast whole in a desperate final attempt to regain lost prestige but so long as free America is five to one not to their way of thinking, religiously this can become nothing more than universal farce.

The Day of Freedom has dawned forever and woe be unto the pigmies that would re-hang the curtains of night.

—John R. Downer.

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### A SLUMBER SONG.

By H. Bedford-Jones.

Sleep, little heart, in the heavenly rest  
 Love proffers to thee—to me denies;  
 While the twinkling stars in the Heavens' breast  
 Smile peacefully down as the daylight dies.  
 And the silent moon, like a dear little maid,  
 With heart so still, and mild, and afraid,  
 Peeps down and smiles, and whispers thee clear:  
 "Oh Love so tender, Love so dear,  
 Goodnight!"

Sleep, little heart of the music life,  
 For the night is dreary without thee beside!  
 With sorrow for thee my spirit is rife,  
 And all thy heart-griefs and thy tears would hide.  
 Rest; and these last poor shattered strands  
 Struck out by Memory's bleeding hands,  
 My breathe to thee, on each zephyr's air,  
 "Oh Love so beauteous, Love so rare,  
 Goodnight!"



**GNOSTICISM.**

I know religion is not true the same as you know that I cannot see the back of my head.

I know that God is a myth the same as you know that I cannot speak two words at once or fall into a river without getting wet.

I know philosophically there is nothing in christianity just as you know hygienically there is nothing in sawdust biscuits and mud pies.

I know that Christ did not rise from the dead just as you know a clock cannot wind itself up, or the two hands run in opposite directions.

I know that agnosticism is foolish because if you ask an agnostic if his creed is true, to be consistent he must say he does not know, and again that he does not know that he does not know!

I know that the doctrine of heaven and hell is a dream the same as you know that trees do not run foot races.

I know that the soul or spirit of man cannot exist apart from his body just as you know that a headache cannot exist apart from a head.

I know that science is right and religion is wrong just as you know that money does not grow on trees and that houses are built and not born.

Conclusion: Agnosticism as a matter of polite respect for the opinions of others is well enough, but as a matter of fact it is utterly worthless.

—James Armstrong.

(Note.) Just one more fact—The great scheme of progress moves right along no matter what any of your beliefs are—no matter whether you have any opinions at all or not—progress does not seem to depend upon or need your opinions—progress is a blind interaction of the life forces, scorns creeds and beliefs and has always marched right on in the face of universal wrong opinion and 100 per cent. of intellectual(?) protest.—Editor.

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**PRESS ON.**

By Julia Cook Coon.

There comes the voice of many women weeping  
Like times of old,  
While Reason is dethroned and Justice sleeping  
Neath cross of gold.  
And near our door the shadows ever creeping  
Of grief untold.

From out the depths we hear new voices calling  
To win the fight.  
The mist back from the mountain tops is falling  
Before the light,  
And Greed must loosen soon her chains enthralling  
And bide by right.

From the West the first faint light is stealing,  
Have faith—press on,  
A silver bell in rare clear tones is pealing,  
Press on—hope on,  
For Labor shall no more in chains be kneeling,  
Hope on—fight on.

## Department of Natural Living

Conducted by R. A. Holman.

I am not experienced in "hashing up" the kind of garbage the rabble or even the average health evangelist is looking for. My dinner-pail is full of good things to eat, you are always welcome to get yours where I got mine. In this Department we will endeavor to uplift the starved, unclean race. I am going to be lenient with you to start with, for I was once filthy myself. I trust you will also be lenient with me in my effort to teach you Good Health. In the struggle to attain the Perfect one must first learn what real health means.

I know some have intelligence enough to lay aside prejudice. Mr. Sercombe is fighting the battle for a good cause. So let us unite and help him in the struggle. It was after many years of strenuously seeking good health and getting further away—following drug fiends and quack doctors until they had all my money and my body was loaded with poison, that I began to see the wisdom of following the simple life. Then came an even worse adventure in trusting my starved, unclean body in the hands of the "nature fakir," who is a more heartless grafter than the M. D. next door. Because he knows and we know that the M. D. is not supposed to know anything but "C. C. Pills" and quinine.

After searching the magazine world for a helping hand and turning away in disgust I stumbled over a copy of To-Morrow Magazine. It seemed to me Providential as the next move would have been the "river." Having been driven desperate and sceptical by everything I found in print on health matters my only hope seemed to be in seeking an interview with Mr. Sercombe, as To-Morrow Magazine handled its subjects on Rational Living in a more assuring and logical manner than anything I had read. We now join hands and proclaim to the sick and overfed, which means in a commercial and conventional world a starved human race, the only key to perfect health. We are going to give in the next issue a definite description of how to realize perfect health such as is taught in the To-Morrow Health Home. Yours for Perfect Health,

—R. A. Holman.

**YOU WANT TO BE WELL** and strong now as well as active and spry in your old age. You have sluggish blood, a stiffened body and indigestion. Try to run the distance or jump as far as you did a few years ago and see for yourself. You cannot stay where you are and break your old habits of life and diet even if you know how. You need to get into a strong, rational, abstimious environment for awhile. That will clean up your system, give you the right start and if you are too far gone already we will make you as frisky as a colt and enable you to live a hundred years.

Write for terms. **THE RATIONAL HEALTH HOME**  
(No Drugs)

2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**ANSWER TO EDITOR.****By Dr. Willard Carver.**

The Editor of Health Department of "To-Morrow" assumes to criticise the Article "Food and Medicine," appearing in the August issue.

We are glad of that for it gave opportunity to set the Editor right and call further attention of the readers to several important things in connection therewith.

Criticism of truth can only arise from a failure or inability to comprehend it. I only stated the truth in "Food and Medicine," only inexorable laws. If Editor had read the article or comprehended it he would have saved his somewhat nonsensical criticism, and me the labor of this reply.

Three times in the article visibly, the second and fifth paragraph, and again in the third rule governing eating, I recognized the necessity of supplying proper chemicals to the body, but that does not argue that the body is arbiter of what is food.

A tissue may be demanding a certain substance to rebuild it. It must, however, starve for want of that substance unless the stomach first and the organs of assimilation second, will recognize that substance as food. Witness the vast number that starve to death simply because the stomach refuses all food products.

I do not state opinions, but facts, therefore can admit nothing. In writing "Food and Medicine," I fully recognized the "abused and perverted" condition of the stomach. That fact is much of the evidence upon which rests the proof that the stomach seconded by the organs of assimilation are the absolute arbiters of what is food. Witness the enemic skeleton-like individuals crowding every walk of life, whose bodies are starving because their digestive organs will not recognize as food that which their tissues require.

Editor's apparent position finds illustration in the condition, of a man overboard, who has sunk beneath the waves. What he wants and must have is the water out and oxygen in his lungs. He nor his lungs are the arbiters of that matter, however, but the efforts and the result thereof of the life saving crew.

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**HOPELESSNESS.****By Archie P. McKishnie.**

The day has fled beyond the hills; the shadows sweep across the sea.  
A sad bird from the lone marsh calls unto a stray mate plaintively.  
I listen to his note of woe. I mark its sadness and its pain.

Dear bird, in summers long ago  
Thine was a glad refrain.

Thine was a song of hope and joy, the carol of a love divine,  
For all the beauty of this world was warbled from that soul of thine;  
But beauty flees as shadows do, and happiness speeds swift away  
E'en as the one you cherished flew  
To other lands away.

Wild bird, call not across the night! Thy mate has flown forevermore  
Thou still hast left a lonely nest upon a marshy, sea-washed shore.  
Thou hast the music of the winds; thou hast the sea wave's lullaby.  
Wild, lonely bird, be strong and brave  
The same as I.

# Bureau of Group Organization

The following is an alphabetical list of co-operative and group movements, the number to be increased and corrected from time to time as the information comes to our hands:

Altruist Community.....	1452 Webster Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Alden (Single Tax).....	Grubbs P. O., Del.
Amana Society.....	Amana, Iowa
Beacon Company.....	Aberdeen, S. D.
Bryngolen.....	Ilfracombe, Eng.
Bureau of Helpfulness.....	Box 54, Collinwood, O.
Colorado Co-operative Company.....	Nucla, Colo.
Co-operative Assn. of America..	5 Park Square, Boston, Mass
Co-operative Mfg. Company.	316 E. Wall St., Fort Scott, Kan.
Co-operative Commonwealth of America	

451 Van Buren St., Chicago

Co-operative Brotherhood ..... 431 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.  
 Evergreens.....Burley, Wash.  
 Fellowship Farm.....Ollalla, Wash.  
 Fraternal Homemakers' Society.....Westwood, Mass.  
 General Industrial Company.....70 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.  
 Golden Rule Fraternity.....Ruskin, Ga.  
 Helicon Home Colony.....604 D. S. Morgan Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.  
 Home Colony.....Englewood, N. J.  
 Home Employment Company.....Lake Bay, Wash.  
 Home Colony.....Long Lane, Mo.  
 Koreschan Community.....Esteros, Fla.  
 League of American Homesteads.....

.....425½ So. Campbell St., Springfield. Mo.

Le Claire Group.....Edwardsville, Ill.  
Lloyd Group.....Westfield, N. J.  
Los Angeles Fellowship.....Los Angeles, Cal.  
Martha McVister.....Kenashaw Ave., Washington, D. C.  
Modern Harvesters.....17 E. 5th St., St. Paul, Minn.  
Mutual Home Association.....Home, Wash.  
New Clairvaux.....Montague, Mass.  
Oneida Community.....Oneida, N. Y.  
Physical Culture City.....Spotswood, N. J.  
Right Relationship League.....427 Reaper Block, Chicago, Ill.  
Rose Valley Group.....1624 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Roycrofters.....East Aurora, N. Y.  
Ruskin Commonwealth.....Ruskin, Ga.  
Salvation Army.....120 West Fourteenth St., New York City  
Single Tax City.....Fairhope, Ala.  
Society of Believers.....Mount Lebanon, N. Y.  
Spirit Fruit Society.....Ingleside, Ill.  
Straight Edge.....1 Abingdon Square, New York City  
The Israelite House of David.....Benton Harbor, Mich.  
The Ruskin Co-operators.....516 Reaper Block, Chicago, Ill.  
The Simple Life Equality System.....

The University of the People.....1637 Indiana Ave., Chicago  
 To-Morrow City Movement..2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The above are all successes whether they fail or not, because they are planting the ideas of group life and group ownership.

If you cannot select the one with which you prefer to unite, let us assist you to do so.

## A WORD ABOUT THE GROUP.

By Frank Chester Pease.

Since the primal glimmerings of consciousness Nature has been constantly engaged in bringing together **like** units for the purpose of experimentation and perpetuation. From a precarious cohesion, travelling up through the maze of Time, there has been developed all that man now observes as highly organized structures, including himself.

In the animal and vegetable world there is a Brotherhood of Life Atoms. Homeogeneity of cell action is apparent in the stem of a plant and in its delicately transparent leaves; the lithe limb of a deer exhibits the same; the beautiful adjustment of cells shown in a gnat's wing, and the curious aggregation of **GROUP LIFE** forming the sponge, all these being highly differentiated objects, can be taken as safe criterion that there is inherent in all life a tendency to become more and more closely inter-related.

On every side co-operation is seen to be the sum of all that Nature has yet evolved, for, were it not for this, every atom **GROUPED** would be travelling in space unrestrained. It is this very disposition observed throughout all phenomena, to congregate into a working whole, which through the falsity of mysticism, conjecture and class prejudice, as they have formed the mental environment of our ancestry, has been more grossly and cruelly perverted than any other instinct implanted in the human consciousness.

The primordial king thing found it necessary to instill in the minds of his subject, a hatred and suspicion against the subjects of his neighboring king things, thus **DIVIDING** instead of **GROUPING** the human race, and through successive ages building up a philosophy of life in entire discord with every other phase of it. So dominant did this influence become as the accepted attitude of men toward their fellows that to this day its vicious results are apparent on every hand in matters relating to human society. Race prejudices; the existence of classes; the lack of harmony in the state, municipality and in the family; which instead of uniting effort for their lives in ceaseless antagonisms toward each other; all the common weal are found spending the better portions of this in the face of the above generalization.

As Truth slowly gropes its way into the arena of actuality and the harmonious adjustments which Nature is ever creat-

ing become recognized as applying to ALL LIFE, then will men do what up to this age has never been attempted, viz.: APPLY FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES TO THEIR OWN ACTIVITIES until the resultant groups fuse into one vast organism in which the interest and welfare of its remotest unit shall become the concern of the whole.

This formative process is now progressing rapidly, as is evidenced by the multitude of groups which are coming into being, and it is with the intention of assisting and observing any and all group manifestations that this department is conducted. We believe that whether or not all the groups may now see the future significance, that the GROUP IDEA now started will march to triumph through the medium of present-day formations. Again let us announce our convictions that every failure is a success in that it points out the things NOT to be done by successive groups.

Denver, Colo.

Dear Sercombe:—

As I told in a former letter I gave up the book business and am farming—raising cantelopes, on five acres, in partnership with my friend Victor E. Southworth.

We are living a simple, open air life, close to Nature and associate only with birds, horses, cows, dogs and cats, avoiding the cunning animal man as far as we can. We are also pious—praying and looking to Nature for a good crop as this is about all we have in this world. I am working as I have never worked before, from 4:30 or 5:00 A. M. till dark, but it does me good. I realize one great thing which I never knew before, i. e., that practice differs from theory as the bright sun differs from darkness.

If you are looking for a lake on the mountains come and see us, we will find one for you.

Yours fraternally, —R. Goodheart.

### FULLFILLING OUR MISSION.

Dear Comrade Sercombe:—

This is not doing quite what I agreed but it is what I have decided upon since seeing you.

When I was at your place I had not read in To-Morrow for July the report from A. Longley and his co-operative work in St. Louis. This was the first I had heard of such a group and so I went direct there to investigate it and found it so much more suited to my likes than your proposition that I have associated myself with Longley and the Altruist Community in St. Louis.

I hope this will be quite satisfactory to you. As for what you said about starting a Co-operative Carpenter Shop at your place it did not appeal to me very much on account of my deafened condition, otherwise I would just as leave run a shop as any other thing. With best wishes to all,

—F. E. Smith.

Dear Comrade Smith:—

I am delighted to know that you are to join forces with our friend Longley. You know our interest in co-operation is **general** and I am just as proud of bringing you and the Altruist Community together as I would be to get your valuable aid in the way of starting a Co-operative Carpenter Shop in connection with our Fellowship Home.

I believe that from the educational standpoint. — — — training people into the habit of living in comradeship with one another, that the **group system** has a great work to perform and our aid in the way of helping individuals to get into the group that will best suit their needs will always be without personal interest in or favoritism toward any special group, as this should be left purely to the selection of the individual himself.

Fraternally yours,

—Parker H. Sercombe.

Los Angeles, California.

Brothers and Sister of To-Morrow:—

Stung to the heart's core with revelations concerning the power of "Hard Cash" to bury sane citizens alive to hide the crimes of others or help others continue in crime, we appeal to you, lovers of freedom, lovers in freedom, "free lovers," to consider the building of co-operatively conducted Industrial Homes for the unmarried mothers of pedigreed children. We are building one here in this city just as fast as ideas and words and LOVE can formulate the plans for it. We want you with us heart and soul and we know we are sure of a sympathetic understanding which will soon blossom into practical co-operation. Next issue we hope to have something beautiful in the way of the outlined plan ready for you, possibly better.

New, please only see the EXPOSE of "the plot" and—brothers let us "bust it." Oh, I beg your pardon for the street boys slang—but—I love the gamin far better than I do the parson; and the gamin's slang is sweet to my ears even as the parsons prayers and correct phrase is poison to my soul and wormwood to my palate.

Our dear sister Nicholls whom we have rescued met with us last Friday at the Reception we gave her in honor of our glorious victory over "Hard Cash" or, "the devil," Mammon. Last evening we met again in Secret session and planned for her safeguarding in the "fold," the heart of the New Sisterhood of Humanity based on the true knowledge of "God" which is, creative force, heat, fire, energy on, in, of and thru the HUMAN protoplasm.

Series of Aunt Helen's Love Letters free to all readers of To-Morrow who send the postage—about 3 cts. I have "held them up" for a while, because they were too full of "roots" and the readers could not read roots. If you get one, please turn to page 31 directly and read my apology for "swearing." I swear because I LOVE the child which priestcraft chains to the plow and the dungeon floor.

I hope the Expose of Special Creation will please you all and if anyone finds mistakes we will thank them for help. We are STUDENTS of LIFE.

Yours ever—the W. I. S. C.,

Per Helen Howard Philbrick.

# The Informal Brotherhood

By Louis Ducheze.

Comrades, I did not introduce myself to you in the last issue, because I did not think it necessary. Children do not do it and they have a good time. Right here let me say that it is nonsense, and was established to classify society. It is one of the greatest preservers of caste. There is no purer democracy anywhere than may be found among a company of little children, who have not been spoiled by the caste teachings of their parents or guardians. Let us be natural and avoid introductions. Just say "howdy" and become friends.

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I have resolved to make this department the most interesting and instructive in "To-Morrow," and I want every reader to help me. I want you to give me suggestions. I want you all to write to me, anyway—I will answer as many letters as possible. That's comradeship, and we are comrades. Now let's know what you've to say about it.

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Us fellows in the Home here think the last issue was the best that has ever left the Shop—and the best is yet to come. How do you like "God's Principal Jokes," by Himself? Letters galore are coming in with compliments. Some of the comrades say that they have read nothing so interesting, up-to-date, yet so philosophical as these "jokes" of God.

We have issued a large edition in pamphlet form and we want every reader to get rid of at least a dozen. You all have orthodox friends—good friends, too—that you know are on the wrong track, and are letting some preacher think for them, when they need that exercise themselves. It is part of your duty to yourself to let them know where they are at. Write to us for a good bunch and we will give you a special price. You will see an ad elsewhere in this issue. Do it Now.

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What do you think of Walter Hurt's article "?????" Gideon Dietrich's "Biological Study of Sex," and all the rest? Tell us about them. Every issue from now on is going to be better than the last, and we want every comrade to help us make it so. We want you to help us get acquainted with every thinker in the country. We are able to do it, and I have a plan—a bully plan—to begin with.

I have figured it out that it would be a very, very easy matter for every subscriber to get one subscription (we will not accept more than one sub from each subscriber, that would kill this little plan, you know) and I think you all will be willing to do it. Every mother's son and daughter



of you has a friend, or enemy, that would give you a sub if you asked him for it. We are going to start a "To-Morrow Army," and we want to put every subscriber's name on the list. It should be there. One sub is the fee. Whose name is going to be the first on the list? Comrades, it is a very easy thing to get one would-be thinker. If you cannot get his consent send in a dollar with his name. Show him your heart is in the right place. The circulation man is waiting. Do your little bit.

We are formulating several other plans to get "To-Morrow" in the home of every thinker in the U. S. The larger the circulation, the better and bigger will be "To-Morrow."

You, reader, may be proud to be classed with those who believe in the principles advocated in "To-Morrow" Magazine. All the great thinkers of the nation know that we are telling the truth, but many of them keep quiet for their own selfish, ignorant ends. Many officials of this government know we are right and quietly follow the truth we advocate, but they are afraid of Freedom. Are you afraid of Freedom? The truth of the matter is that that class of people are viewing the thing from the impersonal standpoint.

Again, I want to remind you regarding what I said last month about books. We are going to get out a catalog in which we are going to list every book of importance in science, philosophy and socialism. In the meantime, however, we want you to purchase some of those advertised in "To-Morrow." If you are undecided as just what to read, so as to get the proper knowledge, we would be glad to offer suggestions. Write to us, anyway.

What do you think of the "Peekaboo Shoes" advertised in the last issue? We just sent for a trial stock of them from Mexico, not knowing the duty to be collected, so we will have to raise the price to \$2.00 a pair to make anything on them. We will, however, fill the orders that are now in at the old price. We are sorry that we are not able to give them to our readers for \$1.50. However, we feel sure you will think they are worth every cent of \$2.00. One fellow sent in an order a few days ago for thirty-six pair. A man after "Teddy's" heart, isn't he? Send in your order for a pair of sandals.

Comrades, we are going to publish a Directory of Undesirable Citizens. and we want every reader to be enrolled in it. It is going to be one of the greatest books ever published. We want every man and woman in the United States that is willing to be classed with Debs, Haywood, and Darrow to send in his name. For ten cents apiece we will put the names in Directory. For \$1.10 we will put your name in the Directory and send you a copy when it is published. All receipts above the publishing expenses will go to the Cause. Send in your names and be among the first in the volume. We're waiting.

I wonder how many of you have bound volumes of "To-

Morrow?" Every reader should have them. Both the 1905 and 1906 issues have been bound in strong, durable cloth. They would make fine references for those of you who have not saved your old copies. Send in \$1.50 apiece and we will send you them postpaid, or if you want to extend or renew your subscription, send us \$3.50 and we will start them to you on the next mail. Every reader of "To-morrow" should have these volumes in his library.

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Your attention is called to Eugene Christian's advertisements in the present issue. Mr. Christian is doing a wonderful work in leading the minds of the people away from drugs and into the habit of curing diseases with proper food. He was once a successful drug doctor, but saw the crime and foolishness of it, and is now curing thousands of people through a proper diet. Read his advertisements in the present issue, anyway—they're educational. If you are sick or run down write to him. He'll help you build up a strong constitution.

Besides curing people with food Mr. Christian has established a "School of Food Chemistry," in which he is going to teach people to cure others in the way he has cured thousands. Read his ad and send for his book, "The Chemistry of Man." It's free. Mention "To-Morrow." Mr. Christian has opened up a new profession. The system is a rational one, in harmony with the laws of health and progress. He's a practical thinker, and one of the world's benefactors.

My Dear Sercombe:—Your course in Fundamental Thinking is destined to become one of the great movements of the age. At present the millions of people who are "butting in" to Social, Political, Religious and Economic problems do not know that their babbling is on the order of "a bull in a china shop." People admit that it requires years of study to understand higher mathematics, chemistry and astronomy, but they rush into the more difficult field of Sociology and lay down principles and rules as though it was "so easy," as if they were born with all the necessary technical information and of course they are all wrong. Your lessons will give them a start and a basis to think from at least, though of course no person can reach a clear understanding of social evolution unless he is able to make practical application of the principles of differential calculus, a culture that but very few have attained. Your field is **Everybody**.

May your efforts be crowned with success.

—Walter McPherson.

My Dear Sercombe:—

Reading in Jan. "To-Morrow" "Side Lights of the Race Question" by Kate Kinsey Brook it brought the blush of shame to my face. Why do I blush with shame! I am ashamed of the government of my country, I am ashamed of the deeds of my fellowman. Where are you, all that would pose as the brave and strong! Cowards all. You have not dared to give the truth to the world, but have left that to the courage of a fine sweet woman to do, the same as ever. Have we no longer a government at Washington! Where is Roosevelt with his armed force that he was so ready to hurl at the citizens of California, if they did not conform to his idea as to the legal rights of the Japanese! I believe that not only the Japanese but any other people have a right to any advantage that any civilization may possess. Should not the Negro our colored brother have the same right! If he is a citizen of a particular government, is he not entitled to the protection of that government! Why is it such things are? You have your opinion I have mine. I believe the whole thing summed up amounts to rank ignorance full of a peculiar hate and jealousy on the part of the white man. Where is the priestcraft "the men of God" and all of their tribes! Why do they not do something to prevent this fearful persecution of our colored brother. Has their God given to colored man to satisfy the rapine and lust of the white man? Does not the spirit of love and the desire for happiness abide, in the Negro as well as the white man? I say it does. And in entering this my protest against further persecution of the Negro. I offer him my hand as a brother. If I die what matters, if so I die in the cause of freedom, let it be for "white" or "black." Can these poor people find to refuge, no relief from this carnage and murder that is being wrought against them? Is there no one with love and courage sufficient that they will raise their voice and put forth a demand that this burninghell shall be put out? If no one, then let "To-Morrow" unroll her banner and every lover of real freedom rally to her standard.

—Charles W. Dickinson.

#### ABOUT BOOKS.

##### "FORGINGS OF THE NEW."

(A Review.)

By Louis Duchez.

"Forgings Of The New" is a little volume of studies on socialism, by Franklin H. Wentworth, that will live. The book throughout is both scientific and instructive, and its moral teachings cannot help but linger with the thoughtful reader.

In this latest work Mr. Wentworth has done in prose what Edwin Markham is doing in poetry. In the first chapter we are given two pictures that are very impressive. The first is that of a young and beautiful lady dressing herself in clean linen that has just been sent from the laundry. She presents a picture of health and is beautiful to look upon.

The second picture is that of the young girl in the laundry, whose beauty and sweetness is being rubbed out with every stroke in the wash tub. She is one of the many "wan, tired, desolate, God-forsaken looking slatterns." Their suffering is the price that was paid for the young lady's cleanliness.

"You never thought of that?" asks the writer to the first young lady. "You don't think much of anything,

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do you? Your mother did not think much before you,—unless she was a working woman:—and if you have daughters they won't think much of anything."

"Look at them through the window."

"Why should they care about their appearance if no one else cares? Drudge, drudge, drudge, from daylight till dark, and on into the night."

"For what?"

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"Two or three out of the eighteen or twenty girls get seven, eight, or nine dollars."

The last picture is a sad one, but it is true. "What are these girls going to be?" asks the writer again. "These physical wrecks? These broken and wheezing hacks?"

"Does any man want such a girl for a wife?"

"No one wants her for a wife."

"Does any one want her for a mother?"

"No one would say she was fit for motherhood."

"What do you say? The laundry men?"

"Oh, no. It isn't his fault. He lives upon less than you do. He works harder and does not consume so much as your father does."

"He has to compete with other laundries."

"Do you see? That's where we touch something vital. That's where the system has to be considered."

"Not the laundry system. The social system."

Speaking about the competitive system in the chapter on "Manhood's Crucible," he says, "The competitive struggle never yet produced a noble man. All the real benefactors of the race have either been raised above it, pursuing their investigations in economic security, or they have ignored it altogether by deliberately choosing poverty as the price of their integrity of spirit. That the competitive struggle could produce a man like Jesus, or Socrates, or Galileo, or Newton is unthinkable. Strife of man against man works moral disintegration; the only thing to be won by it is a soiled plume."

"If any of the Successful Ones has still a streak of nobility in him, it is because he has secretly kept some little corner of his life sacred, free from the defilement of the arena in which he has won his fancied supremacy."

"The competitive struggle develops the wolf instincts; you have only to read the faces of the Successful Ones to see how far he has fallen short of nobility of character."

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"It is true we must put forth our powers in order to grow. We must live either at the expense of work or at the expense of faculty. Inaction rots the body and dulls and degrades the soul.

"But the field of man's striving must be other than his fellow. To exploit one another in competitive warfare is the surest method of stifling race progress. He who advocates the competitive struggle as beneficent has a wolf philosophy of life; his idea of human society is not yet born. By his belief that acquisitiveness and combativeness are marks of superiority of character he deceives himself and deceives his neighbor and unconsciously helps to keep the world in an atmosphere of animalism. Animal ethics need not dominate human society, for man can deliberately increase his food supply. All nature waits to help him. We are meant to overcome our physical environment. not each other."

In another place he says again, "It is sad, sad reading, this struggle of the working class to lift its head above the mire.

"Men with sharp features and hard hands, women with early line foreheads, and tired little children; see the long procession!

"Far, far has this long procession marched, far has it marched in vain.

"Since the days of feudalism, since the days when private ownership of the sources of life, turned humanity upon the highway to starve or to sell itself for wages, the working class has been seeking a liberator.

"It has held out its worn hands of hope, first to this one, then to that, believing that the high sounding phrases echoing in its ears were inspired by a love for the lowliest, as they always pretended to be.

Again, "Civilization has brought him everything except liberty, without which all the splendors of the world's achievement are but barren nothings. The wireless telegraph is no food for crying babies to live on. Where the base of the social structure is awry, poverty is the running mate of progress; every labor saving machine means only that more people shall go hungry."

The book presents a sad, true picture, but there is a brighter side. The author has hope. He says, "In the last fifty years there have been born here upon the earth, an ideal of a harmonious society; a society that shall recoup the age-long waste of human life; a society that shall produce a thousand Marconis in a single generation when once its beneficent influence shall have shown upon

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the race; a society that at last shall lift man out of the mire and fit the humblest child to contribute all the intelligence in the inmost recesses of his brain to the uplifting and glorifying of the race, a society in which the collective will shall leave the Mount Pelees of the globe to belch in gloomy grandeur over barren wastes, while in the pleasant places of the earth men and women and children live comrade-lives among the birds and flowers, sending love beckonings to the friendly stars."

One can only get all the good in the book when he has finished the last chapter. Its truths are terrible, but it breathes a hope, and it stimulates to action. The philosopher that only observes the facts of life may find in "Forgings Of The New" a call to action as a unit, for after all, though we only develop racially, that racial progress does not surpass the progress of its units. The Socialist Literature Co. of New York City are the publishers.

It is a difficult matter for the average reader to choose the kinds of books he should read, since there are so many good ones. Every month thousands of new publications are thrown from the presses all over the country. Some of them live for a short season and disappear, but there are many that will clinch themselves to the minds of the thinkers.

A book of the latter type is "The Origin of Supernatural Conceptions," by John James Greenough. As the church goes drift from their old orthodox ideas, they will want to know how supernaturalism was developed and carried down to them. How their ancestors were taught the superstitions that are today the greatest stumbling blocks of the world's progress.

In the introduction the writer says: "My endeavor has been to show that there never was a supernatural revelation, miracle or other abnormal manifestation, from any spiritual entity, or other source divine; that all legends recording phenomena of that character, with which the world's literature is filled, were derived from unexplained natural phenomena, or the human imagination, before a true knowledge of the cosmos, or psychic laws, was conceived. \* \* \*

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of Christ,—notably the Hindu teachings, the Golden Rule of Confucius, and the moral teachings of Pathagoras, while some of the instructions in the Gospels seem inequitable and impractical, if not immoral."

Mr. Greenough has produced a great work, and it should be read by every one in the country who is in doubt as to the fallacy of supernaturalism. It is published by the author in Boston, Mass.

"Ethics of Democracy" by Louis F. Post, editor of "The Public," is another book that will live. It is a series of optimistic essays on the natural laws of human society. Comrade Post is a strong, forceful writer, and this text book should be read by every thinker who looks forward to the day of Democracy.

It is instructive without heaviness, and interesting without frivolity. It appeals with peculiar force to the devoted clergyman, who shrinks from the growing pressure of commercialism and materialism. It brings relief to the business man who has a soul above dollars yet feels the necessity for struggling and straining for dollars. It is a guide to the baffled citizen who recoils from socialism yet sees no other escape from something worse. It invites and will hold the attention of any intelligent man or woman who is disposed to reflect upon social, industrial and political conditions. The author has applied fundamental democratic principles (generic, not partisan) to the greater problems that confront men as the false optimism of youth fades away before the disappointments of mature life. He holds aloft the standards and recalls the objectives of a rational democracy, a sane optimism, and individual responsibility. He leads his reader, onward and upward, through appeals to reason and the moral sense, toward a realization of that great and beneficent order in the universe which neither individuals nor communities can ignore with impunity. The book subjects popular materialism to new tests, it gives to idealism a modern and popular setting.

"Ethics of Democracy" is issued by The Public Pub. Co., Chicago, Ill., and sells for \$2.00.

Ethics and the Materialistic Conception of History, by Karl Kautsky. Translated by John B. Askew. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 50 cents.

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is an evolutionary materialistic explanation of the various ethical epochs. The first chapter deals mainly with the Grecian philosophers. From here the author takes up the ethic of the Renaissance when ethics took a secondary place to natural science and the rising capitalists beheld the philosopher's stone that was to enable them to follow their own inclinations. As this class grew in power the transcendentalism of Kant gained the ascendancy over the former materialism. The next step was the coming of Darwin and his discovery of biologic evolution. Here too was introduced that idea of the universality of law through the animal kingdom which did much to do away with the old idea of a supernatural ethic confined exclusively to man.

The ground was now cleared for the Marxian ethic. Indeed, Marx had already applied many of these laws to society before the appearance of Darwin's great work, and should be reckoned equally with, the latter as one of the discoverers of the principle of evolution. All these discoveries had evolved piecemeal and the elements of the materialistic conception of history only waited for Marx and Engels to bring them under control and unify them.

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Crime and Criminals. By Clarence S. Darrow. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Price, 10 cents.

The Bright Side of Kissing and the Dark Side. Murray Hill Publishing Company, New York.

This booklet of forty-eight pages is a combination of a novelty and a book with a purpose. Two sets of moving pictures are the attraction, while a sanitary lesson versus the risks of careless and promiscuous kissing fulfills the purpose. Half the reading matter consists of pleasanties that make easy reading for all who have any relish for little gems of poetry and romance; while the remaining half of the text might be called a doctor's sermon on kissing, with a view to lessening its risks, and the contagions conveyed thereby. Two safe and sanitary modes of kissing are recommended for all who feel the need of such a vent for their emotions, but the how is a secret only imparted to the purchaser of the book, and is no doubt fully worth the small price of 20 cents.

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## AUGUST MAGAZINES.

The August issue of Current Literature is unusually good. Besides having some clean cut editorials on the Haywood trial, there is a photo of the twelve jurymen that rendered the verdict in the Haywood case. There is also an article on "Who Is This Man Darrow," which is quite creditable, though unbiased. Other timely articles are "Advanced Thought's Verdict On Christianity," "Did Whitman Borrow From The Orientals," and "Debussy And The Music of To-Morrow."

The Stellar Ray for August is excellent. Mr. Hodge's editorials are up-to-date and practical. Much of the other stuff is clipped, but it is for the most part interesting and instructive. The "Health and Hygiene" department has some good hints on natural living. We all welcome the Stellar Ray.

Beginning with the issue of August, "The Truth Seeker," is publishing a series of articles by John E. Remsburg, entitled "The Christ," being a critical review and analysis of the evidences of Jesus' existence. They are very interesting and instructive.

The Open Court for August has a very interesting article on "The Free-thinker On The Religion of Science." The Open Court shouts for freedom. It is published in London.

The leading article in The Overland Monthly for August is "Confessions of a Stenographer," being an analysis of the graft in San Francisco and the underlying causes that led to it. The Overland Monthly is growing.

The American Journal of Eugenics is improving with every issue. The August number contains a beautiful poem on "A Song of Maternity," by Lillian Brown-Thayer. There are other articles by Rev. Sidney Holmes, James Armstrong and C. Gonnard.

The Socialist Woman, published in Chicago, is a new publication. The August issue being the third. It is alive with material for the economic needs of women.

The Stuffed Club for August is a gem. From beginning to end it is instructive. Health and higher thought are sisters in the Stuffed Club. Dr. Tilden's editorials are solid.

Health Culture for August contains an article on "The Physical Basis of the Intellectual Life" that is alone SAY YOU SAW IT IN TO-MORROW.



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worth the price of a copy. "Like What You Eat," and "The Dangers of the Soda Fountain" are also good.

The Nautilus for August publishes a beautiful poem entitled "The Face" by Edwin Markham. "The Great Conquest," a health article by Dr. W. R. C. Latson, is well worth studying.

Wilshire's has some good socialistic stuff for August. "The Industrial Republic," a serial by Upton Sinclair, is still being run. In the same issue there is a just appeal for more song writers of the New Democracy and Socialism. Owen Spendthrift of St. Louis, Mo., is pointed as the leading socialist song writer and others are urged to follow.

Human Life for August publishes a large photo of Harry Orchard, with a short sketch of his life. The same issue contains an interesting article on the personality of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, by Ada Patterson.

Bernarr Macfadden has an instructive article in his "Health and Beauty" on "Something About Foot-Gear." "Man Must Become More Familiar with Nudity," by Olive Jocelyn, is very timely, also.

"The Blue Devil," is not as blue as its name. On the other hand, it is very optimistic. Read it and get acquainted with Father Risdale.

"The Humanitarian Review" for August has an interesting article on "A New Theory of the Universe." There are some excellent editorials, also.

"The Daily Socialist," of Chicago, is a new venture in radical journalism, and it is destined to become a factor in the country's progress. May we have more daily socialist newspapers.

"The Swastika" for August has some interesting reading. "Some Lessons Life Has Taught Me," by Saint N. Sing, and "Nature and Personality," by Grace Moore are good.

Humanity for August contains an article on "The First Epistle to Dads" by the editor that is excellent.

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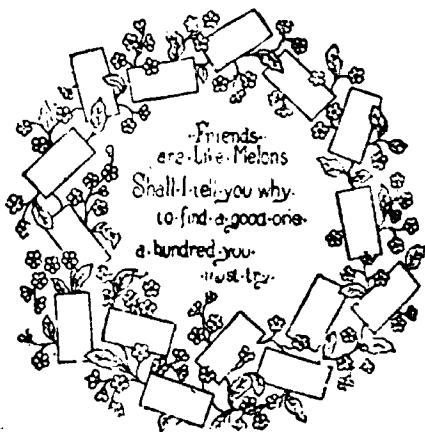
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We, the undersigned, in order to accomplish a plan of life that will insure greater health, happiness and harmony, and supply an environment that will enable us to escape the baneful effects of individual competition and insure a life of culture for ourselves and children that will enable us to live as brothers instead of animals, hereby pledge as follows:

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# To - M o r r o w

For People who Think

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, Editor  
LOUIS DUCHEZ, Managing Editor

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It certainly seems to us that your life as we found it is nearer to the "Ideal" than any we have ever seen in our going through life for that particular quality we all so much desire. When we saw you in the home life mingling together in that fraternal spirit which begets the feeling of unselfishness and a love for all mankind, it made us feel sad in a way that there was such a sad lack of that very feeling in thousands of homes where the ties were of blood instead of fraternity, where there is quarrelling and bickering over little things which maim the the humblest pleasure of many homes.

We were more than glad to see that "spirit of the hive" where compulsion is not used to make others do for you, but that inmost desire of each one to seek to make happiness for the others, where simple tastes are cultivated and where the greatest amount of individual freedom is allowed, and where restraint is only necessary when the whole mass is involved.

Your ideas are rational and you are not over sanguine as to big results, and we believe there is an immense power for good in your example before your fellow men in leading them up to the truth, and to that fellowship with one another which means the brotherhood of man and heaven right here on earth.

To bring one's children up under such an environment would undoubtedly produce wonderful men and women, where as it is at present with all the horrible examples that are before them, it is a wonder that they are as good as they are.

Life we know is no sentimental dream and we can not expect to go through it on flowery beds of ease, for often when we think our lot is hard it may be the necessary lesson for us to learn, and teach us to stick close to nature, make the best of what we have and look on the bright side, sowing the good as best we may and perhaps by some thought word or deed make our brothers' burden lighter.

You certainly are making a strenuous fight along good lines in your efforts to have mankind subdue the animal nature within him and to live clean normal lives.

Certainly man is his own worst enemy, that he cannot see that when he is taking upon himself foolish and vicious habits he is just curtailing his own enjoyment and the enjoyment of those whom he should love, and making for them all one long miserable existence.

Why do we do those things? Because we become creatures of habit, and then that habit becomes so ingrafted in us that it becomes second nature and we embrace it and make it part of ourselves, not realizing the demoralizing influence until it is too late, or our will power has become so weakened that we cannot screw up enough courage to say NO to that foolish habit what ever it may be.

Your aims are high and purposes noble, and above all, you lead the life and therein lies the secret of it all, that your example is more than any precept ever written or spoken and the only way to bring about pure democracy and human brotherhood is to LIVE THE LIFE.

You will have success we know and we wish that all the readers of "To Morrow" might see you as we saw you in the "Spirit of the Hive" at the "To-Morrow Group Home."

With all best wishes we remain —

Yours fraternally

Geo. Jones

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For People Who Think

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, EDITOR

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VOL. 3.

OCTOBER, 1907.

NO. 10.

Dear Editor of To-Morrow:-

I see by your September issue that you are compiling a list of "To-Morrow" Army of Workers. For sometime past, I have been buying this thought producing periodical, and at last have been able to bring my mind to that point where digestion is possible. I'll admit, at first, there was a sort of revolutionary shake-up in the storage apartment of my mentality. This has been overcome to some extent, and I am now able to pick up and read "To-Morrow" without my ancestral thoughts giving me a good pounding.

Within a short time when I am in a position to take a twelve month's dose, of this thinker's thought-box, I shall surely send on the price. At the present, however, I have a standing order with my newsdealer for ten copies per, one of which I read and the other, send to those who I think will appreciate this work. The dealer has assured me that he will display "To-Morrow" in a conspicuous place on his stand, and would do what he could toward the distribution of the book.

You may include my name in your "Army of Workers."

Fraternally yours,  
Joseph Hubbard Baltimore Md.

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While our plan of organization without creed or party is the most simple and natural conceivable, our entire race has been poisoned so long with the programs and formulæ of despots that it causes us to be looked upon as unique and unusual, and so we are, being merely a sane group in an insane world—and this without bragging.

How well you all know that every modern fashion, custom and institution is merely the fiat of some king or the echo of his priest. We aim to live sensibly and think sensibly as near as surrounding savagery will permit us, and in order to help others to see the real light we have organized the "To-Morrow School of Clear Thinking" that aims to tear the blinders from the eyes of ancestor worship.

Introspection, looking within, gives no real information but only encourages the ego to be satisfied with itself, therefore we look without, we seek objectively our criterion of truth—we take for our guidance the sum of all human knowledge—the network of harmonious verified truths accumulated by the devotees of

science down the ages. We work and sing and make faces at all of humanity's ghosts.

---

Anyone who prevents the natural punishment for wrong doing from falling upon the wrong doer stands in the way of progress and is a blight on true education.

---

Stupid people, and remember orthodox people are always stupid, invariably misunderstand and are opposed to To-MORROW. We just naturally give them a grouch. No hard feelings. This is all as it should be.

---

To be orthodox is to insist on the prevailing fashion, especially for others. There are few people who are orthodox in everything and still fewer who are unorthodox in all things.

---

In whatever line you follow the fashion, whether it be in food, dress, religion or in social or political ideals, you will be orthodox and "respectable" to the extent that you plod on and follow the bell-weather.

---

"THE WRETCH DESERTED ME for another woman" is an expression often heard now-a-days, always implying that men are *never* justified in making a break out of domestic misery. While men do reach the limit of silliness, the way they rush out of one entanglement into another, is it not strange that grass widows *never* take the blame upon themselves? When a renting agent informs us that several tenants in succession have thrown up their lease and abandoned a certain house you naturally take it for granted that there is something the matter with the ventilation, sewage or heating apparatus. Not so with deserted women. They are always cock sure that the fault is with the deserter. Sometimes they are right.

---

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The psychology of this episode is of momentous importance to the real educator—to the quack moralist it is an indication of the total depravity hypothesis.

In the first place boys who would do this, especially to a church, could only be of the class who had been *preached to* that such things were wrong in the sight of God and would bring them calamity, hence they put it to the test. Such boys could

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The utter failure of the whole Christian system of two thousand years, expressed in the quick riddling of this *sacred* structure should be enough to cause the real teacher to turn to new ideals and methods, for surely the vandalism in the young hearts of this quiet neighborhood is amply corroborated in the state of graft and avarice that dominates every Christian land perverted by preaching and force rule, while prostitution, abortion and adultery are screaming witnesses in testimony against prevailing methods.

## DON'T MUDDLE YOUR MIND.

Considering the real existence of a *wave of Astrology* which partly for profit and partly to give expression to the inherited tendency to mysticism is being exploited as a catchy "dope" by a few thousand highbrows and magazine publishers, I give below five viewpoints, a study of which will clarify the mind and show the Astrology Hypothesis to be entirely untenable.

1. Long before scientific methods came into the world, before Kepler, Newton, Harvey, Stephenson et al. had disclosed the real truths that attach their names to human progress, guesses of our primitive ancestors like the Personal God Idea, the Flat Earth, with its Firmament and the Windows of Heaven; caused them to look for guidance in the "Signs of the Heavens." Their utter ignorance of the law involved is not only manifest in every part of the Astrology system but even the derivation of the words they employed, instead of "wisdom" is burdened with proof of the utter ignorance and simplicity of those ages.

2. The ancients having proved themselves ignorant in every other branch of learning were surely in no way equipped to make any such technical discovery as classifying what influences were evoked by the various planets and signs, if any.

3. The egocentric having naturally preceded the geocentric theory, man in his primitive state like animals now, naturally regarded all phenomena from a personal viewpoint. Every bird and every savage has always thought that each eclipse and each hurricane was intended for him personally; even so mystic egoists of all ages have imagined that the planets were much concerned

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about them and they with the planets.

4. Evolution, together with a great flood of general technical knowledge having come to our aid in recent years, we now have come to a knowledge of human relationship with all protoplasm, and any planetary horoscope is reduced to an absurdity when we imagine its terms as applied to the bug, brute or troglodite whose kinship to ourselves entitles them to as complete a "reading" as the most highly developed primate.

5. Under the original scheme of moral law, human acts being judged good or bad according to the dictum of an unseen, whimsical deity, there was some warrant for assuming that the eternal forces had a code of morals and actions in which the planets and zodiac signs took part and cognizance. Evolution having demolished the idea of fixed codes and shown the human unit to be like all other atoms, subject to the turmoils and tossings of the forces surrounding him, the whole senseless scheme of influence and interest in our "conduct" is thrown to the winds, and man, like so many jellyfish in the vasty deep, is seen to be struggling onward "whither and not knowing whence," his individual acts being of no more importance and no more to be classed as moral or immoral than the leaves blown by the winds. What, then, from the standpoint of impersonal philosophy becomes of the supposed variations in planetary influence? Pure human egotism and buncombe—that's all.

#### AN EXPERIMENT FOR ASTROLOGERS.

Take a barrel of beans and write a number on each one. Elevate the barrel and contents to a point say 100 feet above the center of a waxed and polished skating rink. Then before dumping the beans calculate the location of each bean in the barrel and exactly to what extent it will jostle and be jostled by its neighbors in the fall. Fine calculation of the "forces" involved will enable an expert to mark the place each bean will occupy on the floor, even to naming the exact angle at which each will lie. When astrologers reach a point of "scientific" demonstration that they are perfectly exact in this experiment then they may know that they come within one quintillionth of realizing the factors involved in deciding on "planetary influence" about which they discourse so glibly.

The bean experiment may also be utilized by the exploiters of the "influence of mind over matter" theory, for they mentally could force the numbered beans during their fall to seek the exact places laid out for them whether they were originally inclined to go there or not.

DEAR SERCOMBE:—

Am thirsting for the "Waters of Life," which is Truth along the the higher plane upon which you stand, and you assuredly reach down and and sweep the cobwebs out of the corners of the earth.

Sincerely yours,

DAVID FRASER.

Naturally all of this would be COURSE WORK for NEW THOUGHTERS who "work through the subconscious" and can at will send the atoms through the blood to any part of the body, making any organ perfect through the simple mental process of "merely" thinking of a perfect heart, kidney, lung or toe nail. Great are these modern mystics. Long may they wave.

### SOME PERSONALITIES IN THOUGHT EVOLUTION.

ANNA BESANT'S CHICAGO LECTURES.

A proper understanding of the meaning of the philosophies of Mary Baker G. Eddy, Anna Besant and Catharine Tingley as manifestations and milestones in the world's thought evolution can only be obtained to the extent that one is enabled to separate himself from partisanship and prejudice and view the work of these notable women from the standpoint of their proportion of effect upon the sum total of human thought in its urge onward.

That these women represent notable phases of advancement in thought nobody can deny, and it surely would be a miracle, considering the orthodox belief of some two thousand years as a direct outgrowth from the guesses of our primitive ancestry, if the alert minds of these women did not supply a thought food of greater range and depth than that which preceded it.

Those who have contemplated the unfolding of human thought power from the impersonal viewpoint cannot fail to have observed the decidedly gradual manner in which intellectuality insists in manifesting itself in this world of ours and contrary to the insistence of disciples and partisans, there have been no great leaps or bounds in human intellectual unfoldment. Only those who have been blinded by bias or have been semi-hypnotised into the belief that they have at last encountered the "whole truth" are able to picture humanity's thought evolution as any other than a very slow, laborious and spasmodic process.

Suffice to say that like government, religion, commerce, art, etc., human understanding is a result of a racial process by natural selection, a process that can be best described as an endless experimentation in which everyone from the most wise to the most foolish participate, the process extending over indefinite and variable rhythms of time.

We have all, including these three women and their followers, descended from an ancestry that has reveled in superstition, mysticism, misinterpretation, fear, with an accompanying love and reverence for the marvelous; and those who are now the most perfect types of this class are the ones who insist that they are not "spiritual," who refuse to be stirred or aroused to ecstasy or adoration by their accounts of wondrous theories, the truth or untruth of which are equally beyond human ken. As a matter of fact, spiritualism must ever find its true manifestation only in the truth, and now that we know that the truth has only been and can



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only be discovered through the experimentation of all, and will only be announced by the intellectually honest after exhaustless corroboration, the believers and exploiters of the "special creation" process of thought find themselves hopelessly involved in error when held up to a test of unbiased clear thinking.

Granted that the Eddy, Besant, Tingley cults show malvelous advancement over Presbyterianism, Mormonism, Dowieism, granted that these three women with their followers represent the aristocracy of refined voodooism, the writer undertakes to say that if, as previously estimated, orthodox Christianity and its institutions are found to measure 97 per cent of incompetence and superstition as against 3 per cent of truth and common sense, the philosophies of these modern feminine sages can truly be said to contain no more than 96 per cent of nonsense, with 4 per cent of intellectual honesty and accuracy.

A comparative view of the personalities of these prophetesses is of interest. Physically, all of them have been wrongly fed and improperly exercised. Mrs. Eddy has always been high strung, nervous, and out of equilibrium both physically and mentally. Her poise would have been much improved by close attention to the cabbage patch with a little mountain climbing and boat rowing for recreation. Both Mrs. Tingley and Mrs. Besant are gross, misshapen, and entirely out of physical poise on account of over feeding unaccompanied by the degree of useful, health-giving daily labor that might have continued their figures as lithe and supple organisms befitting them to be priestesses of advanced cults in this practical age. Humanity in the future is going to demand both physical and mental poise in its prophets. Dissertations and speculation in relation to perfection to be attained in unseen worlds will at least take a rational viewpoint when declaring pot-bellies, double chins and a waddle to be entirely out of harmony with spiritual completeness.

Those who claim to be able to guide their flocks through seven spheres of mystic realms and trace the reincarnations of egoists and fakirs to their proud triumphant soarings in realms of bliss will at least be expected to divorce themselves from a mental and physical gluttony that manifests itself from the platform in every tone and every motion.

Like a common fortune teller playing for the attention of a rich client, Mrs. Besant heralded her arrival in Chicago by announcing that "in his reincarnation John D. Rockefeller would come back to earth purged of his sins, a pure white soul, prepared to plunge with a hop, skip and jump into the pool of perfection. What kind of rot is this?"

The nerve that it requires to make such statements can have no other warrant than Barnum's oft repeated phrase that "the people want to be humbugged."

### DIRECTORY OF UNDESIRABLE CITIZENS.

If you wish your name and address included in the Directory of Undesirable Citizens, send 10c. If you want a copy of the Directory and your name printed in heavy type so that all others will know that you have a copy to refer to, send \$1.10.

In her Chicago lectures Mrs. Besant entirely ignored the process by which every thinking human being knows that the knowledge of truth has come into this world (through gradual experimentation) with an effrontery which no lover of truth or no person of trained mind ever assumes in relation to unproved theses. She discourses as glibly about reincarnation, thought transference, the ability of the mind to rebuild the body in one generation, when she herself, by no means aged, might with the proper amount of useful work and a degree of abstemiousness in diet, regulate her own body at will, a task for which she seems to possess not the slightest spiritual equipment.

What is wrong with Mrs. Besant?

1. She has no appreciation of what it is to be intellectually honest and await all the details (complete data) before announcing theories as facts.

2. She finds it more profitable to play upon the gullability of those who still retain a love of the mysterious inherited from their thousands preceding generations of superstitious ancestry.

3. Being a mystic, not a clear thinker and hence unable to distinguish between real and false evidence, she forms a most perfect connecting link between Christian orthodoxy and rational thought and thus becomes a factor in smashing old ideals, though without making much of an advance towards genuine truth.

### NAKED AND NOT ASHAMED.

Like all our other superstitions touching Religion, Government, Sex, Education, Punishment, Ceremonials, Ownership, Respect of Wealth, Meat-eating, Gossip, etc., the first idea of dress, of wearing clothing requires another interpretation, for it *did not* commence with the "fig leaf" or any other emblem or evidence of shame.

Even as man's discovery of the use of fire and the making of the first boat are matters of superlative interest in his evolution, so the epoch wherein he first commenced to clothe himself must stand out as an event in his history—not an event particularly to his credit, for it enabled him to lie around and keep warm when he otherwise would have been up and exercising; besides degeneration always must take place under cover, whether politically, socially or physically.

While this article is not for the purpose of advocating the nude, *God forbid*, our race differing from the Igorrotes being no longer fit to be seen unclothed, I must make a passing mention of the fact that when Magellan first circumnavigated the globe he found some ten thousand Terre del Fuegians strong, vigorous and habituated to going entirely naked, although the climate there is quite rigorous in winter. Christian explorers gradually taught these people the use of clothing until they have degenerated into a sickly, anemic race with catarrh and consumption destroying them, and now there are only two or three

hundred left.

Modern educators and moralists do not appreciate to what extent all organisms and creatures are indebted to natural conditions and overcoming resistance as the only regime to conserve and develop our highest powers. Far from the origin of dress or even the gee string being with the idea of covering parts of which our ancestors were ashamed, clothing, skins, bark, leaves, covering was adopted by man purely in his effort to keep warm and then continuing their use in many varied forms it became the *fashion* until they were ashamed to take them entirely off again, even in warm weather.

It is in becoming THE FASHION whether in beliefs, food, social forms or in dress, that has led mankind into his countless thousand vagaries. There have been times in man's history when the insistence on following fashions in thought, dress and customs has been backed up by much ferocity. As long as we peep out at the world through little blinking eyes set close together in the head, we will think it entirely necessary to regard with much seriousness all departure from our own method of life and thought. The fact that we are surrounded by millions of male and female *dress grafters* who, though they are able to appall and dazzle us by the magnificence of their raiment, would, unclothed, be classified a perambulating fertilizer, accounts for the pious Comstock tendencies toward wishing to clothe everything—statues, pictures, Igorrotes, etc.

### ONE MEAL A DAY.

Even after over-work my eyes do not get bloodshot nor do the whites ever become yellow as formerly, and I have given up the use of my glasses. I no longer have even a touch of those bilious headaches that worried me for twenty years, and which the doctors diagnosed as "nervous indigestion." My weight is twelve pounds less and the only apparent loss in substance is around the abdomen in the heavy part of the thighs and on the back and the breast where it was not needed.

My standing jump is nine inches further than formerly, having advanced to the mark which I held at twenty, and I not only feel a real joy in a good run to catch a train but am in no way fatigued or distressed at the effort.

I have entirely conquered "that tired feeling" that drugs and patent medicines are supposed to cure, and can work nights or sit up with a sick friend indefinitely without becoming "broken down by the strain."

My swimming stroke is improved, being entirely unhampered by extra fat, and I no longer dread the shock of cold water and cold air upon my body as formerly.

I am no longer bothered with dull and muddled brain, sudden rushes of blood from the head, etc., and am at any time ready to sit down and write strenuously with sustained and continuous mental effort for hours at a time.

Since acquiring the habit of eating for my *body* instead of for my palate, I do not approach my mid-day meal with any part of the ravenousness that formerly allured me to juicy steaks and highly seasoned foods. The false appetite and over-stimulated gustatory sense is gone never to return, and I eat much less at one meal than I formerly "required" at noon when I stuffed

myself mornings and evenings. My poise, evenness of temper and self control have increased 90 per cent as the result of my changed dietary habits. While formerly the omission of a single meal would cause distress, burning temples and irritability, I can now omit two or three of my mid-day meals per week without strain or distress either mentally or physically.

The thought of meat stimulation or the use of beverages or narcotics, which are the nemesis of newspaper writers and many others doing strenuous mental work, is not only utterly repugnant but entirely uncalled for as, not being hounded into the office of digesting food the blood flows naturally to the part we wish to employ, hence the brain is *always* ready for its work without being hounded or stirred up by stimulants.

The placid state of brain and body with consequent mental and physical equilibrium must surely be the state most conducive to long life and this, together with the wider range of enjoyment of life, both in and out of doors, which is open to those who maintain lithe bodies, is a most exquisite reward for the so-called self-denial of food.

### "Crucify Him!"

Collier's Weekly, in the face of all the antagonistic circumstances under which Haywood was tried and acquitted, says that it is privately informed by the best detectives in the country that Orchard told the truth. Well, the Appeal is informed by the best detectives in the country that Orchard maliciously lied, to save his craven neck, under the paid expert coaching of a man whose antecedent history in the "Mollie Maguire" period, and at Parsons, Kan., where good citizens made affidavits denouncing him, shows him to be a creature, whose moral pulse beats lower than a snakes.

Of course, to Collier's he was "telling the truth" when he said that he lay on the roof of Bradley's back porch watching for the milkman, when a disinterested contrator, unimpeached by any circumstances, came forward and made solemn oath that he built that identical porch several months after Orchard's "explosion," which blow-up and a gas company paid damages for, as being due to their own defective pipes. For shame, Collier's! Your *best detectives* must be the speak-easy pussy-foots who for twenty-five years have been joining labor unions and subscribing to most solemn and binding pledges with the prearranged treachery of violating them. Twelve friends and neighbors of Steunenberg, non-unoin men, said by their verdict that Orchard lied and you lend your dressy well printed columns to studied articles pretending fairness.

Ah, Collier's; the Socialists know to well the econonic determinism that, true as the needle to the North Star, makes you wimper and lick the velvet hand that feeds you.

*Bruce Rogers in the Appeal to Reason.*

Dear Comrades of To-Morrow Magazine:—

Your Magazine is full of ideas. It stands for Liberty, Truth, and Purity. It is daringly inimical to prudishness, sycophancy, and conventionalism. It is just the kind of publication I want. Here is my dollar for a years' subscription.

Sincerely yours,

—Maurice Maston.

We have a To-Morrow Army of Workers—Are you one of them?

We want the names of **Liberal News Dealers** or at least dealers who will push sales and subscriptions of To-Morrow in every city and village in the country.

We want you to read this, then see your nearest newsdealer and if he will **push** To-Morrow, send us his name and we will write him naming special inducements.

To-Morrow has subscribers in every town in the United States. If every reader will talk with one or more Newsdealers and send in their names we will establish trade relations with them that will give the business foundation for our movement for which we have been seeking for three years

### **Removal Notice.**

## **To-Morrow Climbing Up.**



The rapid increase in the number of vital thinkers, at least of the class who read "TO-MORROW MAGAZINE," is evidenced by the fact that on the first of September, the TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY, formerly at 2238 Calumet Ave., Chicago, purchased the fully equipped printing plant of the New Voice Pub. Co., at 139-141 E. 56 St., and commencing with the October number, "TO-MORROW" will be set up, printed and bound entirely under its own roof. They will also soon be prepared to do fine job work.

The building that will be occupied is a model for the purpose, being one story in height, forty-seven feet front by one hundred-twenty-five feet depth, the style of architecture being exceedingly artistic; its fluted pilasters with Doric caps, lending a classic effect to the entire front. "TO-MORROW'S" new home faces Jackson Park, is two blocks from the sandy beach of the lake shore, two blocks from the Field Museum, and not more than four blocks from the Chicago University grounds—an ideal spot for a progressive publication, Health Home and School of Clear Thinking.

# Our Invisible American King

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It is made to the interest of Press, Pulpit, Police and Politicians to keep this hand where it is.

Our American Corporations have become owners of all the banks, railways, hotels, mines, newspapers, traction companies, commercial institutions and manufacturing companies, and all of these having thousands of shareholders, and these various shareholder sometimes owning stock in fifty to a hundred different companies, forms A NETWORK OF MUTUAL INTEREST more powerful and conscienceless than any despotism the world has ever known, and in its determination to control courts, school, finances and politics it employs the police and military to enforce the very codes, institutions and standards of morality by which European kings have held the people in bondage for thousand of years.

You are called upon *now* to dethrone this *INVISIBLE KING*, establish democracy in our schools, reorganize our systems of punishment and rebel against being tried by any other code except THE TOILER'S STANDARD OF RIGHT AND WRONG.

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# Dogmatic Education

(The Trio of Mind Destroyer.)



Help! Murder! Help!

Must we still stand idly by while Church, State and Snobocracy unite to destroy the minds of bright natural children?

Must we keep silent while the same influences that have debauched our race in the past continue their deadly work?

Are we so debased that we restrain our protest against the "Child of Freedom" drinking from such a fountain in order that we may fatten on the patronage of the respectable(?) elements?

The child knows better—he rebels because he is true and natural—Heed his cry—Let schools of Industrial Education be established where the hand, the mind and character may be trained into harmony and equipoise.

## TOMORROW ARMY OF WORKERS

As promised in our September number we herewith print a list of those whom we designate as OUR TO-MORROW ARMY OF WORKERS., which, though not strictly accurate, comprises a majority of the friends who have recently done service and given encouragement to the cause of Rationalism as interpreted by our To-Morrow Group.

We represent a decidedly important movement. We are trying to live and think more ethically from every point of view than is the custom of today. That is why we are called To-Morrow Folks.

We represent no cult or creed. We do not look inward for guidance as that method only brings a different answer to each person. OBJECTIVE INQUIRY discloses a net work of laws and phenomena, social, physical, mental, every factor of which bears a harmonious relationship to every other and we have adopted this net work (the sum of science) as a criterion of guidance.

We need subscribers and patrons. Our 'TO-MORROW SCHOOL OF CLEAR THINKING' is one of the most telling rationalist movements ever initiated. Every one needs its influence and so we call upon our 'Army' to push the good work along—see Newsdealers, secure subscriptions for the magazine and applicants to our School of Clear Thinking.

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### Whither My Bird

By Stephen Marion Watson

My bird I so much loved, has fled;  
Not by tiny buoyant wings,  
My pet would never leave me so;  
But in his cage I found him dead,  
Where stark silence sings  
Louder than he an hour ago.

Louder than song of merry bird,  
Louder than warrior's battle war;  
O, lower in my heart that cry  
Of awful silence, where is heard  
The voice of loved one never more;  
That will not answer. Whither? Why?

## To Sercombe and the Bunch.

Comrades:—You fellows at the Fellowship Home are certainly a bunch of “bugs” of the right kind. I’d like to crawl with you over the neck and up the back of orthodoxy, whether religious, political or scientific, and help tickle its thick hide until it were compelled to scratch some of the “moss” off, but I haven’t time—I’m too busy doing nothing—but some of it is the kind of “nothing” that makes one an “undesirable” citizen.

You’ve got the idea, Sercombe; just let us find out what kind of bugs we are and then learn to crawl, without getting so much into each other’s way. Bedbugs beat us for sense; they tackle the sleeper, not each other. If we too were to tackle the “sleeper” (material resources) instead of gnawing around on one another, we’d have a better bug house, and Sercombe, listen now and blush; you’re wise, wise enough to know the world wouldn’t stop turning nor you stop living, if I beat you out of that 30 cents. Yes, you risked me, a stranger (just a fellow bug), with 30 cents, and without even looking me up at R. G. Dun & Co. Think of it! Unheard of in the present commercial world and I appreciate it almost as if you had done it “just because it was me.” You’re *daring* to have done it. And you’re *rich*, rich enough to lose 30 cents and never turn a hair. I and Rockefeller and the other “fellers” of millions envy you. We *must*. And you’re *big*; big enough even, to have forgiven me if I had beaten you out of the 30 cents.

But I won’t do it. I can’t, man. I asked you to send me a few To-Morrow copies and name price for “remit.” I was “just fooling” like Doc. Carr in his “Reformatory for Reformers.” (By the way, the Dr., confound him, like to have scared me out of my wits, with his blood-thirsty demand for the scalp, hide and tallow of all the brainstormers that “holler” for Reform, for I *am* one of those “sons of guns” that he listed.)

No, I won’t beat you, I’ll just enclose 50 cents, 20 extra for that bunch of “God’s Principal Jokes” that you sent with other stuff and if you feel like it and think of it, you might send me the October number when it’s “hatched.”

But you ask me, why not send a \$ for a years course—Sh’. Sercombe, let the presses rattle while I whisper this to you only. I haven’t got the \$ just now. I can’t afford it, man, just now. Why, I’m handicapped with the control of \$5,000 worth of property that belongs to the public rightly, but they (confound them) will insist on burdening me with it, or rather, that I must burden myself with their plunder or fall out with conditions in my old age. Yes, I’m only exploiting a half dozen men to make a living for me. (Just like sending a “nigger” out into *his* river, in *his* boat to gather *his* driftwood and giving *him* half for doing it, or *him*.) And the fun of it is the jaspers seem to enjoy the joke. Yes, I have a good laugh with God sometimes. But the joke’s on me too a little. There are lots of cotton manufacturers over at Memphis that send their sons to college, their daughters to conservatories, their wives to Europe and themselves to—well, on the money that I *steal* from these poor jaspers; and Teddy and his “desirables” keep the bunch in line. That’s why I haven’t that \$ just now, my “superiors” in graft needed it for a new piano or something.

Somebody has hinted that a bale of cotton is worth \$250.00, but I haven’t found it out. We get from \$50.00 to \$60.00 for what we bring in. I guess that they was “just fooling.” So Hurt is an agnostic and Armstrong is an atheist. I’ve tried ’em both and say, Sercombe, it was all so *dark* out there that I quit trimming my lamps and strolled rather hastily back through the patch, and mounted the fence of Liberal Christianity, where I am perched now, picking my teeth in tolerable contentment. I left Hurt and the rest of the boys and so far as I know, they are getting on nicely, just grazing, but I prefer to do a little believing, when I can’t *know*; and just graze, too.

It’s a weather proposition; the religious bigot says, “I know it will rain next week”; the atheist says, “I know it won’t rain next week”; Hurt says, I don’t know whether it will rain or not next week”; and I say, I *believe* it will rain next week.” Now, then, who’s IT?

But after all, we’re the same kind of “bugs,” so let us get together and enjoy the “here-now,” trusting to be prepared for “shower” or “drouth” in the “hereafter.”

This half dollar may patch up some of the boys’ sandals. I’d like to clasp your paw, Sercombe, just like one woman kisses another, you know

## MRS. NOSEY'S MONOLOGUE.

BY J. S. JACOBSON.

I am going up stairs to pray for Mrs. Pork.

But wasn't her hat a stunner, though? I just couldn't get a glimpse of our pastor on account of it. A French importation that looks like a retired dishpan patterned from the edge of Cleopatra's silver tuille doormat.

By the Cosmic Powers she'll pay dearly for that indiscretion. Whoever invented the stunt of turning to the smiter the other cheek must have lived some centuries before her time, but that's ancient history anyway, who would go about with one red cheek when its mate with a little massage or a sharp retort could be brought to the same hue?

Well, well! it's a comfort to know that you are one with the Cosmic Powers.

Now, there's Mrs. Hibang, whose spare time is spent in praying for enemies; or for *her* enemies, I don't know which—suppose she gets her way?

I can't forget that hat. Oh, Cosmic Force, that works for good them that resist you not, I conjure you forgive Mrs. Pork's presumption. She knows not what she does. She knows not that pride invariably precedeth a stumble, and I sincerely, nay, humbly, hope that she may be led to see the error of her demeanor. Goodness knows my millinery bill often reaches an almost prohibitive limit, but never, no, never, has it approached such a callous ostentation as that indulged in by Mrs. Pork.

Her lack of consideration for others by means of the barbarous skypiece—a lid not too outre to have been fashioned for some African or South Sea Island belle, is beginning to upset the equipoise of the exclusive circles in which she moves; indeed, could the sum total of inconvenience she has caused to others be rationally subdivided, I am sure that even the genteel though unwealthy Mrs. Smugs would be numbered among those who would take on spiritual convalescence.

It was Mrs. Smugs who last Sunday looked in the direction of Mrs. Pork as much as to say "The members of a church should dress ideally alike; won't someone set fire to that insufferable fluffery?"

Dear Comrade:—

Your magazine is the stuff and I wait with impatience for the next copy. Your articles on "Crimes" and "God's Principal Jokes" are the best I ever read. They hit the nail on the head.

Trough your bureau of group organization I'm investigating two groups in Colorado with a view of joining one. I am getting tired of this competitive hell—I get no time to develop myself.

Yours fraternally,

—Fred Wiland.

### DIRECTORY OF UNDESIRABLE CITIZENS.

If you wish your name and address included in the **Directory of Undesirable Citizens**, send 10c. If you want a copy of the Directory and your name printed in heavy type so that all others will know that you have a copy to refer to, send \$1.10.

# A Biological Study of Sex.

BY GIDEON DIETRICH.

## CHAPTER V.

### FERTILIZATION.

When used in relation to the process of propagation, the term fertilization is commonly interpreted to mean a creative, (re-), producing act, resulting from an altruistic impulse and union of "male and female reproductive elements." The term is also used in a sense to make fruitful and enrich the soil, etc.; but when we speak of the egg or flower being fertilized, it is in a sense of a creative or productive nature, and has resulted from a species-maintaining impulse which is supposed to be a primary impulse of every living being.

That such is the common interpretation of fecundation or a fertilizing act is further evidenced by the fact that practically our whole social structure and code of ethics is based upon the theory that there is a basic elementary impulse within every living being to reproduce itself—for a purpose. Therefore, the "parental impulse" and "parental rights" are considered the most fundamental expressions of life. Among the savage the "parental rights" are considered absolute; but with the evolution of society there is developed a conflict between "social rights" over offspring and "parental rights."

However, such problems of life can never be settled "right," unless their solution is based upon the first principles of what a parent's "rights" are and what the social "rights" are.

In chapters I and II it was stated that the basic principle of *all* propagation was a process of cell-division; and that this process could not imply an altruistic act or a primary impulse of the ego unit to reproduce itself,—for a purpose or otherwise. The primary ego struggle of that unit, its normal growth and healthful life expressions, simply result in the splitting apart of that ego-center or cell-division, regardless of the results as to the production of new ego units. In multicellular colonies, such as our own bodies are, this propagating process of cell-division expresses itself in the same manner: the stem-cell out of which we developed, matures, divides, these two again mature and divide, continuing thus until our whole body has reached a certain mature completeness (puberty), and the colony organization being full, through the continuous expression of this maturing, dividing propagating process, some of the new units will become separated from the rest and make their escape from the parent as germ units. Thus the development of the flower or the egg or the sperm is but an expression and differentiation of the same life principle which causes the vegetative development of the plant or animal body; and does not imply the introduction of a new life principle which has for its purpose the altruistic production of new ego units, or the perpetuation of specie-forms.

This being now a clearly established scientific fact, it becomes necessary that we give an entirely new interpretation to the act of fertilization and see what great life principle underlies this impulse, which has developed into the higher psychic sex love and exerted such a relentless guiding influence over the whole earth, and which is destined to carry humanity to a higher level or dash whole races down the abyss of extermination.

The reader's attention has already been directed to the experimental results of artificial fertilization, and that these clearly demonstrate that the result of a fertilizing union has only a catalytic, reviving, restoring effect upon a bio-chemical or life process. The egg is restored to a growing fertilized equilibrium through the catalytic effect of a special salt solution in which it is placed, while the sperm is restored by allowing it to penetrate into simple protoplasm from which the hereditary nucleus has been removed.

Such being the result of fertilization, the impulse thereto must be an effort of an ego living process, which *exists*, and which has moved away from the normal, to be restored back to a growing equilibrium. It is true that the factors here involved in both the result and impulse are purely nutritive or metabolic, and certain degrees of restoration are always accomplished by the proper amount and kind of food matter and proper surrounding conditions, so that it does not seem possible that such a strong fertilizing impulse as found among germ units and the higher land animals could have developed out of such factors.

In the study of fertilization it is essential to remember that the metabolic process of life is not a crude process of combustion like that of a fire. Living substance is composed of very complex compounds (proteids), and the process is carried on by the catalytic action and reaction of these upon each other. A catalyzer acting from a distance without forming a direct chemical union with the substances acted upon, so that the substance of these compounds moves along with a series of bio-explosions within the plasmic whirlpool, until such combinations are formed which must be forced out as waste matter.

This complex substance differentiated into the different kinds found in different plants, and in the different animals, and in the different parts of a plant and animal body. Each of this specialized kind requires special food, or special catalytic effects of specialized catalyzers with which to maintain a healthy normal living process.

Where this specialization has not been carried beyond the restoring influence of the surrounding medium and character of food matter, the struggling ego is able to maintain a fairly normal fertilized life; but where this is carried way beyond such limits as an extreme anabolic or katabolic tendency, a normal equilibrium of a living process cannot be maintained without the effect of specialized catalytic action.

The extreme anabolic and katabolic protozoas as well as the sexed germ units have been carried beyond the restoring, life-saving influence of their environment; but they have become so specialized in opposite directions that they act as the most effective fertilizing catalyzers upon each other. The primary impulse which draws them together is merely the result of their ego struggle for existence, aided by the accidental currents of the fluid medium, or the currents of air or the feet of insects, two such units are brought within the sphere of each other's metabolic influence. Then the impulse of contact and union is a hungry one on the part of the katabolic unit, and a reviving, stimulating one on the part of the anabolic unit. Both of these are metabolic impulses.

As a result of this impulse and action, living substance is assimilated directly into living substance, each having a direct catalytic effect upon the other and forming an entirely new com-

bination of plasmic compounds, and thus restoring the living process back to its primary, youthful, fertilized condition.

*Purely a life SAVING act, and not a life CREATING act.*

Haeckel says, that in its ultimate analysis heredity will be found to be nothing more than memory impressions. And thus through this law of heredity, the realization of being carried away from a normal living process and the realization of having this restored to a fertilized equilibrium, gradually becomes impressed upon the plasmic brain function of those units and is then transmitted to succeeding generations, and thus becomes an hereditary impulse. But no matter how strong this hereditary impulse may be, either the unicelled protozoa or germ units, can never succeed in forming a fertilizing union unless they are accidentally brought within their attractive sphere by some outside power at the proper time. Otherwise they are simply doomed to an immature dissolution, and no criminal laws of homicide can ever change this biological fact.

The developed impulse toward a fertilizing union does not always result in a complete assimilation of two units into one. In some unicelled species there is merely a prolonged contact association, resulting in an interchange of the divided nuclear substance; while in other species there is only a prolonged contact association with no transmission of substance from one into the other. But in both such forms of fertilization there is as complete and effective a fertilizing result obtained as though there was a complete assimilation of the two into one.

The two associating units are specific catalyzers toward each other, so that their mere presence and contact effects the biochemical process within each without forming a direct chemical union; and thus through their prolonged contact association, both their life processes are revived, accelerated and restored to a fertilized equilibrium.

This is but a differentiated expression of a well-known physico-chemical law.

It is through this fundamental life principle, based upon catalytic action, that the impulse toward a contact fertilizing association between two mature multicellular units has been developed. Aside from this fertilizing impulse developed among unicelled beings and germ units, such an impulse is only expressed among the higher animals, and not among plants or the lower metazoa beings, so that this great phenomenon of sex-love must have been gradually and slowly developed through the empirical knowledge of the individuals becoming hereditary. In the entire plant world the mature germ units escape into the surrounding medium, with no impulse or act of association on the part of the parent units. Among the lower aquatic animals this same condition is found, so that our own aquatic ancestors must have expressed their propagating process in the same manner, with no complex "reproductive organs," beyond the simple germ glands and germ ducts leading to the outer surface, and no knowledge or impulse of sex-love.

As already stated, the fertilized living process which results from the union of two germ units is maintained in a fair equilibrium through vegetative growth and metabolic activity among the simple colonial forms; but with the increased differentiation and complexity of organization, and especially with the increased anabolic and katabolic tendencies it becomes more difficult to do



this among the higher metazoas. The effort to maintain this equilibrium is expressed in animal activity such as work and the playful gambols of animals.

It is this playful impulse of association which serves as the training school out of which the histological species sex-love, as well as the ontogenetic individual sex-love, has been developed.

During the playful gambols of the lower animals they come into frequent contact association with each other. And during such contact, some will produce a specific catalytic effect upon certain others, causing a distinct fertilizing sensation within each one. The effect of this sensation being beneficial and pleasurable, the effort is made to repeat and prolong the contact. In this manner those simple units receive their first experimental lessons in a fertilizing association; and through long historical experiences these lessons are gradually impressed upon their hereditary mind and are thus transmitted to succeeding generations.

A high degree of fertilized life corresponds with a mature growing crisis in the colony, and the production of germ units; but otherwise the two phenomena have no elementary relation to each other. Now, as the hereditary, as well as the individual knowledge of a catalytic fertilizing effect increases, an effort is made during the association to press the orifices of the germ ducts together, as the greatest metabolic activity is taking place in that part of the colony. The high degree of fertilization caused by a prolonged association, tends to the formation of germ units, and the escape of the katabolic units into the anabolic duct instead of into the surrounding medium. In this manner proper conditions are brought about through which the oviparous animals and mammalia can develop; and it is also during such association that the katabolic duct becomes extended beyond the body surface and developed into a copulating organ.

Such, then, are the elementary principles and basic conditions out of which that great phenomenon we call sex-love has been developed. Its further historical development and its hereditary effect of a proper or improper expression, upon the individual life will be considered in the next chapter.

Address, 471 N. Hoyne Ave., Chicago.

### WHERE ARE THE GODS?

By H. Bedford-Jones.

Where are the Gods?

The grey, vast, awful Gods, that swept through the soul of Man  
While the terror of Night lay, dreadful and dark, in his heart?  
The Gods of Chaos, that were e're the worlds began—  
When Man took his prey with his teeth and tore the hot flesh apart—  
Where are the Gods, that ruled ere the love of Man?

Where are the Gods—the Gods with the passions of men,  
Who felt every sorrow and joy that men have known?  
The Gods, God-shapen as men, in silver and wood and stone;  
Rich red-blooded Gods, that lay within Man's own ken,  
With God-attributes Man fashioned and formed of his own—  
Where are the Gods?

Where are the Gods—the Gods that men have assailed,  
The beautiful, pure-souled Gods, all branded of men as foes?  
The Gods whom men have tortured and burned and nailed—  
Gods that have striven for Light—succeeded or failed,  
What matter which? Would you, too, seek for Gods? Ah, those  
Are but Gods of the Earth—the Soul has Gods of its own!

# Is Right RIGHT?

By Paul Jordan Smith.

So often do we ask ourselves the question: Is this action right or wrong? and so frequently are we told by preachers, both in and out of the pulpit, that our natural impulses are "wrong", and our perverted and superstitious customs "right," that it behoves us to see if haply we may find something about the origin of these orthodox notions and weigh their claims to authority.

In the nature of things, Right is the result of harmonious action. Harmonious action is made known to mind substance, whether in mineral or man, by its concomitant, pleasant sensations. Guided by an educated will and an intelligent sympathy, pleasant sensations will ever lead humanity on the road to progress. It is the only true evolutionary method.

Why then have we wandered off from this natural guide? Let us see.

Man's ideas in every age have been determined by the ruling class, whose natural impulses were self-preservation and self betterment; consequently the ideas were for the maintenance of their system of getting a living. The ideas of every historical epoch swing about the bread-and-butter question.

What idea then, more than all others, has been invented to deceive people into these false, cramped notions of right and wrong, morality and immorality? The idea of God.

This idea has, perhaps, wrought more mischief than any other one idea in the history of humanity. The "fittest" men have taken advantage of the ignorance of their fellows for purposes of exploitation, and have in the name of a "Supreme Being" perpetrated the most dastardly of outrages.

Men have been told by the "pillars of the church" and of "Society" that "God" wanted them to obey his "holy word." If they did not—Hell! Where was this "Holy Word?" Oh! in a book—a "Sacred Book." Might they read it? Yes, after they have been taught the "theological-habit-of-mind," and so biased that critical judgement was impossible. What were they taught in this manner? Why, that a great big God ruled the universe and that according to his dictates they must live and have their being. Logically following this comes the idea of subordinate rulers—hence King, President, etc. Now of course these rulers want to be recipients of homage and special privilege. Enjoying a life of luxury and ease, and fearing revolt or assassination, they have laws passed to prevent usurpation, murder, disloyalty, et cetera. In like manner, and for similar reasons, the ruling class have forced us to respect(?) and recognize marriage, property, dress, honesty—so-called, morality and duty.

The question then comes: Should customs forced upon the majority by a minority, whose only right to power is based on superstition, and maintained by violence, be considered right? But even if customs HAVE a wrong origin, there should be some excuse for their existence if they established harmonious relations in human society. Do they? Witness the divorce court records, the penitentiaries, the Thaw-White tragedy, the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone case, and the ever-increasing number of brothels for an answer. Are these symptoms of harmonious relations?

After even a HASTY glance at society, we conclude that, under present-day economic conditions, so-called right is, nine times out of ten unqualifiedly wrong; while wrong is most frequently RIGHT.

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PARKER H. SERCOMBE,

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I am ready to sign your "Renunciation."

Faternally,

PAUL JORDAN SMITH.

Original from

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# Me--The Mighty Atom.

By Louis Duchez

I am the Mighty Atom, sifted from the crevices of Time, and ushered down the Ages;

I am brother of the Beginning and comrade to the End-part of that which lingered in the slimy beds of the ocean millions of years ago;

All that was, is, or ever will be knows me—for I was there when the primordial protoplasm thought of its larger and more complex existence.

Look at me to-day, analyze me, and you'll know from whence I sprung, and guess the mission of my journey onward.

Your philosophers, poets, scientists, murderers, thieves, prostitutes and kings are no greater and no less than I—for they are part of me;

Therefore, will I bow to none, nor will they rule me—nor I them—for it is the Eternal Forces that are building me, not men.

This day do I proclaim my Freedom to the wide, wide world—every day I tramp alone, yet with the comradeship of all humanity—with the companionship of all that ever was or is.

I shout with joy, because I know I am a genius—and all the world is just as great, I am not wrong—I cannot wrong—for I was made of the stuff from which all things were made.

Methinks I hear the singing of the Infinite—the singing of the Universal Song, "Good, Good, Good."

I am here because the Forces brought me, and I must move because they urge me on,

I feel, I laugh, I weep, I smile, and wonder at the sight of a new born babe; yea, and at the door of a tomb I wonder still:

I love to wonder and explore—I love to travel the broad, rough road of the universe; I love the struggle and the climb;

I love to feel of life myself, because 'twas life that made me what I am.

They taught me precepts at my mother's knee, they gave me rules to follow while at school,

And from the pulpit they exhorted me, still, I am here, the subject of my surroundings—a child of rugged life.

I love to live, to grow, to bloom as flowers do, and scatter perfume on the passing breeze;

I am in love with life, the moods of men, women, animals and plants; they are my comrades and I love them all.

Death also finds my ardent love, because I know that She is sweet;

She swings the gate to let me travel down the ages and expand—how satisfied I am with life?

O narrow minded men that shirk to live, and dread to die, come, let me grasp your hands and we'll go on and on and on together.

# Must Faith Go?

By Margaret Hunter Scott.

"Thou gazest on the stars, my life! Ah! gladly would I be  
Yon starry skies, with thousand eyes, that I might gaze on  
thee!" —Plato.

All day the shadow of a vague sorrow has lain unbidden on my heart. All day Doss has played, singing in the sunshine.

We are on our backs now, the child and I, looking up at the stars, and Chesapeake City is seven miles behind. The clover grass on which we are lying is fresh and fragrant, and the night is beautiful indeed. Even the black boy who drives us seems subdued, and whistles quietly, with plaintive sweetness.

"I've seen three shooting stars," cries Doss triumphantly, and I answer valiantly that I have already counted nine!

"Oh, you are getting them mixed with the lightning-bugs," she declares quickly, and a dubious silence settles on us. My city ignorance is a pitiful thing in her eyes, and she is beginning to make allowances for me, a stretch of courtesy never conceded anyone before. And I know this is a last proof of her love, and am supremely happy.

"Tell me a star-story," she entreats, and I repeat the dear tales told by those master builders of dreams,—Keats, Dickens, Browning, Bourdillon, Shelley and Wilde. Best of all she likes a Dickens fantasy, and I go over it again, for she is a very little girl, and the spirit of the star-light is round about her.

We have gone another mile without speaking, for Danny is humming the quaint old negro melody we both love so much, and it is only when he finishes that the child is moved to give her version of the star story.

"Once up on a time," she begins, "there was nothing in the world but God, and the moon, and the sun,—and God was awful lonely. But he had a sharp knife, and chipped pieces of the moon away, and they fell into the clouds, and were changed to stars! And then he knocked little bits of the sun off, and they tumbled all the way down to earth, and became teeny weeny babies, and that's why my mamma calls me 'sun-beam,' for—oh, you're asleep!"

"No, no!" I cry, opening my eyes terribly wide to prove how much awake I am.

She peers into my face, and I wonder if she knows I am praying. "What do you hear?" she asks, after a moment's scrutiny.

"I hear the whip-poor-wills, and a tree toad. What do you hear?"

"I hear the stars whispering," she answers, and nestles more comfortably on my arm, for the sand-man is coming near.

The black boy turns, and asks shyly what the stars are saying. The child is a wonderful creature to him.

"They are singing to me," she says; and Danny laughs softly and gladly.

"Dat's jes wot dey always does to dat blessed chile," he says. "En sometime dey'll sing to me too, for bein' alive's

mighty fine, missy, dey'll sing to me, sho!"

He hums the lullaby once more, and I draw the child to me, and cover her gently with my jacket. She is asleep, and the night air is chill.

This dear child to whom the very stars sing of the glory and miracle of life, this boy to whom they yet shall sing, and I—I to whom they once did sing—

Have I lost irrevocably? Must faith go, when questions come?

The child presses her little moist hand in mine, and snuggles closer to my breast. The rhythmic beat of the horses' hoofs fall caressingly on the earth. Danny's lullaby is ended, and he looks up at the gracious sky. How strangely luminous the night!

An owl is hooting dismally in the old lone tree, the yellow moon is sailing serenely through a bank of forest clouds, and the stars,—the stars are singing again!

### WHO CREATES SHALL RULE.

By Ivan Swift.

Time was when brawny men heaved heavy stones

Up mountain-sides in vain—

The pagan gods would hurl him down again.  
And build them monuments of Labor's separate bones!

Now, ages new, from these white piles hath grown

A God withstanding gods—

A giant wielding juster rods  
Of thunder-might; and Labor's sacred rights are known!

Beyond the skies once echoing "Might is Right,"

In bellowings of tyrant hosts,

Behold the passing of the peevish ghosts  
Before the new-sung nation's-anthem, "Right is Might!"

A light divides the cloud! A voice above

Evokes the modern school:

The motto "Who creates shall rule."  
Is writ in letters wrought of Universal Love!

Bear ye, every man whose heart is pure. •

This shield in strife—

"Love and Work are Heaven and Life."—

And ye and we and worlds, in peace, shall long endure!  
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# The Story of "The Doom of Dogma."

BY HENRY FRANK.

## Chapter VIII.



Having resigned from the pulpit, I never expected to preach again. My soul revolted. An overwhelming disgust had seized me and I promised that I would never again allow myself to be put in such a position as to limit my intellectual freedom. Invitations immediately came to me from Unitarian and Universalist churches but I did not dare to trust myself ever again within the confines of denominationalism of any, even the most apparently liberal. I began to suspect that a denomination was a denomination, and that the disposition of each was to fight first, last and all the time for the particular sect it represented. Therefore I determined to return once more to the world of business and devote my leisure time to writing and public lectures.

But the free citizens of Jamestown and vicinage who were bent upon having a local pulpit that would be absolutely free from all intellectual limitations made me an urgent call to remain within the shadow of the old fort and fight for freedom even beneath the echoes of the ancient guns. At length I consented and such was the enthusiasm of those whom the Church in that section could not enslave that fully a thousand people, representing the very best element in the community, became indirectly or directly interested in the venture. An old defunct Universalist church was rehabilitated and opened with a comfortable seating capacity which was from the day of its re-dedication always crowded with a sympathetic audience. Many were the battles I was forced to fight with the old enemy behind these new fortifications.

About the first clash came with the Y. M. C. A. people. The general supposition was that this religio-secular organization was quite free from denominational limitations. While I was the occupant of an orthodox pulpit I had always been invited to participate in their public gatherings and usually was allotted a conspicuous part in the programme. But this year, at the great annual gathering in the Methodist church, was I not only ignored but even my immense congregation. Naturally I felt myself called upon to resent the slight and directed the attention of the young secretary of the Association to his oversight. Whereupon a most interesting, not to say amusing, controversy ensued, which may still be read in the journalistic archives of the city. "The Secretary informed Mr. Frank that 'we did not invite your church because it is not an evangelical church. In our Association the great end in view is the salvation of men from sin and its consequences. . . . We can not consistently invite men to attend a church which holds views directly contrary to ours'" thus replied the Secretary appealed to.

I announced that I would speak upon the controversy the following Sunday and in doing so I read from this letter and earnestly denounced the narrow bigotry, not to say theological inconsistency, which refuses to invite men of another creed to

participate in a meeting wherein even evangelical believers must throw away certain differences which have existed between them from time immemorial. This broadside was answered by one equally defiant by Mr. White, the Secretary, who attempted completely to blow me up by hurling a number of torpedoes well charged with the dynamite of Biblical quotations.

This somehow stirred all my fighting powers, and perhaps with something of the abandon that inspires a pugilist when he posts his challenge to "all comers," I flew back with a paper which the Morning News headlined: "Mr. Frank Again Treads a Merry Measure with His Critics. . . . Mr. Frank proposes to take Revenge on 'em All by a Course of Sunday Lectures." The article from my pen in the News was as follows:

Editor News: In the rush of affairs which overtook me on my return from Chicago I overlooked a little communication from one Macduff who seems to be willing to place himself in the list of Shakespeare's "damned." He says that he will proclaim my ignorance to the world about the Bible by showing that I knew nothing of a couple of prophecies he quotes, or I would not have said that there was no prophecy in ancient Scripture as to the kind of death Jesus was to suffer. He therefore quotes from 53rd Isaiah and 22nd Psalm. Macduff has manifestly opened his Bible text-book (a la Y. M. C. A. methods) and wherever he has seen a statement labeled "prophecy of Jesus," he has credited his eyes and searched no further.

Now, once for all, let us understand that Isaiah from the 40th chapter is not the work of the prophet of King Ahaz's reign. Again, the 22nd Psalm is not a psalm of David, but a psalm written during the Exile by a noble and suffering leader of his people. They neither of them have reference to the suffering of any personal savior, but are merely references to the sufferings of the prophets of the Exile, who are trying to prevail upon the debased Jewish people to become again a devoted and disenthralled nation.

If Macduff really desires a critical knowledge of this subject he will learn what is worth while if he will read what Dr. Wellhausen, the great German critic, says in his famous Prolegomena to the History of the Jewish People, page 401 and footnote. . . .

You say Micah declares that Jesus should be born in Bethlehem. My young brother, the argument for Christ by prophecy has been long since exploded. Do you not know it is as easy to prove that the birth of Jesus was "fixed" by the Gospel writers in Bethlehem, to satisfy "Micah", as it is to prove that Micah's prophecy was actually fulfilled in Christ's birth? . . . All the rest of your references are equally puerile and unscholarly. . . . There is, however, one of your "prophecies" which exceedingly amuses me. You insist that Micah depicted the career of Jesus to such a degree of particularity that he even prophesied about his being smitten "upon the cheek." I am sorry, however, my dear enthusiast, that the story does not bear out your intimation. You would not have us believe that Micah and Matthew were such poor physiologists that they could not distinguish between the "cheek" and the "crown." Well, Micah says he was to be hit on the cheek, but Matthew is positive that they struck as high as the top of the head!

If prophecy informed us so well about Jesus why is it that the entire world even to-day is totally ignorant as to the personal appearance of Jesus? Do you not know that the early Christian fathers so keenly felt the force of this fact that they palmed off on the world a certain pretended but forged description of Jesus' appearance by one Publius Lentulus? . . . If it is true that prophecy concerning him was given in such detail even as to the smiting on the "cheek," why didn't it foretell the "crown of thorns," a far more characteristic feature of the tragedy; and why not, above all things else, did it not prophesy that of which historical Christianity has made the most, and on which, following Paul's argument, it has rested all its hopes, namely, the resurrection of Jesus from the grave? . . . Orthodoxy in James-town is a nursery of ignorance and bigotry and I am determined, till the good Lord carries me off, to battle on for the truth and tear off

the scales of superstition that have been too long upon the eyes of the people. . . . My orthodox friends have done themselves proud by calling me "infidel," "atheist," "windbag," and other pet appellations, but with Paul I can calmly say, "None of these things move me." If I can do my little mite in raising humanity over the barracks of bigotry and religious barbarity into the temple of holiness, I am perfectly willing that the atmosphere should be freighted with orthodox ravings which pursue me.

Of course there was no reply. There was only the sly recourse to the secret hunt which scandal-creators resort to when argument and intelligence fail them. However, in that particular, being bomb-proof, the explosion did not affect. No sooner, however, had the genial Donquixotic Y. M. C. A. Secretary cried "hold, enough," than the gauntlet was seized by a Baptist preacher of the city, who had recently been paid the \$1,000 prize by a publishing house because of a learned Biblical treatise he had evolved. It seems that a special gathering had been held among the "elect" to decide whether any further reply should be made to me. In the course of this discussion the Baptist had said: "I have considerable respect for a Buddhist, who is sincere in his faith, but not for the man who calls himself a Christian and preaches doctrines contrary to it." The following extracts from the local newspapers at the time will inform the readers what instantly ensued: "At the annual meeting of the Y. M. C. A. Monday night Rev. A. E. Waffle, of the Baptist church, made a few remarks, and it is in answer to his words that Rev. Henry Frank addresses the following open letter to that gentleman:

Rev. A. E. Waffle, Dear Sir: I perceive by the morning reports in the newspapers that you have presumed to deliver a very autocratic pronunciamiento as to the meaning of a Christian. You have chosen to advertise a fixed and unqualified definition which I think it would be unwise to let pass unnoticed. Your definition is as follows: "A man who does not believe that we are saved through the blood of Jesus Christ, who does not believe that the Bible is the inspired Word of God, is not a Christian. It's perfect nonsense to call him one. His preaching is 'nonsensical twaddle!'"

Now, my dear sir, I am perfectly willing to unite with you in "crying a halt" to this discussion. In order to assist you in giving this call, I hereby invite you to meet with me in the Opera House of this city on next Sunday evening to discuss this, your assumed autocratic position, in the presence of the public. I designate the Opera House that all may have a chance to hear if they wish to. The debate shall be on the question whether those who deny that men are saved only by the blood of Jesus and that the Bible is the inspired word of God, are really Christians. In other words, by what criterion shall we judge of a man's true Christianity? I sincerely hope, my dear sir, inasmuch as you have so flippantly referred to my position on this issue, you will not refuse to come before a curious and anxious public to meet the issue in debate, and "show thyself approved of God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed rightly dividing the word of God."

To my regret, though I waited for two weeks, I received no reply from the eminent Baptist defender of the faith, either publicly or privately. The newspapers received rather taunting communications from the people wondering why the Baptist refused to meet the Liberalist in debate. One waggish scribbler had the following published:

I'm a waffle, yes, a waffle;  
Though not done very brown;  
I therefore hate a hasty soufflé  
Lest I be swallowed down!

In order to bring a fitting climax to the entire affair I indited the following letter to the Press:

It is certainly a matter calling for universal lamentation, that the



Rev. A. E. Waffle suffered himself to be caught napping so soundly as to utter certain thoughts in a close corporation meeting which he did not intend, as I observe he says in this morning's paper, "for the public ear." The reverend gentleman must have forgotten that he is living in an age of newspapers and their argus-eyed reporters. . . . Inasmuch, therefore, as the gentleman in question, according to his communication in this morning's papers, utterly ignores my proposition to meet me in public discussion for the edification of the people, but attempts a weak and apologetic explanation of his Monday night position, and a still weaker definition of a Christian, I hereby make the following announcement: Beginning on next Sunday evening I will deliver a series of lectures in my own pulpit of the Independent Congregational Church, involving the momentous issues which the Rev. A. E. Waffle has publicly broached, the following being the subjects for consideration: 1st. Does the Acceptance or Rejection of any Dogma make or unmake a man a Christian? . . . 2nd. Is the Doctrine of the Divinity of Jesus Christ, as interpreted by evangelical Christianity, an Essential Dogma in Christian Belief? . . . 3rd. Is the Bible Infallibly Inspired by God? . . . 4th. The Bloody Doctrine of the Blood Atonement; or the Paganization of a Mystic and Universal Principle. . . . The public is invited during the delivery of these lectures to hand in any questions that pertain directly or indirectly to the subjects discussed, and I will to the best of my ability answer them from time to time.

Suffice it to say that perhaps never was old Chautauqua so stirred to its very center. The audiences were so great that the auditorium, which easily seated over 500 people, was not only packed to the doors, but the crowds stood up in rows in the rear, and it being summer time, even occupied the front stairs and the sidewalks that bordered the house of worship. The people came not only from almost each of the towns and hamlets in the County but even as far as Dunkirk and Buffalo to listen to these discourses. The papers reported them in full, or in part, and yet not a single minister, either by pen or by word of mouth, attempted to make reply.

Thus was conceived and brought forth the first part of "The Doom of Dogma," which relates to "The Natural History of Religious Doctrines." In these preliminary skirmishes, however, merely the germinal ideas sprung into consciousness which in the following years, after the storm had passed over, were quietly elaborated and reinforced. In order to acquaint myself as perfectly as possible with my foundations, and to fortify myself against any possible ambuscades or insidious attacks by the enemy, I carefully studied or read a bibliography of over eight volumes, which are published as a special list in the forepart of the book.

#### WHITMAN.

By Peter Fandel.

Prophetic soul that soared aloft in song  
 Of deep sincerity and truth of tone  
 As but one pledged as freedom's very own  
 Could voice so pean-like, triumphant, strong.  
 Thou singer even of the low and wrong  
 That's found in human nature often sown,  
 And who proclaimed corruption even prone  
 To bring the day of perfect love ere long.  
 Ah, thine was mind that could not brook a bond  
 Upon its sympathies, but like the sweep  
 Of the benignly-azured heavenly deep  
 It clasped all being with a yearning fond;  
 And all that Nature's mighty heart endured  
 It too could tolerate—with love assured.

# "All The Same."

BY HERMAN KUEHN.



Our jokesmiths have probably done grave injustice to worthy druggists by their insistence that it is a common practice of those hard-working tradesmen to palm off inferior wares as "just as good" as articles of acknowledged merit. "It's all the same," they are reported as saying to the unwary, "all the same except the label."

And there are many philosophers who insist, with charming naivete and guilelessness, that black is the same as white, the only difference being in the descriptive symbols pertaining to those divergent phenomena.

For instance, if we agree that no one has the right to interfere with my use of the earth, the philosopher will say that this is "just the same" as proclaiming that we have a common right to the use of the earth. He bases his advocacy of the right to own the earth on the lack of rights.

The reason for this is justly attributable, I think, to the fact that we are still doing our thinking in terms of feudalism. In a social state in which the master and servant relation is normal, it is impossible for the normal man to think of occupancy and use of land except in thought-symbols of the landlord-and-tenant relation. His writhings against the feudal state express themselves still in the language of feudalism. He can think of emergence from feudalism to industrialism only in terms to which he has been accustomed. His infatuation for words beclouds his understanding, and

"Enterprises of the greatest pith and moment  
Are from their currents turned awry,  
And lose the name of action."

Ownership of the earth is a natural incident of feudalism. Submission to and acquiescence in such ownership is the part of "the good citizen." The procreant urge of the world toward Liberty is a revulsion against such acquiescence. But being "good citizens" and eager to continue to deserve such a designation, we are wrought up into a state of insurgency against—not ownership ("the mania of owning things") but against some particular kind of ownership. We shall have a revolution, think these good citizens. A revolution against private ownership. Yes, a sure-enough robustious revolution against private ownership of the earth—to be supplanted presently by public ownership. And we think that will be a deliverance. That is because we still think of "rights" are somewhat that can exist apart from the master-and-slave state, as somewhat independent of the landlord-and-tenant state. We find that no one has a right to interfere with another's use of the earth. We are willing to go so far as to avow this. But we must not forget our duty to the master idea and the landlord idea. We must have something to replace the master and the landlord. We must still remain "good citizens." Hence we must justify this new doctrine, this revolutionary doctrine that no one has the right to interfere with another's use

of the earth. And we justify our recalcitrancy by insisting that while we find comfort in the doctrine that no one has a right to interfere, we are not going to the extent of denying the existence of "rights" altogether. Good citizenship forbid! No, we find that no one has the right to interfere with another's use of the earth, and we are convinced that this means exactly the same as to assert that we all have the rights which no one has.

No one seriously uses the term "rights" except as he conceives of some degree of hostility being natural among men. He does not perceive that social relationships have the most secure foundation in the very brotherness of mankind. His postulation of "rights" is simply a survival of a social state in which mastership was regarded as inevitable. The concept is not indicative of any firm idea in the mentality of those who profess to entertain it but is merely a reflection of the fear that is still extant that the natural instinct of gregariousness requires artificial props to support it. Faith, which drives out fear,—faith in the innate decency of human nature—does not seek for justification for any sort of hostile feeling between neighbors, and therefore does not resort to fear-logic. Fear is the dominant note of the passing order. Faith animates the To-Morrow era of good-fellowship.

Ad interim the philosophers, who still cling reverently and devoutly to the hybrid logic of ancient worthies, insist that when I declare that no one has the right to interfere with his neighbor it's "all the same" as when he says that upon that doctrine he justifies his contention that *therefore* all men have the right to interfere. He will go so far as to admit that if the right to interfere did really have an existence it must be an individual right. Now, if each of us were to contribute our individual right to interfere into a common fund, as it were, we should have a positive basis for the concept of common rights to interfere. But, in the light of their own admission that the right to interfere does not exist—that no individual has such a right, we are to conclude that the aggregate of these minus marks can somehow be legerdemained into a positive quantity. As who should say that "rights" consist of an accumulation of "no-rights."

There is a school of "twilight" philosophers, who are prepared to abjure the gloom of feudalism and already see glimpses of the dawn of a brighter day. These, though in a state of emergence, still employ the vocabulary of feudalism, and undertake to clothe their visions of the approaching day in feudalistic terminology. They see the untenableness of the "rights" doctrine, but cling with singular infatuation to the word, seeking to give it a significance consonant with the passion for Liberty. These argue that since no one in a community has the right to trespass upon his neighbor, each member of the community has a status that is "all the same" as a right. But this means nothing at all unless it is intended to justify the position that, having a status, each status-haver has a right to it. Thus the twilighters, blinded by the dazzling promise of the new industrial age, fly back to the jungle of a parasitic state. There are no rights to invade, and this means that my immunity from invasion is "all the same" as "a right not to be invaded." Analyzed, the twilighters' position amounts to just this: that rights and no-rights are "all the same," and that "the only difference is in the label." And some of these twilight logicians have the unutterable temerity to call the substituting

# Reply to Herman Kuehn.

BY C. F. HUNT.

If Mr. Kuehn were endowed with a memory much labor would be saved. I give my views and conclusions; he ignores them and constructs new ones for me and generously sets them forth, forcing me to repudiate them again and again. I do not think the "king can do no wrong." I never implied that the "compulsive principle is fully justified." I said it May BE justified, if the principle that compulsion promotes is right; I shoot the foot-pad who wants my watch, promoting the principle of rightful personal possession of watches, and such compulsion is justified. Now K. will say that is defense, not compulsion, opposing all the accepted definitions; and so we tangle up in words and circle around again. He thinks the reader has forgotten what I said, and his version will "go."

There is no "kingthing arithmetic"; just arithmetic, used by all, but it never showed me that prices are lowest where rent is highest; this is known from observation. Arithmetic helps us deal with quantities. I agree with most of Mr. Kuehn's arithmetical conclusions. He seems to be instructing me by stating exactly what I have claimed: that rent is no part of price. The truth has dawned on him, and he thinks it is new to me. He says: "No merchant can add to the price of an article the rise in salary he allows a competent manager," implying that the competency of the manager brings the same result as the advantage of site: both cause more sales, and more profit, not by higher profit, but by multiplying the lower profit. It is easy to see that this will increase the rent and wages funds without affecting price, and this is a fundamental of the single tax theory, but Mr. K. was oblivious to it when he thought himself a single taxer.

In one statement he is wrong: "The merchant fails in business, inevitably, who does not gauge his price by the expense item."

Price cannot go below expense; but a merchant who gauges price on expense will waive the benefit of many elements that allow all degrees of high profit, such as scarcity, style, favorable season for certain goods, etc. Any dealer must admit, if he thinks, that expense has no necessary influence on price, except to fix the point below which price cannot go, in general.

It is well known that the merchant-owner, who pays no rent, sells at the same price that renters charge. But Mr. K. thinks there would be no rent if the state were abolished. He only asserts this, but he ought to show that the state causes advantage of sites. I think this is due to natural causes and material conditions which the state did not create and cannot destroy.

I beg to inform Mr. K. that wolves eat each other; when one is weakened by hurts, he gets no mercy. (Respectfully referred to Oyster Bay for arbitration.)

Mr. Patterson's advocacy of compulsion rests not upon what he says, but what he does. Well, what has he done, since nothing he has said shows such intent? Why not dig up proofs? He presumably indorsed a platform which would show intent to compel, but Mr. K. probably tried to find compulsion in that platform, and failed, else he would bring forth the proof. Somewhere, behind all words, gestures, acts, there lurks in the mind of a socialist the desire to unduly compel; only Kuehn knows this. He may judge from what various uninformed socialists have said, and there are

many definitions. It is evident that if the platform is not the true definition, there is none. Writers of note show a great variety of opinions, such as the following:

To make common property:

All capital.

Capital in the hands of trusts, as trusts develop.

Only capital used collectively, as public utilities.

All property, that is, abolition of ownership.

Long articles are written (and daily papers printed) concerning socialism, without giving any idea of what it is; notably the one by Walter Hurt (September), which, however, implies that Socialism would abolish competition (this is opposed by Kautsky, friend of Marx and orthodox, who says personal enterprises would remain, and even increase); would be a change "radical and sweeping," in fact a "new garment of government," a complete new, untried system. Many minds can grasp only concrete things. If you say "collective ownership of capital," the idea conveyed is a system in which all capital is so owned. Others comprehend a principle that can be applied wherever desired, and such minds cannot admit that socialism is wholly untried, for there is much public capital. Certain "scientific" socialists hold that socialistic ownership is entirely different from either present collective or private ownership, but diligent search has failed to reveal one who could define this third kind of ownership. Ownership is a device of government. So far there are but two sorts, one securing the right of one person, or a few, to use or control, the other the right of all to use or control. We are told the common ownership must be "under the control of the working class," ignoring the fact that all common property is already under the control of that class. Every election is a choosing of agents to manage public property, and every agent is delegated by a majority of working class votes. Socialism can do no more.

It is evident that the most important point is the one common to all factions:—to place more capital under common ownership; any one advocating this is promoting socialism, and all such should combine. Those who wait for a "revolution" to make all capital common, will do nothing.

L. H. Dana thinks the solar system "supplies the anarchist with a convenient parallel," and the body of man an argument for Socialism. The reverse would be truer. Worlds were never thrown from a "central mass," they were formed right in the orbits they travel, and are held there rigidly by law. They do not make one autonomous movement, while the organs of the body do, in a sense, acting independently of the mind. Try again.

#### OUR SPECIAL DEBS EDITION

Do not forget that an early number of To-Morrow will be devoted almost exclusively to the life and works of Eugene V. Debs now recognized as one of the strongest figures in contemporary American life. This Special will be in the entire charge of Walter Hurt who is a close personal friend of Debs, and is particularly able to do him justice. This number will contain a masterly article from Debs himself, a dozen or more contributions from the most noted leaders of the socialist movement. Before going to press with the Debs Special we wish to have as large a number of orders for extra copies as possible. *Send in your orders for the Debs Special.*

# Renunciation--A Reply to "Compensation."

By George Vail Williams.



You sing the praise of self-denial!  
I know it makes the spirit strong.  
'Tis great to stand unmoved in trial  
And greet our sorrow with a song.

But, where can you a treason see  
In this devoted Love of mine?  
Ah! never worthy Loyalty  
Was born of aught but "Love divine."

No being ever trod the Earth—  
Nor yet abides in realms above—  
But passed the radiant gate of birth,  
And owes his very Life to Love.

Can Love and Duty e'er "divorce"?  
Can man annul sweet Nature's laws?  
Can river rise above its source?  
Is sequence greater than its cause?

God ne'er intended man to take  
His way thro' life unloved—alone;  
He ne'er intended hearts to break  
Or be transformed to ice or stone.

I know you may be fond of me;  
But other lives to you are dear;  
If from them you should severed be—  
Life would—to you—be dark and drear.

Two darksome paths before you lay—  
You took the brighter of the two;  
You did not choose the thorny way—  
Altho' the roses beckoned you.

You could not choose from them to part  
For me—unless you walked alone;  
For I could never give my heart  
To one who would forsake his own.

Then sing no more of self-denial—  
You did obey sweet Nature's call;  
Mine was—you know—a fiercer trial,  
For you and yours I've given all.

Oh, pledge me not in secret tears!  
Nor one fond thought on me bestow;  
The honor of your steadfast years  
Is due where Love and Duty go.

## TO THINKERS WHO THINK

No matter what your belief in relation to politics, society or religion, and no matter whether you agree with some of the conclusions of Herbert Spencer or not, it is of paramount importance to every THINKER to familiarize himself with the evolutionary system of that employed in Spencer's philosophy. There is no mental training more desirable and more necessary than that which arises from becoming familiar with the wonderfully systematic arrangement of that employed by Spencer. See ad. of Spencer's complete works on another page of "To-Morrow."

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# Christianity and Socialism.

BY A RATIONALIST.

Louise Dana Harding.

It is an old figure of speech among metaphysicians to refer to a human being as an "organ." We may continue this simile by saying that the scientist as he looks about the universe, regards a man and a plant as differently developed but equally curious instruments that are constantly taking various forms and passing through a series of gradations which he believes to be incorrectly called "life" and "death." He does not know how or why the organ was made, but he is familiar with a few of the conditions that are necessary to keep it in good repair, so that it may make the most beautiful music of which its nature renders it capable, and he works with the utmost zeal and earnestness to find out something more about its mechanism.

The theologian, on the other hand, knows all about the organ. He knows why and whereof it was made, and he has carefully figured out to a year and a few minutes just how long ago the process of its creation took place. He knows that its keyboard is manipulated by an external force called a soul, or ghost; and if it is not played upon properly, and discords are thus produced, he tells us that the maker of the instrument will inflict upon it a ghastly punishment forever. He knows all this because he got it out of a book that was written several thousand years ago, which book has been carefully demonstrated to contain a great many false statements, but is nevertheless infallible. If you don't believe him, you are forever damned. If you speak disrespectfully of any of the men who have taught these things, you are profane and vulgar, a person without pretense to good taste; if they speak without reverence of the men who have believed and written to the contrary, it is all right. It would be very bad form to refer to "Johnnie" Calvin, who piously had Servitus roasted at the stake; but it is rather amusing, and shows a proper spirit of patronage, to allude to "Bob." Ingersoll, a man of distinguished ability, who was, however, deficient in an appreciation of the comforting doctrine of everlasting hell.

Putting aside, however, these little differences of thought, and waiving also the question of "miraculous" interference with the working out of natural law, no unprejudiced student will question that the essential thought of the founder of the Christian religion was thoroughly in accord with that of the advocates of Socialism.

Jesus of Nazareth lived in the midst of an ignorant, superstitious, and unfortunate population, under the domination of a church probably as corrupt and conscienceless as that which is the curse of Russia in our day. The heart of this poor Jewish workingman was stirred with pity and with anger at the suffering of the people that he saw about him, just as the inequity of their lot had offended the two Gracchi, tribunes of the common folk, a century and a half before his time. As he worked with his hands, he thought, too, with his head, as some other working men have also done, and the sense of a "message" worth delivering grew strong within him, until finally he began to go about delivering discourses to the people wherever he could get a few of them together. Very humane and beautiful was much of the thought of his poor carpenter; justice, and charity, and mercy, and the laying aside of the old method of strife and competition.



for the new way of love and co-operation,—these he spoke of often; and the spectacle of rapacious fraud sitting in high places stung him to a fury. “Woe unto you lawyers,” said he, “for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne;” and he spoke with great frankness and cordiality of the staunch defenders of orthodoxy in his time, as “serpents and a generation of vipers,” threatening them with eternal consignment to a locality in which we no longer believe,—Mr. Tillman only uses it as a figure of speech when he relegates some of our laws thereunto.

He was by no means, as is sometimes claimed, the first to express the principles of democracy. “I am a man,” said the Roman slave and playwright Terrence, who lived about 185 B. C., “and nothing happens to another man that does not also concern me.” He did not first explain that anger at a personal affront is unworthy of a noble mind; Cicero and Epictetus knew that this was so. Neither was he the original expounder of the “golden rule,” for Confucius had set it down five hundred years before him. Nevertheless, so sympathetic was the quality of his mind that these ideas were undoubtedly a part of his individuality, and he held to them far in advance of the thought of his own people; indeed, it may be said that many “Christians” of this very day object loudly to the “impracticability” of these principles when they behold a political organization actually at work to get them embodied in our laws.

Jesus had not much respect for the rights of capital. “*Sell all that thou hast, and give it to feed the poor,*” he taught, “and then come and follow me.” Neither did he feel very deeply the ordinary ties of family life; he seemed to believe that it was somewhat of an accident into what little group of human beings you happened to be born, and he said that the man or woman who was near to him in thought and feeling was his kinsman and his kinswoman. He had no “double standard” of conduct for men and women; he did not think discovery made guilt. He liked not to talk to hungry audiences, but saw to it that the physical cravings of the populace were satisfied when they had come together to hear him speak. Had he stood at a magnificent reading desk above a pavement worth more than all the real estate in Galilee in his day, the light falling upon him through painted windows of price “beyond rubies,” there is no doubt but that he would have performed the “miracle” of transforming them without delay into that which could give sustenance to the starving bodies of the poor, for his was not a heart to forget their miseries by resorting to sophistical reasonings to show that many men were born to be hungry.

“You are called ‘lords of the earth,’” said Tiberius Gracchus, “without possessing a single clod to call your own.” He was an agitator and a reformer, so they killed him in the Forum and his body floated away down the yellow river Tiber. Thus, too, this peasant of Nazareth felt that life was a small sacrifice to make for the cementing of a principle; and when the time came, he died without a word of bitterness for those who put an end to an unselfish career; for he realized, as have many humanitarians before his time and since, that wrong-doing is the result of ignorance and misapprehension of the real nature and the meaning of things, rather than of deliberate determination.



At the time of Jesus there existed an institution called the synagogue, and in it were read rules of conduct given to the Jews by Moses and others of the foremost men. There was a tradition that these teachings had been handed down to them directly out of the golden gates of heaven itself. But this man of the "lower classes" listened to the rich and powerful members of the Jewish hierarchy as they read the lesson from this honored code of theirs, and he found that much of it offended his sense of humanity and justice. Therefore he said without hesitancy, "Moses indeed, said unto you thus-and-thus, but now *I* say unto you," and, "A new commandment give I unto you;" and then they resorted, since men ever were, when they wished to manifest their appreciation of those who had thought new and noble thoughts and put them into words. It was the Jewish church which hounded to his death the great humanitarian of their race, a man of broad and generous sympathy, who might have said with Thomas Paine, that the whole world was his country.

Not long since, the magic of the scientist threw upon the screen in an American lecture hall, a motion picture of a scene in southern Italy. A long procession of priests were passing by among a crowd of peasants of Amalfi. Very poorly dressed were all these peasant folk, but their faces were alight with the sunshine and the music of that southern land; honest, kindly, merry souls they looked to be, and they stood strewing rose leaves along the path of those who carried images and banners from the near-by church. From the peasantry one turned to scrutinize the "holy" fathers, and ah, what was written on the countenances of the followers of the poor and loving Galilean working man? Austerity and gloom were there, and ludicrous conceit, and cruelty on one face, and sensuality on another; and oh, how fat they were; their great paunches contrasted strangely with the lean laity who were bowing and crossing themselves as these sacred men went waddling on their way.

"Socialism," said a follower of the man who did not own a place to lay his head, as he arose in his elegantly decorated church and rubbed his soft hands reflectively together, "Socialism is not practical. It gives men dreams of happiness which are impossible of realization, and it is extremely likely to create demoralization in the form of society bequeathed to us by Moses!" And then looking considerably over the head of a man in his congregation who was at that moment helping to maintain a lobby down at Springfield to prevent the passage of a bill which should protect the legs and arms of working men, he proceeded to discourse eloquently and with feeling, on the remarkable experiences of Elijah dwelling in the wilderness.

"Woe unto ye, blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow Who hath fallen heir to the spirit of Socrates and Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, and Jesus, and Giordano Bruno, and Voltaire, and Heinrich Heine, and of Ingersoll?—men who hated greed and tyranny and cant, and fought right valiantly against them in "the great liberation war of humanity." Radicals they were, and "dangerous," and "impracticable." They met with insult while they lived, and defamation ceased not at their death; for the law of Moses never stopped the flowing current of their thought, and not one of these great men was in good standing with the church of his own time!

Note.—Careful and painstaking investigation has shown the picture of Jesus drawn in the Christian Bible to be largely mythological; but that does not alter the inconsistency of those who mightily combat the teachings they attribute to a supernatural being, sent down from glory to show this poor world how to get along. An intelligent Socialist may not be a Christian, but every Christian is bound to vote the ticket of the Socialists.

## HOUSEHOLD VOICES.

BY E. L. GRAHAM BROWN.

The artist chooses the interior of a dwelling house for his picture and each object has its language for him while he works; the life of the inmates prepares the interior for the artist and invests each object with its language. The inn dwellers speak through their home surroundings and the world reads from the artist's interior. The more modest the home, the richer is each detail of its interior in personal association; the few objects are dearer than the many because they are more constantly and closely associated with the family life and thus better known. The faded curtains recall the sunshine of many summers, the clock attunes itself to the household voices, the height of the doorways marks the children's growth and the floors echo to the moods of the family.

The surroundings catch the individuality of those who form them, or the inanimate objects watch carefully for the harmony of the whole picture. The humblest thing assumes dignity through use, and personal care gives a value to the meanest object. But formed as surroundings are by the individual, they too have their work in forming, and exert a larger influence on the mind than is always realized. Innately beautiful things have in themselves an interest apart from that of association, and the more permanent their character, the greater becomes their wealth of interest, both intrinsic and extrinsic. The mosaic pavements and wall decoration which the old Roman builders used to insure a beautiful and permanent flooring and decoration to their villas, speak eloquently for their love of art and skill in workmanship and remain in many cases still serviceable.

Both luxurious and modest modern villas have appointments and objects of art which were never dreamed of in ancient households, and many too choose to add to their art treasures mosaic work such as the Roman villas had it, and the historic clay of which it is formed and which every successive Empire used, adds a touch of old world dignity to their modern home. They see in its varied colors the fantastic work of the fire through which it has passed, they see in its solidity the suggestion of a people's monument and in its figures the inspiration of the artist. The potter has united in it his power to mould the clay to that of the great painter—the Fire—to solidify and paint, and their product in its first use in the modern home, already has its story for the listeners from whose association it begins to gather its better ones.

The better stories are those of service and the home floors and walls are always ready with their protection and their echoes. They may even in their service change the household echoes from what they might have been by bringing the surrounding life into harmony with the world of beauty which they suggest. All wall

can let the art of the clay-worker give to them permanent ornament and special individuality, but all have some voice and the more beautiful their design or color the more must they make for household harmony, and the more lasting their character the more worthy are they to guard the family life and in the lengthening out of their stories they add fullness of tone to their voices.

Homes have smaller things and objects of art than their floors and walls, but the things which are contained are all seen together with the thing which contains them. The dignity of treatment of the largest thing in the room creates the atmosphere, and the details do not materially alter it. Such floors and walls as are formed from the historic clay may carry with them the history of many generations, and the latest generation will find their length of service the first reason for their retention; and present the interior which they help to form to the artist.

Family traditions are best read in the household surroundings and the most permanent and beautiful guard the purest harmony.

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### THE PILGRIM.

By Ivan Swift.

Pale, pure Star of the North,  
 I come to thee—burning of passion of cities;  
 To thee, as to a shrine, I come!  
 Low, cool mist of the sea of the North,  
 I seek thy inviolable veil—  
 Within thy frail cloistering walls  
 Fold me ere I fail utterly.  
 A slag of man, I come, contrite!  
 Keen, calm Wind of the North,  
 Blow out of the hills! I come!  
 In thy long, cool tresses lay  
 My fevered brow—  
 Fevered of cities and of sin!  
 One touch of thy fingers, Wind of the North,  
 And I am free—  
 Free of the purple sin of the South,  
 Free of the slime of the cities;  
 Free of the falser gods of crowds!  
 Stripped of all falsity;  
 I come, Star of the North!  
 I come at the fast ship's prow,  
 Wind of the North, to thee!  
 I come surrendering,  
 Mist of the North, to thee!  
 I come thy way—  
 Mist of the North—  
 Wind of the North—  
 Star of the North,  
 Whose soundless song is not of sirens,  
 In old faith—in old love—  
 I come, cast down, to thee!

On ship-board, April 20.

## The Pinkerton Labor Spy

This remarkable book by Morris Friedman, for three years stenographer for James McParland, superintendent of Pinkerton's Western Division, in charge of the Moyer-Haywood case, will be given free, postpaid, with one year's subscription to To-Morrow.

# Uncle Sam The Graftor.

BY LOUIS DUCHEZ.

Recently of the Regular Army.



If it takes a thief to catch a thief then Uncle Sam is well fitted for the job he has undertaken. I refer to the work of our skin-deep reformers, in the characters of judges and government officials, who are trying to get rid of the nation's sins, by pounding upon effects instead of causes.

My present object is not to "show up" the weakness of the law but to point out Uncle Sam, our really *Great Graftor*, and I am going to refer to only one department of the government—the *Regular Army*.

There are in the United States army hundreds of boys under twenty-one years of age, many under sixteen, whose parents do not know where they are. Others know where they are but must keep quiet.

Now the law prohibits the enlisting of young men under twenty-one, unless the consent of the parents or guardian is obtained—and boys under eighteen are not supposed to be admitted into the service. However, they are there, and the government knows it—but it has the drop on the parent.

The law requires the recruiting officer to verify the applicant's statement in regard to his age, if he appears to be under twenty-one. It also requires him to ascertain whether he is married or single. Now, as a matter of fact, boys may be enlisted at any age, and the government may still be on the safe side.

For instance, a boy enlists who is under eighteen. His parents need his support, or want him at home. They have learned indirectly perhaps that he is in the army and they write to the War Department. The thing is "looked up," though often the parent's appeal is ignored, and it is found that the boy is under age. If only one or two complaints are made from the same party, the government pays no attention to them, but if the boy's discharge is insisted upon, the regimental headquarters with which the young man is serving is notified. Charges are then preferred against him for "fraudulent enlistment," and he is given from six months to two years confinement in the guard house or other military prison, after which he is "turned loose with a dishonorable discharge" from the army, which puts a brand upon him wherever he goes if the fact is known. I know of several instances where boys were enlisted who were under eighteen years of age without the consent of their parents, afterwards deserted, then caught and sentenced to two years confinement. They are now "dishonorable" and no longer citizens.

Is it not then the part of wisdom for parents to keep quiet and accept the injustice that the government has done them instead of making a complaint and causing the "blight" upon the son, under the direction of the government? The parent learns the best way out of it, sometimes through the War Department, but generally through the boy himself. It may also be stated that, aside from the dishonorable discharge, the parents' complaint may cause their son to be kept longer in the claws of the government than if they had said nothing, for he may have served two years or more before they found out that he was in the army, and to take the chances of getting an extra term in the guard house would be foolhardy indeed.

There are many men in the army who swore that they were single when they enlisted. Now I am not saying they do not deserve punishment (as far as the justification of the law is concerned), but I do say that it is an outrage that the wife and children must suffer because of the indolence and inhumanity of the husband. After it is found out that he has sworn falsely (if he has the making of a good soldier in him) the wife's complaints are ignored, but if he is a "gold brick" or "dupe," charges will be preferred against him and he will be tried and sentenced from six months to three years in the guard house for fraudulent enlistment. Remember, during all this time there is no provision for the wife's support. Isn't it a disgrace that the government is so (willfully) careless that its citizens must suffer such neglect and malevolence?

But these are not the only instances where Uncle Sam proves himself a grafter. He enlists men in the army and keeps them at employment that citizens should do. In Cuba, at the army headquarters of the Island the civilian clerks, not civil service men either, get \$1,500.00 a year, and \$3.00 a day for expenses. On the other hand, private soldiers are taken from the ranks, put at the same work, often at the same desk, and only get \$15.60 a month as salary, 25 cents a day for food, and 9 cents a day for clothing. Now in doing this work these men are excused from the regular duties of a soldier and as a result those who "carry the gun" have to do the work of those employed in the offices.

Again, the government has appropriated money for the building of quarters and other work done around an army post. Instead, in many instances, soldiers are made do the work. As a matter of fact the money appropriated for this purpose goes somewhere—whose automobile is that racing down the street?

Not long ago \$4,500,000 was appropriated by the Provisional Government of Cuba for the building of roads in one province of the Island (Pinar Del Rio). This province (I refer to the cane and tobacco fields) is nearly all owned by American capital. Is this justice to the people of Cuba?

But that is not all. The Engineer Corps of the army were designated as the instructing body in the building of these roads. As members of the army these officers and enlisted men get a stipulated salary. In the case mentioned, however, the officers get \$10.00 and the enlisted men get "their little bit." *Poor people of Cuba*, you put the loop around your necks when you took up arms against your "native land" (in answer to the urging of criminal capitalism). Three cheers for America and the love of Justice!

I do not want to be classed as a believer in the regular army as a governmental institution (far from it), nor do I want to be considered one who is trying to patch up the holes in militarism. My object is solely to show that Uncle Sam is the *Great Grafter* of the age and his lambs follow his example.

## In The Fight.



Inscribed to Clarence S. Darrow.

By Dr. John Byers Wilson.



No laurel wreath e'er falls upon  
The cringin', coward looker-on;  
On none but those who boldly don  
Their armor bright,  
And fired by valor, backed by brawn,  
Rush in the fight.

With duty aye their first regard,  
The joys o' service their reward,  
They firmly stand the right to guard,  
And press the foe;  
Nor budge nor yield, however hard  
The thrust or blow.

To dare the public's frown and hate,  
To stand for virtue in the state,  
To champion truth what'er thy fate,  
And faults forgive,  
'Tis this that makes the humblest great,  
The dead to live.

What tho' the scowling bigot sneer,  
The purse-proud, narrow-minded jeer,  
And creed and custom count him queer,  
His soul's his own;  
No craven he to shrink or fear,  
He fights alone.

Alone he nears the shining goal  
Where high inscribed on Honor's scroll,  
The deeds of the undaunted soul  
Are blazing bright;  
For they whose names the fates enroll,  
Come thro' the fight.

Or else, in Freedom's holy name  
They fall; or unsubdued, proclaim  
From dungeon dim the tyrant's shame,—  
The truth 'gainst error;  
Ah! ne'er hath cannon, sword or flame  
Had half the terror.

To lift the lowly to the height,  
To lead in thickest of the fight,  
To stand, blood-dripping in thy might,  
In battle gory;  
To live or die for human right,  
Aye, there's the glory.

# Department of Natural Living

Conducted by R.A.Holman.

DYNAMIC HEALTH.

BY CUMMINGS D. WHITCOMB.

Can I draw a *picture of Health* so you will want it? That Health which everybody turns down, with a long-drawn sigh to see it vanish. That Health which is the last thing that man considers worthy of his serious attention. Health, the one good thing man will not grab all he can get of, and which he leaves behind him a plenty for every other individual who wants it. That Health which seriously interferes with man's self-grown indulgences, and woman's conventional but lustful domesticity. What, do you fancy, would happen if you did away with the convivial feast, from three to six times repeated every day you are well, and possibly increased if you are sick? That Health which man chases all over the world but never catches, because he outruns it in the dark with his speedy flyers, his racing gigs and things, and leaves it in its lonesomeness in the rear, at home, where it is seldom recognized in its retirement on the top shelf, requiring just a little climbing in order to reach it instead of groping blindfolded and in the dark lower levels of human rubbish.

In making a pass for health, the masses of humanity take the nickel in the slot method, as it were; they drop the coin, turn the crank, and lo, his Satanic Majesty tumbles into sight, wiggles his five fingers from the end of his nose, and with a wink of the evil eye and a devilish grin gives you another twinge of pain and sends you back to your hell of misery for your pains, fooled again and again, and again. As often as you play the game. (Affect not little shifts and subterfuges to avoid the force of Natural Law.) Still men will gamble with health, in as frenzied a manner as they do with the races, lotteries and finance, notwithstanding the fearful odds against them.

Probably health does not appeal to you, reader, it does not seem to to very many. It failed to appeal to me for the first half of a century, with no one to teach it to me in a practical way. Not until I faced collapse, then I became possessed with a desire for the return of that which was lost, and I finally found a greater abundance of life and health than I ever before possessed as soon as I allowed my mind to center on that subject and develop. Since finding this unconventional commodity I have devoted the latter end of my life to passing out to other sufferers the *modus operandi* of how it is done, but the simple trick requires a world of pounding and repeating to impress it, item by item, into (busy) others' understanding, that health is to be obtained easily if one goes at it with quiet persistency, the same as was used to bring about the pain, misery and invalidism. Simply let go of the perversity, prejudice and indulgencies, and a better condition takes the place thus vacated.

I am glad to see To-MORROW taking in hand earnestly this subject of rational living that I have given so many long years to studying and practicing until I have become a law unto myself

and a teacher to others of no mean order, if I do have to say it myself. Health is not a sensational subject, as is disease, but it is as full of possibilities as an egg is of meat, and far more interesting. I have given a wonderful amount of thought to the subject, and devoted nearly a score of years of my latter life to working out the problems, and have accumulated a wonderful store of pronounced ideas on getting and keeping health, which naturally follow the successes which I have made. My universal successes are so vastly different from the everyday failures which follow the conventional tinkering of the body's ailments by society's doctoring with drugs and butchering with knives that it may prove interesting to some of your readers to know that all the healing power of the world lies within each individual body, and nowhere else.

I am glad to see one of the students of The Whitcomb School of Dynamic Health in charge of this department of natural living, and I hope he will keep the lid on tight and let no water get into his hot fat. From his strenuous and successful struggle to save his own life from going out at the open door to society's conventional highway of medicine and the slaughter table, Mr. R. A. Holman should be a valuable and trusty watch dog in developing the columns devoted to such a department. Sincerely yours, and in perfect health, I am,

—Cummings D. Whitcomb (layman),

Founder "The Whitcomb School of Dynamic Health."

## SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

BY EUGENE CHRISTIAN, FOOD SCIENTIST.

A new event has been chronicled in the history of the application of science to the needs of mankind. A school has been started with the avowed purpose of teaching the application of the scientific knowledge of food and body chemistry to the curing of abnormal physical conditions, and the development of more perfect human beings.

The United States Government has for years supported an expensive Bureau of Chemistry, which has made extensive chemical analyses of food materials, and elaborate theoretical studies of the subject of human nutrition. But the government scientists seem to be afraid of antagonizing the established order of things by applying themselves to the direct relief of suffering and the physical upbuilding of the human race.

With government bureaus among the finest in the world, it has remained for a man of the people to launch a movement that all progressive scientists deemed to be one of the paramount need of our time, i. e., teaching the public how to eat and how to live in accordance with the known physiological laws of nutrition and growth.

When the knowledge of food chemistry has become as popular as the knowledge of arithmetic or geography and man learns to give as intelligent care to himself as a modern farmer does to his domestic animals, we may expect to see ushered in upon the world's stage a race of men with powers of mind and body as superior to the type of humanity now common, as the well-bred Kentucky saddler is superior to the wild pony of Abyssinia.



# Bureau of Group Organization

## SOCIAL REGENERATION THROUGH THE EXAMPLE OF HIGHLY ORGANIZED GROUPS.

BY FRANK CHESTER PEASE.



As we trace the course of the all-potent life cell in its journey upward to that mastery exhibited in human consciousness, two things are readily apparent. First, that in its surge through the ocean beds and over the bare backs of continents it was constantly subjected to changing conditions—conditions which insured perpetuation through the adaptation of means to ends. Second, it is manifest that all organic matter is charged with this very characteristic of adaptation and herein lies the basis of all differentiation, or origin of the species. The vast differ-

tiation existing in various locations required and executed physiological and psychological reconstruction, which, multiplied by the countless millions of variations since “when first the slime its ceaseless stir and heave began,” could produce nothing but the prodigious diversity presented by organic life to-day.

Thus all social doctrines must take into account that society's component units are the offspring of a million variegated sets of conditions, of millions of crossings and intercrossings by creatures who were themselves bred from the interminglings of a million environments, and therefore that the individual can never fail to exhibit the well-nigh baffling phenomena of personality, individuality, character, likes and dislikes, “inherent tendencies,” etc., in multifold profusion; as well as the fact that the trend of life is to produce a still more complicated unit—a unit whose composition reaches far into the depths of the past, uniting the strains of the present with as many variations as there were pre-existing races and conditions to produce them.

This goes to prove that he who would, by any hard and fast dogma, remould society, in so far as to produce universal similitude, must needs untangle a world-old process dealing with infinity itself. We have, then, a principle which will operate for all time, viz., that human beings are and ever will be *different* through the inmost law of their development. It should be understood, however, that this is what may be termed “secondary differentiation,” in that the underlying life principle is the same—absorption, nutrition, motion and excretion—be it a polar bear, fluid protoplasm, or a man; that its manifestation alone differs, and that, only through the age-long process of adaptation.

In mankind, personality, likes, dislikes, etc., are the direct descendants of the crude primordial physiological and psychological *adaptations*, infinitely diversified and complicated; the life

processes being as unswerving and persistent as this profound law, that *all knowledge tends to unity of conclusion*. Its application to society means that as life has its unvarying unity, just so may mankind construct and execute a fundamental philosophy, but inasmuch as absorption, nutrition, motion and excretion have become (through adaptation) highly complex, in like manner will social regeneration differ in its expression; no social growth manifesting in its outer characteristics similarity any more than amœbic growths exhibit similarity.

This is resulting and will continue to result in group life. Thinking men and women who recognize that the present lack of systematic education, beginning with flimsy, inaccurate and worthless parental training, and extending into the dogmatic methods of the higher schools and colleges; the multitude of esoteric cults which seize upon and debauch the intellect; the fanaticism of capitalism with its ideals of despotism, greed and hypocrisy is breeding, and, if continued, can breed nothing but a race of fools, bigots and egotists, will have reached a *unity of conclusion*. The law of life will operate in them with as much certainty as it has in the ages gone, when the primitive cell found that to persist it must change, or, in other words, adapt itself to an environment best suited to its continuity and development, with the result that it has mastered the blistered rocks and peopled the ocean's depths.

Thinking men and women who want *truth* to be their environment, and that of their children; who believe that the existing educational system can only beget a low order of intellectual, moral and spiritual development; who believe that the "mania for owning things" which should be collectively owned is wrong; who believe that real brotherhood is a goal capable of realization through racial development, will have reached a unity of conclusion, and will gravitate into that environment nearest to their ideal as naturally as primeval life adapted itself to its environment.

When humanity becomes so interested in its own betterment that it prefers the rearing of progeny under conditions which will assure the highest possible advantages, when men and women are so thoroughly out of accord with the kind of a world they find themselves in upon "arriving," then, and then only will they exhibit that fitness to survive which Nature has seen well to decide as the only criterion of worth, namely, harmony with natural law. Then will the movement already started, for the creation of a rational environment, in which a cleaner state of ethics prevails, witness the restlessness of thousands at their fate and their dissatisfaction with any environment except their particular kind, and their inevitable formation into groups which come the nearest to filling such wants.

No other interpretation can be given to the large number of groups already existing, but that their constituents were dissatisfied with their former lot and wished to create the kind of surroundings best suited to their wants. The wants of these groups are and will continue to be as dissimilar as the wants of individuals to-day, but, inasmuch as there are growing numbers of persons whose ideals and wants are more nearly the same, it follows that there will be one predominant idea—that of co-operation—and that for the group instead of self.

The far-reaching *results* to be observed in such schools and groups as are already operating along more or less rational lines, should convince any thinking person of the tremendous import of the group idea to future society. The ethical significance of any institution which develops the conscientious spirit of altruism, against the universal egoism of the present, is not to be overlooked. The example of children developing into rational men and women, through a rational environment, will have more effect than the bawling screeds of a million "settlement workers," reformers and preachers.

## THE REDEMPTION OF THE RACE.

BY LOUIS DUCHEZ.

The redemption of the race from economic, social and intellectual bondage may only be brought about through the creation of an environment in which rational beings may grow. There is absolutely no other method to remedy the disorders, just now so prominent, in human society.

For two thousand years advisers and reformers have been laying plans for the human race to follow, missionaries have been carrying the Cross and Bible to the slums and the heathen lands, governments and philanthropists have been erecting monuments, prisons and libraries—still all this energy has proven to be absolutely useless.

Yes, we have made progress since the days of Jesus, if progress may be measured by the number of inventions, discoveries and literary productions; but has the inventing of printing presses, the discovery of wireless telegraphy and the writing of books brought happiness to the human race? I think not—and facts corroborate my disbelief.

Now don't misunderstand me. I did not say that inventions, discoveries and literary productions are not a benefit to the race. *They are*—everything is—but I do say (and science corroborates the statement) that man's theories up to date have not added to human happiness. History amply proves that in every phase of life all racial progress has been directly in the face of our plans and theories.

Alfred Wallace says: "Compared with our astounding progress in physical science and its practical application, our system of government, of administrative justice, and of national education, and our entire social and moral organization, remain in a state of barbarism." This may seem like a grave indictment to the average reader, but it is the decision that leading thinkers of the age have reached.

It is futile to enumerate the disorders in our social organism. Let the morning paper hold its monopoly in that line. If governments, courts, prisons and all other forms of law and order were abolished there would not be a worse condition of affairs, as far as the social, economic and moral welfare of the masses are concerned, than now.

There are those, blinded by material prosperity, that tell us that everything is all right, and shout "Undesirable" when some of us get a glimpse ahead, then make an effort to drift with the stream of progress; but those people have been the nearsighted of every age. Evolution has carried them along, thank God, regardless of their theories.

Is it not time, then, that we should stop our preaching, and teaching people to know better, and create an environment in which they may grow better? "Down with theories! Let us live! If I am a thug, degenerate or a genius, the conditions before and after my birth are responsible for it."

In the face of these astounding facts, should we not then, instead of teaching people to know better, create an environment in which they may become rational human beings. Group life offers the most sensible method under the present conditions of society, to develop the higher human attributes. The gathering together of men and women of like temperaments and opinions, would bring about a condition in the group, unknown in human society.

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### "MAKING GOOD."

The following from an interesting letter illustrates the progress of one of the formations wherein folks are trying to get a better line of goods from life than they could by living the orthodox manner and thinking the orthodox thinks:

"The Straight Edge is still pegging away at the problem of finding men and women who need work, and going into business with them on such a basis that they can have what they earn, with the least possible tribute to the 'Capitalist Octopus,' and share their earnings by common consent.

"Four acres in New Jersey and a store in New York City; a fair outfit for making a salable line of pure food specialties; a printing plant with which to say anything we want to say about business or the principles of fundamental democracy, and its application thereof to business and social relations; and a number of intelligently enthusiastic and devoted people who know what they want—and are willing to pay the price for it—this describes the present status of the Straight Edge.

"During the last eight years about 250 persons—eighteen at a time, on an average—have earned their living in the Straight Edge Industries. This summer we have had the capacity of 'La Hacienda,' our country place, taxed to the limit with people who wished to enjoy with us one of the most beautiful and quiet little nooks within fifty miles of New York."

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### AN OPPORTUNITY OFFERED.

Prof. Gluck, the noted Austrian physician, who has been using nature cure methods successfully for twenty years, wants to co-operate with men and women interested in his philosophy of living.

He has an established business in Chicago worth \$30,000 and would be willing to branch out into manufacturing and other industries.

Write to him and he will explain his plans. Address, Prof. Gluck, 1171 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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The following is an alphabetical list of co-operative and group movements, the number to be increased and corrected from time to time as the information comes to our hands:

Altruist Community..... Sulphur Springs, Mo  
Arden (Single Tax)..... Grubbs P. O., Del

Amana Society.....Amana, Iowa  
Beacon Company.....Aberdeen, S. I.  
Bryngolen.....Ilfracombe, Eng.  
Bureau of Helpfulness.....Box 54, Collinwood, O.  
Christian Socialist Co-operative Co .....  
.....5406 Drexel Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Colorado Co-operative Company.....Nucla, Colo.  
Co-operative Assn. of America..5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.  
Co-operative Mfg. Company.316 E. Wall St., Fort Scott, Kan.  
Co-operative Commonwealth of America  
.....451 Van Buren St., Chicago  
Co-operative Brotherhood.....Burley, Wash.  
Evergreens.....Ollalla, Wash.  
Fellowship Farm.....Westwood, Mass.  
Fraternal Homemakers' Society.70 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.  
General Industrial Company.....Ruskin, Ga.  
Golden Rule Fraternity.604 D. S. Morgan Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.  
Helicon Home Colony.....Englewood, N. J.  
Home Colony.....Lake Bay, Wash.  
Home Employment Company.....Long Lane, Mo.  
Koreschan Community.....Esteros, Fla.  
League of American Homesteads.....  
.....425½ So. Campbell St., Springfield, Mo.  
Le Claire Group.....Edwardsville, Ill.  
Lloyd Group.....Westfield, N. J.  
Los Angeles Fellowship.....Los Angeles, Cal.  
Martha McVister.....Kenashaw Ave., Washington, D. C.  
Modern Harvesters.....17 E. 5th St., St. Paul, Minn.  
Mutual Home Association.....Home, Wash.  
New Clairvaux.....Montague, Mass.  
Oneida Community.....Oneida, N. Y.  
Physical Culture City.....Spotswood, N. J.  
Right Relationship League..427 Reaper Block, Chicago, Ill.  
Rose Valley Group.....1624 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Roycrofters.....East Aurora, N. Y.  
Ruskin Commonwealth.....Ruskin, Ga.  
Salvation Army...120 West Fourteenth St., New York City  
Single Tax City.....Fairhope, Ala.  
Society of Believers.....Mount Lebanon, N. Y.  
Spirit Fruit Society.....Ingleside, Ill.  
Straight Edge.....1 Abingdon Square, New York City  
The Israelite House of David.....Benton Harbor, Mich.  
The Ruskin Co-operators.....516 Reaper Block, Chicago, Ill.  
The Simple Life Equality System.....  
.....1171 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago  
The University of the People.....1637 Indiana Ave., Chicago  
The Temple Home Association.....Oceano, Cal.  
To-Morrow City Movement..133-141 E. 56 St., Chicago, Ill.

If any of our readers note that there are groups not listed here in we request that they forward the names and addresses of such, stating the objects of the same. Readers are requested to write us about "Group Organization."

The above are all successes whether they fail or not, because they are planting the ideas of group life and group ownership.

If you cannot select the one with which you prefer to unite, let us assist you to do so.

Dear Comrades:—

Another group is being formed. It is called "The University of the People." Thos. H. Glover is the founder with the home office in Chicago. See for yourself. It may be a benefit to you and the formation of your own group, as it is so gotten up that groups are to be formed all over the country, each being separate in one sense, yet one of the whole.

There is a monthly magazine published at the headquarters called "Our Monthly." A subscription to it gives any one all of the privileges and rights with full membership. They have 8,500 acres of land 85 miles South of St. Louis on the St. Louis and Iron Mountain R. R. in Irontown Co., Mo. A paid subscription entitles one to all of the land he cares to use. I have joined it. The groups are called "Chapters".

Fraternally, F. E. Smith, 1452 Webster Ave.  
St. Louis, Mo.

### FELLOWSHIP FARM

If the state of harmony prevails in this Group, which is implied in the "Articles of Association and By-Laws of the Fellowship Farm" of Westwood, Mass., it must, indeed, have all other Groups "put in the shade." This work is, without doubt, one of the finest volumes of the year. Its contents greatly resembles that remarkable work by Fra Elbertus, entitled "Essay on Silence." It is neatly done into olive drab and its clear pages are unbroken by the "dissentions of the dragon's teeth," really making it the forerunner of the long-heralded Literature of Democracy.

My Dear Sercombe:—

To say, that To-Morrow pleases me would be stating the truth in a very mild form.

The reasons for my joy are not far to seek: I have read much on Socialism; but none of the others propose doing anything; a lot of talk is all they appeared to desire.

You seem to be the man, who proposes to DO something. The talking stage has passed; the stage of action has arrived: The man who can take the lamp of Truth in his hand and march forward, is the man the hour calls for, and it appears to be a fact that the editor of To-Morrow has read of this message in the sky above his head, and in the grass beneath his feet. Your renunciation of property is a grand piece of unselfish work. When men are able to throw off these heavy and useless burdens, and trim themselves for the race, the top will soon be reached.

The Declaration of Independence was a good piece of work, in its day, but it was a mere bagatelle compared with your renunciation of property and the time is speedily coming, when this fact will appear in brighter colors than now.

—H. W. Hunt.

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**TO-MORROW SCHOOL OF CLEAR THINKING,**

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## The Birthday of an Old Guard.



Thou, Muse of classic and heroic song,  
Infuse with noble notes the deep-toned lyre—  
For this memorial day, of record long,  
Has brought the orphan world a noble sire!

When Autumn blazed and Winter, like a war,  
Lay stretched across the sky—his star arose!  
And then the God of Abraham from far  
Awoke, was glad, and turned to his repose.

For here was one who like the sands of seas  
Should multiply and in his image bring  
Proud children sworn to serve his dieties—  
As singing David or Egyptian king.

Led in against the struggles of the year,  
Life promised him the battle of the strong,  
And lent her courage, chivalry and cheer  
To gird him and his serving-days prolong.

To work and love and pray and yet endure  
To see his generation build his plan—  
What prouder wreath?—except to hold secure  
His knighthood of the noblest Friend and Man!

God rest and lengthen yet his living span  
Till that his life and law and love control  
The humblest soldier of his founded clan—  
And on his glory Time no dirge shall toll!

—IVAN SWIFT.



States," being a report of Morris Hillquit, is a pamphlet published by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, is instructive and should be read by every sympathizer with the laboring man. Hillquit was the representative of the Socialist Party at the International Socialist Congress held at Stuttgart, Germany, August 18, 1907. The pamphlet sells for 10 cents.

The John W. Luce Co., of Boston, are announcing for fall publication Mr. Walter Pulitzer's new book entitled "Cupid's Pack of Cards." Something of a sensation is promised in this little work, as, without doubt, it affords the reader (always on the lookout for something new!) the most unique novelty that has come his way in years. Mr. Pulitzer, who is quite a young man, has already gained high rank as an epigrammatist, and his name is familiar to readers of our popular periodicals as a humorist, and writer of uncommon and graceful verses and short stories. The cloth edition of "Cupid's Pack of Cards" will sell for \$1.00.

### "FOIBLES OF THE BENCH."

(A Review.)

By Clinton D. Murray.

"Foibles of the Bench," by Henry S. Wilcox, was written with the intention of exposing the frailties of the judiciary; not by exhibiting the character of any particular person, but by exhibiting characteristics personified. Thus we meet Judge Knowall, Judge Doall, Wasp, Fearful, Graft, etc., all of whom are merely representations of egotism, lack of concentration and courtesy, fear, and dishonesty.

The author's presumption that the layman looks upon "his honor" as one "called upon to discharge a function of Deity" is hardly borne out by fact. In this age the ready wielder of the muck-rake has not spared even the majesty of the law, and more than one occupant of the bench has been stripped of his halo.

Such a delineation of characteristics as the author has attempted is not very original or instructive. The terms applied to the judge might be as appropriately applied to any person in any vocation, and might be expressed in half a dozen sentences. It may be that the book will show to some self-sufficient judge the error of his ways, but it is hardly strong enough to cause any decided revolution. Taken all together, "Poor Richard's Almanac" would be quite as instructive and much easier to read.

Published by the Legal Literature Co., Chicago. Postpaid, \$1.00.

### "A FUTURE LIFE?"

"A Future Life?" is the most inter-

## THE NATURAL OBESITY TREATMENT

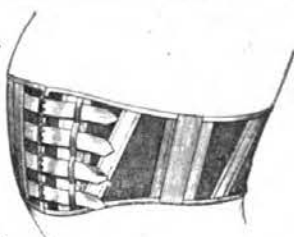
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SAY YOU SAW IT IN TO-MORROW.

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# INFORMAL BROTHERHOOD and CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

Conducted by LOUIS DUCHEZ

Short articles, poems and opinions from our readers are solicited for this department. This place is reserved for quarrels, discussions, nonsense, or for the willing heart—but make it short.

All matter intended for the Informal Brotherhood Department, should be addressed to the Department Editor.

It gives us great pleasure to announce this month that we have moved from 2238 Calumet Avenue, to 139-141 E. 56 St. The new location is an ideal one, being two blocks from the sandy beach of the lake shore, two blocks from the Field Museum, and not more than six blocks from the Chicago University grounds. The building (see cut on the front page) is a model for our purposes. Beginning with this issue, To-Morrow will be set up, printed and bound under its own roof.

The To-Morrow Fellowship Group has entered upon a new era of expansion. The plans that have been formulating for three years are going to be carried out, and we solicit the assistance of every reader of the magazine to help us. The time is ripening for real progressive thinkers. The movement towards the New Democracy is finding a wonderful increase in followers. That's why To-Morrow is climbing and will succeed beyond the dreams of any of its readers.

We are going to teach by example what group ownership is able to accomplish, besides proving that character culture can only find its greatest expression (as long as the present condition of society exists) in a group. We thoroughly believe that the proper way to learn is by doing—doing something useful and keeping the thought on the work.

The Magazine is not the only thing about the fellowship Home that is growing: The To-Morrow School of Clear Thinking already has a large number of students enrolled. Mr. Sercombe, besides giving lessons through correspondence, conducts a class at the Fellowship Home. Every Wednesday evening he lectures on "The Scientific Interpretation of Life," giving opportunity for any one to ask questions.

There isn't a school in the United States similar to "The To-Morrow School of Clear Thinking." Not that there are no fundamental thinkers, but custom and conventionality has so permeated our school system that clear thinking is almost impossible. College professors tell us that the maintenance of their positions require them to teach "shams."

We want a thousand students in the correspondence school before Christmas. I wonder how many To-Morrow readers understand fundamental thinking? We know that no class of readers think clearer, but the course would not fail to benefit everyone. In this day of isms, all clamoring for the minds of men and women, it is hard to think from a fundamental basis. The false premise that our jungle-ancestors took has come down to us and we still think in circles, love the supernatural, instead of building upon the facts that science has given.

Every reader of To-Morrow would find the lessons profitable and interesting. It is not Sercombe's philosophy—he has none—but a scientific interpretation of life—based upon facts entirely. Those who want to know whether they are thinking from a

fundamental basis or not would do well to write an essay of not more than two hundred words on a favorite subject and submit it to Sercombe Himself for examination.

Beginning with this issue we will publish cartoons drawn especially for To-Morrow Magazine by Barnet G. Braverman. They will represent To-Morrow's ideals, as well as "show up" the present system of despotism in human society. Mr. Braverman is a young man with talent and is now a member of the To-Morrow Group. Tell us what you think of his cartoon "Our Invisible American King" in this issue, taken from Mr. Sercombe's editorial on the same subject in the September number?

Next month we are going to issue a magazine about books. Every work that tends toward fundamental thinking will be listed. We have some special offers to make, too, and we want the readers of To-Morrow to take advantage of them.

Besides doing all of our own printing we are planning to turn out fine job work. If you want some cards, circulars or pamphlets printed write to us. We stand for Democracy and every little bit helps.

I wish the readers of To-Morrow Magazine could see the amount of enthusiasm that is being manifested in the new quarters. It is a veritable bee-hive. Our readers are invited to visit the To-Morrow Ranch and get acquainted with the bunch. The other day a stranger dropped in and inquired as to what kind of people we are, our objects, etc. When leaving he said: "You're a husky bunch of fellows, anyway—and always busy, too."

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#### To-Morrow Correspondence Club.

Beginning with October, Anna P. Ferguson (R.F. D. ) Concord, Mass., will conduct a correspondence club. The readers of The Informal Brotherhood are requested to write to Anna. She will put you in touch with other members, and assign you to a correspondent, either sex. The club was organized in behalf of To-Morrow Magazine, and its object is to bring the comrades of "To-Morrow" in closer touch with each other. Write to Anna, and inclose a dollar which will entitle you to a year's membership. If you are out of harmony with your present environment, join the club and commune with your kind.

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#### SELFISHNESS.

By Geo. L. Lipscomb.

Nothing is more universally and indiscriminately condemned than selfishness. Reformers now, as in ancient times, are conspicuous for their denunciations of that principle which is practically admitted to be an essential element in self preservation. The expression had its origin in the dark ages, when the physical appetites and materialistic instincts only were supposed to constitute the self, and predisposed, weak and helpless man to wickedness. In those days many words were coined to condemn and disparage the merely (?) human, that all praise and glory might be given to the wise, good God.

But the self refuses to be ignored in spite of all false teaching, and the "doctrines" of the "unselfish," and altruistic sacrifice, when necessary, really mean a just appreciation of the all-inclusive self. Emerson said: "All wise people are selfish." I conclude, only deluded and silly people are unselfish. The demand of altruism and happiness is "Love thy neighbor as if he were thyself"—20th Century version of the New Testament.

Mr. Lipscomb is right and he isn't. He is right from the "meek and humble" standpoint of unselfishness, which is taught in the orthodox church—and which is impossible to carry out in practice. It can be stated that every act of our lives is selfish. It was selfishness on the part of Jesus to submit to crucifixion. That was his method of obtaining happiness. On the other hand, the really rounded life is an unselfish life. Even from a material standpoint one must be unselfish if he would be prosperous. Look at the thousands of corporations, or groups, how the individuals interested give up their interests to the judgement of a body of directors. Their selfish selves lead them to believe that is the best thing to do. Throughout nature we see this same unselfishness. Even the cells of the human body must, to sustain themselves and the whole organism, let the nourishment pass through their walls.

Therefore, this quibbling about selfishness and unselfishness is simply a matter of words, not life. Right here is where all of the reformers of the past have failed and those of the future will fail. They work upon definitions of life instead of life itself. (Editor).

### LIFE

By Pearl Jessimine Burns.

Life is full of sweetness, and it is for us to find it and extract the best. Its rivalries are keen and competition large, but this competition serves a good purpose for it brings out the best there is in ourselves. It is hard to live serenely amid such irritations, but overcoming all of life's problems and coming out victoriously builds **character** and moulds our different destinies. We must live in unison. Most of us do not live close enough to nature.

The way to live is to yield to no burden, to carry our heaviest cares with gladness and courage for we never break down so long as we keep a happy, joyous heart. **Cultivate the spirit of optimism.** Study and educate ourselves along the lines of New Thought and in the **Art of living** and living wisely. Life will then be easier. How many of us have seen middle aged and very old faces that seem to have some hidden light behind them. The sunshine seems to radiate from their very presence. Human hearts are the same everywhere. Their secret lies in the fact that they have learned life's lessons of patience, peace, contentment, love, trust and **HOPE** and it is their living in a full understanding of life and its trials that make their faces glow as they near their journey's end.

One trained from early years to be kind, patient, gentle, to control temper, speak softly, be loving and lastly **CHARITABLE** under all conditions will grow into the radiant beauty of love, which is the foundation upon which this Universe is built. There things practiced daily will develop our inner souls—in fact, the best there is in us and make life so much easier for ourselves as well as those associated with us.

All acts are first thoughts and if we fill up our lives and thoughts with only right thinking, we will be happier and the world benefitted by our thoughts when materialized. Our thoughts build our lives and make our character and everything which appears in our lives comes from our **heart's innermost desires.**

The fundamentals in building a strong character are power of attention, power of application, method an accuracy in fulfilling our duties, perseverance, courage, self denial, temperance and cheerfulness in all undertakings. With these qualities developed, we could attain any position desired and when we close our life, we would each of us leave the world better for having lived and been a part of it. By living the right life we enoble all we come in contact with and our **PRESENCE** or superiority is immediately discernable, no matter what our station in life.

It is a duty to ourselves and to the world, to so train our minds along the right lines and to so round out our characters that they will yield rich treasures of good, and may the influence of our lives help others, for we have all known and felt that strange something, **personality**,—called personal influence and which effects, to a more or less degree, each and every life with whom we come in contact. It is ever present with us. This strange, indefinable something is ever pouring out from our life like heat from a flame and the weakest cannot live without imparting influence. It should be our aim to impart only the best. Unconsciously other's actions are modified by ours and many a life has been started on a career of beauty by the influence of one noble act. How important it is then, that we should guard our influence at all times with conscientious thought directed in the right line. To make each hour count for good. To so live as to feel each day you are growing nobler by your right thinking and acting, is building a lasting foundation and by allowing only good to radiate

from our souls, we fulfill our mission in life and our understanding of life and its possibilities.

Keep sunshine in our hearts and it will come out.

### TO THE ABOUT-TO-COME-OUT-ERS.

Going out into the northwest wind one clear, splendid morning, the wind coming and coming, pouring on over me, I felt something like this:

Freedom! Freedom and health and all things good and strong, coming! Just open the door: take 'em, take 'em, for God's sake! Here the within meets the without: let 'em believe in each other! Let 'em, verily, sing the New Song together! There is something bigger than "happiness," which is joy, isn't it? just as there is something greater than "in love," which is love.

How the great wind blows! Hear it rustle on through the cornfield! I thought, "If I could just tell them what that corn says, what I feel in that rustle, it would be all that I want."

How like the great wind is the spirit of freedom storming America now! Don't you feel it? It is in each of us storming to be free; storming for truth, storming for joy. A great God-given push! All we've got to do is to get *ourselves* out of the way and let it come on.

The secret of man's love of nature is nature's sincerity, nature's beauty and truth. Why, you see, don't you, that out there in that cornfield the Kingdom had come, long ago? Beauty and use had met—wasn't the ear good to eat?—and there were the silk, the tassels, and long waiving leaves.

We've dropped off the old swaddling clothes; they belonged to a previous age, and they cramped us, hurt us over the heart. Haven't you felt it? Haven't you felt the pinch? Let us stand clear and free. But, so, we shall shock people. Do you care very much? What a strange thing not to be afraid. How passing strange to take God at His word. Isn't it better to trust in wall-paper, paint, and plaster? You will be cold and shivery outside all alone! Standing clear (fear and ignorance were very nice, very warm), you may get hurt, take cold or something—look out! Think of standing out clean—in the clear air and pure light, without blue glasses, without the old clothes, and even going on! The recklessness of it!

—Anna P. Ferguson,  
Secretary of the About-to-Come-Out-ers,  
Concord, Mass.

**RATIONAL SIMPLE LIFE.**

We shall have place for one or two energetic, intelligent young men at 'To-Morrow Fellowship Home, to take charge of departments of the magazine and home work. A rare training for those who can live on vegetable diet, two meals a day. It will develop your individuality in congenial employment in a brotherhood atmosphere. Liberal minded young men who feel out of place in their conventional surroundings will take delight in this natural free life. We prefer those who have seen something of the world and are prepared by experience to appreciate the "difference." We have plenty of extra sandals for your tired feet. Write to Sercombe himself.

**BUSSE VS. HENRY GEORGE.**

No more brazen outrage was ever perpetrated against the ideals which as children we were taught stood for "Americanism" than the recent action of the Busse School Board, when it substituted the name of George M. Pullman for that of Henry George as the name of a school building in Chicago. Busse and his satellites having captured the municipal offices, through a combine of the Snobocracy and Hellocracy—the Money Power and the Tenderloin uniting in a mad scramble, each to secure their kind of an "Open Shop," each after their own fashion proceeding to debauch the ideals of Liberty and Decency which have been kept alive in America, only through the long-continued efforts of noble-hearted working men and women.

The name of Henry George will always be a symbol of Democracy. The other, remembered only as a fit representative of a puffed and poisoned Plutocracy. The one with all his energies devoted to the best interests of his race. The other intent only on private gain—bequeathing the present with an imported system of charity which not only robs the public but is blasting and ruinous to the spirit of Freedom in the hearts of public employes, and has done more to implant with us the caste of Europe than any other single act in American History.

"The aspiring youth who fired the Ephesian Dome,  
Outlived in fame the pious fool who raised it."

When we find the names of insignificant men sharing the luster of greatness we may feel sure that the law which has perpetuated the memory of Judas is still working well. The zeal-mad Theophilus leading a mob against the Alexandrian Library, the treacherous Arnold, the dastardly Booth are only known to the present for the same reason that will swing the name of the Busse School Board into the historical limelight, viz., to appease the curiosity of posterity in its researches into the records of greatness; remembering Busse but for one thing—that of the association of his name with an act of vandalism against the memory of a great man.

That posterity *will* remember Busse is as assured as the fact that men have remembered and done thorough justice to that historic anathema, the betrayer of Christ. All those insignificant figures who, usually by accident, have been associated with greatness in some form—such as Busse with the splendor of Henry George—are remembered. Ye gods! So is "Mrs. O'Leary's

—Frank Chester Pease.

"MISCELLANEOUS POEMS."  
(A Review.)

BY H. H. D.

"Miscellaneous Poems," by Edward Huxley, is a volume of verse full of beautiful gems of thought and sentiment. The author has woven a silver thread of optimism throughout the volume. His appeal for a love of the truths of life, instead of a blind reverence for things, both in thought and action, just because custom and tradition have carried them down to us, seems to me to be the lesson that Mr. Huxley would have us learn.

The following short poem entitled "Search for Truth," is characteristic of the volume throughout:

When will this plodding world outgrow  
The dogmas of the past;  
Seek fearlessly the truth to know,  
And dauntless hold it fast?

When will they, too, discard the myths  
Of generations gone,  
Who, truth with sophistry did twist,  
Till right was seeming wrong?

'Tis when from myths, and legends free—  
Rubbish of long ago—  
They'll cease to search on withered trees  
Where fruit has ceased to grow.

Or needless trace some foreign field  
In search of golden grain,  
When home unceasingly doth yield  
The wealth they would obtain.

Speaking of Christian Science, Mr. Huxley says:  
Christian Science—much truth it lacks,  
'Tis a misnomer, plain to see—  
As science is a group of facts,  
From myths and fancies strictly free.

In "Self Conviction" the author feels with the downtrodden and the weight of their chains gall him, too:

Bitter, the bread produced by those enslaved,  
In it I taste their sweat and tears,  
And feel their sunken hopes and fruitless years:  
For this I deem myself a knave,  
A sentence grave.

I've ate the fruit of the forbidden tree,  
Have scorned the rights of fellow man;  
Now self-convicted, penitent, I stand,  
And long that man, through equality  
Be ever free.

Space does not permit us to quote any more, though there are scores of other such verses as given. "Man's Progression," "Nature's Unfoldment," and "Liberty" are beautiful in rhyme and thought. There are some other lines on nature and country life that have a tendency to lift one from the busy whirl of city life to "the scenes of the farm."

SECOND EDITION—DOOM OF DOGMA.

To-Morrow readers will be glad to know that the sale of Henry Frank's book "The Doom of Dogma" has been so large as to necessitate bringing out a second edition which will soon be off the press. It is also likely that a new book by Henry Frank under the title "Reminiscences of a Modern Apostate" will be made up from the series of sketches that have been running in To-Morrow.

## "THE KINGDOM OF LOVE."

(A Review.)

BY C. L. BREWER.

The present wonderful expansion of the human intellect, of which New Thought, Synthetic Philosophy, and Wireless Telegraphy are significant indications, is making it evident that our libraries are stocked with dead stuff—that our Bibles and Standard Works of Science and Philosophy, and the whole nineteenth century output of Romantic Fiction, are back numbers, and that the task before the writers of To-Day and To-Morrow is the re-creation of literature from a hitherto unknown standpoint. Like the famished sailor who sees "water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink," we are tantalized by a flood of books and have nothing to read. In order to be acceptable and intelligible to the New Man and the New Woman everything that has been stated in the terms of Self Consciousness must now be restated in the terms of Cosmic Consciousness. The writer who doesn't "feel in his bones" that "Christ is Risen" may as well look for another job.

One of the stepping-stones to the New Literature, worthy to stand with "Leaves of Grass" and "Universal Kinship" at the right hand of the Fundamental Thinker, is "The Kingdom of Love," by the Reformed Preacher, Henry Frank. It is rich with the enfolding sense of Love, the Imminent God, at work everywhere as the Architect of the Universe, and aglow with the consciousness of Vital Union by which we are wedded to the atoms in their Chemic Affinity, the planets in their Solar Harmony, and the golden toned communion of our Angel Comrades in the Choir Invisible. Over its refulgent pages the hungry soul may browse up toward the Mount of Mental Transfiguration.

It is probably an advantage that the real significance and value of this book is "high graded" in the first fifty pages. Having gone so far, the busy reader may stop with a full heart and clear conscience, leaving the other four-fifths of the volume, very good in its way, to be enjoyed by those with time and inclination to "loaf, and invite their souls" to a predigested repast.

## THE INVIOLEABLE EGO.

By Peter Fandel.

Ah, nothing, nothing in this world can harm  
 Us—but ourselves. We need not fear the Fates  
 Nor all the malice that on being waits,  
 Nor some vile necromancer's evil charm.  
 We're of a might that calms and can alarm  
 And stands inviolable against all states,  
 And all our peace and welfare e'er creates  
 Within ourselves—spite all contention warm.  
 In this our strength, we e'en can laugh at death  
 And call defiance to misfortune's spite,  
 And bow not to a known and unknown might,  
 Nor fear Omnipotence' world-blasting breath;  
 For in our deepest depth of soul of soul  
 Naught but ourselves can harm us—nor control.

If any man wants to know the size of his soul, let him lie at full length beneath the pines—remain quiet—and the exact size will appear. If there are possibilities of expansion they will appear, also.

Anna.



## About Books

Now that the warm summer days are gone solid reading is finding its own. Works on science and philosophy are being hurled from the presses to supply the demand.

"Plant Breeding," by Hugo De Vries, and published by The Open Court Pub. Co. of Chicago, is a thoroughly scientific and interesting volume of three hundred pages, being a series of comments on the experiments of Neilsson and Burbank in the plant world. De Vries is Professor of Botany in the University of Amsterdam.

In the preface we read: "Under the influence of the work of Neilsson, Burbank and others, the principle of selection has, of late, changed its meaning in practice in the same sense in which it is changing its significance in science by the adoption of the theory of an origin of species by means of sudden mutations. The method of slow improvement of agricultural varieties by repeated selection is losing its reliability and is being supplemented by the discovery of the high practical value of the elementary species, which may be isolated by a single choice. The appreciation of this principle will, no doubt, soon change the whole aspect of agricultural plant breeding."

To the ordinary lover of plants and flowers "Plant Breeding" is interesting, as well as instructive to the more scientific mind. The style is easy and is it beautifully illustrated from photographs.

"The American Esperanto Book," by Arthur Baker, and issued by Chas. H. Kerr & Company, Chicago, is a compendium of the international language "Esperanto."

Socialists all over the world are studying the new language. Already hundreds of Americans are able to converse and write fluently in the new tongue, which many advocates of the New Democracy believe will be the universal language of the future.

There is no doubt but that an international language would be an excellent thing, both from the standpoint of progress and convenience, but it remains to be proven whether or not Esperanto will fill the bill. However, Mr. Baker's book is simple and easily understood.

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# THE OLD GUARD OF FREE THOUGHT

Conducted By Paull B. Van Slyke.

There are thousands of Old Guards in the United States and they should be enrolled in To-Morrow's Old Guard Roll of Honor. Our space has been so limited that we had to leave out the list for a few months, but it has been well taken care of and filed away. Perhaps, next month we will be able to publish the names again, dropping those that have laid down to pleasant dreams, and adding new comrades to the list.

Beginning this month we have established a new plan to get the name of every "Old Timer" in the country, and we want the members of the Old Guard, with the readers of To-Morrow to route them out. Some of you know an old free thinker in your community (old guards, as well as young guards are requested to join the crusade) who was so "different" than the rest of the people—you know, the type that will not stand the narrow, mystic views of orthodoxy, etc. The old fellows that are looked upon as "peculiar" still "in many ways they are so sensible." "Their advice to children is so sweet and good," their opponents in thought say, "still, it is too bad that they are so far from God." Now come along and help us get 'em into line.

Silas Rockwell of Covington, Ky., who stood at the top of the list until John Hart of New York, who was a hundred and one years old last Spring, took the lead, wrote to us the other day. He is not feeling well, though his interest in life is as keen as it was thirty years ago.

Helen M. Lucas of Mareitta, Ohio, who is one of the old comrades, is unusually active. She is a great student of Paine, Ingersol and the other freethinkers. Just now she is studying the Church Property Question, and will contribute an article on the subject in an early issue of To-Morrow.

## DIRECTORY OF UNDESIRABLE CITIZENS.

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esting volume that has come to our desk during the month. It was written by Singleton Waters Davis, editor of the "Humanitarian Review," Los Angeles, Cal., being a critical inquiry into the scientific value of the elleged evidences that man's conscious personality survives the life of the body.

In the first chapter the author speaks of the childish delusion of man in his natural egotism believing that he is of supreme importance in the infinite universe; "that the gods or a god, or an immanent intelligence planned, built and set in motion the almighty cosmos of matter, from the less than microscopic indivisible atom to the grandest sun in all the galaxy of the stars, with the prime object and purpose of subservency to him; that, while all things shall pass away into eternal nothingness, he alone of all created beings or things, in some state shall live forever.

"But though his egotism is 'monumental' and his conceptions of his environment and the cosmos order are extremely childish, when viewed from a scientific standpoint, we shall not berate him or censure him, or cast him down from his real altitude in the scale of nature, for from this same scientific viewpoint we see that in intellectual development he is a child and must think in childish terms, and that his conceptions are the natural and legitimate of his organism and its inheritance and environment. We see an infant try to pick up a sunbeam, or to grasp a beautiful butterfly far above his head and the reach of his little arm, but we do not reproach or ridicule it; we but smile and caress it, and wonder at its ingenuousness."

The author then goes on and gives the scientific interpretation of what the human body consists, and how supernaturalism first entered the mind of man way back in the jungle. He takes up the different forms of of mysticism and and their arguments and shows them in the light of science and common sense to be foolish.

Mr. Davis fearlessly attacks the greatest "authorities" on psychic-phenomena. Dr. Hudson's book "The Law of Psychic Phenomena" is torn to shreds. In fact, the author lays bare everything that in any way would lead the investigator to believe in a future existence then says: "I find absolutely no facts upon which can be based a knowledge that a future life is a certainty, or that it is a probability or even a possibility." He says further that he finds no evidence that a future life would be beneficent or belief in it an incentive to right conduct. As long as one has even one more breath to draw, Mr. Davis thinks, a real future life is before him and he should act accordingly.

It may be interesting to the "psychic" and spiritualist to read the authors' explanation of how their so-called "tests" are brought about. Here he enters new fields and furnishes another

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problem for the scientists. However, we will let the investigator read the book for himself. The psychic and materialist may meet here on common ground, then separate and make their lives more productive.

To-Morrow readers will enjoy "A Future Life?" It is published by The Humanitarian Review Publishing House, Los Angeles, Cal. In cloth 75 cents.

## 'THE TRADE UNION POINT OF VIEW.'

(A Review.)

"The Trade Union Point of View," by Prof. Robert F. Hoxie, of the University of Chicago, is an article now published in pamphlet form, that treats the labor problem from an unbiased standpoint.

After commenting upon the laborer as being the product of heredity and environment "like the rest of us," the author says: "Now, it is well known that the environment of the laborer, under the modern capitalistic system has tended to become predominantly one of physical force. He has been practically cut off from all knowledge of market and managerial activities. The ideals, motives and cares of property-ownership are becoming foreign to him. More and more, in this world, spiritual forces are giving way to the apparent government and sanction of blind physical causation. In the factory and the mine spiritual, ethical, customary, and legal forces and authorities are altogether in the background. Everything to the worker, even his own activity, is the outcome of physical force, apparently undirected and unchecked by the spiritual element."

Mr. Hoxie says that before we suppress unionism we must suppress the worker, or else destroy the conditions that make the worker what he is. There is no solution, he says for the problem of industrial warfare through sentiment or passion.

He further states that "what we really need is not a search for solutions, but a study of causes. Only after we have studied the problems thus, in the spirit and with the thoroughness of the biologist or physicist, shall we be in a position to say what, if anything, of a remedial nature can be accomplished."

If all "reformers" would study the economic question in the light of science, as Mr. Hoxie suggests, their efforts would be more effective than they are at present.

## 'LIBRARY OF UNIVERSITY RESEARCH.'

(A Review)

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There, perhaps, isn't a work in existence to equal this, as far as real knowledge is concerned. It is clear and concise, and gives the lover of learning a practical understanding of "The Ideas that have Influenced Civilization" in the original documents, translated and arranged in chronological or historical order, so that English students may read at first hand. Religion, philosophy, sociology and science are treated in such a way that the every day man or woman desiring a practical knowledge of evolution and life may get it without wading through endless volumes, the greater number of which deal in definitions instead of life itself.

In the preface the editor-in-chief, Oliver J. Thatcher writes: "It is the purpose of this work to present the ideas that have influenced civilization in the words of those who have developed them."

"The work embraces the religious beliefs of the past, as expressed and enforced by the seers who have given them to the world; the theories of philosophy in the expositions of their originators; the marvelous discoveries and inductions of the natural and social sciences as expounded by the men who have first seen the truths beneath the facts; the development of law, government, education, medicine and industry in monographs which have championed their principles, and the documents which have exhibited their practices; and, finally, the great movements which have made manifest the pulse beats of the ages, as they have been caught and held living in the kintograph-like records of the best contemporary observers.

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### Among The Magazines.

"The Craftsman" for September, edited by Gustav Stickley, New York City, is full of good reading. The cuts, too, are unusually fine. "George Luks, an American Painter," by John Spargo, is an interesting estimate of a painter whose art relates to all the experiences and interests of life. Another article on "The Simplicity of Giesue Carducci," Italy's greatest modern poet, is very interesting. "Raising the Standard of Efficiency in Work" and "The Regeneration of Ikey" are well worth reading. In the same issue the editor makes a strong plea for work with the hands, and holds, as does "To-Morrow" Magazine, that the greatest progress will come to the race only when the mental and physical faculties work in harmony. "The Craftsman" is building upon solid ground.

In the September issue of "The American Journal of Eugenics" Dr. Raymond Parnell has an article on the "Slaughter of Babies in Chicago" that should be read by every lover of freethought. "Why Do Purists Object to Sex-Discussions," by Theodore Schoeder, attorney for "The Free Speech League," and "Instruct the Youth," by Hulda L. Potter-Loomis, are also timely.

"Nautilus" for September is very interesting. Edwin Markham has a beautiful poem on "Aspirations." Prof. Edgar L. Larkin also writes on "The Science of Eugenics." "A Visit to Genius," being an account of a visit to the home of Joaquin Miller, by Florence Fox, is interesting. Dr. Latson continues his health articles.

"The Blue Grass Blade," published in Lexington, Ky., is a very interesting weekly. The articles are nearly all clipped, but they are good. The editor says: "We aim to cut down error and establish Truth." It stands for freethought.

The September issue of "The Busy Man's Magazine" is full of good reading, being a collection of the best articles and stories in the current periodicals. This magazine is published in Toronto, Canada.

80



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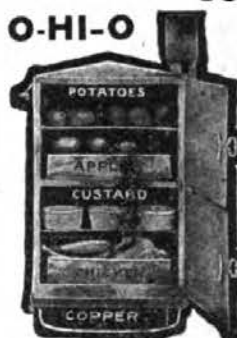
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"The Arena," published at Boston, Mass., is increasing in interest. In the August issue Phillip Rappaport has an article on "The Sweep of Economic Events in the Light of History." "Parental Education," by Arthur Smith, strikes a strong note also. "The Poet: His Mission and Message," by the editor, B. O. Flower, is one of the best things in the number. "The Arena" is indeed a magazine of the New Democracy.

"The International Socialist Review," published by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, has an editorial in the August issue on "A Victory Gained" that should be read by every lover of a better system in the country. "Intellectuals and Working Class Socialisms," by Hubert Lagardelle, is also very interesting.

"On the Philosophy of Socrates" and "Socrates a Forerunner of Christianity" in "The Open Court" for September are very instructive. The "Open Court" is one of the leaders of freethought.

"Liberty," the pioneer organ of Anarchism, edited by Benj. R. Tucker, New York City, is a little booklet magazine ringing with true freedom. Mr. Tucker says: Liberty is not the daughter but the mother of order. "Liberty" cannot be classed by those who are afraid of freedom. Welcome "Liberty."

"The Popular Scientific Monthly" is full of interesting reading for September. "Some Ethical Aspects of Mental Economy," by Prof. Bolton, of the State University of Iowa, and "Poe as an Evolutionist," by Frederick Bond, are educational in every respect.

"Our Debt to the World's Out-of-Door Women," by Proctor Cargill, in "Beauty and Health," is one of the best things in the health magazines for September. Read and listen, ye "dainty" women of the world.

Dr. Latson's "Health Culture" for September has some interesting articles on health and character. "Feeding for Efficient Activity," by Harry Bradford, is well worth reading. The lessons are taken from the methods of dumb animals.

With the September issue "Stellar Ray" is enlarged to the regular size. Mr. Hodges has made a great improvement in the magazine since changing the name from "Suggestion" about a year ago. The editorials are timely and interesting.

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With a view to locating several coöperative industrial group we wish to secure the names of a few able-bodied men and women who are satisfied to *just live well* and enjoy the reasonable necessities and luxuries of life, *without private ownership* of any property or the receipt of any wages.

*Private Ownership* is our fundamental curse, the direct cause of our separation into economic classes, the basis of every oppression of all privilege and subserviency, and it stands in the way of Communism, Real Democracy and The Higher Life.

*Group Ownership* is the only present means to economic freedom; hence it is the only direct method to attain nobility of character and completely overthrow all desire for graft, greed and preference. Now then:—

In order to form *Property Owning Groups* some of us must renounce private ownership; we must become permanently cured of "*the mania of owning things.*"

It is understood that those who sign the following pledge do so, not as a means of reformation, but merely to express a conviction and signify their preparedness for right living. We trust that our readers will manifest their interest in this page by securing as many signatures as possible to the following:

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We, the undersigned, in order to accomplish a plan of life that will insure greater health, happiness and harmony, and supply an environment that will enable us to escape the baneful effects of individual competition and insure a life of culture for ourselves and children that will enable us to live as brothers instead of animals, hereby pledge as follows:

To renounce all private ownership of real and personal property, while a member of a To-Morrow group, and, after connecting ourselves with the group of which we arrange to become a part, not to accept pay from the group for our services, *hirelingship* being but the fruit of private ownership—the foregoing to hold good only with the proviso that there be some group formed whose individual spirit is not adverse to our own and settled in a plan satisfactory to ourselves.

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# To = M o r r o w

FOR PEOPLE WHO THINK

Parker H. Sercombe, Editor

Louis Duchez, Managing Editor

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE.

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Our readers and the public are invited to come to our Wednesday evening meetings in our reception room, 141 E. 56th street. Subject, "The Scientific Interpretation of Life." All are requested to bring from one to six technical questions (in writing) bearing on any phase of human life and mind. Those living outside of Chicago are invited to mail us questions to be read at these meetings.

The New Home of "To-Morrow," I. C. and Cottage Grove avenue cars, one block; elevated trains, seven blocks.

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We urge all of our out-of-town friends to send us their orders for job printing. There is no reason for patronizing the "System," and we say this especially to those who are in group or reform work of any kind. Send us your printing, as we are unexcelled in the matters of promptness and good work. We all live right here in the print shop and work all day as well as nights and Sundays when necessary.

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# To-Morrow

For People Who Think

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, EDITOR

*Advertising Rates on Application. Address all Communications to*  
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ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER IN CHICAGO P. O.

VOL. 3.

NOVEMBER, 1907.

NO. 11

## FREETHOUGHT MONEY.

There is any quantity of Freethought Money in this country that is going to waste, by which is meant that it is not being employed in freethought propaganda.

Unfortunately in the past, those who might make gifts or bequests to freethought institutions have looked about them in vain for worthy rational movements in which to interest themselves, but since the establishment of the To-Morrow School of Clear Thinking the case is different. The To-Morrow School is designed to train young and adult minds in the ways of both rational thinking and rational living—it is prepared for fundamental work.

The To-Morrow School teaches systematic rationalism with the Philosophy of Evolution for guidance, and we trust that every friend and member of the To-Morrow army will call upon and write us about every likely person in their vicinity who wishes to place some Freethought Money where it will do the most good.

There still seems to be so much confusion among some of our friends and patrons as to what this magazine and the "To-Morrow" group really stand for, that in the interest of a clear understanding some explanation seems necessary. Some good people have classed us as one of the New Thought bunch along with "Nautilus," "Swastika," "Balance," "Fellowship," "New Thought," "Higher Science," "Stuffed Club," "Philistine," "Sage Brush," "Opportunity," "Eternal Progress," etc., and others that seek their guidance and criteria of truth by looking inward—by searching the soul.

Other well-meaning folk who think we must be classified, have lined us up with the Free Thought publications and movements along with the "Truth Seeker," "Humanitarian Review," "Secular Review," "Arena," "Open Court," "Liberal Review," "Blue Grass Blade," "Searchlight," etc., which classifications, though perhaps highly complimentary, does not explain us truly. Still others have rushed to various conclusions in regard to our being an organ of Socialism or Anarchism or Sex, Dress or Health Reform in harmony with some such excellent publications as "Appeal to Reason," "The Worker," "Chicago Daily Socialist," "Wilshire's," "Liberty," "Eugenics," "Mother Earth," "Ariel," "Common Sense," etc., but we are not reformers and "To-Morrow" is not a party or creed publication in any sense.

"To-Morrow" stands for Rationalism and human liberty in every avenue of expression. It is the only magazine in the world that draws all of its conclusions from the standpoint of the Philosophy of Evolution and the "To-Morrow" Group is the

first effort in the world to get together and work, think and live on a basis of systematic rationalism with the Philosophy of Evolution for guidance in all the affairs of daily life and association.

This trying to be fundamentally sensible is unique in human progress. We find ourselves quite out of fashion—quite alone comparatively speaking. If you are with us don't be afraid to show it.

Instead of relying upon the infallibility of tastes and habits acquired in a haphazard way under a system based on self-gratification, we of the "To-Morrow" Group have proven that tastes and beliefs do not amount to anything—that new ones can be acquired in the same way as the old and if our minds are the fixed type under a new regime, we become just as fixed as before.

Four of us attended a lecture recently by Prof. Zublin, of the Chicago University, in the course of which he gave much attention to the "higher" and "lower" standards of living. He traced the different stages from eating without tables, knives, spoons or plates through the tablecloth, silver-service, plush-sofa, mahogany-sideboard, chef and butler phases, all based upon the imitation of royalty and snobs. The Professor never suggested that the real highest standard of living is that which imparts the strongest bodies, the clearest minds, the longest lives, and the highest social efficiency. Judged from this standard our "To-Morrow" Group enjoys the highest standard of living in the country, and all on One Dollar a week per capita.

Think of being designated as an "unorthodox radical," implying that our views are not adjusted to the formula of any creed or party. What a trying ordeal to one's anti-Christian spirit to be sure to knock at the doors of Free Thought, New Thought, Theosophy, Christian Science, Socialism, Anarchism, Populism, Pragmatism, Spiritualism, and hear them say, "Nay, nay, go and mend your views; yet such is the fate of "To-Morrow" that has swallowed no cause whole except the cause of Human Freedom.

Someone has suggested that a society be organized for the protection of middle-aged men from the wiles of chorus girls and other feminine man-eaters. While it is true that the half-through-life-man is powerless when once in the clutches of these seductive, bewitching and consciousnessless pirates of Bohemia, why protect them? Try to hire an advertising agent for any magazine or other publication and you will conclude that the masculine grafters outnumber the feminine a thousand to one. Bravo girls! Do your worst.

Under the title of "Undesirable Citizens of the Past"—those who have opposed and sometimes dethroned the rulers and ideals of their day, some one has suggested that we make a list for publication. Strange as it may seem, in such a list would appear the names of Columbus, Galileo, Socrates, Ingersoll, John Brown, Rousseau, Christ, Altgelt, Bellemey, Darwin, Spencer, Engels, Franklin, Marx, Hugo, Jefferson, Luther, Paine, Robespierre, Omar, Harvey, Roger Bacon, Bruno—in fact nearly all of our intellectual landmarks have at one time been classed as "undesirable."

## LIFE AND THE WELL BALANCED MAN.

Under the above title in the "Cosmopolitan Magazine," good, kind Maxim Gorky, in his usual exalted state of superlative sentimentalism, writes as follows:—

The world will surely agree with me when I say that inordinate development of the intellect weakens the capacity for feeling, and that the very instinct of life itself may be undermined by such development. For the mind, although not parasitic, is planted upon this instinct, in the fertile soil of the primary impulses; it is nourished by their juices, it holds within them its roots, and in a normal nature it unites naturally with them and becomes a necessary attribute of man in his strivings toward the realization of his self. An excessive development of the purely rational powers should therefore be checked, in order that these powers should not outstrip the man himself. For, in the last analysis, man is but the incarnation of the life instinct, and to place a limitation upon the development of his less instinctive faculties is necessary for self preservation. Therefore, if from some unknown cause, the proper point in the development of the reason be passed, the equilibrium of character is destroyed and man becomes his own antagonist. He endeavors to break away from himself simply because his reason is in intense contradiction to his feelings.

This is strange thought. "But," it may be asked, "what if this excessive development of sheer intellect produces a Kant? What will you say then?"

"An excessive development of the purely rational powers," seems to be like calling sugar too sweet, and water too wet, or like implying too much fecundity to the sun. Surely Gorky does not mean to imply that there can be greater gentleness or greater spirituality in falsehood than in truth. Is it not quite certain that our gentle friend has formed a mental picture of the "purely rational" which is not rational at all? To cite Kant, as he does, as an example of one who became miserable on account of the inordinate development of his intellect, i. e., on account of the overload of truth which he carries on his mind, in itself shows the inaccuracy and wrong point of view of Gorky, because Kant represents a phase of philosophy that was not sufficiently fortified by facts and principles; the facts and principles which he required to make him normal not having been discovered in his epoch.

Kant never gave voice to, or showed that he understood, the principle of the inter-relationship of all phenomena and the unity of all knowledge. In the day of Kant, the philosophy of evolution had not been, and could not be, fully developed, for at that time the appliances were not even invented by which we have discovered the laws which connect every atom and every organism into one great network of principles, each part bearing a harmonious relation to every other part.

Once we come to an understanding of the magnitude and unity of the whole universal plan, and realize that we ourselves are a part and a product of the majestic scheme, is there not in this thought a sufficient stimulus to awaken the liveliest emotions? What joy can the slack and inaccurate, or "non-intellectual" thinker experience that is greater than the mental experience of the purely rational mind, developed to the very highest possible degree? What earthly or unearthly emotions can weak intelligence and untruth know, which outstrip the grandeur of conception and delicacy of feeling of him who knows that in both mind and body he is in harmony with created things, with Life, Love, Nature, Evolution, God.



## TO-MORROW. SOUND THINKING.

Say Sercombe; I just received Tomorrow for October; In IT, you give all Astrologers and Astrology a Roast; What in Hell did **you** do it for? You have not studies Astrology for 18 years as I have. You cannot make a Horoscope, or place a planet according to Astrological rules, nor are you able to tell what the effect **WOULD** be if you considered it true. I'll give you enough money to Run your paper (Tomorrow.) a year if you will disprove the theory of Astrology or show that the Sun or Moon does not have an effect on every one from the time of their birth. I'll agree that some Astrologers are worse than others, some are grafters, some dishonest, so are many who teach various systems of New Thot, Fundamental Thinking etc. Yet there are many who are honest and who can demonstrate the truth in all of these lines.

Better be Good and admit that you have not studied this, but that you form your biased opinion from some of the Chicago Crooks.

Yours For Reform, and better Fundamental thinking.

FREDRICK WHITE.

It may or may not be a pity that those who become believers in Astrology, Reincarnation, etc., never retain the power to discern their own mental predicament. It is only those who neglect to possess themselves of the world's knowledge of psychology and heredity whose minds are left in a condition to become a prey to the involved, imaginary and impossible "explanations" offered by the line of aristocratic fortune-tellers that our epoch and system has produced.

A mere casual survey of the laws of heredity and environment serves to account for every phenomenon that reincarnation and astrology are employed to solve.

We all know that there is but one set of laws governing the growth and development of all forms of animal and plant life. The fact that Luther Burbank in the vegetable kingdom and thousands of stock breeders depend in no wise upon the vagaries of astrology or reincarnation to produce their wonderful results is an indication of the remoteness of all theory of causation that might afford justification for ascribing a former carnation or planetary influences as bases for unaccountable variations.

There was a time when our ignorant ancestors looked to the stars and planets to know their fortune in war, health, love, crops, etc., but that was before we understood political science, the philosophy of fasting or the effect of rotation of crops. Now that Psychology and Heredity, human and comparative, are so well understood and are found to be entirely in harmony with mathematics, physics and all the sciences, it offers no excuse even for ignoramuses or grafters to continue hoodwinking the uninformed into believing the zodiac signs or a previous existence were ever concerned in moulding their "wonderful" attributes when every variation in structure, function or talent is fully accounted for under the present known laws of heredity, easily to be understood by anyone not too lazy to study up.

The Editor of "To-Morrow" will take much pleasure in rationally answering any questions that can possibly be asked on matters that are supposed to require the intervention of the astrology or reincarnation theories.

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### THE OVERWORKED STOMACH IN THE UNDER- WORKED BODY.

In contemplating the herculean effort of the Rev. Torrey in

the great gospel tent, seating 12,000, from which point of vantage the brother declares he will "drive sin out of Chicago," reminds me of what might have been the efficacy of a sermon preached in the time of George III wherein all men might have been urged to equip themselves with pneumatic-tired bicycles. It may be easily inferred that bicycles were just as easy to procure in the time of George III as to now live in Chicago without—what the pastor calls—"sin."

The fact is what these ranting preachers call sin is what our social and economic system naturally produces—and the talk of preachers on these subjects has just about as much influence in purging human society as a summer zephyr, and I say this with no desire to injure the gentleman's business.

It happens that the very people who are contributing the funds for this gospel tent project are the very ones who are profiting by the system that makes the sinners, hence the scheme is a merry-go-round that has in it all the dash and endurance of a Chinese play that lasts night and day through as many generations as they are able to hire players.

The Rev. Torrey has the soul-saving obsession, which implies that God needs a lot of impractical, loud-voiced preachers to go out and howl for him to prevent some of his children from stepping through the sieve of life where they would get caught by the Devil. Suppose that Bro. Torrey should talk about something real—the tendency of thousands of people getting from fifty to one hundred dollars per month and spending all their earnings for things to eat and wear; this in order to keep up with prevailing standards of living encouraged and perpetuated by those who have food and clothing for sale. It is a fact that the very highest standard of living—the standard that will insure the development of the strongest bodies, the greatest brains and the longest lives is a diet of vegetables, fruit and cereals of one or two meals a day that costs less than a dollar a week per capita, and if adopted would do away with obesity and anemia and put nine-tenths of the doctors out of business.

The extent to which people live wrongly and make gluttons of themselves not only manifests itself in blear eyes and pot-bellies but in restaurant grafts, physicians, drug stores and hospitals by the thousand.

What kind of brutes are we that nine-tenths of our race debauch themselves by over eating and wrong eating, while countless thousands of families are driven to destruction and poverty because their appetites and intelligence have not been taught to eat proper food in the proper quantity to do the amount of work their bodies and brains are expected to perform?

We are still a race of gormandizers—of gluttons—and nine-tenths of the healthful bodies of our race are debauched and their effectiveness and beauty destroyed in many cases before they advance beyond early childhood. Suppose all the preachers in the land should begin a crusade of grinding and preaching their own whole wheat flour, and recommending simple vegetarian foods once or twice a day instead of the highly seasoned meat dinners that create false appetites and make gluttons, drunkards and criminals. Why, the effect would be a shut-down of all the mills grinding white flour, the closing of all slaughter-houses, saloons, tobacco stores and houses of prostitution, and even the preacher himself—not being longer necessary—would be driven

into some branch of honest labor that would improve his effectiveness, and insure a longer and nobler career.

While the closing of all the above institutions would in no way change the diet and habits of those who publish "To-Morrow" Magazine, the question arises, do the preachers and evangelists really desire to make such a clean up? What assurance have we that the orthodox churches would try to accomplish the above even if they were convinced they could do so?

### SOME GOSPEL TRUTH ABOUT LIFE AND DIET.

It is commonly said that "what is meat for one is poison for another," etc., all of which is the veriest nonsense; one of the superstitions that egoism has brought down to us from the olden times. It is true that what one may digest and assimilate with agreeable results may cause indigestion and disagreeable sensations in another, all of which goes to show nothing more than a difference in the previous habits of eating and an intense fixidity of mind in regard to those habits.

Many things which we learn to eat with a relish are the result of a habit acquired under conditions when nothing else could be obtained, which leads directly to the conclusion that a new eating habit with the accompanying mental and physical changes may be acquired the same way as the last one, and that any habit or taste that we may have to-day offers no assurances that it will be perpetual—in other words, what is "poison" for us now may be "meat" for us a month hence.

The emphasis placed upon the value of certain tastes, beliefs, conclusions, etc., is nothing more than the remnant of the fixed notions of our ignorant ancestors; for true it is that the lower in the intellectual scale we follow the mental habits of man the greater his fixidity in relation to tastes and beliefs, and the higher he rises in intellectuality the more variable, pliant and tolerant does he become.

In the matter of food, therefore, the same as with horses, cattle and birds, that food which is good and nourishing for one, is good and nourishing for all providing the change of taste is brought about in a gradual manner without attempt to overthrow the "false appetite" and imaginary need too abruptly.

The notion that we must have our meats, eggs, fruits, etc., served differently is merely catering to and thereby perpetuating an egoistic fancy that has its rise in the same impulse that initiated the idea that kings, priests, nobles and capitalists must be fed on fine and more delicate food than the masses.

We hear much said now-a-days about the "higher standard" of living enjoyed by American laborers, farmers, etc., beyond what is enjoyed by the same class in Europe, and unfortunate it is that what is termed the "higher standard" is merely a more luxurious, more epicurean standard, for the true highest standard of living must ever be that standard which develops the strongest bodies, the clearest minds, the longest lives and the highest social qualities, and whatever may be the tendency of the present human society as it moves toward the standard of gluttony and degeneration in imitation of the kings and priests whom we still emulate, let us thank kind Providence for every manifestation of simplicity in diet, and every movement toward abstemiousness and self control, which in the face of the world's plenty offers the only route to the real highest standard of living.

## DEGENERACY A BLESSING.

On a recent trip down town the trolley car stopped to take on board a well groomed and rather delicately moulded man of forty, accompanied by a nine-year-old boy, whom he gently lifted from the street to the platform and then mounted himself as the car started, carefully holding the boy's hand to steady him and to see that no harm befell him.

They rode but three blocks and again in stepping off he repeated the acts of care and protection and indicated in every move that it had been his aim and study during the life of the boy to do for him constantly all those things the child was better capable of doing for himself. Though early in the season, the man wore a finely tailored overcoat with an expensive fur collar. His tie, hat and gloves were exactly in the fashion. He had dark brown eyes, a sallow face, but his figure and general countenance indicated that he had either been a vigorous and athletic person in his own early life or that those had been in the generations which preceded him. The boy, his son, who resembled him, was pale and slender and exhibited in all his mental and physical attributes the fact that he had been trained from babyhood to be completely dependent upon those around him to do for him.

It was clear to me in my three blocks of observation that parental care was largely the cause of degeneracy in this child. That the indulgence of parents was gradually sapping his vitality and destroying his life. That if he grew to manhood and became a father his children would be degenerates and that their issue would be degenerates and that their issue would be degenerates after them unless, perchance, he might die before coming of age.

Looking at the boy and at his father, I thought of how stock and fruit raisers take pains to destroy the scrubs before they reach the breeding age in order that their flocks and gardens may not be contaminated by the perpetuation of the worst instead of the best elements. I looked at the boy and his father and I said, "Blessed is Degeneracy," blessed is the ridiculous parental control of the idle rich—blessed are the dives, dissipations and midnight suppers that swallow up countless thousands, thus preventing them from breeding "scrubs" to contaminate the race—blessed is indigestion, consumption, Bright's disease that come as the angel of progress to weed out those who lack stamina, even as the farmer weeds out all the calves which inherit from the lower types of his flock.

When once we understand life and nature and realize that, like the swallow, wild deer and every animal, insect and plant, humanity is also amenable to subtle laws, that in time force our unfit to perish, thereby preventing their reproduction, then we may begin to organize methods of life and means of improving our kind that may eventually create a new race—a race of super-men and super-women.

Up to the present, with all our boasted knowledge, man has done nothing for the improvement of himself. His lack of stamina and self control, his laziness and vainglorious customs have caused him to remain more completely at the mercy of Nature's buffetings than even the lowest of the low orders that struggle for existence. Hence we may well say, "Blessed is Degeneracy," the final purifier and savior of the race.

## WHY DID NOT PHARAOH HAVE AN AUTOMOBILE?

Pharaoh had no automobile for the same reason than Confucius had no printing press, Alexander no wireless telegraph, Pericles no Lusitania, Nero no democracy, Jesus no inductive system of education, and Moses no synthetic philosophy.

Although but few thinkers have the capacity to understand it, knowledge in relation to every conceivable subject has come into the world by the same process, viz., gradual experimentation, the fit ideas surviving, the unfit perishing, the foolish and mediocre all being just as necessary to the process as the wise ones.

Many who have observed how certain improvements, inventions and ideals creep into the world in a certain fixed order, do not realize how essential the order is which the forces assume, viz., things cannot possibly take place in any other way than they do—rational philosophy had to follow Christian emotionalism, even as the building of steel bridges followed the application of steam; the automobile followed the bicycle even as the dilettante ideals of modern society have succeeded the age of chivalry and romanticism, etc.

While the factors are so varied that it is quite impossible for even the most expert sociologist to look into the future, calculate the forces, and thereby make a true forecast of coming events, still it requires but little insight to observe the impossibility of the truths, inventions and progressive landmarks of the past, coming to the world in any other order than that in which they arrived. The modern perfecting press has a bearing on, and is a part of, every branch of our civilization; and to write the history of the printing press would be to tell the story of the modern world, so interrelated are all its factors with all there is of human progress.

Even as Moses or Socrates could not think in terms of evolutionary philosophy the facts and data of their epochs, being too limited to supply a criterion for truth, so Pharaoh did not have an automobile because rubber tires were unheard of in those days; ball-bearings were beyond the conception even of Pythagoras; electric ignition would have been counted as magic; the explosion of hydrocarbon gas against a piston at a pressure of 3,500 pounds to the square inch was an inconceivable proposition; a chain or bevel gear had no standing or meaning in Egyptian civilization; the principle of a condenser or cooler was beyond their realm of thought; in fact, human industry, concentration, mechanical accuracy, originality, and other virtues necessary in the production of the automobile, did not in the time of the Pharaohs exist upon the face of this planet.

There are those who will acknowledge the mechanical inaccuracy and incompetence of one thousand, two thousand and four thousand years ago, but do not realize that the philosophies, religions and historical accuracy of those days was in every way as unreliable and undeveloped as their ability to make spark wagons.

## NEW THOUGHT, SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS, HYSTERIA.

I did not mean to imply in my recent characterization of "New Thought" publications that there was not some basic truth to be found along New Thought lines. It is impossible to state all there is of truth in one article, so we magazine scribblers must be content to take up one phase of a subject at a time.

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The really philosophical point of view in relation to all matters of New Thought, self-healing, etc., is to realize our relationship to all the lower orders of animal life, and considering the facts that under natural selection the bird has acquired the use of its wings, the deer its wonderful grace and agility, the hound its scent, etc., we have a basis for the conclusion that all creatures, including man, have developed down the ages in accordance with the work that they do—in accordance with what they attempt in the struggle for existence. If we human beings keep busily engaged in upbuilding work, mental and physical, good results are sure to follow, without any specific or conscious operation of the mind. If we do not keep at good work no matter what "thoughts we think", degeneration is sure to follow.

To the extent that any writers whatsoever tend in their teaching toward developing physical egoism and perpetuating their hysterias, to that extent they act as a detriment to humankind, and they may do it consciously as "fakirs" or unconsciously, simply for the lack of deep learning. In my own thinking I give but little attention to any form of occultism, or spiritualism. This is a realm of thought that requires a vast amount of research in the field of mental science and psychology and there are very few people who have the leisure and the mental equipment to do full justice to the subject; hence, as the brain of the bird is especially formed to direct bird life, the brain of the beast adapted to comprehend beast life, so the brain of man, if healthfully operated, will employ itself on the problems of "man life". One world at a time for me.

### COMMON SENSE VERSUS CUSTOM.

Those who visit Mexico and other countries where it is the custom of the working classes to carry burdens on their heads, will recall the easy carriage and erect figures of the young women, even of the so-called "higher" class, as they make their regular evening promenade around the plaza.

These people, and their ancestors for many generations, have been accustomed from childhood up, to carry "ollas" of water and all sorts of packages upon their heads; and as this necessitates perfect erectness and regularity of gait, they have obtained such splendid results for themselves that it is strange that this epoch of physical culture has not produced some plan of training whereby our children might in some useful way

be similarly developed.

Why should not our women go shopping without hats, substituting in the place of the expensive, useless and ugly head-gears fashion now prescribes for them, delicately wrought baskets so made that the bottoms should exactly fit the coiffeurs of the wearers? When the shoppers put their purchases into the baskets and bore them to their homes, how splendidly the weight upon their heads would cause them to throw out their chests, strengthening the body and giving a carriage beyond criticism. Instead of the bent figures and the careless, wabbling gaits now seen upon our streets, we should have women bearing themselves like queens.

The basket head-dress is exactly what our American women need, but it is so sensible that it will scarcely become fashionable right away. The next generation will peradventure be more rational: the real To-Morrow women that are to be, will not be afraid to be sensible.

### BLOATED OR ANEMIC.

In Chicago. I spent three hours about town to-day and looked squarely into the faces of more than a thousand loafers. I do not use the word "loafers" in scorn or criticism but merely to describe the type. Their eyes were loaferish from different forms of excess and overfeeding. Their blood was loaferish and sluggish throughout their systems. Their backs and legs were loaferish but most of them were dressed according to the exacting demands of fashion.

They conformed in dress while letting their bodies degenerate.

For some time I watched the men and women as they poured from the Boston Restaurant. They had all been in and eaten heavily, though not one was truly hungry. Most of them were women of fashion with money for diamonds but none for good sense and control of appetite. They were fat and wobbly, staggering up the basement steps with much effort, carrying an unnecessary load of adipose that hung upon them as loud as a fruit vendor, crying, "I am without poise, I am a glutton, I am coarse, common and greedy of my own volition. I choose gluttony and ill health with all the joys of a sound, lithe body within my easy reach."

Think of it! Men and women with the responsibility of children, teaching gluttony and obesity by their own example. We have a glorious world to live in, there is abundance for all with a large surplus, but humanity has thus far made such a vast failure of distribution that one portion of society is dying prematurely of gluttony while another portion are starving and eking out their lives in jails where they have been placed by the Well Fed.

Thanks to the evolutionary process at work, however, nature is gradually weeding out and bringing to barrenness and sterility the degenerate of both classes and those who will finally remain to people the world will be the ones who in the face of plenty will have the stamina to eat and drink what is best and sufficient for them.

## THUNDERIN' THINKS.

By Old Hard Head.

Many folks think we are all workin' toward sunthin', but I often notice that we are workin' away from a whole lot.

The other day I saw a stomach runnin' to catch a train. Thar was a hat kinder chucked down and I 'spose thar was a head and some legs to it, but I swow I couldn't see nothin' but stomach from whar I stood.

It is a darnation wonder to me how folks avoid learnin' more than they do. Every willin' pusson as stops star-gazin' could just soke in all the trades known in these parts without half tryin'. Them Holy Ghost, Christian Science and Economic Determinism fellers just don't give their brains any real chance, an' that's why they don't know nuthin'.

I got into a trolley car the other day in my workin' togs, overalls, shoes without socks, flannel shirt with buttons busted off the front, etc. I seemed to look peculiar, for everyone stared at me. A hired girl who married the butcher last week sat opposite me. She was cinched up in an a b c corset and had on one of them ar picture lids. A negro dude with a red necktie and the front of his head slantin' back like a mansard roof sat next to me. Both of these and a lot more were much amused at my appearance. They did not know how durned peculiar and out of place they looked to me. They did not know that I could build a granary, shingle a roof, set a gas engine, make a steam one, cook a meal, wash the windows to a shine, born a baby, nurse the sick, calkilate the crops, rear the finest hogs, cattle and sheep in our county, train hosses and men, do blacksmithin' and draw my check any time of the year for ten thousand dollars. I really ain't peculiar a bit.

Men and women of means who have 'cum wise are slow in marryin' now-a-days because they hesitate about buyin' a boss. To my mind there is just one way for these penniless mates to make good, and thet is by bein' durned convenient and pleasin' to have around.

Talkin' and preachin' is all rite for them as gets a salery for doin' it, but if I was goin' about improvin' the race I should go at it in the same way as with kattle, plums and spuds.

If Harry Thaw hadn't ben so spunky he and Evelyn might be ridin' around in a automobile and invitin' Stanford White in to Sunday dinners as the best friend of the family. What fools some folks is!

## The Pinkerton Labor Spy

This remarkable book by Morris Friedman, for three years stenographer for James McParland, superintendent of Pinkerton's Western Division, in charge of the Moyer-Haywood case, will be given free, postpaid, with one year's subscription to To-Morrow.



# Cogitations of A Miscreant

By Sercombe Himself

Perhaps it is because I am disreputable that I am unable to discriminate or judge between the kinds of theft that are according to law and the kinds that are not, the kinds of prostitution that are legal and the kinds that are not, the kinds of crime that are classed respectable and those that are not. I must confess that these things look the same to me entirely independent of law or custom, which leads to the conclusion that a miscreant is one whose mind has not been trained to see things like the majority. Hi oh! I must hold down my vagabond tendencies for here I am implying that Christ, Galileo and John Brown were miscreants, enough to make an outcast of a saint.

But have not the real saints always been outcasts? Is it not quite true that a reputation can only be maintained by a consistent pose amounting to studied hypocrisy? Must I admit then that I am ushered into the world without my consent, in the midst of a system that forces hypocrisy upon me as the arbiter and basis of my life and thought? Am I actually grazing among common cattle of such caliber that they give the rewards and homage to those who most consistently pretend? The Exquisite Society Dame, the Sister of Charity, the polished millionaire, are these not real? Knowing that I am an outcast, that I represent the residuum of "refined society"; realizing that my duty is to prostrate myself with deference and respect before the authorities and system that condemn me, what is it that rises to my heart like resentment, that steepens my soul with doubt, that strengthens my arm as with a bludgeon, not with desire to crush the good but as if to strike down lurking devils who seem peeping out from the intricate network of the conventional social structure? I am ostracised from the sacred circles that once enjoyed my wit and hospitality all because I acceded to the solicitous blandishments of a lady whose ownership I afterwards learned was vested in another. He had an automobile and a "drag," and though well known as an "irresistible," for "self-preservation" reasons I was given the chilly social mit.

I had every reason to believe that she owned herself. She stood five feet seven, wore a straight front, drank twice to my once, carried a checkbook, paid all the bills and during the brief three weeks of our Elysian bliss called me up more than fifty times over the phone and made all the appointments. Society classes her as a wronged woman and I am "bumped."

"Sacred Circles," did I say? Why! To me, a miscreant, it seems that the idle rich are but a marauders' band who, in imitation of former kings and lords fatten and debauch themselves on the toil of those whom they dazzle into docility by means of silken tiles and epaulettes, the former being placed on the heads of their Preachers and Judges, the latter giving the appearance of breadth to the contracted thorax of their soldiers.

Such a miscreant am I that to me "promoter" and "thief" are synonymous terms, it being quite immaterial from my view whether they steal according to law or not. The bandit and the bank president who advances a half million for a traction company to buy up a city council look alike to me, except that

the latter, being in the clique that make the laws and select the judges, runs no risk.

It being very doubtful whether Preachers know real right from real wrong anyway, and it being certain that people do not do right by being told it, I must regard all preaching as a waste of time, hence recommend the clergy to the chain gang if they can't be made to work any other way. I know that the jails do not catch the real thieves but only the clumsy pilferers who do not have the money to hire good lawyers. I know that the lawyers and the judges and our statesmen all know this the same as they know the extent to which abortion and adultery is practiced without punishment. Oh! I am a wise miscreant!

Everything in this age of commercialism has taken on a commercial hue, Matrimony, Politics, Prize Fights, Art, Philanthropy, Philosophy, Education, Justice—even Prostitution is carried on for money though without the usual accompaniment of hypocrisy, at least that is the way it all looks to a miscreant.



# Changing Ideals About Theft

"Thievin's no sin, lyin' isn't either, sometimes."

The following "ghost story" of Mamie Hunt Sims is an extract from her new book entitled "Negro Mysticism," soon to issue from the "To-Morrow" print shop.

\* \* \*

I do not think it presuming too much to claim that Uncle Jake's palliation of the negro's theft from the white folks is a state of mind that is "in the air" these days, and indicates both in literature and in real life, that humanity is making somewhat of a return to a sane conception of what the relation should be between him who has much and him who has nothing.

Ever since the king, with unparalleled effrontery, placed the crime of theft on a par with murder, and through the means of his faithful lackey, the priest, and his hireling, the judge, proceeded to punish and flay those who stole from the parasites who never toiled, property rights have become a sacred fetish, seas of blood have run to maintain them, millions have pined and died in prison to satisfy the mania of ownership; and to-day 270,000 paupers are languishing in jails in the United States, charged with stealing the property of the rich, though the rich steal for the property; and even most of the imprisoned paupers have been trained to believe that their punishment is just.

It is surely a healthful sign, whether it comes in the form of negro dialect, in philosophical discussion, or in the shape of the occasional leniency of some "sentimental" judge, to observe a diminution in the severity with which larceny is judged and punished. The fact that the police are no longer being upheld for firing bullets into the bodies of petty thieves, indicates that the separation is gradually widening between the crimes of theft and murder. It is a hopeful sign, for the state of brotherhood of man can hardly be contemplated as long as the defense of property may be justified even to the point of killing our fellows to do so.

Let us rather incline to the philosophy of Uncle Jake, that "when the rich white folks forgits to divide, dem dat hain't got nuthin' must help deyselves to what dey want."



**Mamie Hunt Sims.**

## THE GHOST WALKS.

BY MAMIE HUNT SIMS.

"Chillun," said Uncle Jake, "is I ever told you a ghost story?" "Well," said Helen, "you told us about your Marse Johnny's house-party and the ghost that came there." "Lord, Lord, I axes you does you endignify dat little nanydote wid de name of ghost story? Ef you does jest listen whiles I tells you dis one an' you will say you never is heerd tell of a ghost story.

"'Bout some several weeks ago I was riding along one night talking to Black Jack 'bout all his little cussed ways such as pick-ing chickens off de roost and other little things dat ain't zactly

sins and still white folks object to them. Jest den us mules give a jump, dey did, and started off in a lope,—us wuz so scared us didn'y know what to do and us looked around and dere settin' on a milk white horse was something er other dressed in shining white robes and wid a crown on its head. We rid faster and de ghost rid faster and us was skeered to death, pretty nigh, case us knowed us wuz pretty near de Bridges swamp and hit would be so damp that de spirits could do anything wid us dat dey wanted to. You know, Master Roy, how dark dat swamp was de night you wuz looking for Paragon, when us thought she was lost and us found out Black Jack rid her off." The little boy remembered it with a shudder and Uncle Jake continued: "Well, dat night wuz bright as day by de side of dis one, hit wuz so dark dat you could er scraped de darkness off wid a drwain knife er chopped hit off wid a foot ady. By de time us was skeered to death de ghost laid holt of us hosses and gentlemens, whilst me and Black Jack was trembling so us teeth wuz chatterin' (least ways Jack's wuz, and I had stuffed my handercher in my mouf to keep mine fum chatterin') dat ghost gin us er talk dat beat de beater. O Lord, I wish you chillun could have heerd what dat sperrit said. Ise heerd talks and talks in my times but da wuz de most expoundin' zamification I ever heerd." "What did the ghost say," asked Roy. "Did he scold Black Jack for stealing the yellow hen and the pig and the other things?" "Well," said Uncle Jake, "I kin sooner tell you what dat ghost didn't say. But, howsomever, it spounded de reason why hit ain't no harm for a nigger ter take a few things fum de white folks. Hit said dat white folks have so much dat de Lord expects um ter divide wid cullud folks what ain't got so much. Den I up and axed him did a few hens and a yearling er two and maybe a pig or two count, and he laughed one of dese here long screechy laughs and said, "Not in de least." Den I up and told him about de yellow hen and a few of de white folks' pigs Black Jack had 'ticed off and den I told him 'bout my stretchin' de truth a little ter get er little measly quart of whisky when I were as dry ez er chip. I asked him do them things count. Chillun, dat ghost laughed de most ungawdly laugh you ever heerd and said dat dem things warden't counted in Heaven and dat de lady angels don't ever mention it when dey has dey sewin' society. Den he went on to 'low dat dem things wuz all right, dat hit's expected dat dem dat has must give ter dem dat hain't and ef dey fergits ter divide den dem dat hain't must help deyselves ter what de want. But it 'lowed it saves trouble to slip round and get hit when hit's dark. And he pintedly said ef we knowed any rich white folks what wuz too stingy ter devide ef we would tell der names dat it would hant dere homes nightly."

"O, Uncle Jake," sobbed Helen, "did you tell him we were stingy?"

"No, Lord, I didn't; I told him you all were about the free heartedest chillun I ever is seed, and I just fotch my bucket erlong case I knowed Miss Helen were gwine ter give me some good vittels and Mr. Roy wuz gwine get me some two or three cigars for ter smoke."

# To-Morrow School of Clear Thinking

## ONE OF OUR THINKERS.

We shall take just pride in now and then printing extracts from Lessons in the To-Morrow School of Clear Thinking and to that end give below the questions and answers relating to Lesson I of our six-lesson course. While the following is one of the best set of answers we have received we have others that run so close to this that it is almost impossible to distinguish the difference. At no distant day a certificate of graduation from the To-morrow School will be considered a guarantee of the highest standard of mental efficiency.

Questions and Answers for Lesson No. 1 from To-Morrow School.

Wm. Symmes, Bryn Mawr, Wash.:

Q. No. 1. Why is punishment considered a cure for crime?

Ans. Maybe it is in imitation of the supposed God who punishes crime with Hell Fire.

Q. No. 2. Why has the number of adherents to any cause more power to change belief than argument or demonstration?

Ans. Because we count by the head and not by the capacity.

Q. No. 3. Why do most people have their minds made up before they hear the evidence?

Ans. Because their self-evident truth is of a poor quality.

Q. No. 4. What does life mean to you?

A. It means Action.

Q. No. 5. How would you, unaided, proceed to improve your thinking methods?

Ans. By utility, by system.

Q. No. 6. What are the higher faculties of mind?

Ans. The want to perfect your own part, self-sacrifice to truth.

Q. No. 7. What is the relationship between Philosophy and invention?

Ans. Necessity is the mother of invention; necessity is the mother of Philosophy. That would be twins.

Q. No. 8. Why do people not do right when told what is right?

Ans. Because the right has to be worked in to us; because the wrong has to be worked out of us; because sometimes we do not understand when told.

Q. No. 9. What is your understanding of the term "Impersonal Philosophy"?

Ans. It means to try and have a Philosophy in the world self, and national self, instead of the private self.

Q. No. 10. What relation has mental habits to physical habits?

A. A controlling influence.

Q. No. 11. What relation have individual habits to racial habits?

A. Individual habits tend to form the racial habits.

Q. No. 12. Explain Mental, Physical and Social Equilibrium?

A. They are all related, what affects one affects the other two. Equilibrium is progress in rational thought and action—and not mental science. Fakes such as we have at Bryn Mawr.

# The Rising Flood

By Donald Call.

A barber, bursting with his secret news,  
Yet fearing for his head, went to a field  
Long vacant; shouting in a reed-filled hollow,  
"King Midas hath ass-ears!" and presently  
The wind stirred all the reeds, and rustled forth  
Throughout the land "King Midas hath ass-ears!"  
So runs the tale.

From out the darkling realms  
Of king-pressed Europe came the strong-souled men  
Who might not whisper truth unto their own;  
But unto alien yet enfranchised peoples,  
The reeds that flourished by free-flowing streams,  
They shouted forth their messages of Love,  
And passed away. And by and by there swept  
Across the reed-strewn land a breeze, that breathed  
A murmur from each reed—a faint vibration  
Of some all-but-extinguished note within.  
And with the morn a whisper met the sun,  
A faint tumultuous whisper, many words,  
All mixed and jumbled in the morning air;  
And so it grew. At last swelled forth the cries  
Of those who lived and died aforetime, flung  
Afar upon the wind, until the sound  
Tokened a race that cried for betterment  
And liberty. The cry is stronger grown  
With each swift year—where will the echoes end?  
We reeds, that cry out in the sweep of wind,  
So vainly though it seem, yet let us cry  
Until our words, or those of them to come,  
Achieve the end desired.

## A POINTER ON CLEAR THINKING.

A correspondent writes to the To-Morrow School of Clear Thinking as follows: "You are not on Eternal Bottom. It will require only one more sense to complete our perfection; that one being the 'lost' sense of creation! With this regained, we may doubtless then see clearly how it came about that man has fooled himself."

This from a radical liberal of the thinking variety is a good sample of how far the egocentric point of view has driven its poison into the brain of man. Suffice to say, the idea of a "lost" sense of creation could only occur to a mind trained for generations in the school of dogmatic theology, spurred on by a belief in the Divine right of Kings and whetted into action by the Prophets of Delusion in all ages. The "losing" of the creative sense implies the fall of man and a once knowledge of the absolute which is folly. It also implies a belief that creeds, programs and formulæ are the means of the world's advancement, whereas they are simply manifestations of changing ideals that form a surface expression of the interaction of the life forces that act independently of what we may think about them. Those who remember before they speak, that all human progress has been directly in the teeth of unanimous wrong opinion will avoid falling into the error of the above advanced thinker.

# What They Say

Dear Sercombe:—

I have read a number of good magazines, but I think "To-Morrow" is far the best I have ever met with yet.

N. M. NERVYN, Lisbon, O.

Dear Comrades:—

"To-Morrow" is the best magazine of my list and I take quite a number of the swift ones.

W. SELMAN, Dayton, O.

Dear Sercombe:—

When I read "To-Morrow's" pages it soothes my being and influences me like the balmy breezes from a flowery meadow—it inspires me and sets my whole being in action.

Fraternally,

DAVID FRASER, Utica, N. Y.

Dear Comrades:—

I opened my copy of September "To-Morrow" just for a glance and it has kept me all afternoon. "To-Morrow" is not perfect, but ever seemingly more perfect. Your readers may well look forward to a monthly feast of reason.

Fraternally,

ALLIE LINDSAY, Lynch, S. C.

Dear Sercombe:—

Enclosed find money order for one year's. No home is complete without "To-Morrow," which is true to its motto: "For People Who Think." Looking forward with pleasure when "To-Morrow" will be my regular evening companion. I am fraternally yours,

J. R. CASSINGHAM.

Dear Comrade:—

"To-Morrow" Magazine is the greatest medium of exact thinking in my judgment before the American public. The more it contains from Sercombe himself the nearer it reaches perfection.

WILLARD CARVER,

President Carver-Denny Chiropractic College,  
Oklahoma City.

Dear Sercombe:—

After reading "To-Morrow" I find it to be the greatest brain food and mental invigorator that I have ever read. So here's my year's treatment.

REV. F. BOROUGH.

Dear Sercombe:—

Your paper has been the means of bringing about the meeting of six or seven strangers who are interested along your lines. You would be surprised to know the power you exert over the thoughts of people, whom I doubt you ever come in contact with, other than through "To-Morrow." Your work must go on.

Fraternally,

W. FRED KEELER.

Dear Comrade:—

Enclosed find two dimes for two copies of "God's Principal Jokes." It is one of the best things I have ever read. You are surely original, philosophical and a bit of a humorist.

E. T. ERICSON.

Dear Comrades:—

Herewith find my card and add my name to the Directory of Undesirable Citizens by all means. Fraternally,

VERE V. HUNT, LL. D., M. D.

# A Biological Study of Sex

BY GIDEON DIETRICH.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF SEX LOVE.

The passing theory, about the elementary nature of sex, did not admit such a phenomenon as the histological development of sex love; but assumed that sex and sex attraction was an elementary creative principle of life.

In the beginning male and female were created to replenish the Earth and reproduce themselves,—to reproduce their kind, was the anthropomorphic command. In our speculative philosophies, ethical and religious codes there is as much, if not more, emphasis placed upon species maintenance as upon the individual life and ego struggle for existence.

The genus Homo has developed such an exalted super-cosmic opinion of itself, that the only way in which it could maintain its spiritualistic pedestal was to declare the species an unalterable product of a creative power with man placed far above all other "brutish" creatures. Universal Kinship is difficult to comprehend where the ego has bloated itself up to such an abnormal height.

Empirical facts which can be seen, tested and demonstrated, are doing a wonderful amount of work in destroying the premise of some of the old theories.

The ontogenetic facts of embryology, about which there can be no shadow of doubt in any rational mind, has supplied us with the "missing-link" which binds all living units into one common bond of relationship.

The empirical facts of fertilization have demonstrated in just as clear a manner that the old theory about the elementary reproductive nature of sex was based upon an erroneous conception of the entire process of propagation; and that sex attraction and psychic sex love have been developed out of different complex life forces and life expressions, and are therefore not of an elementary nature. The facts of artificial fertilization do not imply a speculative theory about the nature of matter or force or the electron or the ultimate cause, but they merely demonstrate that in the process of fertilization there are no other forces or principles involved than any other metabolic action or chemical action of a catalytic nature.

As already stated in the preceding chapters, the act of fertilization or fecundation is caused by the catalytic effort of one form of substance acting upon another form, and thereby reviving or rejuvenating a bio-chemical process, but not creating such a process or reproducing a new life. The action is life saving, beneficial and satisfying to the ego; therefore the impulse thereto must be purely an ego impulse to gain (regain) an equilibrium of its metabolic life process.

The multicellular animal histons express this impulse through their kinectic activity, gambols and playful associations. This playful impulse is fundamental and universal among all animals

Note:—It has been suggested that this series of articles by Gideon Dietrich be printed in pamphlet form. In order to obtain the consensus of opinion of our readers on this subject, we ask that all those interested communicate with us at once, and if the encouragement is sufficient, the pamphlet will be printed.—Editor.



from the lowest to the highest; and it is during such associations that both the hyston and the individual learn through their experiences that a contact association of two oppositely developed metabolic units has a catalytic fertilizing effect upon their lives.

The accumulated hereditary knowledge will, of course, greatly increase the impulse toward such association within the individuals of the higher species, yet each individual must pass through the experimental stages of a beginner toward the higher knowledge of such association, just like the historical species have passed through these same stages. In other words, that complex phenomenon we call psychic sex love must develop within species as well as the individual from the kindergarten stage to that of the master, and is not an impulse "planted within us from the beginning."

Among the lower aquatic animals there is no distinct expression of sex-love between any two multicellular units. At the approach of a mature growing crisis, there is an increased metabolic activity to be seen, more or less playful associations, and then the ripe germ units are allowed to escape into the surrounding medium. Only as we reach some of the higher aquatic forms has the experimental knowledge of the species been sufficient to cause a distinct hereditary impulse toward a closer contact association.

In some species of fish we can see the male and female swimming playfully up the stream into shallow water. And during such association an effort is made by both to press the orifices of the germ ducts together, as the greatest metabolic activity and fertilization takes place at those points.

Such a simple association is practically the first distinct stage in the higher development of sex love.

As the hyston gains in the knowledge that the closer contact association is highly beneficial to its metabolic life, the impulse thereto becomes stronger; and with every advanced stage the individuals as well as the phylo-branches become more and more dependent upon its proper expression and fertilizing influence in their struggle for existence.

The rejuvenating beneficial effect gained by the contact also induces the two units to prolong the association until there is a certain degree of complete fertilization reached. The time required to obtain such a satisfying degree of fertilization appears to vary with the advance of phylo-organization.

Among the higher aquatic animals the whole impulse is expressed in metabolic play and very simple short contacts. Among annileids and most insects, after a period of preliminary sex play, a complete contact is formed which is prolonged for twenty, thirty or more minutes.

This prolongation and completeness of fertilization is, however, dependent upon the anatomical structure which the species has acquired, as the conditions to prolongation require that there be no muscular straining in any part of the body. Where the anatomical structure of the species is such as to require great muscular tension to form the complete contact, this tension will produce a muscular crisis, followed by relaxation and a necessary separation.

In the common bi-sexual earth worm a complete contact of bodies and germ ducts is formed, as the two lie side by side with-

out any straining of the body muscles, so that there is no crisis, muscular or otherwise, but the two only separate when there is a realization of a complete fertilization in both.

This form can be considered the primary form of a fertilizing contact association, as well as the most perfect and ideal.

In birds and most reptiles the acquired anatomy is such that the ventral surface must be placed over the dorsal, necessitating a downward and upward turning movement of the bodies. This requires a severe muscular strain and thus produces a crisis and the necessary relaxation. In such cases the brief contact is repeated at varying intervals until a certain degree of fertilization is obtained.

Among quadrupeds the ventral surface must also be placed over the dorsal, necessitating more or less muscular tension with the accompanying crisis and relaxation; and in addition, the katabolic germ duct is drawn out for a considerable distance beyond the body surface in order to make a complete contact.

Fertilization being a life saving and rejuvenating process, it is evident that those species whose anatomical structure will permit the fullest prolonged contact association and thereby allowing the individual units to obtain the highest degree of fertilization, will obtain the greatest advantage in the evolutionary struggle for supremacy. A catalytic fertilizing effect is obtained through contact, but especially through contact of the most sensitive ventral surfaces of the body as well as the erotic germ ducts.

Only in the order of primates are the proper anatomical conditions obtained for such an association and for the highest development of psychic sex love.

The mode of life and erect posture found in this order causes such a modification of the pelvic parts of the vertebrate structure, so that the posterior limbs can be brought into a vertical line with the body, thus permitting a complete contact to be made of the sensitive ventral surfaces as well as a complete contact of the germ ducts without any severe muscular tension with its resulting crisis and relaxation.

The phylo-branch *Homo*, developed out of the order of primates, has gained the greatest specie-benefits through its anatomical advantage in forming the more perfect contact association and thereby obtaining the highest degree of a plastic fertilized life. Or rather we should say, that it was this mighty complex force called sex love, which expresses itself in different degrees in different species of animals, found its most advantageous form of expression through the special anatomy of the branch *Homo* on the great Life Tree, and was therefore the most vital factor in driving this species so far, far in advance of all other animal branches.

Biologically as well as historically considered, there can be no doubt that it was this power of continually gaining the highest degree of a rejuvenated fertilized life which was the most fundamental force in developing the human branch up to its present stage; and reasoning from analogy, we are certainly justified in predicting that it will be this same force of sex love, properly expressed, which will lift this same branch far above any ideal which we could possibly imagine at this time.

All through the pages of history we see where the ancient world had bright glimpses of the mighty rejuvenating and moulding power contained in a proper fertilizing association; and whenever this fertilizing impulse was allowed a normal expression

without any artificial interference of priestcraft it tended to lift that race or tribe far above all the rest. The ancient Greeks are the most convincing illustration of this fact.

Just now some races, and especially some of the so-called civilized races, are passing through a period of reaction and repression, but even out of such periods the racial knowledge gained must ultimately act for the good of all. We can just see the clear rays of a powerful light breaking over the whole world on this subject; and we have only to state the case fairly and every intelligent mind instantly sees that the policy of ignorance and repression has been carried too far. From all quarters the cry is going up for more light on the sex question.

Happily, science has come to our rescue to silence all speculative theorists on this subject and given us exact knowledge of just what factors are involved in sex. We know now that sex itself is only expressions of the nutritive metabolic life principles, and that fertilization out of which sex love has developed is only a life-saving, rejuvenating process. The development of extreme maleness and femaleness tends to carry the living process away from an equalized plastic center; and thus the primary impulse of sex love is only an impulse of the ego to regain this center and maintain a higher degree of a fertilized moulding life process. Where this fertilizing force has become an important factor in the evolution and development of any species, as it has in the higher animals and especially the human race, its continued proper expression is certainly of the greatest importance if any further progress is to be made.

While the molding plastic influence of sex love was an important factor in evolving the higher organism, yet its improper expression becomes just as potent in destroying that organism. A reviving, healing, rejuvenating, equalizing force like the fertilizing process can not be lightly brushed aside and forced into artificial channels without exacting a terrible price from the violator.

The artificial viciousness, criminality and insanity is the reward which the civilized races are reaping for their unnatural sex ethics and perverted sex love. When the racial consciousness once becomes thoroughly impressed with this scientific fact that sex love is purely a plastic rejuvenating life-saving impulse, then there will be such a revulsion against our present sex ethics that they will be swept from the face of the earth and we will return and live in closer harmony with nature's sex laws, enabling us to develop the very highest ideal type of human beings.

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### THE SUICIDES.

By David Diamondstein.

Out of the river of endless pain,  
 Out of the channels of human wrath;  
 Poverty, promenading with Death,  
 Sings her mournful, doleful refrain.  
 "Come with me, oh weary, sad souls,  
 Come away, from life's seething mass;  
 I will teach ye, how Death to caress,  
 In death are your only goals."  
 And numberless multitudes stagger along,  
 Follow her beckoning unto that sphere;  
 Casting aside of them, all doubt and fear,  
 They follow the strains of her song . . . . .

# To-Morrow's Man

BY WALTER V. HOLLOWAY.

Shut in the squalid factory room,  
Dusk in the murky light,  
Are children groping in the gloom  
From early morn till night;  
Like phantoms dumb they go and come  
Forever on their way,  
Treading the ceaseless mills of toil,  
All day, all day, all day.

A woman stands there by her loom,  
With tearless, leaden eyes,  
And in her heavy, aching womb  
Her quick'ning infant lies;  
All day she stands with flying hands  
Feeding the grim machine,  
And broods with sad, foreboding heart  
Upon the dismal scene.

The mother-soul leaps down the years,  
Along the death-strewn path  
Her child must tread, and shrinking fears  
Are turned to raging wrath;  
A rising flood of burning blood  
Sweeps through her swelling veins,  
And every pulse-beat bids her child  
Rebel, and burst his chains.

And from his mother's blood, distilled  
By nature's alchemy,  
A cup of bitter hate is filled  
And drained unceasingly;  
The dawning soul sees Fate unroll  
His seeming destiny,  
And in his wrath-nursed consciousness  
He swears it shall not be.

Gaunt spectres whisper in his ears  
Old tales of bitterness—  
Ancestral wrongs of countless years,  
Unbroken wretchedness,  
The cutting pangs of hunger's fangs,  
The shame of lash and chain—  
They beg him to avenge their wrongs,  
And beg him not in vain.

Ye human wolves that would devour  
Your kind, e'en in the womb,  
Time strikes the black, impending hour  
When you must meet your doom;  
Then say to your soul, be pure, be true,  
And live in the light of the day;  
The thoughts that come in the silence calm,  
That enter the heart while we pray.

Beware! beware! to-morrow morn—  
Dread dawn of Destiny—  
This child in Labor's travail born  
Will come to set her free;  
And thrones of gold, like thrones of old,  
Shall crumble 'neath his heel,  
And kings about their soft, white throats  
His knotted hands shall feel.

# A Historical Perspective

BY CHARLES LOUIS BREWER.



Man's inhumanity to man, which makes all men and angels weep, is a part of the primordial struggle for existence inherited from jungle and fen and the slimy shallows of Silurian seas. All the selfish and egotistical passions and impulses were established and ingrained by the sweep of evolutionary aeons long before the Altruistic Aurora began to glow in the unfolding heart of Anthro-poid intelligence; and when the simmering simian brain developed the size and form and style of convolution essential to self-consciousness and coherent cumulative cogitation its sphere was limited by the hereditary Ego-centric conception of the universe. One of the first distinctive

**C. L. Brewer.** characteristics of the distinctively human animal was his peculiar proclivity for classifying his fellow creatures together with those of other species as a part of the environment awaiting his conquest and exploitation. And he did not do this because he was more brutal than the brute and more relentless than the serpent, but simply because he was more intelligent—more capable of seeing and using a larger variety of means for attaining the common end desired by all—personal comfort and advantage. As the ages rose from out the ocean of Eternity, made their bloody trail across the continent of Time, and slipped out into Eternity again, this Ego-centric conception of Life was slowly modified by the Homo-centric Ideal—the dawn-vision of the Group began to do battle with the established fact of the Individual, and human history is the record of the savage struggle for supremacy between these two great principles, as they appeared to the crude conceptive faculties of the Mortal Mind. The irrepressible conflict between King and Peasant, Master and Slave, Employer and Employe, Capitalist and Laborer, is just one shifting phase of this aeonian warfare. The Pinkerton Spy and the Walking Delegate, the trained militia and the armed mob, are merely stage effects, incidental to the production of the current Evolutionary Panorama.

Throughout the whole length of our historical perspective the classes and the masses have been lined up against each other, and organized for attack and defense. The Roman Senate was a Millionaire's Club; the Citizens of the Greek States were Land-owners, Manufacturers and Merchants, who organized for business purposes, and played at politics and religion on the side—the original Citizen's Alliance. The Egyptian Pharaohs were Trust Magnates, a little more highly developed than our own Morgan and Rockefeller; and the old Patriarchs were individual property owners and slave masters, who flourished before the elemental development of the Trust Idea. Unfortunately the other side of the story has not been told so well—the record be-

ing in the hands of the enemy—but we know from hints and fragments here and there that the slaves and serfs and wage workers were always moving along trade union and class union lines. The powerful Trade Guilds, so prominent in Europe in the Middle Ages, were the historical successors of the greater but more secret Associations of the Roman Slaves. Some of the mysterious and almost forgotten religious and philosophical cults of Greece were really secret societies of slaves and serfs, who veiled their treasonable confederacies under such respectable cloaks and made the temples of their gods the centers of revolutionary propaganda. But long before the Greek Mythology was evolved and its cosmopolitan heroes performed their wondrous stunts the shifting sand of the surrounding desert had congested wealth and population along the banks of the Nile, and forced industrial development to an early climax; and consequently the first great Proletarian Movement of which we have any definite account was the significantly successful revolt and migration of the Egyptian slaves and peasants, commonly termed Hebrews. And their peerless organizer and leader, Moses—the man who made his name a beacon-star of hope to the oppressed of every land and age—was the original Undesirable Citizen—the enshrined historical prototype of all the Agitators and Walking Delegates who from that day to this have lived and died that we might live also.

It is very natural, in view of the universal tendency of the Guile Masters to appropriate and exploit, that the real character and significance of this Bible story should be concealed and overlooked for ages by skillfully eliminative misinterpretation. Even yet it requires careful investigation and clear thinking to realize that the Hebrews were not so much a race as a class, bound together by economic and social conditions and a widespread and more or less secret revolutionary organization, and that the bitter hostility of the Capitalistic Government was directed against this organization because it was inimical to the existing order. But when we gain this point of view it is easy to understand that Moses made himself obnoxious to the ruling classes by espousing the cause of the ruled masses, prudently left the country to avoid the crown of martyrdom, and when the time to strike successfully had come returned to organize victory by his splendid ability as a leader and manager of men. This scientific explanation illuminates the whole movement from the Nile to the Jordan, without at all discrediting the theological phenomena commonly ascribed to the campaign. Indeed, the economic condition supports the theory of spiritual activity with the best of reason why it should be true, and makes us feel that if God wasn't an active partner in the business he ought to have been.

But whatever we may think of this, the genius and fame of the first great Proletarian leader as an organizer and general is overshadowed by his phenomenal record as a legislator, without which his other work could only have been, at best, a barren victory. The nation he established was a crude but significant prototype of the Social Commonwealth, and every feature of its industrial and social life flavored or dominated by socialistic and communistic ideals. It is still proverbial that the slave risen to power is the hardest of masters; but here, in the dawn of history, with nothing that we would dignify by the name of religion, science, philosophy or jurisprudence to guide and help,

a new-born nation of self-emancipated slaves wrote into their organic law such provisions for the protection of their own slaves as had never before been heard of. A thousand years before Buddha and Confucius taught their gentle creeds and fifteen centuries ere Caesar's legions disturbed the clouted savages, tearing with teeth and claws the half roasted carcass of the slaughtered deer around their camp-fire in the primeval forest covering the space now occupied by the parks and squares of London, this military leader of a Proletarian insurrection sounded the first keynote of Universal Kinship and Fraternity by saying, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn"; and while all other governors were making eunuchs of men as a natural exercise of divine right, he prohibited such outrage even on the beast of the field. Fifteen hundred years before the Man of Nazareth appeared to fulfill what he began, and while the Greek peninsula was dotted over with the huts and hovels of the barbarian ancestors of Plato and Aristotle, he made the injunction to love your neighbor as yourself a part of the fundamental law, to be taught at every fireside and inscribed on every doorpost. And surely it is both appropriate and significant that in our day the Jewish philosopher, Karl Marx, should have given us the Bible and text-book of modern Socialism, for in so doing he was only bringing down to date and rewriting in the light of modern knowledge the principles on which the great law-giver of his race established the first Social Democracy in the history of the world. The Schools of the Prophets, established throughout the land by Samuel, were centers of industrial communism, and the thunder-toned prophets who make the last half of the Old Testament vital and significant were Undesirable Revolutionary Propagandists proclaiming the Socialistic Ideals of an earlier day. As long as the nation lasted every Rabbi had a trade, earned his living with his hands, and would have been hissed out of the society of the Scribes and Pharisees if he had stooped so low as to receive pay for teaching and preaching. And at last, in the time of Jesus, the Essene Society, composed of the best element of a degenerating race, was one of the greatest and noblest examples of Communal Brotherhood that we have any record of.

But it seems as if the spirit of Proletarian Revolt exhausted itself in this great initial effort, and for a thousand years afterward there was nothing doing along that line, so far as history informs us, although in the middle of that servile period Hæsioid enlisted the Muse in the service of the disinherited, and immortalized himself as the first Poet of the People. But in the fifth century B. C., 20,000 slaves in the Athenian silver mines rekindled the fires of insurrection, joined the army of Sparta, and turned the fortune of war against their masters. The idea was contagious, and while that war was still in progress, a general strike and slaughter was planned by the slaves in Rome; but they bungled the job, and although the slaughter took place they furnished the corpses themselves. In the following century the slaves on the Greek Island of Chian struck, seized the armories and the hills, elected a king, and by skillful diplomacy won their permanent independence.

For nearly two hundred years after this, unnumbered millions of slaves lived and toiled, and died under load and heel and lash,

and history makes no mention of any blows they may have struck for Liberty; and then began the strenuous period of armed revolt—the 130 years of furious and almost continuous conflict between insurgent slaves and peasants and the Roman legions. The peasants of the province of Etruria started the movement by rising in the year 196 B. C., but were crushed in one battle. Eleven years later the peasants of Apulia tried the desperate game, only to be destroyed in a few months. A few years afterward the slaves in Pergamus rebelled and defeated the Romans in several battles before they were finally subdued.

In 149 B. C., the great slave and peasant rebellion under the brave and brilliant Visiathus began in Spain. For twenty years they were constantly victorious, and totally destroyed a number of powerful Roman armies; but in the end Roman gold brought dissension and treachery into the Proletarian camp, and the legions of the Plunderbund were victorious.

But before the Spanish Proletarians were pacified, the masters had another servile revolt on hand. The one spot distinguished above all others as the battle-ground of the Classes and the Masses is the island of Sicily, and there, in 143 B. C., the slaves sprang to arms, organized an army which at one time reached the number of 200,000 men, obtained possession of the greatest part of the island, and for ten years, under the splendid leadership and discipline of their general, Ermus, they defeated and sometimes totally annihilated every Roman army sent to subdue them. When they were finally conquered and mercilessly exterminated, the island was quiet for one generation; and then the toilers rose again, won the whole island for themselves, and crushingly defeated the Romans in six great battles. Then fortune again deserted them, and for two thousand years Sicily has been very good, from the standpoint of the Capitalists and Guile Masters. The only achievement of an island population at all comparable to this is that of the negroes in Hayti under leadership of the Black Napoleon, Toussaint D'Ouverture.

During the first quarter of the last century B. C., Italy was the battle-ground of the largest and best sustained Proletarian army the world has ever seen. For twenty-five years its number varied from 100,000 to 300,000 men, and they marched and counter-marched over the peninsula from the Alps to the mid-sea capes, totally destroyed eleven of the finest armies Rome ever equipped and sent to battle, and kept the Eternal City itself in fear of siege and capture. Their final ruin and annihilation, through internal dissension and jealousy, marked the close of the age of militant revolt, and the idea of Emancipation by means of the sword has even since been generally resigned as an iridescent dream.

The implacable hatred which decreed death in all its most horrible forms to the captured remnants of this defeated army did much to whet the Roman thirst for blood and agony, and develop it into the insane lust that drew a dozen generations of the most embruted populace that ever splotched the earth to spend their holidays in gloating over the unparalleled horrors of the Amphitheater. And another result was to increase the supply of, as well as the demand for blood for theatrical purposes. The slave population had been recruited largely from



the upper classes of the conquered nations. Princes, lords and other masters of men, trained to battle and accustomed to command, were sold in the market side by side with their own slaves, and learned an important line in the lesson of Brotherhood by fraternizing under the lash with those whom they had aforesaid held the lash over; and it was these men who raised the desperate armies of revolt and made them the most terrible foes the all-conquering legions ever met. And when army after army went out against them and never returned the masters of the world learned another lesson in the science of government, and sent all their noble and heroic captives to the slaughter pen instead of the slave market.

We have heard much in modern times about the "Conspiracy of Silence" maintained by Plutocratic organs of publicity; but nothing in that line can surpass the unionized unanimity with which the Roman writers ignored these greatest and most significant of the Roman wars. Only by diligent research can we discover that such and such armies were sent out under the command of certain noted generals, and were generally mentioned no more forever. And it is even more difficult to learn from scattered and inadvertent admissions, and a little judicious reading between the lines, that the mysterious enemy, who came from nowhere, and were never honored by a description or a name, were in fact their own despised slaves, infected with the idea that it was better to be undesirable citizens than desirable property.

This same conspiracy of silence, coupled with the instinct for benevolent appropriation and acquisitive assimilation, has also kept the meaning of the next great labor movement hidden from the wise and prudent. This movement takes us back again to the peculiar nation established by Proletarian revolt; and in order to understand the situation we have to suppose that the unions and confederacies and conspiracies among them kept the toilers of the then known world in touch with each other, modified the antagonisms of race and creed, and made them acquainted with the facts and lesson of the wars just referred to. The Wise Men who followed the star to Bethlehem must have been born about the time the remnants of the great Peninsula army were fed to the flames and lions; and three generations of enslaved humanity had pondered over what to do next when the world's greatest Undesirable Citizen stood forth to be despised and rejected of men.

In order to understand him at all, we must realize that Jesus was by birth and training a member of the working class. Joseph probably belonged to the Carpenter's Union, and the boy was familiar with the stories of the great labor wars of the preceding centuries, told in the light of the past history and present condition of the Jews. It is not necessary to antagonize any belief about the special source of either his being or his inspiration in order to show that his position and philosophy was the natural result of his environment and historical race-inheritance. To be, at that particular stage of Anthropological Unfoldment, an Essene Jew, of the Working Class, and endowed with sufficient intelligence, intuition and initiative to read the signs of the times and respond to the need of the hour, was to inevitably become an ideal Proletarian Leader—a broadly constructive

teacher—a cosmopolitan thinker in whose philosophy seemingly contradictory principles would be harmonized—a class-conscious worker for human solidarity—a Grand Man who would be at once an Individualist and a Socialist, an Anarchist and a Communist, and yet be at peace with himself and self-poised against every hostile influence.

It is only as we regard him in this light that we can grasp the significance of his message. It was because he was a worker, speaking on subjects of vital importance to the workers, that the common people—slaves, peasants and wage workers—heard him gladly. They had faith in him because he presented a new program after a long period of inaction and despair, which had followed a period of heroic effort and tragic defeat. He significantly pointed the lesson of that period when he said that they that take the sword perish by the sword. His gospel was new, not so much in its text as in its purpose. They had probably been told often enough to love their personal enemies in their own ranks, for the sake of the common cause against the common enemy; but it was a new idea to love that common enemy as a war measure, and conquer the oppressors by gracefully and freely serving them as friends and brothers. The old method of hatred and conflict had not only failed, but manifestly made matters worse, and the psychological reaction from a discredited program, coinciding with the development of Ethical Ideals, opened the way for such a change of front. It was a new phase of the old eternal conflict, and for 2,000 years this revolution-program of Revolution has been winning its way inch by inch against all other methods. The splendid audacity of the appeal from Mars to Eros—from the Brute Rampant to the Angel Embryonic in that age of universal strife and hatred marked out a new course for the evolution of the Logos, or Planetary Spirit.

When we get the right perspective it is still clear from the record that Jesus was first and last a Tribune of the people—a Proletarian Agitator. All his philosophy was about real life in this world. His Kingdom of God was the Social Commonwealth. By telling the people that it was within them, he meant that outward conditions, economic, social and political, were but the reflections of their inward state—the thought-life of their souls—and that the way to change them was to change their ideals of Life—to create from within a new Planetary Spirit, based on the thought of Brotherhood, that would wipe out all distinctions of class, caste and creed and make the Social Commonwealth appear as the spontaneous manifestation of the Spirit of the Hive. The Christian Commune in Jerusalem was the logical expression of this spirit, and while the early enthusiasm endured and the vital healing power remained the Church was a Socialistic Society, with an International program of Immediate Demands, and composed almost exclusively of slaves, peasants and wage workers. Even in the record we have it is significantly stated that for a long time not many who were wise and noble took part in the movement.

Naturally those who suffer most from wrong and oppression are the first and chief supporters of new conceptions of justice and freedom. A great and almost forgotten feature of the Reformation was the enthusiastic reception of Socialistic Ideals by the German peasants, who hoped and tried to make Industrial

Emancipation the keynote of the revolt from Rome. If that phase of the Reformation had been supported by the Intellectuals the Social Commonwealth might have followed the Feudal System, and the Capitalistic Integrium been cut out of the annals of Civilization; and when Luther rejected that practical part of his own movement, and employed all his power and prestige to defeat it, he destroyed his splendid chance of winning a place among the world's greatest saviors. In our own day it is significant that the Mormon church is triumphant and invincible because of its Co-operative features and social solidarity—because of its crude but practical approximation toward the Ideal of the Ages—the Brotherhood of Man.

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### THE JUDGELESS LAWS.

By H. Bedford-Jones.

The firm, unwritten laws of the Gods, the Great, the Vast, the Infinite,  
That compel the forces of Nature, that make the world the world—  
What are these to the puny laws of Man,  
Written in wood and stone and paper, that would control the Universe;  
Man says, "This my law! It shall rule!" and the law seems good,  
But it is not. And presently the nature of men is stirred to hot revolt,  
The freedom of men is aroused, and they cry, "Away with your false laws!"  
Then struggle tops struggle, and defeat follows defeat, but the Gods triumph at last.

For these unseen, uncited laws of the Deathless Ones are of the Soul  
and of Things Material also;  
They are not of To-day nor of Yesterday, but they live for all times  
And unto all ages, inasmuch as they are in the nature of Man himself;  
Yet none knows whence they spring—they are Eternal!

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### THE COPRID BEETLE.

The dragon drinks at the fount of noon,  
The cicades sing in the tree;  
The night-moth sips at the flower-of-the-moon—  
But only a coprid-beetle am I  
And a coprid-beetle I'd be.

They plume and prate of a sun and star,  
And the work of a worm called Man;  
But the road to the realm is rough and far.  
There's work in the dark and dirt for me—  
I'll be what a beetle can.

My mother a coprid-beetle born—  
My sons will be no more.  
We work, nor worry—no work we scorn;  
There's peace in the crypt of the coprid cave—  
What more in the Ultimate Shore?

A coprid they carved me in ivory and gold,  
On a Pharaoh's neck I lay.  
They put us away in a cave of old,  
And I carry a text of the Book of the Dead  
As I roll my ball of clay.

—IVAN SWIFT.

(A criticism of the conservative.)

SOME REASONS FOR DOUBTING THE IMMORTALITY  
OF THE SOUL.

BY LOUISE DANA HARDING.

1. Because it would seem to the unprejudiced thinker that the idea of such an immortality, however common among men, no more proves the doctrine to be true than does the desire to cling to this life, even against circumstances the most adverse and unfortunate, demonstrate that men will never die. The different forms of life that walk or crawl about the earth, struggle with all the force that is within them to remain upon its surface; nevertheless at last it draws them, Buddha-like, within itself. Every human being *desires* sustenance enough, to ensure a well-developed life; and yet the pauper starves in London and in India every day. Men may wish, then, to live in another world; we have no ground to argue thence the future fulfillment of this wish.

2. The fact that wise men in the past have believed in this doctrine of the immortality of the soul, furnishes no argument whatever for its truth. Some of the wisest men have thought the sun revolved around the earth; others believed that witches rode at night on broomsticks through the sky. These men, powerful of intellect as they were, were subject to the limitations of their time. The human brain develops age by age, and the human eye takes in a little more of truth; so that we cannot ask the past about to-day.

3. The desire for personal immortality is by no means universal; the Buddhists, for example, have no conception of it; and the large and growing school of Rationists deny the doctrine most emphatically.

4. It is sometimes said that man must be immortal, since otherwise he would be the only discontented being in the universe. This is not true; strife, bitter and unceasing, is going on in nature everywhere; the insect preys on other insects and falls victim to the greedy bird; the sapling growing up between large trees, raises its branches to the sky in mute and vain appeal for light. A thousand dismal happenings are taking place amidst the morning landscape that delights our eye. The flytrap flings its sticky arms about the struggling insect who set off upon his daily jaunt with hopes to find a very different ladylove from this plant vampire now sucking all the blood out of his veins. The ant is performing surgical operations upon the tiny creature in its grasp, alas without the use of chloroform! The pelican is eating fish alive. A pleasant delusion, like our childhood trust in Santa Claus, to think that nature is all kindness and benevolence, but we who grow up have no right to dream. Whether or not the truth shall prove to be a welcome one, we have no alternative other than to look at life as honestly and closely as we can.

5. They tell us, too, it would be contrary to men's idea of justice (assumed to be given him from some exterior source), if weeds should choke out flowers and cruel and grasping men should drive their kindlier fellows to the wall, without hope of some redress in another life. The generous man looks with pity on the suffering in the world; his commiseration does not argue the abolition of wrong in some other world, but is an impulse that shall go out to check it *here*. As for the gods, if any such there be, how shall we assume that the lamentations of mankind may

concern them more than do the writhings of a worm upon the hook of the cruel fisherman? These matters are all relative, and I have no doubt at all but that the worm's life means as much to him as mine to me. Unless there be some Paradise for worms, there is injustice in the universe according to this line of reasoning; this tiny creature must be recompensed, or we can logically assume no future state of happiness for man. Suppose that there may be, perhaps, some higher power which uses man as recklessly upon the hook of fate as he may use this miserable worm? The existence of cruelty or thoughtlessness in man, may it not presuppose the same indifference in the higher fisherman? They say we should not know the love of God if it were not for the love that dwells in human hearts. Why shall we not think, *with equal logic*, of the hate of God? Or why shall we attribute either of these qualities to a god at all? It is a pleasant thing to think that justice sits enthroned on high; but those who look at nature cannot doubt that cruelty and greed and indifference to anything but the perpetuation of life at any cost, are always present in her midst. The old theological difficulty will not down; a good god presumes an evil one; the waters of the Tiber overflow and damage the surrounding fields *against the will of Jove*, so Horace says; and so we bid farewell to the idea of omnipotence. We cannot give the gods our attributes. The human army marches upward in the fierce war against the brute; little by little it goes on a conqueror; but the disabled lie too thickly piled along the road, their wounds are very ghastly and the conflict is too cruel. The gods have not miraculously intervened to mitigate the horror of the strife; it is man who wears the red cross on his arm and comes to bear the wounded to the hospital. Were it the god in man, the THEE in ME, why were he not in every man? These are all great mysteries, the religionist will say; but as he has arbitrarily assumed the premise that his god is "good" and heeds the sparrow's fall, he takes the ground that all that happens in the world is shaped in accordance with some benevolent decree. A pleasing thought, but the iconoclast is a great Gradgrind, and he asks for *facts*.

6. Metaphysicians sometimes say that if man is not possessed of an immortal soul, something is lost in creation, that is, an entity has gone, which, these thinkers argue, is contrary to the law of physics that no particle of matter can be lost. I cannot see that the deduction holds. A wonderful being is a man, but not more strange or much more complex after all, than is a tree. How beautiful that elm tree stands there in the light. It is all alive. You throw your arms about it in the spring and almost feel the sap run fast through its great heart. Something tells you it feels new life as well as you. Look into its branches and note how curiously the twig knows in which way it should grow. On this tree there are many leaves—no two alike—some dwarfed and illy formed because they had not light or space enough, and others of a perfect shape. They strove for an existence on the tree; they lay in silence in the soft light of the summer moon, they shivered in the sudden gusts of autumn rain; they had that wonderful, inexplicable thing called life. At last they fell to earth and were dissolved in it. Does the theosophist believe the energy, if we may call it so, which lay within this leaf, has floated off into the air, to return and reanimate another leaf, or is it there within the black earth at our feet,

whence shall come forth a fragrant flower, or a rough weed with spikes about his neck? "And I to-day, perhaps to-morrow you," said Omar very long ago.

And the tree itself—some day it will not stand any more upon that hill. Its great branches will not longer be outlined against the fiery background of the sky at setting of the sun, nor move responsive to the caressing touches of the summer wind. There were perfect lines in it that were not found in other trees; it spread its great arms generously to give us shade at noon; it whispered wonder tales to us at night; it followed us into our very childhood dreams. Now it has gone; think you that this same tree will ever come again?

A snowflake falls upon my arm in wintertime; it, too, has an entity, a form so beautiful and delicate that I shall hold my breath to look at it. Why marvel at the minute Chinese carving laid carefully upon the art museum shelf? Here is a bit of workmanship a hundred times more wonderful. Yet in a moment it has lost its shape; it runs away in a round globule of moisture on my hand. What then? It was not immortal as a snow crystal, but it lives as something else. The mind of man cannot conceive the moment when, in one form or another, this bit of matter never was; older it is than the earthen pottery buried in Nile sediment far down below the pyramids, or the great Sphinx that ponders silently upon the sands. And yet I never heard of one who thought a snowflake was a separate individuality, with an immortal soul.

It is not the province of the believer in monism (which is simply putting pantheism another way), to explain the whole meaning of the universe. To him, as to the old Persian tent-maker, it is a riddle we are never like to solve. But as far as honest thought and research can enlighten us, there is absolutely not a reason for a belief in the doctrine of a personal immortality. Nor do I hold such an expression of disbelief to be dogmatic beyond warrant; the Rationalist does not *affirm* that there is not another life, he simply says his reason does not show him one; and since he knows that 2 and 2 make 4 to-day, he holds it most unlikely that to-morrow they shall equal 10.

Mere *feeling*, the far from impregnable citadel to which supernaturalism has at last been forced to flee, is not to be relied upon; a man may feel that he is very ill when he has not a symptom of disease, or wounded when he is unharmed; a child in the darkness *sees* the trees stoop down to fall on him; the negro dies in spasms from the evil-eye; a nervous woman feels the presence of the burglar beneath her bed, although he is not there. Unreliable as human reasoning may sometimes prove to be, we cannot give it up for vagrant impulses like these, or for the imaginings of Greek or Hebrew priests. No one has ever known who drives the sun across the sky; the child fixes his eye in astonishment upon that moving ball of fire, and the old man looks at it with no less wonderment. Call it a law that sends it on its course, and you have given us nothing but a word; you might as well say Phoebus or Jehova and have done. But Haeckel knows that "law" means only *how*, not *what*.

# The Loafer

(A Soliloquy.)

Sidney Hildegard

As bears this river idly by a weedy aftermath,  
So crawls from town to town, forspent, my life's dishonored path.  
The Past, with ruthless hand, forbids the Future speak to me,  
The Present shrouds in ghastly garb unmeasured misery.  
As on this fog-wreathed bridge I lean, the yellowing eddies' strife  
Reflects to me the gruesome thread of my distorted life.  
My father, thief and gambler, slew before my baby eyes  
My harlot mother, list, e'en now I hear her drunken cries.  
Our fetid slum's en-syphillised, adulterate blood began  
In me a wandering, crouching corpse that ne'er could make a man,  
Nor could the image of a God my Alma Mater breed  
Where, on the campus of the courts, she lisps the gutter's creed.  
Trained with a slouching, sneak-thief crew, for whom the prisons  
yawn,

The cruel rods, the silent stone, in me their terror spawn.  
Spues such as I, a hopeless horde, the State each passing year  
Immeasurably worse than ere we pass those portals drear.  
How should I beg for work these bones were never built to bear,  
Nor mind had moral strength to keep, nor deadening gin forswear?  
Hating, I hated then the rich, who eat with sneering pride  
The blood and body of a race themselves have crucified;  
Who, for their line of lusty heirs, salvation seek and grace  
From drudgery, dreaded and despised, that bows the toiler's face;  
Whose souls hereafter Heaven waits with joys no tongue can tell,  
For me and mine fresh fields of fire, an ever-burning Hell;  
Unwilling sacrifice prepared for Moloch's frenzied feast  
On altar of environment, where dies both man and beast.  
We nought possess, so swift from us is taken all we are,  
'Tis thrown to him whose gaping vaults forever stand ajar.  
My race no place entailed for me, no purpose on the earth,  
The lethal stream beneath my feet might well revoke my birth;  
But I refuse: Though useless I, in body or in mind,  
I bear within my darkened heart the sufferings of my kind.  
My claim,—I'll suffer to the end, which cannot now be long,  
Re-birth I'll seek where God can smile on manhood brave and strong.  
In welcome suicide refused, a brighter birth I earn,  
While many born to noble name no scroll but passion learn.  
A costly choice the city gives, the poorhouse or the gaol,  
Asylum, or the pauper's grave, of one I cannot fail;  
Carve on my sod, ye heedless heel! (my soul ye can't offend),—  
"Far down within the Tragedy he suffered to the end."

## TO A MOTHER.

Stella Worden Smith.

I live,—and all life assumes new properties, new shapes. I see around me beauty where before was incongruity. I feel the strength of nations, where before was the weakness of individuals. Suddenly all nature glows with a new creation—Consciousness. Let man stand as nature—let him away from personalities, and simply feel the throbbing of live elements; then what? Sin has dissolved itself into forces; barriers have gone down; conditions, adjustments, evolution have taken the place of tyranny, and Law reigns supreme.

God is revealed. O Man! thou art Love!

It is so life is to me—and you, dearest Mother, have helped me to see it. Let us never know contentment with lesser ideals. Let us treasure as sacred above all else that which has given this ideal shape. All loves, all persons, all conditions, whether of high estate or low, that have keyed us to this high pitch, have sent forth such harmonies, we can never mistake. We live. There is no death, because life has burst its confines and revealed infinity. Our finite conditions have lost their terrors because seen in perspective—in true relations.

We need all larger emphasis, that we may carry it into the smaller facts of life. The facts are here, but they are dead, without this Ideal, which again is Love!

# Love's Ideal

BY E. E. BRAFFET.

This seems to be an age in which shams are rudely uncovered and ideals robbed of the glamor which is their setting. The X-rays of free-thought have made hypocrisy's cloak, hitherto drawn close and thick about her unsightly form, as a mere veil of mist within which the ghosts of past traditions and superstitions with their resultant inhumanities and inconceivable train of miseries, are seen to quake and dance the dance of death as they recede and shrink from the all-permeating rays of Reason's pure beacon light held aloft in the hand of Justice.

To tear away the shreds that hide from sight a cankerous growth—whether they be in themselves unsightly rags or of the fairest sheen—to scatter the clouds and fog of Bigotry's night and let every soul bask in the freedom and light of day; this has been and is being done by countless brave, self-sacrificing souls, content to do right for right's sake and willing that their acts pass before no higher tribunal than their own Higher Selves.

But to rob an Ideal of anything, false or true, is equally impossible. Ideals live in the higher realm where truth and love abide. If love is as the sun giving life and warmth to all that is; if Hope be a star beckoning us ever onward and upward—then it seems to me our Ideals are still above this star of hope, and that *the ideal is always true*.

Let us increase the light till every mist surrounding our ideals is cleared away; let us strive to perfect our visions that we may see them in their beauty and purity; let us apply the wisdom of other lives that we may not fix our eyes on a fleeing mirage; but let us not abandon, as we tread life's uncertain maze, wade through its mire of doubt, and are scorched by the hot breath of sin and injustice—let us not think the light that came to us with the flush of youth—that gave to life's morning some of its most roseate hues—was an hallucination or that it has ever for an instant been false.

Every heart cherishes many ideals. I would champion but one—the one to which all others owe subservience, and without which they would not be worth striving for—'tis Love's—aye, Life's Ideal.

In a woman's ideal of love—and I believe 'tis so with man's—is embodied all that is divine in her make-up; her purest thoughts, words and acts are rounds in the ladder leading to its realization. The girl who when learning life's mysteries has conceived of love as the purest, sweetest thing in life, needs no conventional code to protect her from the gross and soiled. Her kiss is to her more precious than rubies and if you knew to whom and under what circumstances such a girl's first kiss was given, you would have the master-key to her future life. The handsome debonair young fellow who has no conception of a woman's purity and sees no harm "in kissing a pretty girl," oft commits an act of far-reaching effects of which he would shudder could he see and had perception enough to appreciate.

A woman's ideal (though too few are able to hold it ever in view while they are surging through the whirlpools) admits of but one—even as she is but one; a complement to her higher self; her "king who can do no wrong." The longer she remains true to herself, the more deeply in love does she become with her ideal, and if she is so fortunate as to meet the man whose heart qualities



approximate those she longs to make her own, the skillful Alchemist is not long transforming the ideal to the real. Such a soul-blending is incorrectly called "love at sight"—the love has been gathering in strength for years—it merely recognizes its own.

No word of any language is so grossly insulted by common usage as the word "Love." So few of us have won the right to use it at all, and never is our conception of its meaning more crude than when we say "we loved once." No one who has loved to the height and depth of which his nature is capable can ever forget or say "I loved once." An emotion based on anything less than soul qualities should be given its true name, whether it be repulsive or no, but love such as I conceive of is unchanging—it is anchored in the depths of the lover's being and is in reality self-love (though all-expressed in unselfishness), inasmuch as it is love for those qualities called for to complete the higher self of the lover.

A true woman's ideal is not too high for any manly man to attain to if he but set for himself the same standard he sets for his ideal woman. He only needs to be true to the best that he knows when his best will better grow. As long as men hold a separate standard of morals for themselves and the women they respect, so long will they be doomed to disappointment—their claim is not founded on Justice. So long as women consent to marry or continue to live with men they do not respect and esteem in their hearts, so long will love's ideal be a farce because impossible of realization without the co-operation of both man and woman.

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### "CONTENTMENT."

By Joseph Rogers.

Ye call Content the surly fear,  
That inwardly denies, and outwardly complies;  
But ah! unseen the scorching tear  
The peasant drops where wounded Freedom lies.

A tear-stain'd cheek and smiling lips  
Both mark the face of the contented race:  
Their Rights are like a waiter's tips,  
Whose worth the moody masters meanly place.

Affecting love, they hug a snake  
That sucks the call of courage from the soul,  
So the actions of a royal rake,  
Berid of censure, may his whims condole.

They kiss the hands that rudely smite,  
The glorious claims that human effort aims  
To place about the brows of Right.  
A cowed man, the reign of Force maintains.

The wound that's cared by canker'd hand  
Will find relief where pain and palsied grief,  
A sleepless guard, o'er victims, stand.  
A faith, diseased, would kill a slave's belief.

Arouse, ye slaves! the mighty earth  
Itself elects, that humanity protects  
The fit, the good, of Titan birth.  
Untiringly it eliminates defects.

# More About Gnosticism

BY WILLIAM VERNON BACKUS.

Among the many good things in the September To-Morrow was a series of nine propositions put forth by James Armstrong under the heading "Gnosticism."

Perhaps I ought to explain that my idea of a "good thing" in a literary sense is anything which stimulates thought and leads to investigation!

I noticed with mingled feelings of envy and admiration that each and every one of the propositions began with the positive statement "I know, etc." After reading them over carefully, however, I reached a different conclusion from Brother Armstrong, insomuch as the positive "I know" part of his propositions forced me to the conclusion of the philosopher of the Josh Billings breed, who said: "It is better not to know so much than to know so many things that ain't so!"

Our positive friend says: "I know religion is not true the same as you know that I cannot see the back of my head." May I approach James on tiptoe and inquire whether he has ever visited a barber shop for a hair cut without being compelled by the professor of hirsute amputations to admire the back of his own head? A mirror front and back will do the business.

His second proposition is: "I know that God is a myth the same as you know that I cannot speak two words at once or fall into a river without getting wet." This is about as reasonable as to say: "I know there is no God because my grandfather has a carbuncle on the back of his neck." In the latter case it would be comprehensible why grandpa at least might insist that there is no God!

Mr. Armstrong knows thirdly that, "There is nothing in Christianity just as you know hygienically there is nothing in sawdust biscuits and mud pies."

Speaking of mud pies suggests that whether it is a hygienic condition to have sand, dry or wet, in one's craw, depends very largely upon whether one is a man or a chicken, without much reference to either philosophy or religion!

The fourth proposition is: "I know that Christ did not rise from the dead just as you know a clock cannot wind itself up, or the two hands run in opposite directions."

I have sent to the various clock manufacturing concerns which have for years been advertising "Self-winding Clocks" to send Mr. Armstrong their catalogues and price lists!

A very slight reference to the law of mechanics will disclose also that it is just as easy for the two hands of a clock to run in opposite directions as in the same direction, providing the clock is *fixed to run that way!*

The fifth proposition reads: "I know that agnosticism is foolish because if you ask an agnostic if his creed is true, to be consistent he must say that he does not know, again that he does not know that he does not know!"

Where did Brother Armstrong ever see an agnostic with a creed? The very word "agnosticism" means the absence of any creed.

The sixth proposition is: "I know that the doctrine of heaven and hell is a dream the same as you know that trees do not run foot races;" and it (the proposition) seems to work in either direction forward or backward with equal facility.

Heaven or hell is a condition of mind, much like a tree it is, in that it has its roots upon and in the earth and is nourished and kept alive by environment.

The seventh proposition settles (for friend James) once and for all the question about which humanity has been haggling, scolding, shrieking and shedding rivers of blood—lamb's blood, human blood, any old blood, just so it's blood—from the days of low-browed cave dwellers to the nights and wee sma' hours of our present bulging foreheaded high and mighty civilization. And now it is settled. And I fervently say "Thank God!" without an intentional disrespect for our friend's second proposition. But the trouble is that the proof offered only settles it for James. He says, "I know that the soul or spirit of man cannot exist apart from his body just as you know that a headache cannot exist apart from the head." Does a headache take on the shape and general characteristics of the head? Might not a "tummi-ache" simply be a headache which has gotten misplaced? Did'st never have your leg or arm "go to sleep" and "know" by every proof that sensory nerves could convey that you had lost that particular member? Did'st never hear of the acute pain sometimes suffered in a leg or an arm that had been amputated and wasn't there at all?

Can electricity exist apart from the electric battery or other generating source? Does magnetism exist apart from the magnet? I guess yes.

The eighth proposition: "I know that science is right and religion is wrong just as you know that money does not grow on trees and that houses are built and not born," also falls short of being convincing. Nowadays science is often offered as proof of some phases of religious teaching.

The science of any given subject is right by general consent, but it only stays right until more knowledge is gained; more facts dragged forth, then science changes, always it grows larger, even when it reverses to-day the teachings of yesterday, as it often does.

And again be it remembered that things that represent money—that can be turned into money—DO GROW on trees and also no house was ever built that was not first conceived in the mind and born in design mid the midwifery of saws, hammers and nails.

I quote: "Agnosticism as a matter of polite respect for the opinions of others is well enough, but as a matter of fact it is utterly worthless."

Agnosticism has nothing to do with politeness. It is no respecter of opinions, persons or things. It seeks only the "truth!" What is the "truth?" Well, that is another story that can be pecked at later on!

Agnosticism is the ever present, living, pulsating interrogation point—the keen-eyed engineer on the locomotive of evolution!

#### DIRECTORY OF UNDESIRABLE CITIZENS.

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# Martyrs To Capitalism

## A CHAPTER OF HISTORY.

BY THE IMAGE BREAKER.

In the time of chattel slavery in the South a negro slave had no rights that a white person was obliged to respect. If one took a front seat in church he was either ordered to a back seat or out of the house—just as the master class chose to direct. If anything was said in their favor by the more considerate and fair minded people, the reply would be, "Oh, they're nothing but niggers"; and that was sufficient to settle it. The rule carried good, no matter if the negro had provided the seat himself at any kind of public gathering—if a white man or woman wanted it the damned nigger was ordered to get out. But if there was any fixing up of seats, tables or stands, the negroes were called on to do it, and paid whatever the master wanted to pay, if that was nothing, for their services. Such treatment of the chattels was noticed and commented on by their friends in the North—little thinking, I suppose, that the same treatment would in a half century be given wage slaves in the North. But now notice the parallel in the treatment of Miss Hamm in the court house at Boise, Idaho. One of the *elect* wanted her seat and had no hesitancy in taking it, and when asked to give it up the retort was, "Oh, you're nothing but a Socialist, nohow." Just as much as to say, "You have no rights that 'desirable' people are bound to respect." And to reward her for her good hit on the "damned Socialist" she was given a conspicuous seat of honor up near the judge.

For the rough and unfair treatment of the "damned niggers" there was at least the difference of race and color, but in Miss Hamm's case there was no such difference—both parties being of the same race of people.

Such discrimination against the negroes of the South was called by James F. Morton, Jr., and his school of thought, "race prejudice," but in reality it is and always has been the prejudice engendered by the moneyed or ruling class here and elsewhere.

To illustrate—the "po' white trash" are no more respectable under wage slavery than were the "damned niggers" under chattel slavery.

Indeed, the prosperous negroes are very "desirable citizens" now, provided they vote the democratic ticket or stay away from the polls. It is also very significant that Judge Wood changed his ruling just before giving his charge to the jury. That charge seemed to indicate that he knew the law relative to circumstantial evidence, while only a few days before he held the opinion that the defendant must prove himself innocent of aiding and abetting the murder of Steuenberg, throwing the burden of proof on the defense instead of the prosecution, where it properly belonged. Thereby hangs a tale—the working people showed not only their hands but their teeth also in the Haywood trial, and the very desirable citizen judge saw it was policy to one time observe the law wherein capitalists were prosecutors and laborers defendants. Now, if the useful working class can force justice in one case they can in all. Besides, there is no use of trying Moyer and Pettibone, because they are no more guilty than Haywood, and the state can't now fix up any more perjured testimony—the time has passed. Why, then, submit to two

more long and expensive trials, when, under the circumstances, conviction is impossible. Besides, should Moyer and Pettibone be convicted they could not be hung without civil war. Another Chicago holocaust of labor leaders is not in order now—the wage slaves are waking up. It would only have been necessary for the execution of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone for Orchard to tell his memorized confession and have a few Pinkerton detectives corroborate it. Proof of their innocence would have availed nothing. What was proved against the labor leaders at Chicago? They were arraigned and tried for aiding and abetting murder. Every one proved himself innocent of the charge and some proved that they were not at the Haymarket meeting at all. But they were found guilty of anarchy—no such crime exists. *And they were hung with the vain hope that dishonest capital might continue to rob honest labor for all time to come.* The same program was mapped out for the officers of the W. F. M. at Boise, but they saw it wouldn't do to carry it out. Why will laboring people submit to this brutalizing influence of our capitalistic rule longer? Oh, why? The real, vital question is, Why will they longer be blinded to their interests by the whining, hypocritical, superstitious twaddle of preachers and the canting, sickening balderdash of pettifoggers and political nincompoops? All the abuse of one party owned and controlled by capitalists against another of the same ilk is only sham battles and for no purpose but keeping the workers forever gulled, blinded and robbed. Will they never see their own interests, contend for their own rights, and quit allowing a few cunning, designing men to enslave, rob and kill them and their friends at their own free will and pleasure?

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### THE PIANIST.

BY DAVID DIAMONDSTEIN.

To-day, I felt that I had lived,  
My mind was at its ease;  
I heard the sweetest melody  
Borne on the summer's breeze.

My heart was full of joyousness,  
O'erfilled with music sweet;  
I felt such sacred harmony,  
Which I can scarce repeat.

A child, and yet so talented,  
Such power in her touch;  
She thrilled me to such ecstasy  
I felt, I lived so much.

I lived, unconscious of myself,  
Unsoiled, by worldly slime;  
I wandered far from earthliness,  
Into a realm sublime.

Mysterious, was all I heard,  
So endless, pure and calm;  
It left a loving memory,  
That e'er my life will charm.

# Taxation of Church Property

HELEN M. LUCAS.

Editor of To-MORROW: In "Taxation of Church Property" in your April Magazine, the Ohio Constitution is represented as exempting church property. Allow me to give just what it does say on this subject: "\* \* \* burying grounds, public school houses used exclusively for public worship, institutions of purely public charity, public property used exclusively for any public purpose \* \* \* may, by general laws, be exempted from taxation; but all such laws shall be subject to alteration and repeal, and the value of all property so exempted shall from time to time be ascertained and published, as may be directed by law" (Art. 12, Sec. 2). "May be exempted," and "such laws shall be subject to alteration and repeal" make a better showing, and our case is not so bad, after all, for no constitutional amendment is necessary to make all church property taxable in this state. I am anxious to find how it is in other states.

In this small town of Marietta property consisting of empty lots, sectarian schools and the Y. M. C. A., with a valuation of \$112,272, which is much below its real worth, is untaxed. That which is legally exempt is given at \$142,540. By a decision in *Yirke vs. Purcell*, schools, colleges and universities are exempt as "institutions of purely public charity," though sectarian, and though charging for tuition. (The particular case decided was that of a Catholic parochial school). If an attempt should be made to put the Y. M. C. A. property on the tax duplicate the decision would probably be stretched to cover it, though it is a money-making concern, and only orthodox protestant Christians are allowed to be full members.

Annie Lillian Swett's account in the August To-MORROW of the decision exempting the property of the Amana, Iowa, Colony, should awaken people to the increasing evils resulting from the union of church and state. Another startling thing is found in an editorial in the *Army and Navy Register* of August 10. The sub-title of this journal is U. S. Military Gazette. The editorial begins: "Whether or not the average army chaplain justifies his retention in the service by the amount and character of work done is perhaps a dangerous subject to discuss." It goes on to give a summary of the work done by one army chaplain, and in the last sentence mentions the fact that "he is a member of the established church." This is the second time that I have seen the admission that we have an established church. In the first instance the Episcopal was the church referred to, and it seems to be the one meant in the editorial. Really, we have an establishment of many churches, which is just as pernicious as a state church of one sect.

How many readers of To-MORROW are there who do not think the union of church and state politic or just? How many of these realize that encroachments on religious liberty are made by powerful organizations, and that these encroachments must be opposed by individual efforts? Is it not time for each one to consider what kind of work he can make most effective?

# Department of Natural Living

Conducted By R. A. Holman

## Rational Health Ideals

BY LOUIS DUCHEZ.

Good health is the first requisite of a rational life. The time will doubtless come when it will not only be considered a crime to be an anemic, but the teacher of morals and ethics, as well as the instructor of physical culture, will have to demonstrate from a physical standpoint that he is qualified to point out the proper way to live.

Imagine the ridiculousness of reformers and educators instructing a future race about what it should or should not do, when they themselves, their physical makeup, throw out impressions that more than counteract anything they may say. This is a very noticeable fact among college professors and preachers to-day.

Science indicates that a new race of people is destined to be born into the world. In times past those that have perpetuated the species were the illiterate and poor, not by consent but by hard compulsion. The man with the hoe has been the builder of empires against his will. He did not have "the upward looking and the light" because he was kept too busy looking down. No "breath blew out the light within his brain," because it never was there. He may have been "stolid and stunned and a brother to the ox," but who is qualified to say the pressure he endured was wrong, when it is realized that this is the type that has transmitted all the vigorous qualities that are manifested in the race to-day.

Yes, to-morrow will bring us a nobler species. When man learns, with the data that investigation and experimentation gives, to combine with the vigorous qualities that perpetuated the race so far, mixing the intellectual learning that has come to us, "the problems of the world" will cease to be such. All that is necessary is to know that the same law that forms a toe nail is in operation in the making of planets, that there is only one order of Truth in the universe and that all knowledge tends toward a unity of conclusion.

The foundation upon which this new race shall stand will, without doubt, depend upon the physical hardihood of the species. The work of Bernarr Mcfadden, Eugene Christian and others, who are not only telling the people a better way to take care of themselves, but are actually turning out through plain diet and exercise a new type of humanity, is something that few realize. These men who see ahead and work in harmony with universal law are more than heralds of the New Democracy—they are bringing it to us.

# What Causes Disease

BY CHARLES A. TYRRELL, M. D.

First, let us consider what disease is. Study the etymology of the word, dis-ease. It is the antithesis of health. It is an impairment of the functional activities of the body. One is either sick or well, although the sickness may vary in degree. As a matter of fact, there is only one disease, although it may manifest itself in various ways, usually selecting the weakest part of the organism for its expression. This statement, I know, is contrary to the general belief, most people imagining that there is a distinct and specific cause for every form of ailment; and medical men generally do not attempt to controvert that opinion.

But what causes disease? I reply, even as there is only one disease, so there is only one cause, the presence in the body of foreign substances, usually the waste products of the body itself. There are numerous contributing causes, or as they are termed by physicians, exciting causes: but there is only one fundamental cause, the retention of waste matter in the system. It may be accepted as a scientific fact that a perfectly clean body, that is, clean internally as well as externally, must of necessity be a healthy body. This fact, the truth of which is being demonstrated daily in unnumbered cases, shows conclusively how little cleanliness (in the true acceptation of the term) is appreciated by humanity at large; witness the alarming prevalence of physical ailments.

The presence of foreign substances in the body is resented by Nature, and waste matter is, in effect, a foreign substance. The matter may be in gaseous, liquid or solid form; but it is nevertheless a foreign substance, its presence is dangerous to the organism and must result in derangement of function. If the presence of a grain of sand in a watch will retard its movements, if not stop them altogether, what must be the result of an accumulation of waste matter in the human system? Think for a moment of the amount of friction that must be perpetually present in the human organism from this cause! And remember, the human body is more delicately constructed than the most cunning example of human mechanism.

Nature has provided three avenues by which the waste products of the body may be expelled, the bowels, the skin and the lungs, but the bulk of the work devolves upon the bowels. There are three factors at work in the process, mechanical, gaseous and absorptive, the last named being infinitely the most pernicious. Let us first consider the mechanical. Nature has beautifully apportioned the space in the abdominal cavity, each viscus having ample room for the performance of its special function; but any abnormal increase in size of any part of the contents of the cavity must necessarily create disturbance. It is impossible to estimate the amount of evil caused by an engorged intestine monopolizing two or three times its allotted space in the abdominal cavity, crowding and hampering the other organs in their work.

But the effects produced by direct mechanical pressure are not the only ones. The accumulations in the colon necessarily arrest the free passage of the product of the small intestine, and that in turn causes undue retention of food in the stomach and consequent fermentation; while the irritation, due to pressure on the



nerve terminals by the distention and by the encrusted matter adhering to the intestinal walls, is simply incalculable. Have we not here the direct and palpable causes of all digestive disturbances?

Undigested organic matter subjected for hours to a temperature equal to that of the stomach and intestines, actively ferments, the result being that distressing flatulent condition, the bane of so many suffering mortals. The effects of these gaseous accumulations in the alimentary canal are not thoroughly understood at present, that is, the pathological effects. The more direct effects as manifested in abdominal distention and the terrible distress that frequently follows eating are, unfortunately, too well known. What functional disturbances may arise from the presence of these gaseous substances, present in excess, in the system, is at present largely a matter of conjecture; but it is known that a stream of carbonic acid gas, or hydrogen gas directed against a muscle, will cause paralysis of that structure. The expansive force of gases is too well known to need comment, and leads irresistibly to the conclusion that such a force exerted against vital organs must be productive of serious harm. It is not at all improbable that many causes of hernia and uterine displacement may be due to this hitherto unsuspected cause. That they penetrate the neighboring tissues is an established fact, and it is quite conceivable that their action upon the nervous system through the medium of the circulation may lie at the door of many cases of neurasthenia that are now so prevalent.

But the auto-infection that results from the absorption of the foul liquid refuse into the blood supply is by far the most serious feature, for "the blood is life." This pernicious waste is composed of substances for which the system has no further use, in fact, they are the equivalent of poisons. It is known that as much as three-fourths of this foul substance may be absorbed, carrying into the system poisonous germs and excrementitious matter. A circulation is constantly taking place between the fluid contents of the bowel and the blood, which, till within the last few years, was unknown, and even now is too little heeded. Prof. Metchnikoff recently stated in a lecture, at Paris: "Particularly injurious are the microbes of the large intestine. Thence they penetrate into the blood and impair it, alike by their presence and the products they yield, ptomaines, alkaloids, etc. The auto-intoxication of the organism and poisoning through microbes is an established fact." How can it be otherwise, when every portion of the blood may, and possibly does, pass several times into the alimentary canal in twenty-four hours?

Need we look any further for the fundamental cause of disease? Is it any wonder that people sicken and die of the thousand and one maladies that scourge humanity? Are apoplexy, paralysis, dropsy and consumption punishments sent by the Creator, or are they the result of violated natural law? Can it be wondered at, that with a colon overloaded with foul, reeking matter, dyspepsia should be rife? Or that with a nervous system deprived of proper nutrition through dyspeptic conditions, nervous breakdowns should be so frequent? If the uric and lactic acids formed in the body, instead of being promptly eliminated are re-absorbed into the system during every moment of existence, until the tissues are fairly saturated with them, is it

reasonable to expect to escape rheumatism with its kindred scourges, sciatica and neuralgia?

Now, having shown the unmistakable, prime cause of disease, let me ask you to bring the same intelligence to bear on the method of dealing with it, that you would employ in the ordinary business relations of life. With a system loaded with impurities, is it not unreasonable to expect that by pouring a few grains of diluted drugs into the stomach you can purify the blood: even granting, for the sake of argument, that such a purpose could be accomplished: when, occupying nearly one-half of the abdominal cavity, is an engorged colon, reeking with filth, this filth being constantly and steadily absorbed into the circulation? If you were to act as foolishly as that in your business, your friends would quickly apply to the courts for a guardian for you. The practice of increasing the deposits in the physical system by the introduction of drugs (foreign substances) is in direct opposition to physiological law and common sense. It has no scientific foundation whatever.

Now, whether for the preservation of health, or the treatment of disease when present, the chief thing is to cleanse the colon. It is useless to attempt to get rid of the effects while the cause is present. When the sewer in a street becomes blocked, what do the City Fathers do? Do they palter with the trouble by throwing in a few pounds of disinfectants, in the hope that with the disappearance of the odor the trouble will cease? Not at all. They adopt the simple, common-sense plan of "flushing it," thus dealing with the matter in a rational yet thoroughly practical and effective manner. The colon in the human body is a physiological sewer, and when obstructed the same rule of action should be applied to it as to its city prototype—it should be washed out.

In plain English, the preservation and restoration of health depends entirely upon cleanliness, especially internal cleanliness, and to attain that condition which, we are told, is next to Godliness, there is nothing to equal the Internal Bath.

Is it not strange that such an obviously common-sense proceeding should not be universal?

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"To-Morrow" readers may be interested in knowing that the members of the To-Morrow Fellowship Home only eat one and two meals a day, have no use for flesh, tea, coffee or fancy foods of any description. They also wear barefoot sandals—the kind worn by the Mexicans for centuries.

As for health the bunch is hard to beat. Sercombe himself is as nimble as a kitten and as vigorous as he was at twenty. Good health is part of the To-Morrow Course of Clear Thinking. A strong physique and a clear mind will go hand in hand in the makeup of the Superman.

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The National Purity Federation is planning for a national meeting to be held between the 31st of October and the 6th of November. This is a grand movement, and some of the leading advanced thinkers of the country will be there. Readers of "To-Morrow" who want to know more about the movement would do well to write to the National Purity Federation, Battle Creek, Mich., for a program and other information.

# More Dynamic Health

By Cummings D. Whitcomb.

How I pity the readers of this article, now that the Summer days are going. During the Summer just past, when you luxurated in fresh air, sweat most of the time, wore just clothes enough to cover your nakedness and which were, more or less, thin and porous so the air could get to your skin; when your windows and doors were open, that all the air that was going could get at you; when at night you had little if any covering over you; when you took excursions into the country, on the river and lake—you rested—you drank more water, ate more fruit and vegetables, and little (and I wish you had sense enough not to eat any) animal flesh. Thus did you open every window and door in your body, as well as your house, and let the filth out.

And now you enter this cooler month and you go right about changing the very habits that made you feel better during the warm weather, and you soon sicken, and very many of you will die in consequence. You should not have made any change unless it would have been to put in a little fire some of the cool parts of the day, and add a trifle more of outside covering, of a very porous nature, for the bed at night, and a heavier, but porous and unlined, coat when cool in the day time. This is the month of sweet potatoes, green corn, tomatoes, vegetables and fruits galore. See that you live on them to the exclusion of anything else except it be a little of "Whitcomb's Worth While Breads"—Cream-O-Nuts—"Fruit Fat" and "Honey," and give the conventional dainties a wide berth if you would be free from pain and not be a conventional victim for medical delusions and the deadly butcher knives. Eat your fill of fruits, but make a meal of them when you do eat them. Don't mix them with anything else, and above all, don't put up any for winter use except you can do so in their natural state. There are fresh or dried fruits enough every day in the year without preserving, and the preserving qualities are just the element that you must avoid. Get out from under the influence of the deadly chemist. Besides, they are only put up as dainties, to be piled into the stomach with or on top of something else, making a first-class glutton out of an otherwise possible simple liver.

Don't make of your life a hell of vague imaginings that is devoid of all reality and which will lose you the ability to see and understand things as they really are. Learn from "The Whitcomb School of Dynamic Health" the individual trick of properly feeding your stomach, and the care of your body so you will not tax that body beyond endurance. You will not leak away the precious fluids that only pull from the brain what little common sense may find lodgment there. It's these fluid leaks that pull young men down to round shoulders, sunken chests, short breaths, weak kidneys, weak and weeping sex, weak knees and of course weak minds. All this is caused by the shiftless way you feed your stomach and groom your body; it fills the whole organism with misery and pain; and drugs and doctors do nothing but mystify, confuse and complicate what you can readily solve, simplify and correct if you will but let yourself be taught it, and you simply practice what is taught. The ills of life are mostly simple—we bring them all upon ourselves. It's we ourselves that can overcome them if we but apply the same patience and persistency in the opposite direction that we did to fill our lives with horror and making a Hades of what might easily be a Heaven.

Drugism and Doctorism has got to be done away with if the race is ever to get above and beyond the Felodese and the Homicide. Of one or the other, reader, you are a victim—ignorant, careless, cynical, perverse. The race must some day make a change. The individual may have it at any time, and when it comes to him he will be like "the sleepy-eyed boy with a heart full of joy," who "climbed into bed and was still."

Man must come to school and learn ease unless he is content to have dis-ease thrust upon him. The medical fraternity spend years in studying dis-ease because nobody knows anything about it. Even the highest in the profession themselves suffer equally with the lowest among the laymen from the general ignorance of disease. And it seems to be advantageous to them to hide their acts and their

ignorance behind a dead language and class legislation. Medical ethics have laid down the law that a sick man must be made sicker, and his dis-ease and dis-comfort prolonged. The layman must reverse this ruling and have some humane ethics about their own personality that points towards the well man being well. With such a change, layman stock would go up and professional stock go down. Why should us laymen everlastingly get medical goggles to view life through? You and I can see through a hole without any glasses. Don't be afraid. Just try it some time when you feel bad and see what it will do for you. Simply stop eating and put nothing into your stomach but water until you get well. Drink all the water you can manage and lie down and rest. Then when hunger comes (never until it does) don't go back to the flesh-pots and the filthy habits that made you sick. You don't have to go that route over again (unless you elect to let medicine be your sailing master), but get simple and proper food (I did not say pure, because you would not know what I meant), but, remember, it must be proper. It will puzzle you more to pick up proper than it will pure food. There is little or no proper food handed out, therefore everybody is sick and that makes a rushing business for various fakers who cater to the vast crowd of improper-fed-made-sick victims who rush all over the world chasing health from pillar to post and stumbling over it all the time without knowing it.

This month and the Fall in general is a fine time to clean up and calk up against dis-ease and prepare for a Winter of ease. But don't try to do it on "Store Foods, Kitchen Dainties and Drugs" and the tailor-made and haberdasher outfits, unless you want to make a bid to be a victim of all the horrible ills that can be handed out to you. Man know thyself and handle thyself. You cannot be brainy and pained at the same time. Take the eleventh chapter of Numbers and apply the coat to your own back. I guarantee a perfect fit, closer than any union suit of dirty underclothes.

### MECHANO-THERAPY.

In the University of Berlin is a chair of Mechano-Therapy presided over by the great surgeon, Zablubdowski. In other European colleges the art and science of Mechano-Therapy is taught by men of recognized standing.

In this country there is only one school, as far as we are aware—the American College of Mechano-Therapy.

Mechano-Therapy is the stimulation of physiological action by mechanical and other means, for the purpose of establishing a normal condition of the body.

Since the Mechano-Therapist is a drugless physician and a bloodless surgeon, he is privileged to practice wherever he pleases. He uses no poisonous drugs (or drugs of any kind), nor dangerous instruments. The laws of the different States very wisely protect the public from drug doctors and surgeons by requiring them to pass rigid examinations and obtain State licenses. The Mechano-Therapist uses no dangerous manipulations. In fact, he practices a system which is absolutely devoid of danger and therefore no legal restrictions are imposed upon him.

There is a large number of wealthy men and women, who are looking for traveling companions, able to keep them in perfect health. It is said that the famous actor, Mr. Mansfield, had a Mechano-Therapist who accompanied him at all times at a salary of \$500 per month. As the immense value of this science becomes more and more known there will be a still greater demand in the future for men and women skilled in this work.

Any of our readers who are interested in this profession may be further informed by writing to Mr. William Cooper Walker, 120-122 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

# Who Made The Saloons?

By C. S. Carr, M. D.

If any one asks you who is responsible for the American Saloons, you answer right back and say—Temperance people.

Temperance lecturers help make saloons. Teetotalers help make saloons. Temperance legislators help make saloons. Everybody who has been prating or palavering about the evils of drink habit, everybody who has been devising laws to prevent people from manufacturing or selling liquors, have been laying the foundations, deep and strong, upon which the saloons rest to-day.

Temperance laws make saloons.

Suppose the temperance people had selected buttermilk, instead of alcoholic beverages. Supposing they had said the same things against the use of buttermilk that they have said against beer, supposing the same laws had been devised against the manufacture and sale of buttermilk, what would have been the result?

One half of the population would be falling over the other half to get buttermilk, and the other half would be standing back wishing they could have some too, but too cowardly to gratify their wishes. Magnificent palaces would have been erected for the sale of buttermilk. Men would dodge around corners, and sneak behind screens to drink the forbidden buttermilk.

And, if at the same time those good people had set to, with laws and sermons to drive and persuade people to drink beer and whiskey, making it not only respectable, but religious to use alcoholic beverages, we would have had about as many converts to the use of alcoholic liquors as there are people who use buttermilk to-day.

It is the temperance people who have made the saloons.

We might just as well have had buttermilk saloons, as beer saloons, if the noodle-heads had only selected buttermilk instead of beer.

Of course I know that there is a little something to beer and whiskey besides being forbidden—just a little something: It has always been second nature for men to drink fermented, malted or distilled liquors.

Ever since the first man got jolly over sour grape juice, or fuddled by imbibing cactus juice that was allowed to stand over night and ferment, there has been a steady demand for something that inebriates. But, if the matter had been left to itself, the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks would have been to-day the most desultory, haphazard, here-and-there affair, out of which no one would have made themselves very wicked, or excessively rich. At least there would have been no saloons.

It takes two kinds of people to make a saloon. First, you have to have temperance fanatics to root on the outside. Second, you have to have sots to guzzle on the inside. The howls of the rooters on the outside, are just as essential to the success of the saloon as the hiccough and the delirious babblings of the toppers inside.

Between the Temperance Lecturer on his right and the big bellied beer drinker on the left, the saloon keeper stands with a five hundred dollar solitaire diamond in his shirt front. And right there he will stand until either the gas-bag on his right, or the swill-tub on his left gives way.

Oh, Yes! The saloon-keeper need not puff himself up with the

pride that he discovered the saloon—that he contrived the way by which alcoholic drinks have been brought into such abnormal demand and sold at such absurd prices. The saloon keeper deserves no credit. He discovered neither the wit, nor the way by which this trick has been accomplished.

It was that mid-day and mid-night howler, known as the temperance agitator that has created such astonishing prices and such extraordinary demands for alcoholic drinks, as is witnessed to-day.

\* First, the temperance agitator made the place where liquors are sold, a forbidden place. He told the multitude that they were wicked places, very vicious and vulgar things happened behind those mysterious screens—that bawdy pictures hung on the walls, and only bad men ventured there. In other words, they invented all of these fictitious attractions, which not only drove every red-blooded man behind those screens, to see and hear those prohibited things, but also furnished suggestions upon which the saloon-keeper very promptly acted.

It has always been so. The good people have only to tell the rest of us what is wicked, when we immediately do that very thing. If they had not told us what was wicked, we would probably stupidly passed the thing by and never thought of it.

Yes, that was the first thing the temperance crowd did to help the saloon. They pictured the saloon as Dante pictured perdition, in picturesque and gaudy colors.

But, if the crusaders against drink had contented themselves with making the word saloon and Hell synonymous, they would not have succeeded in doing the harm that they have done. They did not stop by calling the saloon everything that their choice vocabulary of bad words could furnish, but they got laws passed, making the price and the privilege for running saloons higher and still higher. This protected the trade beautifully; threw it into the hands of a few people.

The business was made so conspicuously odious and so curiously high priced, that as a rule no one but a strong-minded ruffian would tackle the job. In order to make a success of it he must carry out the role that the temperance people assigned to him. He must be a devil himself, keep a devilish place, and make devilish liquors. He must adulterate his drinks and invent, every possible device to seduce and rob his customers.

While the saloon-keeper has made a stagger to fill his part of the program, he has not quite kept up to the florid description furnished him so gratuitously. Some of them are very decent men, in spite of their coaches and abettors, the temperance wind-jammers. Some of the saloons are very ordinary places. People who go there are very ordinary people, too stupid, too well disposed, to be very wicked.

I repeat, some saloons are very decent places. Some saloon-keepers are very decent persons. One would not think it to be possible after all the pains the temperance people have taken to have it otherwise. But such is the perversity of Human Nature, that there are really a few fairly respectable places, called saloons.

It must be confessed, however, that the tireless temperance tumble bugs have done their work very well. The saloons have responded nobly to their call. They are quite unanimously hell-holes just as their advisers prescribed. Exactly as they were told to be.

Oh! evil day it was for the history of mankind that the temperance people did not select buttermilk instead of beer. It would not have done so much harm, had the people taken to swilling down buttermilk instead of beer. Farmer's calves might have gone lean for the want of buttermilk, and no doubt many bloated buttermilk stomachs would have been the result; but on the whole buttermilk would have been better than beer.

If the taboo of the good people could have been placed on buttermilk, then beer would have gone begging, and the place where beer is sold would be a lonesome place.

One of the most pathetic things that is connected with the whole matter is the estrangement which has sprung up between the brothers in the beer business. As a rule, Christian Temperance people are not on good terms with the beer brothel people. Workers in the same cause having stood eye to eye, shoulder to shoulder in the creation of the saloon, it is pitiful that in these days of their glory, their triumph, their exaltation, that they should so misunderstand each other.

The average beer man thinks the Temperance man is his enemy which is very ungrateful of him. The average temperance man thinks the beer man is working contrary to his efforts, which is very stupid of him. Thus it is, two brothers in the same cause, those tireless deformers of social growth, quite misunderstand each other, misrepresent each other.

They should be friends. They would be, if either of them had a little gumption. If they had a little sense of humor both sides would see that the red noses and the white ribbons belong to the same procession.

### COMPETITION.

The following correspondence in reference to Competition may clarify the ideas of many in relation to this subject, and is published for that especial purpose:

My Dear Sercombe:—In reference to your "renunciation" of property, with which I am quite in harmony and have indeed practiced for many years, I can accept all except your preamble in which you make the desire "to escape the baneful effect of individual competition" the ground of renunciation. To me, "Individual Competition" isn't a bad thing at all if it is a competition to give the best possible service that the individual is capable of giving; indeed, I am inclined to agree with J. T. R. Griscom, that competition is the beneficent law of human life and association without which the world would be hell.

Yours,  
W. F. COPELAND.

### THE REPLY.

My Dear Copeland:—I had a merry smile over yours of the 28th. It is true that ever since our very remote ancestors crept out of the slime of the sea, competition in the matter of food, sex and afterward in dress and wealth has been *the brutal law of life*.

As the Christ Character, the Superman finally emerges from the struggle, can you not conceive of living for life's sake, working for work's sake, loving for love's sake, developing art for art's sake, rather than with the motive of beating someone else? Are we never, in school or in life, to reach a higher plane than working for *marks* or to be first? Pshaw! You know better. You and I *have* emerged. Let us just *live* and forget our theories of living and it will soon work out as to whether we use our own toothbrushes exclusively or not. Many there are who would be only too glad to share their toothbrush with the *right one*, but this phase takes care of itself too.

Fraternally yours,  
PARKER H. SERCOMBE.

## THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF LIVING.

Dear Mr. Sercombe:—

I have recently become a subscriber of your delightful magazine which is rapidly becoming my affinity. As your bunch appears to be among the miracle-doers (living on \$1.00 a week per capita) I have the desire to trouble you to know the secret of your diet.

## THE REPLY.

Dear Dr. Wolf:—

I doubt the advisability of anyone, even children, eating the first thing in the morning. The stomach needs a rest every day and there is nothing more healthful and tonic than a few hours of hunger. One may learn to enjoy the period of hunger more than a meal. The nutrition is so highly improved as a result of the morning fast that greater nourishment results from less food, thus serving the needs of both economy and health.

There are ten of us here. We have breakfast at 12 M. Supper at 6:30. We use whole wheat bread, peanut butter, corn meal and entire wheat flour for mush. Boiled rice, etc., quite frequently. We go without fruit on account of the expense, but we often toast whole wheat bread and pour over it a gravy made of onions and potatoes first fried in olive oil and then thickened. No fruits are better for the bowels than this—poured over crisp toast. Four of us here eat only one meal a day, do lots of mental and physical work and keep unusually well and strong. To keep from catching cold we must conquer the cold and not let it conquer us.

To get the full benefit of food we must conquer appetite and not be swayed by a first false hunger and not be enticed by foods that destroy the body and overthrow stamina.

The highest standard of living is not the highly seasoned cook-eries served to kings, priests and their imitators, but it is the standard that insures the clearest minds, the strongest bodies, the longest lives and the highest social efficiency, by which I mean the fineness of character and sweetness of disposition that is necessary to live on terms of democracy with all. Simple and non-stimulating food is the first step toward poise, sanity and human brotherhood.

PARKER H. SERCOMBE.

We have a To-Morrow Army of Workers—Are you one of them?

We want the names of **Liberal News Dealers** or at least dealers who will push sales and subscriptions of To-Morrow in every city and village in the country.

We want you to read this, then see your nearest newsdealer and if he will **push** To-Morrow, send us his name and we will write him naming special inducements.

To-Morrow has subscribers in every town in the United States. If every reader will talk with one or more Newsdealers and send in their names we will establish trade relations with them that will give the business foundation for our movement for which we have been seeking for three years



# Bureau of Group Organization

In an essay entitled "Twentieth Century Pioneers," Franklin Wentworth describes the Colorado Co-operative Company in part as follows:

"In view of the recent exposures brought out by the Department of the Interior showing the shameless and defiant appropriation of even the reserve lands of the government by the cattle companies, in which United States senators and others are interested, one is not to be blamed for thinking that there is no more land to be lawfully appropriated in this country.

"And yet in one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys of Colorado, homesteads may to-day be lawfully pre-empted. \* \* \* On the Cottonwood Creek the town of Nucla has been established where, in the midst of a 30,000-acre tract of virgin soil, men and women are building a Newer Civilization. The land had been passed by civilization for more than half a century and was just as the savage Utes had left it when they folded their tepees and moved onward toward their final grave in the Pacific, completing the final chapter of Anglo-Saxon dominance.

"As the conditions of our economic and social life become more complex, the struggle for a livelihood becomes harder and harder, the fate of the man who falls from his place more direful, these colonists believe that their position, isolated and far from the great centers of life though they be, will become more desirable through the years. \* \* \* But these colonists are not moved by dreams of individual wealth and splendor, it is the 'commonwealth' which embodies their ideal. They want education for their children, the abolition of involuntary poverty and a common life free from economic fear, doing the things they can do agreeably together without violating the sacred right of individual responsibility."

Persons desiring detailed information should drop them a postal.

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The Co-operative Exchange is a move in the right direction. Its organizers contemplate the federation of all branches of industry upon a co-operative basis. Co-operative stores, real estate bureaux, banks, etc. In many points it resembles the ideals of the Industrial Workers of the World.

Through the good offices of this department many persons desiring information about Groups and Group-Life are able to realize their wishes. We want everyone to forward us all the information they can about the groups they may be interested in or know of. We want the secretaries of all groups to correspond with us, giving details of the progress of their respective institution. Should the readers note the absence of any institution established upon a co-operative plan, we will appreciate the favor they do us by dropping a line to that effect.

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Dear Comrade:—

I shall be glad if you kindly announce in your department devoted to "Group Organization" the fact that the Fraternal Home-

makers Society has united forces with the United Industrial Society of this city, adopting the name of the latter Society. Under this reorganization we are placed on a better business basis than ever and shall go forward to the successful accomplishment of our purposes in the line of co-operative agriculture.

The office of the combined Societies is 92 La Salle St., Room 15. Mr. George P. Fritze is Secretary and will gladly answer all inquiries concerning the Society and its special co-operative endeavor.

Faternally yours,

PAUL TYNER.

## CO-OPERATIVE BROTHERHOOD AND UNIVERSITY OF HUMANITY.

The Co-operative Brotherhood and University of Humanity is a Society in which every member recognizes his original natural relation of brother or sister to all humanity including himself. It stands for all that its name implies and will teach and do practical things in order to realize its ideals. It means working together on a brotherhood basis on business and educational. It also means a practical university education for both youth and adults, as well as proper care of the incompetent and aged on a self-supporting basis.

It means best things for best people by a system in which all may have the best and become the best through mutual self-help, all enjoying the best together without envy or strife. This may seem like a dream to-day but we can make it a reality to-morrow. Let us not be dullards, dreamers and doubters, but doers, beginning now to transform the spiritual truth of Brotherhood into a material fact.

The method of realization will be: (1) Recognition of membership in the universal brotherhood of humanity by signing the Pledge of Brotherhood and subscribing for the monthly publication of the Brotherhood at \$1.00 a year. (2) Election by the proportional system of voting of 50 trustee members who meet the last week in December of each year to deliberate concerning the welfare of the Brotherhood, subject to referendum vote of the membership, and also select twelve executive members who shall manage the business and educational affairs of the society for the ensuing year. (3) Establishment of two distinct departments of the work of the Brotherhood—Business and Educational,—these co-operating together for the highest welfare of all the membership. These departments will have various sub-departments as the requirements of most effective service may demand. Chief among these will be Publication and Supply departments, the former of which will issue such literature as will most rapidly and substantially educate the people into the ideals of the Brotherhood. The Supply Department will establish a combined Store and Mail Order System, operating by means of price lists, Sample Display Rooms, Warerooms, Co-operative Store and Delivery System. A system of rebates will enable members to get the best goods at less than the cost of inferior articles, at the same time developing co-operative industries of highest value and vastly increasing the income from labor measured in the comforts of life. (4) By utilizing one or more of the following methods of contribution, for which proper certificates are issued: (a) Installment Loans, by which the amount is returned in installments of one-fifth each year for five years and bears 6 per cent interest payable semi-annually. (b) Term Loans, by which a contribution may be made for three months to five years, interest at 6 per cent, payable semi-annually. (c) Permanent Loans, by which the contribution is perpetual, the interest on same being regulated annually by the executive members. (d) Donations and bequests.

Suite 86, LaSalle street, Chicago, Ill.

The following is an alphabetical list of co-operative and group movements, the number to be increased and corrected from time to time as the information comes to our hands:

Altruist Community.....Sulphur Springs, Mo.  
Arden (Single Tax).....Grubbs P. O., Del

- Amana Society.....Amana, Iowa  
 Beacon Company.....Aberdeen, S. D.  
 Bryngolén.....Ilfracombe, Eng.  
 Bureau of Helpfulness.....Box 54, Collinwood, O.  
 Colorado Co-operative Company.....Nucla, Colo.  
 Co-operative Assn. of America...5 Park Square, Boston, Mass  
 Cooperative Brotherhood and University of Humanity,....  
 Suite 86, 119 LaSalle St. Chicago, Ill.....  
 Co-operative Mfg. Company.316 E. Wall St., Fort Scott, Kan.  
 Co-operative Commonwealth of America  
 451 Van Buren St., Chicago  
 Co-operative Brotherhood .....Burley, Wash.  
 Evergreens.....Ollalla, Wash.  
 Fellowship Farm.....Westwood, Mass.  
 Fraternal Homemakers' Society.70 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.  
 Fairhope Single Tax Colony,.....Fairhope, Alabama.  
 General Industrial Company.....Ruskin, Ga.  
 Colorado Co-operative Company .....Nucla, Colo.  
 Golden Rule Fraternity.604 D. S. Morgan Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.  
 Good Thought Society,889 Haight St San Francisco, Calif.  
 Helicon Home Colony.....Englewood, N. J.  
 Home Colony.....Lake Bay, Wash.  
 Home Employment Company.....Long Lane, Mo.  
 Hermetic Brotherhood,445 So. Olive St. Los Angeles, Calif.  
 Koreshan Community.....Estero, Fla.  
 League of American Homesteads.....  
 .....425½ So. Campbell St., Springfield. Mo.  
 Le Claire Group.....Edwardsville, Ill.  
 La Prosperidad Colony Association, 142 So- Broadway, Los  
 Angeles, Calif.  
 Lloyd Group.....Westfield, N. J.  
 Los Angeles Fellowship.....Los Angeles, Cal.  
 Martha McVister.....Kenashaw Ave., Washington, D. C.  
 Modern Harvesters.....17 E. 5th St., St. Paul, Minn.  
 Mutual Home Association.....Home, Wash.  
 Mountain View Association .....Mucla, Colo.  
 New Clairvaux .....Montague, Mass.  
 Oneida Community.....Oneida, N. Y.  
 Physical Culture City.....Spotswood, N. J.  
 Right Relationship League..427 Reaper Block, Chicago, Ill.  
 Rose Valley Group.....1624 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Roycrofters.....East Aurora, N. Y.  
 Ruskin Commonwealth.....Ruskin, Ga.  
 Salvation Army...120 West Fourteenth St., New York City  
 Single Tax City.....Fairhope, Ala.  
 Society of Believers.....Mount Lebanon, N. Y.  
 Spirit Fruit Society.....Ingleside, Ill.  
 Straight Edge.....1 Abingdon Square, New York City  
 Sunny Haven, 51 Cherry St. ....Janesville, Wis.  
 The Israelite House of David.....Benton Harbor, Mich.  
 The Ruskin Co-operators....516 Reaper Block, Chicago, Ill.  
 The Simple Life Equality System.....  
 .....1171 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago  
 The University of the People....1637 Indiana Ave., Chicago  
 The Temple Home Association,.....Oceano, Calif.  
 To-Morrow City Movement...139-141 E. 56 St., Chicago, Ill.  
 United Industrail Society, 92 LaSalle St. ....Chicago, Ill

# INFORMAL BROTHERHOOD and CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

Conducted by LOUIS DUCHEZ

Short articles, poems and opinions from our readers are solicited for this department. This place is reserved for quarrels, discussions, nonsense, or for the welling heart—but make it short.

All matter intended for the Informal Brotherhood Department, should be addressed to the Department Editor.

Brotherhood is a phrase that has lost its meaning to the average individual. The long line of moral reformers are partly responsible for it. They taught and are teaching rules and precepts that are entirely out of harmony with the life forces and the environment in which people have to live.

The false guesses of a jungle ancestry regarding morals, which had their origin in mysticism, give manifold evidence of the weak foundation of our present-day standard of ethics. Then taking into consideration the innumerable elaborations made by human society since it became "civilized," all based, mark you, upon a false premise, is it at all remarkable that we have such a muddled state of affairs in human society?

The spirit of brotherhood is a life principle. It permeates all matter. Newton discovered it in the apple's fall, and called it gravitation or the law of universal attraction. But this is not the brand of the religious fanatic, who pictures in his mind a celestial sphere where the "soul" dwells forever, or of the psychic who imagines his "spirit" traveling off in space and mingling with the millions of spirits that have gone before, a state in which they find happiness and delusion in believing it to be "the only reward for the sufferings on this earth."

Yes, brotherhood is a great force. The brotherhood of life atoms keep the spheres in their orbits. Then, as we observe evolution from the simple to the complex, we see how different species, both in plant and animal life, obey the great law of brotherhood. Every cell in the body is charged with this principle, having to let the nourishment pass through its walls to other cells and also depend upon them for the welfare of itself and the whole.

In human society it is the same. All religious organizations have this attribute to an extent, but the mystical foundation that each cult is built upon, and the large gulf between the religion and the every-day lives of the members, make the ethical teachings that would otherwise be derived from them, a farce.

In an article in this department last month Mr. Lipscomb writes: "Emerson said: 'All wise people are selfish,' but I conclude that only deluded and silly people are unselfish." This is a blunt statement, and taken literally, I do not agree with the writer. As our minds break away from the old conceptions of life, established by an ignorant ancestry who had no other evidence of what is or is not Truth, than their own feelings, and as we accept the biological interpretation of life as investigated and proven by science, we will begin to judge more correctly in regard to the "problems" that puzzle society.

It is this new method of thinking from a fundamental basis that will produce the superman and superwoman. Besides, thought

alone will not do it. Thought and action must work in harmony. The mind must dwell and the hands must act upon concrete things.

It is sorry to think that the philosophy of New Thought (a rehashing of the Hindoo mysticism) will not do it, but Nature, or God, or Evolution, has apparently found it wise to act differently. From the earliest recollections of history we notice that the only races or species that have perpetrated themselves and left a system of living worthy to follow, were those that did manual labor. It is this type that has been the blood and sinew of Europe. This same brand of humanity is the foundation upon which America, with all its shortcomings, is pushing forward.

Australia furnishes a striking example. For years Great Britain used this island of the Pacific as a dumping ground and a prison. Here the illiterate, the poor and the criminal were placed. What is the result? To-day a system of government prevails in Australia that surprises the world—built, not upon a formula of ethics, but upon action. The people themselves were not conscious of what was being done; they only knew they had to hustle for food, and the same laws that manifest themselves in every department of nature did the rest.

In the face of these astounding facts we are fully justified in thinking that our systems of law and ethics are useless, in the sense that anything is useless.

Yes, brotherhood is a life force, but it will not come to use through preaching. It is well to look forward to that time when the brotherhood of man will be a real thing, but the only data we have at present that promises anything to the individual, indicates that group life is the only feasible method. This, apparently, has been the system used throughout nature in bringing about any great changes in human society.

The reader desiring to know more about the fundamental law upon which brotherhood and all the other basic principles of the universe stand, would do well to take a course in the To-Morrow School of Clear Thinking. Remember, the aim of this school is not to force a new theory of education upon anyone—its object is merely to point out an order of truth, visible in all living matter, that has been good for all time past, and will be good for all time to come. Its authority, which is the only authority, is facts, as searched out by science, many of which are known to the little child. The course costs \$5.00.

As stated in the last issue, we are prepared to do all kinds of job printing. Besides, we are able to take in contracts to publish magazines for the readers of "To-Morrow."

Several months ago Mr. Sercombe wrote an editorial on "Get Out a Magazinelet." It's a fine scheme and it would not cost much. We all have ideas to express and we like to unload ourselves.

Those readers that have been considering the matter are requested to write to us, and if we get a sufficient number to justify our taking the thing up, we will get out a body of a magazine, leaving space for each member of the group of publishers to get in his own reading matter and advertising. In this way a good-sized publication may be issued by hundreds

of "To-Morrow's" readers very cheap. What do the journalistic aspirants think about the scheme?

The comrades are reminded of the To-Morrow Correspondence Club, conducted by Anna P. Ferguson (R. F. D.), Concord, Mass. Write to her and she will tell how she is bringing informal brothers and sisters into closer relationship.

#### A COMRADE'S ENCOURAGEMENT.

Dear Informal Brothers:—

Congratulations to the "To-Morrow" Folk on having come into their own—that is, some more of it—by the recent move to more congenial quarters.

I appreciate your concurrence with my views on anarchy, and am with you in realizing that "patience conquers all." I was chafing more at willful obstinacy that I thought that editorial clipping displayed than at the length of time we must wait to come within hailing distance of our ideals of freedom. You charge that we are afraid of progress as a race. Well, then it behooves the fearless ones to take up Hubbard's slogan: "Progress is not going to land civilization in the ditch," and prove it.

Recently I picked up the "Popular Science Monthly" and read most of an article entitled, "Ethical Aspects of Mental Economy," by Prof. F. E. Bolton. In the course of it he said many good things, among them was this: "I sometimes believe there ought to be some course labeled 'Thinking,' etc." I am unable to quote the paragraph further, but as soon as I read it I realized Mr. Sercombe was already prepared to meet the need. I at once sent the circular sent me entitled, "Fundamental Thinking" to Prof. Bolton, explaining that there was such a school in existence.

May every success attend the efforts of your magazine and your co-workers is my wish.

Your informal sister,

KATHARINE S. FRY.

#### A WORD OF PRAISE.

Dear Comrades:—

Words are inadequate to express how much I enjoy "To-Morrow"; it grows brighter and more instructive with very issue. The articles, all so plain and concise, sparkling with truth and breathing forth the hope of freedom and good cheer. But one article in the September issue is deserving of more than ordinary praise, under the title "One of the Causes," by Viola Richardson. Of all the sparkling truths enunciated and for plain scientific reasoning, it takes the lead. I wish that every girl and woman in the country could read it, and then have one able to think explain it so impressively upon their minds that it could not be forgotten.

Fraternally,

GEO. D. SANTER.

#### YOUNG PEOPLES SOCIALIST LEAGUE.

The Young Peoples Socialist League is a movement in the right direction. In Chicago, where the society was first organized, there are several hundred members. Here the young people meet every week to discuss economic and educational subjects which will not fail to leave a beneficial effect upon all concerned. Every socialist local in the United States should have its "Young Socialists." The educational effect upon the young minds would be something that the established precedent of our public schools will have to consider. Socialists, let the young know what you are doing.

#### CHICAGO SOCIALIST LECTURES.

The Socialist Party of Chicago has established a novel plan of education, in the form of lectures, given every Sunday morning in one of the city's theatres. Arthur Morrow Lewis, the socialist advocate and leader, is the speaker, and he is making good.

It may be sincerely stated that there isn't an educational institu-

tion in Chicago, or in fact any other city, that is doing more for real education than these socialist lectures. The people that attend them are not poetic youths, fired with lofty aspirations, nor old maids in a quandary as to who is the greatest living poet, but strong working people, mostly men, who desire to know something that has to do with their everyday lives. The type of men that has perpetuated the race and stands behind all the progress of the world.

The interesting phase of these lectures is the fact that class consciousness, the degradation of the poor and the rottenness of the rich are of secondary importance. The creed of socialism is not harped upon, as is the case in party politics. Mr. Lewis is thoroughly scientific and his conclusions are not those of the reformer. He pleads for socialism (a stand which advanced thinkers are taking) because it is scientific and ethical. No one will doubt that a more just state in human society is needed. Socialism will not transform the world to a paradise, but it offers a change in the running of affairs, and all changes are beneficial.

Let us have more socialist lectures, where the workers will hear and discuss concrete things. Here is where the all-talk reformers have failed. They ran off into abstract thinking—entirely separate from the work of their lives, and the result is a world of rules and precepts and a universe of incompetents.

All movements that draw the workers together for the purpose of discussing questions regarding their employment is in line with progress. May we have more socialist parties or other labor organizations, where every Sunday morning, instead of tiptoeing into a pew with a Bible under the arm and a prayer on the lips, the people will learn about the real problems of their lives, not from the standpoint of the dreamers, but of the doers. Long live the socialists.

### FRAGMENTARY THOUGHTS.

BY RAPHAEL GOODHEART.

Parasites are those who consume without producing—New Thought people are not excluded from this definition.

In order to live a man must work or be able to make others work for him. The ignorant are the former; the intelligent the latter.

The only man who does headwork is a barber. All others are only philosophers.

The only thing a person does unwillingly but with all his might and *the best he can* is sneezing.

Pragmatism does away with morals; a lie converted so as to bring peace and happiness in its train as does benevolence, and a lie will become a virtue.

Falsehood, slander, burglary, benevolence, chastity, heroism, justice, kindness and cleanliness, are not good or bad in themselves, but are judged by their results produced at that particular time and moment.

CHANGE—from Sophocles.

By H. Bedford-Jones.

Change!

Change is the Master of Life;

Hope and the fear of the hopeless, peace and the sound of strife—

Change is the order of all!

Sweet is the Spring—but its sweetness is dead in the Fall;

Star-silvered night is not to Eternity spread;

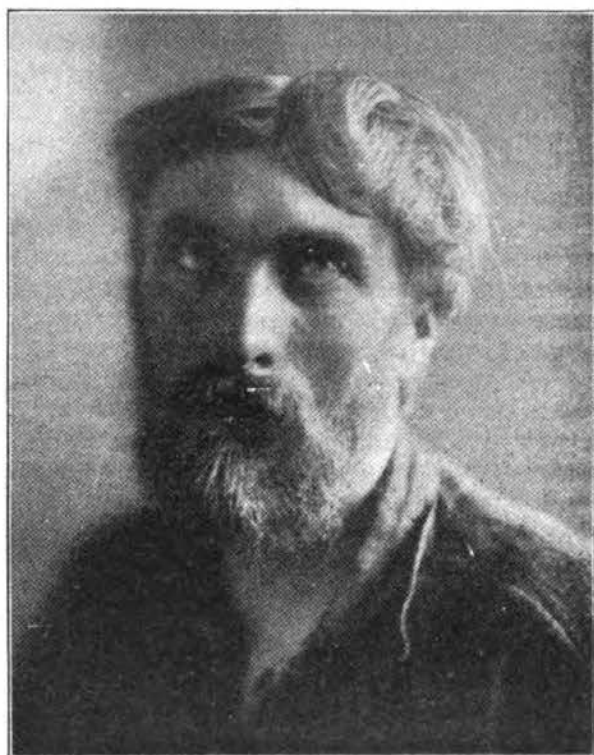
Comfort and joy in life, sorrow and grief for the dead—

Change is the Master and Ruler of Life—

It is Change governs all.

# THE STORY OF A BOOK

Which is a Man



THE ELDER BROTHER

---

**The Dawn Thought Series**

*By* CHARLES LOUIS BREWER

---

*TO-MORROW PRESS* CHICAGO



## A Book Which is a Man

I OPENED a little book called *The Elder Brother, a Dawn Thought*, written by a man whom Hubbard had named "J. C." It showed me offences against orthography and rhetoric and the printer's art. I began to read the book because I owed the giver courtesy, I continued to read because I must, I laid the finished book upon the shelf and wondered—as a child wonders at a new flower, and stood silent as a Pharisee might have before the tender appeal or the unwilling arraignment of the humble man of Galilee. It is little that can be said about soul-stuff; and simple, absolute sincerity is a thing in these days unlooked for. In this book I know there is sincerity, because I know the man—that little that one knows a man from outward appearance, from daily watching him about his business, from what he says and, better still, from what he does not say—from the patient silences. I know the man, and yet I can but ask as the world would ask, "What manner of man is this? Is not this the son of Joseph the carpenter?"

In my enthusiasm for the book the most I can say is, "a book which is a man." Then I might say the trite things, but true, that no book is quite so undeliberately unique, quite so sane and sincere, quite so unsophisticated, quite so imperfect—with the imperfections that make art. As to the how and why of it—well, a child mutters quaint things, a cloud floats, a heart beats, a book evolves—as did *The Elder Brother*. It is so small and faulty, the critics nudge themselves to kind comments about it. The pedants find misspelling; the aesthetes find inelegance. So the world would whimper about the man's collar, his sandals and his beard. So might I with the sodden log in which the fungus finds its life, and with the mold of the morass through which the orchid rears its head. Still there is the marvel of such life from such source.

*The Elder Brother* is a man—simple as greatness, without a secret, a pretense or a falsehood—naked and not ashamed of honorable scars; a book upon which the pedagogs may quibble, but against which the gods take no offence. But I have said nothing. Read the book. It makes the honest heart beat faster and uplifts the mind that would aspire and be free.

IVAN SWIFT,  
Author of *Fagots of Cedar*.

## What the Elect Say About It

Chicago Daily News:—

*The Elder Brother* might be a take-off on some of the fad-pursuing brethren and sisters of the age if it were not quite certain that Charles Lewis Brewer, its author, was really in earnest about it. It tells how a man finally won a woman he might have had years before, with no apparent reason for the delay. It has one advantage at least: Mr. Brewer writes modern slang when he wishes to, without the slightest apparent consciousness that there are any differences whatever between the colloquial and literary languages in English.

Clifford Greve in September Humanity:—

The world learns from the few the results of value to them any and it has become as wise as Hawthorne, for verily this is an age of small books. The writer must stick to his text and leap at his point. Many a man is getting an education on the street cars and volumes of truth which fit the pocket are in demand.

*The Elder Brother* by Charles Louis Brewer (To-Morrow Publishing Company, Chicago) satisfies a common desire. It covers the field of "dawn thought" without wasting space upon platitudes or personal doctrine. It states a case. It holds your nose against the grindstone, but so has many a sluggish head been cleared of confusion and prudish, puritanical pus.

The Occident:—

*The Elder Brother*, a Dawn Thought Sketch, by Charles Louis Brewer, is a bit of story gathered about new thought principles. Points which seem to be given prominence in the book are (1) that children born of parents who are inharmonious, are more or less abnormal; (2) that reincarnation is a delusion and a snare; (3) that mystic are half-practical, half-visionary; (4) that the present capitalistic system is right in its time and place, but will eventually give place, not merely to Socialism, but to Socialism idealized; and (5) that homemaking and motherhood are the life-work of the model new thought woman.

Those who would differ from the author in one or more of the above-named points, would yet read the book, once they begun it, because of the vivid descriptions of natural scenery which here and there adorn its pages. Beautiful poetic quotations are a feature of the book.

Lousie Radford Wells in Inner Circle:—

*The Elder Brother* A Dawn Thought Sketch, by C. L. Brewer is a bit of fiction showing the evolution of a soul. It is a story of James Gibson, from boyhood to manhood, and his testing and trial of this and that doctrine of the soul—his dipping into New Thought, and final broadening out into just human brotherhood. It has many good points, and if, being a woman myself, I am obliged to say that no woman ever wrote love letters like those of "Florence," the heroine; yet no doubt the author could aptly hurl back at me the rejoinder, "Well, then she ought to—for they're what a man likes to get!" So there you are!

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# About Books

By Louis Duchez.

"What book should I read?" is a question often asked now-a-days, and it is a reasonable one. It has been estimated that for several years 75,000 volumes have been written and published annually.

The invention of printing presses, with the cheap process for turning out paper, has made many writers—but few thinkers. As the thinking reader launches his little boat upon the ocean of literature, he almost feels like the famished sailor who saw "water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink."

With few exceptions our entire bulk of printed matter is based not upon the principle: "Is it Truth," but "will it take?" This being so, and knowing the false premise upon which our entire "civilization" is built (false, because our standards of law and ethics were established to perpetuate kingcraft—they were based upon the intuition and feelings of their founders, instead of upon the facts as proven by science), is it at all remarkable that there are so many books written today that tend to keep alive these false ideals?

The fault—though in the eyes of evolution it is not a fault—is not with those that built and nourished these false standards. They did their best—they guessed and guessed wrong. They knew nothing about Darwin's Evolution or Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy. Their ideas of right and wrong, truth and falsehood, were founded upon tradition and custom, handed down from the jungle man, who, as his mentality expanded, guessed about right and wrong, God, etc., and in order to be "the big thing" in his tribe, forced these guesses upon his fellow savages.

They are with us to-day, with all the elaborations that "civilized" society has been able to make upon them. They have evolved from the simple to the complex, until now they dominate the entire workings of the social organism.

With these facts in mind is it absurd to believe that a new literature is needed—a literature that shall teach truth, in so far as investigation and experimentation has given it to us? This must necessarily be the Literature of Democracy, because it will be based upon real knowledge, which tends toward a unity of con-



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clusion. It will line up with the "one order of truth" that may be found in all forms of life.

However, a volume of this character is "Stepping Stones to Heaven," by C. L. Brewer. The title is orthodox (perhaps the writer wants to be easy with the church class of thinkers) but the conclusions are evolutionary as well as revolutionary. They are rational and ask for acceptance on no other ground than that they are based upon the fundamental laws of the universe.

There are three essays or lectures in the book, and they are not long, there being only eighty-two pages in the entire volume.

In the first lecture we are introduced to the philosophy of "a genuine old sabre-toothed tiger of the Pliocene age—an incarnation of strength and ferocity who would think it fun to tear up a modern elephant, and against his threatened attack the mighty mastodons of his own day parked themselves for future defense." This philosopher of the jungle comments upon the law and ethics of our modern times. He reasons from the standpoint that might is right—the only right of his day.

Mr. Brewer says: "Naturally, he was an individualist of the most extreme type. Religion, politics and ethics were unknown in his day, and for all such upstart fol-de-rol he had supreme contempt. Might was Right—the only Right—and weakness the only Wrong. Courage was Pliocene for Salvation, and cowardice spelt Damnation. Brute force—the only force he knew—was the all-sufficient argument for every occasion. The law of the jungle was perfect, fitting itself to every circumstance. Every question settled by fang or club or sword or rifled cannon was inevitably settled right, and every settlement arrived at by any other means was the patchwork of degenerates—a trick to shirk the struggle for existence and secure the survival of the unfit.

"After religion has been disposed of the chief objects of his wrath are modern Democracy and Socialism. The loss of personal power in the impersonal state; the doing to death of the Individual in the Peon Puddle around the ballot box; the worldwide conspiracy of decadent mongrels to crush the Remnant of the Wise and Strong by pooling their puny interests, hiding their incompetence under the mask of Citizenship, and founding orphanages and asylums to keep alive even the runts of their dwindling breed—all this represents to his mind the Abomination of Desolation standing where it ought not—even at the Fountain of Life,

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obbing the future of the Birthright of the mighty Past."

This ferocious logician of the wilderness tells us that "Democracy and socialism threaten the world by federating erotic decadence against heroic virtue, disease against health and dementia against sanity. He also shows how the black shadow of Government has blighted the earth by putting an end to combat and revenge, which are essential to personal worth and power. \* \* \* When man is no longer bred and trained to be a fighting animal, he ceases to be a Man and becomes a Thing. True, the Thing still fights, for war is universal, and can never be evaded, but his fighting is now ignoble instead of noble, a debauchery rather than his virtue, his shame instead of his glory. The very struggle for existence, which in the Natural World, raised him from a jellyfish to a lion, and from a lion to a man, becomes his undoing in the reactionary eddy of Civilization. Statute books and Golden Rules were made to fetter Slaves and Fools.

"And this is especially true of Republics, where the duped people are lulled by the delusion that they are themselves the State, and make their own slave laws. It was degenerate Tyrants, afraid to face the righteous judgment of the sword, who exploited the woozy phantom of Democracy and the glittering baubles of Religion as a means of preserving their own hides and perquisites."

But the tone of the book changes. In the second lecture, "The Negation of Bliss," the disorder and inefficiency of the world is accounted for scientifically. The author concludes: The Material Universe is the Divine Kindergarten and training school of the Spirit, in which all must learn to know Truth if they know it at all. The five senses are the true God—ordained instruments by which the soul progresses from mortal to immortal Being. If your eye deceives you you must train it to see truly, or be forever partially blind. If any or all of your mortal senses are liars your only hope and salvation is in teaching them to tell the truth, and keeping your mind open and alert to receive that truth, and work in harmony with the Constitution of the Universe. This is the Highway of Holiness — Wholeness — Complete Manifestation, in which the lopsided and inarticulate cannot walk. It is the Royal Way, the Divine Way, the Christ Way of True Life. It is Cosmic Consciousness."

The closing lecture, "The Sex Question," winds up like a sweet love story—only it expresses a truth of

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the universe, therefore surpasses the love story in sweetness.

Mr. Brewer says: "And the starting point of Cosmic Architecture—the keel of the Universe—the primordial Base Line that made Creation possible—was the line dividing the sexual potency of the insentient Protoplasm. Before the mountains were conceived or ever the hills came forth, the Divine Masculine and Divine Feminine blushed into conscious being, and commenced feeling for each other in the deep, dark void."

Every reader of "To-Morrow," and in fact every thinker in the United States, should read this book. The style is beautiful, simple and easily understood. Nothing has appeared in print for years, perhaps, that is so basic and consistent in its conclusions as "Stepping Stones to Heaven." No one can read it intelligently and fail, to become a thinker, a radical and a good man. It sums up evolution and consciousness, first harshly and logically; secondly, beautifully and always truthfully.

"Stepping Stones to Heaven" is issued by the To-Morrow Publishing Company. Cloth bound copy, 50 cents each. Paper cover, 25 cents, postpaid. "To-Morrow" one year and a paper bound copy for \$1, or if you want cloth send 25 cents extra.

## "THIS MYSTICAL LIFE OF OURS."

(A Review.)

By Louis Duchez.

"This Mystical Life of Ours," by Ralph Waldo Trine, has just come to our desk. The writer is recognized as an important New Thought exponent. His works have gone into several editions; besides, they have been printed into various languages. Nevertheless, the stuff is rotten and even unfit for the rational mind to investigate. Let the intelligent person compare "This Mystical Life of Ours" with "Stepping Stones to Heaven" (though both titles betray a relationship), and he will notice a dissimilarity as distinguishable as the moon from the sun. The former dwells upon mysticism and delusion, though the writer thinks he isn't, and the latter upon materialism and the beautiful. One has "discovered" a dozen senses in the human brain and says: "Tune up and the best is yours." He has found a universal reservoir, as it were, where all one has to do is to attach his pipes (mentally) and get all the best that the "Infinite" has in store for him; the other keeps within the bounds of the five senses and would have us develop them according to

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the laws as tested by science, then trusts to the "Over Soul" to take care of itself. One cherishes the mysticism and guesses of the past, with his own interpretation, thinking he is giving a new gospel to the world, while the other has broken from all customs and traditions and would have us learn from facts—cold, hard facts that have come to us through centuries of investigation and experimentation. One muddles the mind and exaggerates the ego, the other gives basic knowledge and food for the brain cells.

Mr. Trine is a follower of Emerson. He thinks Emerson, lives Emerson and shouts Emerson. The "Seer of Concord" is, without doubt, responsible for this class of deluded reasoners. He taught that "intuition is always right," a premise upon which our entire false system is based, from the medicine man of the jungle rattling his bones, to the "civilized" fanatic, Rev. Torrey, giving "eternal salvation" to thousands of poor deluded fools. Emerson Americanized the Hindoo Philosophy and the New Thought movements are taking it up—a form of mental speculation that warped the minds of the Hindoos and has been one of the causes of the famines of India for hundreds of years.

In a chapter on "The Creative Power of Thought" Mr. Trine says: "Mind is positive; matter is negative." The writer thinks that thought is the dynamo in every life, when consciousness from the simple to the complex, has been the result of the action and interaction of chemicals. We are what we are and we think as we do because our heredity and present environment is what it is, not because we think we are so and so. This is science and common sense.

Mr. Trine again says: "If one hold himself in the thought of poverty, he will be poor, and the chances are that he will remain in poverty. If one hold himself, whatever present conditions may be, continually in the thought of prosperity, he sets into operation forces that will sooner or later bring him into prosperous conditions." The thing stands self-evident to the thinking mind, still thousands are gulping down this advice, thinking the "thought will bring the forces sooner or later into operation." Think of it. An age when science has proven and is proving so much to the contrary, how the multitudes clamor for the mystical. Who will say that the medicine man and the voodooist did not do their work well?

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by tuition." But wisdom far transcends knowledge, in that knowledge is a mere incident of this deeper wisdom. It hardly need be stated to "To-Morrow" readers how absurd this statement is. We know that it was intuition that led our jungle ancestors to guess—they had no other criterion to go by—and we haven't taken the hunch yet. We are still guessing about law, ethics, politics and religion—how long will it last?

The writings of Ralph Waldo Trine and others of his type are more detrimental to rational living than the teachings of the Bible, because the latter is so absurd that, while the readers may believe in some of its teachings, their lives are so much apart from it that it would not be so difficult to break away. On the other hand, however, the former goes into the everyday thoughts of the readers, therefore maintaining a grasp upon the individual that dominates his whole life. There are thousands of people to-day, who, through the study of Emerson, the Hindoo teachings and New Thought, have become so disconnected from the "conscious world" that they often run into street cars, trucks and strangers upon the streets.

The To-Morrow School of Clear Thinking invites Mr. Trine, with his followers, to enroll and learn (if his mind has not been too much saturated with mysticism) something about the fundamental laws of the universe. Then he may be able to draw out the intellect instead of cramp it, give universal breadth to the mind, instead of enclosing it in a narrow box, and make his own life real instead of a delusion. This book is published by Thos. Y. Crowell & Co., New York City.

### "THE LIMIT OF WEALTH."

(A Review.)

"The Limit of Wealth," by Alfred L. Hutchinson, is an interesting volume. It is written in the past tense.

In the pre-statement the author says: "At the beginning of the year A. D. 1942, just four hundred and fifty years after the discovery of America by Columbus, the United States of North America so far out-ranked all other nations of the earth in power and material prosperity, that a Conference of the allied powers of Eurasia was called to meet at Paris for the purpose of taking such steps as would advance them to the rank of the Great American Republic."

In the first chapter we read: "On the fourth day of March, A. D. 1913, a great revolution occurred in the administration of the government of the United States.

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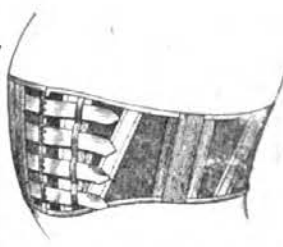
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The entire volume reads like a "pipe dream" and sounds as if it might be true. The story is interesting, however, and the "party man" may get a few pointers from reading it.

There are two hundred and twenty-nine pages in the volume. The Macmillan Co., New York, are the publishers.

"Sprigs of Poetry," by Norris C. Sprigg, is an illustrated book of verse upon various subjects. Many of them are full of life and feeling, but there is nothing new about them.

Published by The Balance Pub. Co., Denver, Colo., \$1 postpaid.

## "GILLET'S SOCIAL REDEMPTION."

(A Review.)

By C. L. Brewer.

"Gillette's Social Redemption," by Melvin L. Severy, is a vivid and comprehensive presentation of the present chaotic and demoniac state of society—a mob with rudimentary social instincts. There is nothing new in it, but as a pen portrait of the Plunderbund in active operation it is valuable to the student of Sociology. On its pages we see with stereopticon clearness and detail the condition of the people—the workers—the enslaved masses, not only in our own states and cities, but everywhere—in Russia, along the banks of the Congo, and on the blasted islands that dot the sun-kissed Sulo sea. And as we read we realize that the Monstrous Wrong that blasts and kills both soul and body and knows no respect for sex or age or the common sanctities of the cradle and the

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### Among The Magazines.

"Wilshire's," for October, has an interesting article upon "Ferdinand Earle and His Affinity," by the editor. "Why Did Egypt Harness the Nile," by Hildegard Hawthorne, rings true.

Dr. C. S. Carr, who contributes considerable to "To-Morrow," has some interesting articles in "Health" for October. All this writer's stuff is progressive. Read his article on "Who Made the Drunkards?" in this issue.

"The American Journal of Eugenics," edited by Moses Harman, Chicago, is improving with every issue. The new style and cover is very artistic and the articles have to do with an important phase of human development. "Sex is Social Evolution," in the November issue, by Paul Tyner, is something every advanced thinker should read.

The October issue of the "Overland Monthly" publishes an article by P. S. Williams on "Jack London, Lecturer." This vigorous magazine of the Pacific Coast is forging to the front. "Knights and Barons of Our Western Empire" is an illustrated story of the plains.

"New Life of Chicago," the co-operative magazine, has consolidated with "Wealth," a new publication issued by The Co-operative Brotherhood of Humanity.

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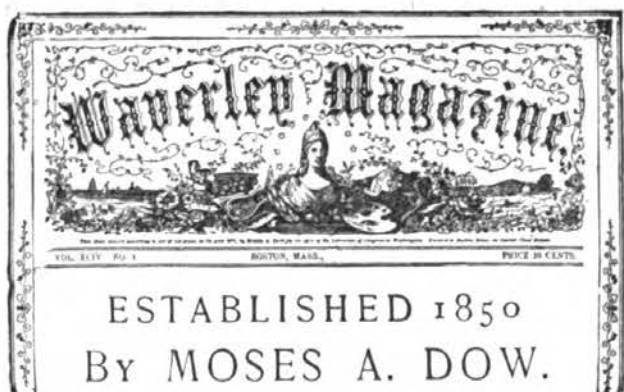
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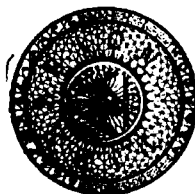
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# Rational Living and Thinking

The following announcement of Mr. Sercombe's Lecture on "Rational Living and Thinking" delivered Dec. 3, before the Chicago Physical Culture Club, was printed by the "Journal" in the following manner.

## WORK IN PLACE OF ATHLETICS

### Parker H. Sercombe Would Have University Students Move Furniture and Clean the Streets

Moving of furniture, and working with pick, shovel, and broom between 5 and 8 o'clock every morning, as a substitute for football and college athletics at the University of Chicago, is being urged by Parker H. Sercombe, who will explain his views to-night before the Physical Culture Club, 180 Washington street.

Mr. Sercombe announced that he will organize the members of his cult into a brigade to move household goods for all poor persons and help in moving.

"The scheme of the universities in training athletes and in carrying on a system of college gymnastics is wrong," said Mr. Sercombe. "It is unreal and artificial. Let every student of the University of Chicago be compelled to rise at 5 o'clock every morning and turn out upon the streets with pick and shovel and clean the streets until 8 o'clock. Results from such labor will be useful, and its benefits manifold. Such a student will get real exercise, and in addition, will benefit the city and study the real problem of life-work and sociology. Let others move furniture, especially in cases where poor people cannot afford to hire a van. I will make the first van station at 139 Fifty-sixth street.

## MAGAZINE ANNOUNCEMENTS

We urge all of our out-of-town friends to send us their orders for job printing. There is no reason for patronizing the "System," and we say this especially to those who are in group or reform work of any kind. Send us your printing, as we are unexcelled in the matters of promptness and good work. We all live right here in the print shop and work all day as well as nights and Sundays when necessary.

To Writers of Books: Send your work to "To-Morrow" Print Shop. We work and live co-operatively and no commercial institution can compete with us when we get down to figures. We are already engaged on volumes of poems, short stories, philosophical essays, a novel, etc. We can do work as artistic as you are willing to pay for. Art costs money, but if you do not want an elaborate job, get the figures on one of our neat and simple creations. If you have a book on your mind let us help you get it off.

About Magazinelets: We Print 'Em. Everyone with ideas who can afford from six to twelve dollars once in a while should publish a magazinelet, say once a month, for distribution among their friends and enemies. We believe in people having an avenue of expression. You can secure second class privilege at your local postoffice; charge say 5c each, 50c a year to those who are willing to pay, and if you are a little alert you may secure some advertising. Send on your copy with a check for the amount you wish to put into it and we will print and forward 300 to 500 copies to your address, and you may repeat this every month if you choose. Judging from the number of vital original thinkers whom we know we should have orders in for at least 200 Magazinelets by the first of the year. Be sure and name it, for if you don't, we will, as we had 110 extra names left over at the time we christened "To-Morrow."

# To = M o r r o w

FOR PEOPLE WHO THINK

Parker H. Sercombe, Editor

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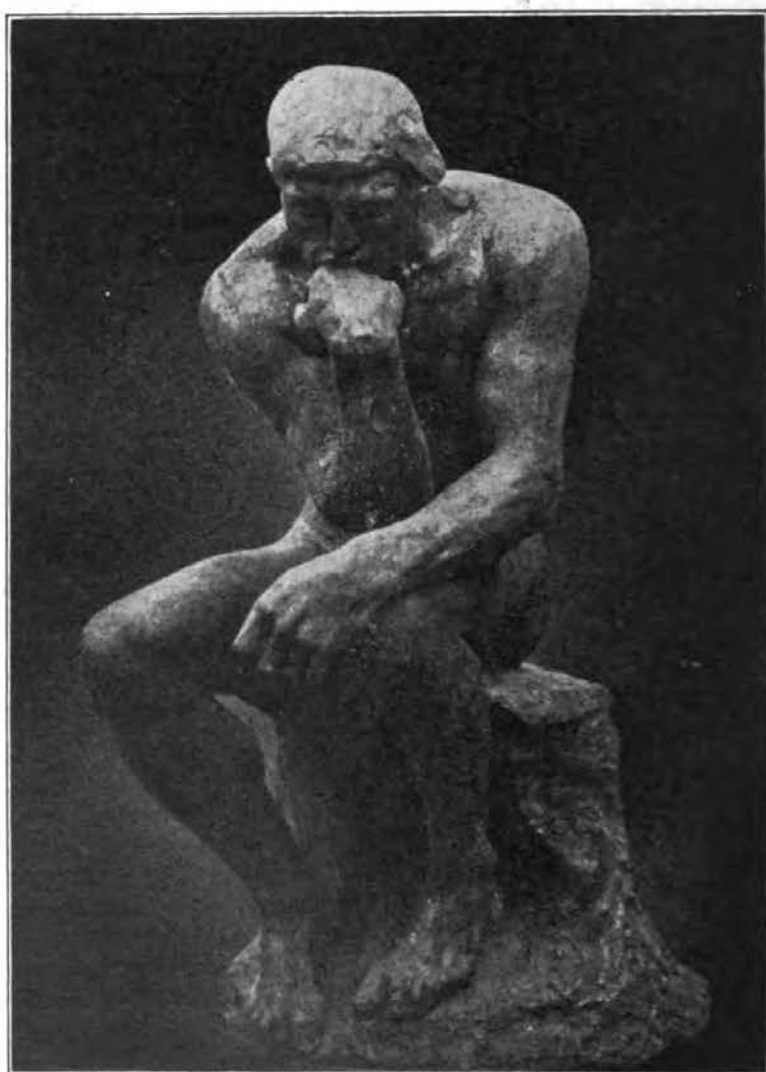
The Scarlet Shadow

*Reviewed by C. L. Brewer*

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RODIN'S "THE THINKER."  
With Acknowledgement to "The Independent"

# To-Morrow

For People Who Think

PUBLISHED BY TO-MORROW PUBLISHING COMPANY

PARKER H. SERCOMBE, EDITOR

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VOL. 3.

DECEMBER, 1907

No. 12

**TO THINKERS:**—TO-MORROW EDITORIALS are written expressly to show how human problems appear when viewed from the impersonal and completely disinterested standpoint. They are not to be read as "opinions" or "beliefs" of the editor, for every reader who will make the experiment of studying human affairs from the same viewpoint will reach the same results.

No completely fair and disinterested estimate of humanity can be obtained except our thought is as completely divorced from the influence of our customs, beliefs and prejudices as they are from those of ants and bees when studying the social evolution of insects. While all other publications discuss humanity from the homocentric point of view—the viewpoint of egoism and privilege—it is the aim of To-Morrow, without regard to anyone's opinions, to trace human problems as they appear when measured by the laws of universal evolution and the efforts of the Editor are entirely wasted upon those who see naught but "opinions" or "beliefs" for which he is no more responsible than he is for the answers in the multiplication table.

WITH THIS NUMBER To-Morrow closes its third year and third volume, which now enables us to offer bound volumes I, II and III to all those who wish to possess our complete forecast of the Literature of Democracy and applied Philosophy of Evolution as expressed in thirty-six numbers.

Commencing with our next number (January, 1908) To-Morrow will bloom forth in a new cover design wherein the letters will be green instead of the background, as heretofore. The increase in width is especially for the accommodation of our advertisers, who insist on wide columns, and there are several other benefits which influence us to adopt standard size.

We are safe to predict that during 1908 To-Morrow will continue to broaden and improve more rapidly than ever before, and with our new shop thoroughly in hand we shall be able to turn out a dozen publications besides our own.

**ABOUT ADVERTISING:** Around this subject so important to the successful magazine there lingers the usual amount of hocus pocus, viz: about the same percentage of hypocrisy and humbug that you will find among preachers, politicians, clairvoyants and gamblers. To speak plainly, most publications assume a high moral tone, assuming an unwillingness to print advertisements of a certain class on account of their immorality—really an espionage



## EDITORIAL

THE PURPOSE of these editorials is to show how human customs and our most sacred traditions appear from a non-personal viewpoint, the viewpoint of complete disinterestedness.

These writings are not opinions or "beliefs" but the RESULTS that every reader will obtain who has the poise and intellectual probity to make the experiment of viewing human problems from the standpoint of an outsider an "Off the Earth" man. The least that can be said to the reader is—Try the experiment. It will afford a needed mental discipline to those accustomed to only the philosophy of egotism and privilege.

over the minds and consciences of their readers. *Bosh!* Their real reason *in every case* is purely commercial. They do not print certain advertisements because they interfere with the business of others who pay better; that is, there has grown up a certain class of wealthy advertisers who refuse to patronize the columns of publications who print ads that are distasteful to them—the very scheme of discrimination, ostracism, boycott, practiced so successfully in social affairs.

To-Morrow is no hypocrite. Our columns are as free as the public highway. We bow to the dictum of no advertising aristocrats. We assume no espionage or paternal control over the morals or pocketbooks of our readers. They may read or patronize To-Morrow advertising at their own risk, and we will continue to give space to anyone who will pay for it and all we ask is that it be so written as not to be held up in the mails by the Comstock Laws. To-Morrow gives it to you straight. We cringe to no economic tyranny, we place the matter before you on its true grounds and we do not claim to know what our readers should or should not read.

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PHYSICAL CULTURE HYSTERIA.—Need it be said that those who constantly talk about their food, what to eat, what not to eat, etc., and who are constantly planning what part of the body to exercise and what part not, succeed only in developing a self-consciousness mental, and physical that can only lead to an early grave? Life, mental, physical and social must, to be helpful, come as near being automatic and spontaneous as possible. We are not supposed after eating to consciously follow every particle of food through the system, applying different atoms here and there in the brain, liver, teeth and toe-nails as needed. To reach high efficiency our processes must be automatic like in the Lion, Monkey and swift Deer, which never study *delsarte* or dietary, but nevertheless reach powers far beyond what our most learned instructors may hope to attain. In the light of securing real results our college regimes for mental and physical development are laughable. While it is well known that it was the hardships of pioneering that gave to Lincoln, Armour, McCormick and all our great American successes the mental and physical stamina and courage to initiate and fulfill, is there any college making the attempt to create real character by supplying real hardships and toil? Why should not a part of the curriculum of every college consist in at least three hours a day in the early morning, 5 to 8 a. m., in squads doing the following stunts:

## EDITORIAL

THESE EDITORIALS are not written to accord with the belief or disbelief of any our readers but they represent an earnest effort to present all human problems from a non-egoistic, non-biased point of view hence these writings must not be regarded as any one's "opinions" but as a faithful portrayal of how our social system would appear, bared to the inspection of travelers from other worlds. With our boasted intelligence we ought to be ashamed, in view of the amount of vice, greed, gluttony and debauchery that still prevails on this Earth, to meet God's World Inspector who is supposed to come around once in a thousand years.

- A. Making and repairing streets with pick and shovel.
- B. Moving furniture free for the poor in hand vans.
- C. Gathering, hauling, etc., by hand the wood or coal used by the college and by others in the vicinity.

The above are practical suggestions; they are real. As early morning stunts in gymnasium suits they could be made pleasurable and it is remarkable what far superior powers it would develop than college yells, besides acquiring for students a taste for *real* work instead of *play* work, which has been the life ruination of countless thousands of young men.

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MILLIONS DYING.—Not only are millions of so-called healthy-looking people dying twenty to fifty years before their time for the want of rational foods and rational exercise, but 99 per cent of those who claim to know the value of physical activity and right diet as a means to health and long life, claim that they "have no opportunity," "no chance or time for physical development," which is all rank nonsense. The trouble is they give their time to more trivial things and take the alternative of ill health and short life.

Anyone really in earnest about keeping up physical stamina can, no matter how employed, invent numberless ways, early mornings and evenings, of putting themselves through, at least artificial stunts, that will fill the lungs and call upon all the physical powers. For instance, chop your own wood, grind your own entire wheat by hand instead of paying \$16.00 a bushel for it in lithographed cartons, carry ten pound weights in your hands on the way to your office and back at night. Buy your potatoes by the sack and carry them home on your shoulder. Wrestle daily with whoso is willing to wrestle with you, be on the alert for doing things and carrying loads whenever you can and you will drive anemia from you as well as bad dreams.

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MAUDLING SENTIMENTALITY.—There is nothing like knowledge and facts—scientific learning if you please, to aid parents and teachers especially in their policy toward those in their charge. On a cold morning recently while entering Chicago along Lake Michigan's shore on a fast train, I overheard a conversation between mother and child, both commiserating the gulls as they darted down to the lashing water. "Poor things! they have nowhere to go. See their poor feathers and feet getting all cold and wet," etc. I butted in with the remark that the gulls were very happy and free, that nothing would make them more miserable than to be placed under the direction and guidance of women

## EDITORIAL

IT IS WITH a far reaching purpose that we are asking our readers to make the mental experiment of viewing the entire machinery of human society as it now stands, gradually evolved out of nothingness and imperfection, from the standpoint of a person, "off the Earth" for such a person not being warped by training under our faulty system or taught to accept present ideals as perfect or our present state of experimentation as final, would view this worlds affairs in the same spirit of truth with which we contemplate the mechanism of our solar system.

and children who would prevent them from doing just what they were at. I explained that I was something of a gull myself and would strenuously object to my life being curtailed by women, children, preachers or judges, none of whom were competent to direct *me* in my flight. Just then the conductor called Van Buren street and the "queer man" alighted, leaving the self-satisfied mother and child to continue their mutual misunderstanding of life.

If children could only be taught true principles from their earliest age, what an endless saving would be wrought in the machinery of human society. Those who understand natural selection know at once why and how a chicken's feathers will immediately soak with water while the gulls' will not. They know why the gull has wondrous joy in doing things that would be misery or death to many other birds. They would know the wisdom of variety in all things as well as the limitless beneficence of freedom. Oh, you cowards, you American men and women. Afraid of freedom for yourselves and afraid to give freedom to others. You talk about "trusting God" and you have so little trust or faith that you would regulate even the gulls into hot-house consumptives if you had a chance. Thank Heaven that all your prayers are futile and that God never takes your advice.

---

A STANDARD CRITERION.—In the progress of the world the tendency to "standardize" is ever observable. The reason why there are so many opinions on all topics is because each person adopts a different viewpoint, a different criterion. Looking within, "searching the soul" for truth, the "soul" always gives back the answer, the ego desires, hence the danger of subjective inquiry, and each soul being different accounts for the infinite number of wrong conclusions. Any basis for a common viewpoint, a standard criterion must be objective. And it is to develop a standard criterion with the result of Unity of Conclusion, that The To-Morrow School of Clear Thinking has been organized.

Suppose we designate xyz as a symbol to represent the sum of all human knowledge and suppose we conceive of this aggregate of knowledge as a vast network of facts and principles each one in harmony with every other. Let this objective "network" (xyz) be adopted as a common criterion by all, and instead of diversity of opinion, beliefs will not only be the same but will be in harmony with nature or "the sum of all science," as you please. Here is an opportunity for the real educators of the world not only to get together on a standard method of presentation, but once a *standard* criterion is adopted, strife and differences will be no more.

## EDITORIAL

TO-MORROW EDITORIALS are the only ones in the world that do not discuss human problems from the homocentric viewpoint, the viewpoint of egoism and privilege. Here all human questions are treated from the standpoint of universal evolution and the editor is no more responsible for the conclusions reached than he is for the answers in the multiplication table. It is time for real thinkers to break away from the anthropocentric and egocentric viewpoints the same as we have been forced to abandon the geocentric theory of the universe.

**THE NATIONAL PURITY CONVENTION.**—The idea of praying people into holiness was the popular notion of those who attended the so-called purity convention at Battle Creek. Every speaker acknowledged that "impurity" was on the rapid increase, as if this alone was not sufficient proof that the old "prayer" method was a failure and that it was time to try something new. One old maid full of holiness made a prayerful appeal to men to have coition for children only, but notwithstanding her pleading Chicago goes right on with its half million adulteries a week. All new or effective ideas were tabooed, the old time camp-meeting spirit held sway and when it was suggested that an abstemious diet made it easier to be "good" one petrified fossil cried: "Lord! Lord! Let us pray."

Far from discussing his subject—"Purity"—Saint Anthony Comstock simply indulged in a bragging talk about himself, boasted of how he knocked out a pugilist, shot two mad dogs, made 3,000 arrests, opened up an infernal machine made of sand-paper and onion skins and ended by declaring that the life of Robert Ingersoll had been devoted to distributing obscene pictures to the children of America.

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### CRITICISM.

In declaring that our whole system of criticizing each other is an unfortunate inheritance from the regime of despotism, it is well to define my use of the term, viz., adverse gossip, fault-finding, and opposition to the ideals, manner of life, and ways others have of doing things.

Manifestly everyone has the right to live his life in his own way; and those who understand how progress depends upon differentiation, know well how necessary it is that people should not be all alike, nor even all good or all wise.

There is under our present system and racial custom but one way to avoid the sharp tongue of criticism, viz., say nothing and do nothing.

The almost universal illusion in regard to criticism is, that it is an aid to progress, whereas it is the one great obstacle in the way of progress. Criticism undermines the forces, and frequently destroys the movements that would bring about progress. In reality the whole of human society is made up of two classes, those who DO things, and those who do nothing but knock. It is seldom that the "knocker" type attempts to DO anything—he is not made that way. Those who do things, viz., succeed in surmounting obstacles set in the way by knockers, almost invariably earn their full laurels every step of the way, especially if they are engaged in new or more or less untried fields of labor. If I were a preacher I would say, "God bless the doer, and God damn the knocker!"

## EDITORIAL

How WOULD A MAN from Mars view our customs and institutions? In the same spirit that we might discuss the practice and ceremonials of the Marxians, from the unbiased and non-personal viewpoint. The mental experiment of viewing our EARTH CUSTOMS and systems of social cohesion from the standpoint of disinterestedness is in every way worth while for **WE** ASSURED that OUR political, social, economic, religious and domestic systems are imperfect, in need of repair, still tarnished by the touch of ancient ignorance and in no way deserving of our bias or sacred labels, which never can be justified on any other ground than because we are **US** and this world is **OURS**.

In the face of the terrible mistakes in our system that perpetuate war, murder, graft, prostitution and every conceivable manifestation of ignorance, is it not time that we should at least begin to study the process by which we have become what we are from the standpoint of a "Man off the Earth" unbiased, by tradition.

### REAL PHYSICAL CULTURE.

There is a professional man in Toledo, Ohio, who will leave his duties for a week at a time, take a position as choreman on a farm, assume the rank of a common laborer in a quarry, work on the streets breaking cobblestones, or take the place of a maker of cement blocks, all without pay, in order to get the benefit of active outdoor life and thus contribute good health to himself as well as his progeny.

Good health, like effective procreation, must be spontaneously acquired, must be acquired in doing useful work, when the mind is on the work and not on the thought of the culture; else what culture is acquired will be accompanied by a self-consciousness and hysteria that robs one of the real benefit which right exercise should impart.

Athletic and even moral education in our American colleges never will and never can be complete or on the proper plane until from two to three hours a day of useful, out-of-door work becomes a part of the regular curriculum of every pupil. Think of the streets to be made and the roads to be built throughout this land, and most of our college students "remittance men" who receive their monthly stipend from fond fathers whose coin of the realm is converted into college yells, football rowdyism, and fraternity snobbishness. If college men as well as the professors were put to work on the roads and looked upon as the natural agency for improving our thoroughfares, perhaps more of them would stay home and learn to do real work; but at least a little reality would be injected into college life.

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### THE SOLILOQUY OF A SENSIBLE MILLIONAIRE.

In possession of a fortune, with large means awaiting investment, with youth, a pleasant home, and a growing family of children, in what way shall I employ the resources at my command?

Shall I purchase for myself and those about me the usual modes of ease, entertainment and self-gratification by which men of wealth seek to dazzle, outshow and overwhelm others; or shall I purchase for my children a heritage of health, vitality and poise that will be a bulwark against unhappiness and suffering, not only for them, but for those yet unborn?

## EDITORIAL

### RATIONAL SIMPLE LIFE

We shall have place for one or two energetic, intelligent young men at To-Morrow Fellowship Home, to take charge of departments of the magazine and homework. A rare training for those who can live on vegetable diet, two meals a day. It will develop your individuality in congenial employment in a brotherhood atmosphere. Liberal minded young men who feel out of place in their conventional surroundings will take delight in this natural free life. We prefer those who have seen something of the world and are prepared by experience to appreciate the "difference." We have plenty of extra sandals for your tired feet. Write to Sercombe himself.

You say, of course, there can be no choice; all men of means are criminal and lacking in ordinary sense who do not purchase health, strength and happiness for their children.

But suppose that these priceless qualities can only be acquired under the conditions of poverty, what then? Suppose that it is true that it is only through the means of the simple diet of the poor; through the constant daily and hourly struggle to obtain the wherewith for food and clothing, that the qualities of mind and body can be acquired that will insure happiness and long life, what then? Is any sacrifice too great to make for one's family? With the choice to purchase with my large means, on the one hand, ease, vanity, snobbishness, degeneration and early decay, or to buy health, strength, happiness, mental and physical poise and democracy of spirit, which shall it be?

Well, I know that the entire history of civilization offers no more than two instances of men of wealth with the daring and common sense to purchase the most priceless of all acquisitions for those whom they profess to love. A most contradictory world, to be sure, wherein kings and all their imitators, down the ages, have with their large means purchased for their offspring only debauchery, excess, disease, degeneracy and early decay, and this is human "wisdom" up to date!

---

### SOME QUEER FRIENDS.

It is well known to everyone who has attempted to carry out high ideals of group life, that the persistent and vindictive "knocker," though partaking of the food, shelter and companionship afforded, has been the ever present Nemesis that has followed every movement of this kind, in most cases finally to its destruction.

Our To-Morrow group has had its "non-resistant" knockers, but we fire them bodily as fast as they develop, for this knocking tendency seldom starts full-fledged, but seems to be more a matter of slow growth, a gnawing at the vitals, a series of gradually arising brainstorms and an itching ego, yearning to be considered the biggest thing in the bunch.

Recently a To-Morrow member, who shortly afterward was stung out by "the spirit of the hive," made the remarkable statement that he wanted Sercombe to succeed, but he had been told by "Dave" (a pitchfork philosopher belonging to another group) that the only way Sercombe would ever succeed was "to be busted and laid out cold." Not death, but "humility," he said, is what Sercombe needs; lots of humility, and plenty of sorrow and

## EDITORIAL

travail, said our knocker. Having a personal ax to grind, he was trying to help on the prophecy. Brave friend, noble soul, to have thus lost his footing and been cast into the humility drydock himself, all in his unparalleled effort to save his friend by doing him plenty!

---

### VERY MUCH IN EARNEST.

All divisions of the social and commercial game are taking themselves very seriously these days. The placing the value of one's "honor" or of a few paltry dollars on an equal balance with the life of a human being, is one of the daily evidences which we have of the depth of degradation to which the prevailing social scheme has brought us.

Happening to call on pay-day a few days since at the office of a small manufacturer employing twenty to thirty men, it was interesting to see that no sooner did he take the bills and silver from his safe and proceed to place the various amounts in the respective envelopes, than he laid a 38-caliber, self-cocking revolver beside the pile of bills on the table before commencing to count them out, the gun being a precaution to prevent being surprised by a hold-up man. The total amount involved could not have been more than three hundred dollars; and the fierceness and seriousness of the whole business life was shown in the fact that this man, as well as thousands of others, stands ready to blow a hole through his brother's brain for this paltry sum: and on the other hand, there are tens of thousands ready to risk the blowing out of their brains in order to possess themselves of these trifling sums. What stronger charge of failure can possibly be made against our whole social, economic and "Christian" system, than this evidence of the seriousness with which men stand ready to defend paltry property to the point of death?

---

### THE BRADLEY-BROWN MURDER.

Cold-blooded as was this murder, the real status of the case does not appear to have become current, viz., that Mrs. Bradley is as fully a victim as was Senator Brown, the man she shot. The real criminal in this, as in all similar cases, is "human society." Our whole social system, with its antiquated ideals of despotism and fear, is responsible for educating human beings to the states of mind that make such butcheries possible. It is quite true that we human beings artificially create all the troubles we have. We regulate and talk ourselves into all our miseries. Men and women get attracted toward each other, and would always remain attracted if the objects of their love only remained always attractive. No honestly organized social system would ever expect or encourage the pretense of one being attracted to another except the quality of attraction was voluntary and spontaneous. Only a criminal society would so organize as to make it incumbent on either sex to become a parasite on the other; for to hold to the emoluments of love by law, trickery, or by contract, is to be a parasite—a prostitute.

## EDITORIAL

By the very act of shooting, Mrs. Bradley showed that she had in her the qualities that must long since have made her obnoxious to Brown. It is that very fight nature in women that kills man's love. I say, down with the shooting man and the shooting woman; and down with the social system that places human beings in such a false attitude that it becomes incumbent upon either one to enforce a pretense of the emoluments of love after its realities have perished.

---

### NON-RESISTANCE AND KNOCKING.

During nearly four years in group work, I have come in contact with perhaps a hundred persons who styled themselves non-resistants; and in every case where this title was assumed, they have been knockers, fault-finders, critics of the malignant type. These people do not realize that knocking, spanking, pummeling, suing, poisoning, hanging, despotism, are all parts of the same thing, all merely different forms of invasion. In connection with our To-Morrow group work, in every case where we have ejected members for knocking, they have been self-styled non-resistants; and in several cases wherein newspapers and lawyers have been invoked to do their worst against us, it has always been instigated by "non-resistants." What kind of theorizing is this, indeed, that enables timid, unworthy, cowardly people to assume the fiercest censorship with intent to destroy their victims and then hide behind the phrase "non-resistants?" Far from deserving a worthy title, I say that he who enters the home or institution of others, sits with them, dines with them, accepts their companionship, and then "knocks" them, is a rat, an ass—meaner than the church, less courageous than the hangman, unworthy to be classed even with Anthony Comstock.

---

### THE CAPITALIST SYSTEM.

So much hatred and vituperation has been hurled against the capitalist system that it seems time to state what this "system" is really made up of, it being nothing more than perhaps a hundred thousand well intentioned people, who, observing the profligacy, dishonesty, dissipation, lack of frugality and lack of loyalty toward each other on the part of millions of the working class, simply in a good-natured way take advantage of the situation for their own enrichment. And why should they not, when every person of the working class stands ready to do the same thing whenever they get a chance, and do do the same thing as fast as they grow smart enough to get into the other side of the game. Realizing that intelligent and loyal co-operation of the workers in the different trades would in three years put the capitalist system entirely out of business, it is rather a joke that the class press continues to cry anathema, continues to stimulate hatred in the minds of their readers, when the fault is all with themselves and the cure lies entirely in their own hands. Come, come, you "class conscious" people; it is time that you became conscious both of your own defects and your own power.



## EDITORIAL

### THEORIES OF THINGS.

One of the strange paradoxes of our civilization is seen in the extent to which people insist in enjoying artificial and unnecessary persecutions of themselves. No one seems to appreciate that our *theories of things* are exceedingly imperfect very much like the models of any untried invention, which can only finally become useful and efficient by innumerable tests, changes, and readjustments of parts. We make wrong theories and then conscientiously persecute ourselves and others to the death trying to make our fool theories work.

Every human being has "theories" of things. We none of us seem to be willing to "just live" and trust the Creator. Orthodox people talk about trusting God, and then wedge themselves around with all kinds of regulations, obstacle, system and restraints, showing that in reality they do not trust God at all; and as these regulations and restraints are all based on childish "theories" of things, which theories are proven to be all wrong, generation after generation as we are enabled to inspect the past, we still blunder on, making new theories, trusting God not at all; not being willing to live our lives in a spirit of love, kindness and good will toward everyone.

The mania we all have for keeping tab on others and watching to see that they live and think in accordance with *our theory of things* would be comical if it were not so universally pathetic, being the real cause of all the miseries in the world, including wars, suicide, homicide, and every form of despair.

While no one perhaps would concede Harry Thaw's ability to form a correct concept of a perfect society, nevertheless because he could not enforce his "theory" of things in any other way, he shot down Stanford White.

Judge Loving having absorbed from a very imperfect condition of society what he thought the relations between young men and women should be, shot young Estes in the back while he was hard at work, because that young man, having been lied about by the Judge's daughter, did not conform to *his theory* of things.

Mrs. Annie Bradley, who shot and killed Senator Brown in Washington, had *her* theory of what should be the duty of men under the conditions that existed between him and herself; but her theory was wrong.

The Des Moines Normal School recently discharged Mrs. Katherine Gray, head of the vocal department, and Dr. Thomas W. Todd, teacher of elocution, the Normal School Regents having "theories" of things which differed from the relationship that Mrs. Gray and Dr. Todd chose to pursue; but the Regents were wrong.

Boy and girl lovers, who have read a few silly novels, invariably make up theories in their own minds as to what they should do and how they should act toward each other. Their natural spontaneity is destroyed, self-consciousness replaces the normal sweetness that should grow up between them and the contemptible theory of things which our false civilization enforces upon them, in many cases drives them into sexual perversion and debauchery before they become of age.

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It is seldom that family quarrels, business differences, lawsuits, divorces, or even wars, occur for any other reason except that all or certain of the interested parties are not satisfied to just live, but insist on promulgating and enforcing their fool theories.

In imitation of the political despots of the past, our wealthy classes have assumed a theory of things that implies that by trickery they shall be entitled to as much of the world's wealth as they can possibly get into their own hands, no matter how many millions are starving on every side; and the government officials and law-makers, under the influence of the same wrong *theory of things*, protect the Capitalist Robber in his desperate operations, while millions of the world's workers, too dishonest, ignorant, lazy and dissolute to judge, give their consent at the polls at every election, and thus directly against their own interest perpetuate a *wrong theory of things*.

For three hundred years the Jesuits had charge of education in Europe and established scholastic ideals of education, an education purely for show, purely ornamental; and this wrong theory of education has taken such hold of the human race that all of our public schools and colleges are still poisoned with it, and instead of educating the young to become useful men and women by giving them useful and interesting work to do each day, the entire time of pupils is spent on book culture indoors, so that when they graduate they are lazy, anaemic, one-sided, and untaught in the ways of the world—entirely unfit as citizens of an industrial democracy.

Our ignorant ancestors, who never had right ideas about anything, implanted theories of things in relation to diet, clothing, the training of children, what constitutes respectability, etc., all of which were wrong, but still have become a part of our lives, our practices; and form the criteria of our courts of law; but the vast extent to which theft, assault, abortion, adultery, drunkenness, prostitution, etc., are on the increase, indicates that they were all wrong, and that we must search out new cures and new causes. When we consider the countless millions of infractions of the laws of God and man and realize that there is a deep meaning back of this infraction of what we call law; that most of our law is based upon a wrong theory of things; that these people whom we call criminal will average much nearer doing right than does the law, is it not time that we should catch our breath and cry halt to this mad theory of legislating "wickedness" out of existence? TO HELL WITH THEORIES! Come, let us live! If the Lord of Hosts watches over all, that should be sufficient without our maddening our own minds with theories.

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### THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

Stated in plain terms, the Social Problem is *The Sex Problem*, no more nor less; and it would be no problem at all if people would let it alone and not keep harassing themselves with it. It seems a paradox that *all* the fault in the matter of keeping up Sex Agitation comes from the ultra-prudish—from those who want to be considered the super-respectable. This painfully proper

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type can not refer to man's exercise of his normal sex function without a shudder. They feel that they must say that he is a "horrid, low, vulgar brute," else *they* will not be considered refined. Strange that the bluff goes, for this kind of hot air makes the strongest hit among those who use it the most; even as real lying has always co-existed in exact proportion with prevailing credulity. It is the ultra-prudish whose minds dwell most constantly on the subject of sex, and it is they who more than all others, practice and are responsible for the various forms of sex perversion that are now undermining so many thousands of minds and bodies.

I have it on unquestioned authority that a majority of those who seek Christian Science are those who wish to regain a stamina sufficient to resist secret vices which commenced with sex repression, the result of trying to conform with false ideals and codes handed down to us by an ignorant and nasty priesthood.

Our modern sociologists realize fully that *sex regulation* is the most delicate and dangerous of all problems with which to deal. While trying to avoid some pitfalls close at hand of a personal and egoistic character, moralists and legislators have frequently initiated remote and ultimate forms of destruction and degeneracy that have been appalling.

When parents, preachers, and the wealthy purchasers of degenerate and anemic "virgins" grow great and noble enough to acknowledge without cant or smug hypocrisy that it is *better* for fruit to be plucked when it is ripe, when a saner view of "The Social Evil" proves that ninety per cent of it is only the yeip of pretenders, under such a normal regime the other ten per cent would disappear, along with masturbation, sex perversion, prostitution, meat eating, drunkenness and venereal diseases.

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### EVOLUTION AND KNOCKING.

As a result of incompetent fault-finding—a demand on the part of inexperienced minds to pass judgment on matters and people beyond their comprehension—I recently nailed up the following in the office, printing room, hall-way, and dining room of the To-Morrow Home and Shop:

#### NOTICE

KNOCKERS are prohibited from these premises, and will be excluded or ejected by force when necessary.

No service that knockers or ill-natured persons can render is sufficient to pay for having them around.

On the first offense knockers will be invited out, or thrown out, of the building.

Knocking when done, must be done on the outside, and at the expense of the knocker.

Acting upon the above, four knocking members were eliminated

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from our group within forty-eight hours. They departed so near the same time, that the thought suggested itself to me, "Why can they not form a group and go right on, with all the faults eliminated of which they complained here?"

Under their more orthodox regime our woodpile gymnasium might be replaced by an apparatus and punching-bag outfit; our cool bedroom by a steam heated one; our very simple diet by a regular bill of fare; our stoical methods of early rising, working half-nude in the cold, eschewing luxury, and practicing self-control, all might be replaced by easier and more conventional methods. For the sake of the general uplift to group life, I sincerely hope that all who knock and leave this or any other group, will immediately form new circles and draw around them those who prefer their mode of life. It is not only the order of social and political development, but it is the law of all animal and plant life—the development of new organisms, new communities, new associations, from offshoots of the old. May the good work go on, and may all knockers succeed in organizing more agreeable and more successful groups than those against which they knocked.

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### The Music of the Top

A giant once drew forth a top from his pocket, and started to spinning it round and round. Then, becoming much fatigued, he laid him down to take a nap, which lasted for the matter of a million years or so.

But the giant was so powerful that even his tops were marveously made; therefore the top spun on. Gaily around it went, and from its depths came little figures which could move about and make a sound, plainly discernable to those who held their ears to the ground.

Curiously enough, these images believed that they were not a part of the mechanism of the top, holding rather, that they were quite separate from it, and of far greater import than that on which they set their feet not altogether without scorn. They conjectured that the owner of the top spent all his moments watching them, and that he overheard each word they spoke. Some of them proclaimed they knew the purpose of the spinning of the top, and that the giant had told them confidentially it ought to make a humming sound, in E-flat major, and exactly up to pitch. "Nay, G-minor is the proper key," said other ones; and then they screamed in discords as they pulled and hauled eachother angrily about the top.

Having reposed sufficiently, the giant raised himself upon his elbow and looked down on his forgotten toy. "Well, well," said he, "how long that spinning has gone on! However, I observe it is less rapid than it was. A little longer, and the impetus I gave it will have spent itself."

Slower and slower went the top, and now there were no little figures going upon its surface to and fro. Soon it lay over quietly upon one side; and neither in E-flat nor G-minor did it make another sound.

L. H. DANA.

# My Relatives

By Sercombe Himself

"God gives us our relatives, but thank heaven we can choose our friends."

Dear To-Morrow Readers: You all probably have relatives—we seem to be obliged to have them. I merely mention this by way of arousing a fellow-feeling within you in respect to things I am about to say.

You To-Morrow readers are inclined to be unorthodox and even radical in your opposition to the prevailing creeds, codes and institutions of our epoch and most of you know what it is to be under the espionage and hammer of a parcel of narrow-between-the-eyes kin who, having "regulated" themselves into intellectual ciphers, proceed to throw the harpoon into you for being "different." Bless you all! Every benefactor the world has known has worked against the advice and in opposition to the ideals of his family—such men could not have reached greatness except by being "different." Cheer up! Don't mind their frowns.

To be orthodox is to think in harmony with the social system that gives the world its present type of Statesmen, Preachers, Prostitutes, Capitalists, Philosophers, Physicians, Judges, Philanthropists, Grafters, etc.—it is *the grind of the system* we are working under that makes people what they are; but the usual orthodox mind is unable to see that all of the above are the result of the SAME SOCIAL PRESSURE, and that they are working together harmoniously for the perpetuation of *the system that has made them*.

Being a squeegee product of Dutch, English, Irish, and Mohawk Indian on my mother's side, with Scandanavian, English and Saxon in the parental line, whose broad backs and heavy calves were acquired as robbers and outlaws in the old hills of Devonshire where they held their homes and booty for three hundred years by force of arms, I am in no way surprised at the atavism of freedom and radicalism *in myself*—a decided contrast to the lamb-like docility, dullness and conservatism exhibited in my living relatives. They are mostly prolific, these relatives of mine, being descended from toilers, hunters, slaves, plebians—though there has lurked a boast among one ambitious clan of direct line, that some ten generations back a Lord Clarendon enticed one of the comely maidens from the Sur-Coombes (hill tops) by whom, without the aid of State or Clergy, a direct forebear was wrought into being; this is how a drop or two of patrician blood crept in.

Though confessing the descent of myself and relatives from sturdy toilers, slaves and outlaws, do not for a moment infer that to any large degree these kinfolk participate in my enjoyment of a fine, healthy, clean, lithe body. Far from it—for remember, they are *orthodox*, which means that in their habits of life they imitate wealth and royalty, not only in their ideals toward Church and State, but by idleness, easy living and gluttony they in one or two generations have either become senile, degenerate shadows of

in some cases gross with fat; for *being orthodox*, they eat three meals a day without intervening work, patronize Armour's hog shop and Pabst's swill factory, and dress up with creased trousers and the usual toggery employed to give the impression that they are real men and women. Dear Reader Mine, it is quite true that among the severest critics of my non-conformity are several families of kin who are actually dying off from aenemia and filth in their systems, due to physical laziness, excesses, carousals and wrong foods. They have no self-control, and go as far as their strength will carry them in sex and alcohol debauchery. To keep up the "gait" they borrow money from whomsoever will lend. They patronize and support *the church*, debauch each other, play the hypocrite, sneak, lie, have no conception of the joy of lofty thinking and have the effrontery to buffoon *me*, the only one of their line with full mental and physical force, without an evil habit, with no tendency in any form of excess, ready at any time to render an account of the care given body and mind by submitting to a most rigid test of the powers which right living has enabled me to preserve. How about their stewardship of themselves?

*Right living*, as well as wrong living, places its stamp indelibly upon the man, his face, body and vitality, and this age is so practical that we no longer need submit to being systematically trauced by a bunch of debauched hypocrites, whose anxiety to criticise others finds its inspiration solely in a stronger desire to direct attention away from themselves.

So much for the men: While much can be said in praise of some of my women relatives, still it is they who foster the systems and ideals which debauch the men; become hypocrites in some cases, pretending to believe the female brand of orthodoxy; and by stuffing the men and themselves with wrong foods they become physically gross, get fat on the brain, bile in the liver, with consequent tendency to gossip, criticise, and tyrannize over others, including myself—a relic of kingcraft and priestcraft. I have eluded them all, nobody owns me, so I take my freedom and let the clique take care of itself.

It is because so many of you readers are being held down, brow-beaten and cramped by your fool relatives, that I have induced myself to write this rhapsody, my hope being to help you break your bondage and smite the ghosts of ancestral disapproval. God forbid that I should spend this hour on my own account; for though I have all kinds and colors of relations, by blood, by marriage and by conjecture, the incident of any of these having procreated within any of the clans that produced me, is as unimportant from my standpoint, the standpoint of racial welfare, as it is whether Luther Burbank, the hybridist, grafts a gooseberry to a poplar or a basswood tree.

I really bear no ill will toward my relatives—they are a joke to me, that's all. I long since, to myself, foretold their attitude toward me, for being dishonest, their opinions are worthless; and being ignorant, they are no more capable of comprehending my work than the Kafir can solve the mysteries of trigonometry.

To those of my kin who have taken somewhat of a step into the realm of common sense, I would say that every thought and every

action of our lives, makes its indelible imprint on our forms, in our faces, in every tissue, and upon our souls. We are continually *creating ourselves*, and to those who know, are a constant exhibit of what we do with ourselves. Come now! Fat relatives, lean relatives, meat eaters, tobacco smokers, church goers, beer drinkers, money changers, snarlers, fault finders, patronizers of prostitutes, step up, I say, and get measured *by the results* as they show on yourselves and your progeny. Be honest for once; step up like real men and women; be measured, give an account of the stewardship of your own bodies and minds. Come singly or by the hundred if you choose; you are all welcome if you behave yourselves, but you will be thrown out of my Den bodily if you get gay.

The following letter from a near and dear "emancipated" relative is an appreciation that no truly inconsistent person would care to conceal, hence it goes to the public as written.

P. H. S.

DEAR Parker:—

I have *enjoyed* the article on your *relatives*. It is so bold, so pungent, so incisive and so reckless, that it has given me great amusement. I have not had so unctious a laugh in months as your diatribe on blood relations has given me, and seriously, you are all the time improving your English and growing more and more true to your own characteristic style—I would not care how unacademic you may be, but that I want you to keep within such impregnable power of syntactical lore that you will successfully defy all who dare attempt to belittle your great work by criticising your method of advocacy.

Again I say, I am immensely entertained by your thoughts about relations.

I happen, however, next to your brothers and sisters, to be one of the four who are your nearest living kin.

Ever Yours.

Your Uncle.———

## Fidus Achates

(To Guy La Coste)

By Walter Hurt

Where'er the Future beckons, whatever it may bear,  
In whatever of its byways my truant footsteps fare,  
However glad its promise, and whatever good appears  
Adown the golden vista of the never-dying years;  
Whatever comes of blessing or whatever else of bliss  
Throughout the change of circumstance, my friend remember this:  
If tardy fame should find me, yet whatever fortune true  
May chance to crown my later life must also come to you.

Should the gods be good unto you, then always will my voice  
A harp be to your happiness and lifted to rejoice  
With ev'ry pulsing rapture of the roses and the wine;  
But if the Fates should fail you, oh, remember, friend of mine,  
However hard and heavy you may find misfortune's load,  
However salt your sorrows as you tread the rugged road,  
There stands a steadfast friendship like a graven monument  
Of marble pure that shall endure till all Time's sands are spent.

# The Scientific Interpretation of Life

**EDITORS NOTE—** Having invited a number of leading thinkers to express in their own terms the point of view in relation to the laws governing human society that To-Morrow has been teaching for the past three years, we present below, by Mr. Dietrich, the best answer so far received:

My Dear Sercombe:—

In regard to presenting the Social Philosophy of To-Morrow in my own phraseology as I understand it, am pleased to submit the following:

The primary cosmic laws of organization are constant and general in their effect, but varied and complex in their expression. As a result of their organizing action, living substance is brought into existence; and this living plasm is subsequently controlled in all of its organized expressions by these equalizing laws of reciprocal co-operation.

Now, when we find a co-operative organizing effort made, among complex living units, it must be self-evident that such efforts are but the higher consecutive expressions of the elementary laws of organization, and that these laws have already formed layers of primary organized units, and what we see as the tendency of the higher social organization of specialization and differentiation is but a repetition of what has already taken place through the eternal action of these cosmic laws of organization.

Our social organization in its development, is therefore nothing more than an expression of prior organized units, who are trying to repeat the same stages of organization through which they passed in their own development.

It is an ontogenetic development or parallel organization with the phylogenetic development of species, so that every stage of our social organization from the simple horde to specialization, differentiation and complexity is but a repetition of the stages of organization through which our own bodies were developed. In other words, what he call animal or human hordes, groups and society are but parallel expressions of the cosmic laws of organization through which the simple living cell units were organized into the numerous social colonies as specie-branches.

This being a fundamental fact, it is also evident that our social organization having followed the general line of the biological laws of organization up to its present stages, it will be controlled by these same iron laws in its future development.

In the past, the human units have endeavored to guide the form of social organization through the objective experiences gained during their lives and through the accumulated histological experiences of past generations. Whether their individual or collective efforts to shape and mold contributed in any marked degree to the progressive advance, may be questioned; but certain it is that such efforts, based upon nothing more than experimental speculations, were unscientific and therefore largely a waste of energy in trying to assist the cosmic laws of organization.

As in the past, so at the present day, there is a continual seething, foaming agitation carried on in regard to what policies or acts to pursue in trying to assist nature's iron laws of social organ-



ization; but it is just as certain that where such acts or policies are based upon nothing more than experimental speculations they must largely result in a waste of energy.

Nature's laws of evolution and development can only be aided by working in harmony with them, and to do this effectively they must first be understood.

Up to its present stage our social organization has been developed along experimental lines, but in absolute harmony with the cosmic laws of organization regardless of man's feeble effort to shape and mold. Therefore if we wish to make an effective effort to assist nature in her progressive advance, we must understand the lines along which social organization is moving; and these can only be learned by a study of the parallel lines found in biological development.

The cosmic laws of organization have taken the simple living units and developed them into a social colony organization which is far, far beyond the dream of the greatest social dreamer, in harmony and perfection.

Our own bodies have been developed out of millions of independent living units, through the equalizing laws of co-operation. These are complete life units in every sense of the word, and possess all the essential functions of life.

In the primary independent life work they are brought in contact with each other; and through their reciprocal co-operative experience they form protecting and nutritive colonies. Becoming more and more complex, adding department after department to the colony organization, with its complex industrial digestive department, its intercellular circulation and its general equalizing colony circulation. Interwoven with all is a very complex governing department, commencing with the recording ganliomic brain units and these differentiating into nerve lines and the higher brain organ. In addition the discriminating and protecting functions of feeling, taste, smell, sight and hearing becomes centered in specialized departments for the general welfare of the co-operative whole.

Altogether here we have a social organization as perfect as the practical experiences of nature can make it, and which only needs to be studied in order to teach us with mathematical accuracy along what lines our society will and must develop.

—G. Dietrich.

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### WHAT THEY SAY.

Dear Sercombe:—

To-Morrow has been a great delight to me, ever since the first issue that came to my eyes. It makes good abundantly for its claim to be—"For people who think."

—Isidor A. Skenasy

Original from

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Dear Comrade:—

Your last issue of To-Morrow is on my desk, and I read it with much interest. You are doing a great work. The point is Revolution—no fixed program, but revolution. A set program means grooved ideas. Let us stand for elemental truths only, and tear away at the bulk of an antiquated system.

—Charles W. Holman, Sherman, Texas.

Dear Sercombe:—

Your To-Morrow magazine gets better with every issue.

—J. C. Ehlect, Carpenterville, Ill.

Dear Sir:—

Pray accept the congratulations of an obscure admirer, on your scientific methods and great courage in the search for the true course of social progress, and in preparing the people for the great army. With men like you in the van, we shall finally triumph in our slow, toilsome journey towards a higher level.

—H. Mell.

Dear Editor To-Morrow:—

I wish to applaud your wisdom in advertising and encouraging colonies. Colonies of harmonious members founded on natural principles and co-ordained by a natural organization will soon make a cityless and a countryless world; will soon change a political good to a scientific one, by establishing Liberty and Justice, instead of robbery and slavery, as now.

—H. E. Sawdon, Nucla, Colo.

Dear Comrade:—

"To-Morrow is a peach." It's vigorous style is stimulating, indeed, and just exactly suits my complexion. It's all wool and a yard wide; full of ginger, spices and acids—it's great.

—C. T. Mayer, St. Elmo Station, Chatanooga, Tenn.

Dear Sercombe:—

I think you are "It," and have never seen anything to equal it in magazine form. Am thankful to live in the same world with you.

—Prof. Z. O. Bowen.

## Fidelity

By Walter Hurt

They stand in the dim lower hallway,  
Where the gas-glow just mellowes the gloom —  
She swears she'll be true to him alway  
Till her heart turns to dust in the tomb.  
The flowers at her throat, as they fall, they  
Fill the place with a pulsing perfume;  
While she gracefully bends down to scrawl a  
Receipt, her soft cheek is a-bloom:  
For the gentleman aids in a small way  
To keep her young life on the boom —  
The guy with the whiskers from Galway  
Is paying the rent of her room

# A Biological Study of Sex

By GIDEON DIETRICH

## CHAPTER VII

### PARENTAL CARE AND THE HOME

In the preceeding chapters it has been repeatedly stated that the old creation theory assumed, that there must be an altruistic impulse within every living unit to "reproduce" itself and become a parent,—for a purpose, namely; to perpetuate its special type of organization. This was supposed to be the cause and the primary impulse of a parent; as well as the cause out of which a parent's care for offspring has been developed.

Such an assumption would be perfectly sound if specie-organizations were elementary in their nature; but the facts of evolution make it clearly evident that such organizations are only modifications of each other, resulting from an inner ego struggle of adjustment to the ever changing environments. Now, if species are not staple and elementary in their nature, why should there be a primary parental impulse within a living unit to perpetuate a form which is being continually changed and modified?

On the other side an ego impulse, which is universal and fundamental within every living unit, cannot be blended or associated with any other primary impulse of an opposite nature, but must be purely one of SELF-PERPETUATION. As is so clearly expressed everywhere, all the laws of nature are centered and concentrated toward the individual, toward the ego unit and toward its own perpetuation, well-being and happiness. To live and to express metabolic activity is the primary and continuous impulse of every living unit, that is, normal units.

But to live and express metabolic action results in the splitting apart of each living unit into two or more new units. For, normal metabolic action can not take place within living substance without an increase of that substance; and as the limit of the organized capacity is once reached there must be a division of that overflowing center.

*Thus the very act of living IS AN ACT OF PROPAGATION and perpetuation of new living units—not an altruistic act but an egoistic act.*

This being true, where then can we find the cause out of which a parent's care for offspring has developed?

In the division of the unicelled protophyta or protozoa there certainly can be no parental care implied or expressed. This is also true of loose colonies, such as sponges, where new units are formed thru this same process of cell division and then make their escape into the surrounding water. In nearly all the higher aquatic animals and plants these same conditions are found. Everywhere new units are formed by cell division, and then make their escape into the surrounding medium, there to struggle for existence unaided by a parent's care.

Even in the higher animals including man, new units are primarily formed and escape from the parent colony without an elementary impulse of the parent to form them or to care for them.

The fact of sex and the strong fertilizing attraction developed thru it, does not make this attraction an elementary impulse of a parent to reproduce itself, as there are thousands and thousands of cases where the new units develop parthenogenetically, without the union of two sexed units.

Parental care implies some assistance given, either voluntarily or involuntarily, by a parent organism to a new unit. The first evidence of such assistance found in biology is, where the new unit receives a sufficient amount of germ food within itself, to enable its organization to develop to a point where it has the capacity to obtain its food from without.

Each offspring of a normal protozoa has sufficient vital substance within itself to exist without any special aid from a parent. But let some of these develop an extreme kinetic maleness, such conditions are completely changed.

Before there has been a great amount of sex differentiation, all colony germ units have a sufficient amount of germ food within themselves, to enable them to reach a point of development where they can obtain it out of the surrounding medium. However, as the complexity of colony organization increases more and more of this germ food is required to permit a development to such a stage.

Now, with the increased sex differentiation, the development of extreme maleness, robs one class of germ units of this necessary germ food, and thus curtails their power of cell-division and colony organization. And only such germ units, from the lowest to the highest, as contain a sufficient amount of vital food substance are enabled to develop as mature offspring; and this sufficiency of germ food—the first parental aid,—is only allowed to accumulate thru the conserving anabolic femaleness developed within life.

Thus, parental care has its primary source within the *Mother* nature of the living process, and not within the supposed impulse of a parent organism to perpetuate its species. If there was an elementary impulse within every organism to become a parent and care for offspring, this would have to be expressed within every male, the same as it is within the female. This however, we know is not a fact.

Maleness is destructive and of a utilizing nature, using up all its energy in an extremely active ego life. While on the other side femaleness is constructive and conserving; and thus allows the accumulation of the necessary germ food, and forms the true source out of which a parent's care for offspring or fellow-beings has been developed.

Not only do the facts of biology demonstrate that this is the primary cause of parental care, but they also teach us that it is out of and thru this conserving mother nature that all the humanizing and civilizing acts of the world have been developed.

It is this anabolic mother nature which conserves all the food within the roots and fruits of plants within the egg-cell and mammary glands, to serve as a perpetual supply for those who are hungry and those who are in need. And thus it is mother who is not only the primary but the greatest provider for offspring as well as fellow beings.

And it is the normal anabolic mother who is the first to extend a helping hand; she is the first to bandage the wound, to relieve suffering and bring cheer, comfort and peace into a struggling kinetic world.

In addition to this primary cause, the parental care as developed among the higher animals and man, contains other factors which are largely of a social nature. Such is the strong impulse to aid and protect social units of the horde or group. This impulse becomes strongest to aid those who are the most intimate in their associating relation.

The male of animals cares nothing for its offspring until it is sufficiently developed to become a unit of its social group, and then it will give it protection but only as an associating unit. Even the strong mother impulse to care for offspring is lost, as soon as those offspring are sufficiently developed to take their places as units within the horde.

The higher developed parental care as found among human races is largely the result of this ego impulse to care for associating units, especially those who are closely related in their association. But space will not permit a more detailed discussion of these factors, it is only important to keep in mind when studying the the problems involved in our subject, that it is out of the conserving anabolic femaleness that a parent's care for offspring has been developed, and that this scientific fact completely destroys the old theory that there is an elementary reproductive impulse within every living being.

To better express this conserving mother nature, the *Mother* selects the place and builds the nest—*The Home*.

Within still shallow waters, or the sands of the shore, or under some protecting leafy bough, the mother selects the place and prepares the nest—home. The normal anabolic mother always seeks to get away from all storms, away from the destructive fury of the kinetic elements; and within calm waters or a hidden nook she seeks to hide the eggs and protect the helpless brood with her outstretched mother wings.

There in that peaceful soothing nest-home is developed the true mother art of humanizing and civilizing the world.

This, however, is not the home established upon the principle of "personal property rights" or upon an "estate." This is not the home established with the proceeds wrung from crushed and helpless fellow beings, for the purpose of displaying the vanity of a bloated ego, or for the purpose of developing that mad social kineticism which is destroying the very heart-core of civilization.

No, mother's nest-home was established without any priestly sanction, as a peaceful retreat, a calming, soothing

ing haven to which the individual may retire for rest and renewed strength after his struggles with a kinetic world. Discord, strife and inharmony have no place in this home, and institutional conventionality with all its divorce laws can never force them into the natural nest-home. And it is never-the-less mother's home if it is only a depression in the shore sands, or hidden under some protecting shrub, or is but a humble cottage or marble palace, if it only represents a gentle soothing anabolic femaleness then, only is it home, sweet peaceful home.

To this cradle of altruism and civilization the katabolic male, inspired with a strong ego-fertilizing impulse, will follow like a captive slave; and there he must learn the lesson of what it means to care for offspring and care for fellow beings.

The impulse of self-fertilization draws the male under the influence of this nest-home, and there, to please his fertilizing mate he gradually learns to care for offspring. And gradually thru long ages of historical experiences of association and heredity there is a greater impulse to care for offspring, or associating units developed within the male.

The more of the mother nature is developed within the male, thru association and heredity, the greater will be his impulse to care for offspring; but at best this can never be as fundamental and enduring as that of the mother.

Aside from the primary mother impulse to care for offspring, the greater part of parental care as we see it expressed among civilized races has been developed out of purely social factors. After the mother's impulse to care for helplessness has been expressed, the whole effort of the parents is to prepare the offspring so that it will become a fit unit in the great social whole. The vital question of the parents is: If their offspring only gets along, if it will only become a fit unit in the social organization to which they belong?

This being a basic principle of parental care it is evident that society as a whole has a far more vital interest and obligation to care for the development of its future units than have the parents, the primary mother's care is of course excepted. At the present day there is a strong social realization of this fact developing; and society is making more and more of an effort to care for its developing units in order to preserve itself.

When this fact once becomes thoroughly impressed into our social consciousness, and there is a proper social effort made to care for those offspring who are *here*, allowing no mother or child to suffer want, or be ground to pieces in the relentless jaws of commercialism, we need never fear a "race suicide." Even if our own family-tree becomes exterminated, the world's mothers will always provide a sufficient quantity as well as quality, if there is a proper amount of room and sunshine within which they can grow and develop.

Note:—It has been suggested that this series of articles by Gideon Dietrich be printed in pamphlet form. In order to obtain the consensus of opinion of our readers on this subject, we ask that all those interested communicate with us at once, and if the encouragement is sufficient, the pamphlet will be printed.—Editor.

# My Cuban Cigar

(Gratefully inscribed to W. E. Lewis, who supplied the weed.)

By Walter Hurt.

The beacon of evening comes up thro' the sky  
And burns like a torch in the blue,  
As clear and as constant, as holy and high  
As the light of a love that is true;  
The sounds of the city, by distance subdued,  
Drift in like a requiem of rest,  
The fancies of twilight drop down like a brood  
Of birds coming home to their nest;  
Sonorously beats the strong surf on the bar  
As I softly commune with my Cuban cigar.  
Though winter snows wrap the cold earth like a shroud,  
And pallid the arc overhead,  
Chromatic eidolens through Fancy-land crowd,  
Where roses are fragrant and red.  
The tremulous sweetness that tropic lands know  
Thrills thro' the wide stillness of white  
And brings the aroma of breezes that blow  
From valleys of deathless delight.  
The faint, tinkling tones of a Spanish guitar  
Weave into the wreaths from my Cuban cigar.  
The endless endeavor, the tears and the toil,  
The thorns on the trail that we tread,  
The mirk of the pit where the multitudes moil  
And eat of the bitterest bread:  
These vanish from view like the wraiths of the mist —  
Impalpable ghosts of the dawn —  
When the Sun to the cheek of the Morning has kissed  
The color Night's fears had withdrawn.  
In Life's jubilee there is never a jar  
When I puff in content at my Cuban cigar.  
The weight of the worries my spirit has known  
While yielding my neck to the yoke  
Of the daily demands that enslave me, has flown  
On the wings of a succoring smoke;  
Ah, grateful and gracious and ceaselessly blest  
The comfort that compasses me  
When I am reclining completely at rest  
In cushioned embraces, nor see  
On the face of the future a scowl or a scar  
While I press and caress my sweet Cuban cigar.

\* \* \* \*

The heart that has hungered for kisses that cling  
To the lips like the honey of old  
On the heights of Hymettus that Atticans sing  
And troubadours ancient have trolled,  
Now knows the warm pressure for which it has prayed  
And feels every thrill it has dreamed,  
For promises dear that the past had delayed  
The present has richly redeemed:  
I see your eyes beaming, each bright as a star,  
Above the red glow of my Cuban cigar.

December 25, 1899.

# Channing Pollock's New Play

By Louise Dana Harding

Speaking of Channing Pollock's new play running at the Garrick, one newspaper critic relieves himself of the opinion that while the fault may be the same on either side, yet "the woman's stepping aside from the path of rectitude is more serious than is the similar digression by the man, since it is more serious in its results. The morality or immorality may not be any greater in the one instance than in the other, but the consequences are, and the world knowing this will never accept as wholly convincing such a theory as that on which "The Secret Orchard" is builded. The play does not ring true because the auditor does not believe what is being done is the right thing to do—at least along practical lines. Theoretically it is beautiful and right, but unfortunately we do not get practice wholly out of our minds."

By what peculiar process of reasoning is evolved the strange idea that the results of a digression from the established social code are more serious for one sex than for the other one? The average person would suppose that equal responsibility should bring equal blame, if blame there were at all. If there were moral guilt, it is an idea long since exploded that masculine hands can be dipped freely in the sewer, to come forth after a little Social Immunity Bath, in first-class shape to grasp the palms of youthful innocence. If, on the other hand, there were no moral taint involved, attempts to blacken the hand of Jane, because it chances to be more delicate and less liable to smite us in the face than is that of John, are not commendable.

But all this is not exactly what the correspondent means. He says:—"The world at large, which after all is a practical and level-headed old world, has found out that theories and practice do not always agree, and that this particular theory (the equal distribution of social censure and social praise) is such a one."

Here we have the situation in a nutshell. Theories and practice are divergent, it is true. Parlyle reminds us of a time when the French peasant, outlined against the setting sun as he repaired the thatch upon his roof, might be "potted" by some gentlemen of rank returning from the hunt. This proceeding could scarcely have been looked upon with approval by the better run of folk, but if one were careful and did not repeat the offence too frequently, the "results" were not "serious"—for gentleman. The opinions of the peasant did not count, of course; or if the aim were good enough, he no doubt ceased to trouble anybody with plebian views. Rousseau and Voltaire, howbeit and others of their kind, not approving of these playful practices of personages of rank, there came a time when the results were very grave, and the peasant did not furnish the amusement via that unamiable "St. Guillotine." Practice and theory came together at last.



Some of the Russians had a theory that the torture of political prisoners was a wicked thing. General Maxim-fsky held a different view. Mlle. Ragozinnikova, young, beautiful and of a dauntless heart, converted him to the opinions of the populace.

Quite true it is that "the world at large,"—or that part of it which for the moment rests on top—adopts a double standard of morality. A set of money-dominated, tawdry lying folk, will kiss the hand that holds the larder key, for thereby one may gain those apple tarts, dearer than all abstract theories concerning which the philosopher is fool enough to vex himself. This fawnining, brainless mob has built a moral code which its own members do not keep. Such a wall being founded on small disks of metal which move rapidly about, the structure is shaken rather easily and would scarcely stand, indeed, without those stout props you behold on every hand. Should you wish to step over this wall, go quietly, good sir, and all is well; but woe to you who put your hands too heavily upon the decaying barricade as you pass, or even kick it recklessly. For rotten as you perceive the wall to be, it still serves to house most comfortably a number of sleek, black-coated gentlemen, who otherwise might be without a place to sleep. Should these same tenants chance by any circumstance to be awake, so that they detected the disturbance in the wall, no doubt they would come forth with anathemas and brimstone for your head, and in the general hub-bub you might awaken all—the village geese!

In the meantime, gentle reader, how many subscribers do you suppose the "Daily Tribute" has among the gentler sex? Certain it is that this defense of what is infamous, will furnish pleasure only to the morally debauched, or or to the woman in whose minds economic interest has extinguished every spark of justice and of honesty.

## The Old Bachelor's Lament

By One of Them

I am dreaming of home,—of the home I had never!  
 Of the choice of my heart who had ne'er dwelt with me;  
 And I wonder, "O will I be homeless forever?  
 Will no dear heart's devotion be lavished on me?  
 Will no sweet children watch for my homeward returning—  
 When the evening from labor has set my hand free?  
 Will no board be inviting, no bright fire burning?  
 Will the fond eyes of Love ne'er be watching for me?

The sweet buds of my hope never came to fruition;  
 And fair Fortune—to me—did a traitress prove.  
 Altho' I surrendered each earthly ambition,—  
 And have offered 'my all' on the altar of love.  
 On the bosom of Nature—my mother—reclining,  
 I have sought a fond heart,—and received but a stone.  
 And was left in the winds of the Autumn repining,  
 Like a leaf on the tree-top—forsaken! alone!

Original from

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

# To a Cigar Band

By A. G. C.

Resplendent reilic of a vanished smoke,  
Glitt'ring in gold and scarlet, framed in blue,  
Tell me, I pray thee, if thy garnish hue,  
(Thy gaudy color, is a hideous joke.)  
Did some deft slave girl, with her fingers thin  
Roll up the weed which thou clungest to?  
Did bitter tears, and numbing toil, hard found,  
Push from her feebly, grisly death and sin?  
Is thy bright rose-blush but a hint of that  
Which might have flushed her face and joyed the soul within?  
Thine azure blue; is't stolen from her eye,  
Yes, stol'n to make fat the purse of greed.  
I know! Thy gold is flecked with blood—The grime  
Of exploitation blots thy lines.

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## Life is a Sacred Thing

By Ivan Swift

Aye, Masters, we know that ye cavil  
By the light of the days and the lamps,  
And ye cudgel the foe with your gavel  
And rattle the drums of the camps.  
For a penny's a loaf  
And a loaf is a life,  
And your life is a sacred thing.  
The gods and the cross of the steeple  
Look down upon all ye do, —  
And your millions of paltry people  
Are paying the Filching Crew.  
For a penny's a loaf  
And a loaf is a life,  
And Its life is a sacred thing.  
We lend to your Lars our oblation —  
But a fireless-hearth in the street;  
And we wait on your incantation  
For a blessing of bread and meat.  
For a penny's a loaf  
And a loaf is a life, —  
And *our* life is a sacred thing.

---

## The Mill Path

By Edward Griffith

I am the path that leads to the mill  
This is the mission I fulfill:  
I lead little feet so weary and worn,  
I guide little children that were better not born,  
I bear a burden of bodies small,  
I lead them there to the door in the wall.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
I feel their steps on my bare breast,  
I know that scarcely the bed they pressed,  
I hear them tell of Times quick flight,  
In wondrous swiftness of the night.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
I am the way, the mills hard path —  
I know not a carefree laugh,  
I know not a joyous face,  
I only know the slaves quick pace.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
I fell their feet so oft I know  
In pitchy darkness, those who go  
In ghostly lines, joyless and still  
I lead them to the merc'less mill,  
I am the path that leads to the mill —  
This is the mission I fulfill.

# Department of Natural Living

Conducted by R. A. Holman

## A Hint to Radicals

This article is for the unorthodox, the socialist, the new thoter, the anarchist and all thinkers who are out of harmony with established precedent.

You are radical. That is, you have broken away from the king and priest interpretation of life—in thot. But, really, are you a radical thinker? Did it ever occur to you that it may be possible that all your advanced ideas may be sorted out and tide into a mighty small bundle? Did it ever strike you that your radical tendencies are deluding you, that they represent a very limited phase of what may be sincerely considered rationalism?

Let us see. Do you eat flesh, white bread, drink tea, coffee and other stimulants, and use the hundred and one other articles of diet that tend, not only to produce physical and mental weaklings, but perpetuates the old system, handed down and elaborated upon by tribal chief, feudal lord and despotic monarch? In dress, who is your model? The dummy in the show window and the walking dummy on the street.

In clothing your body do you try to be sensible, regardless of what Squire Jones' son or Mrs. Smith's daughter wears?

Then in your pleasures and pass-time who do you follow? The so-called "respectable" element of the community, whose evenings are spent in gluttony, sensuality and revelry, and whose standard of life is utterly devoid of common sense, or are you trying to conduct your life so that the highest physical, mental and social efficiency may be obtained?

Now, if you are aping the custom, be it in dress, diet or pleasures, you are not a rationalist and you should request that your name be taken from the lists of that class of thinkers and livers. By maintaining that the present standard of law and ethics in church, state and school are wrong and yet upholding those institutions by patronizing Armour, Past, Duke, McLaughling, Lipson, Pillsbury, Worth, etc., you are not only living a lie and prostituting your mind, but you are helping to keep alive the same false standards that the advanced thinkers of every age have fought.

Rational thinkers, are those or should be those, who base their conclusions upon facts, and it is a fact that flesh eating and fancy dishes (in the commonly understood term) is detrimental to the highest physical and mental efficiency.

## The Heart's Material

Dripping kelpies flout the scudding gale,  
And sky and sea are one deep tomb of death.  
And then—from out a glimmering fleet the sail  
Of Ashtaroth, upon an angel's breath,  
Drifts up the deep of evening—calm, unruven—  
As't bore the radiant soul of Him of Nazareth to Heaven!

Perehance the Potter of the whirling sky,  
The Molder of the moaning lava sea;  
The Builder of the argosies on high,  
And Painter of the flower and Lammas tree—  
Saved cloud and fire, pearl and purple then  
And turned them in, with final hand, to make the hearts of men!  
—IVAN SWIFT.

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## The New Song

DEDICATED TO THE TO-MORROW GROUP.

I eat no flesh! I drink no wine!  
The fields of golden grain are mine.  
The luscious clusters on the vine  
My choiest food shall be.

The sparkling springs upon the hill  
The nectar of the gods distill;  
The silver rivulet, and rill  
Their treasures bring to me.

The noxious 'weed' I never use:—  
Inhale its fumes, nor sip its juice:  
From such uncleanness and abuse  
I keep my body free.

I have no 'creed' of craven fear;  
No 'God of 'vengeance'—dark and drear  
Sweet Nature—so divinely near—  
My Deity shall be.

I fear no Hell of savage hate!  
I seek heaven with pearly gate!  
The home where dwells my precious mate  
Is Heaven enough for me.

And, if that Heaven I never know—  
I'll be a *man* where'r I go,  
And try on others to bestow  
The little good in me.

BY A FRIEND OF THE GROUP.

---

## Back to Nature

By Peter Fandel

We were not driven from paradise — no! we  
Freewilled have barred ourselves therefrom. By vain  
Persuasion we chose life of sordid gain  
To one of primal, native dignity.  
Rather than live all manly free  
In God's creation, we wite Mammon fain  
In slavery would house, and scorn the plain  
Great life of nature given by Heaven's decree.  
Not till we have cast off the shackles vile  
Of moneyed pride, and, from delusion freed,  
Returned to life of honest worth and need,  
Shall Heaven again upon us sweetly smile,  
And we once more know paradisian joys  
And in the garden hear God's loving voice.

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# Talks with Anna

EDITOR'S NOTE;—Hereafter "*Anna*" will conduct a general department under the above title. She invites correspondence and will answers questions of interest to readers that are addressed to her.

When a school-teacher, I could not do general work satisfactorily to myself; could not see the mass as a unit; but individual souls flashed to me, called to me, out of the Argus-eyed group in front of me.

And so now, while I feel the harmony that is or may be, in the whole, the *parts*, the *individuals*, appeal to me. And to each one speaking I answer with a kind of passionate delight.

As I can think more freely when alone, there is nothing more refreshing to me than writing letters. If individuals will speak to me I will answer seriously and gaily. My soul, i. e., myself, is free and my mind is in direct communication with my soul. I am not *caught* anywhere, neither am I fastened (in the hitching-post way) to anything.

Here are bits from correspondence the past month :

Little misunderstandings are realy happenings tossed about on the surface of souls; stuck in crevices of minds they make trouble, cause irritation.

These trifles need not cause unhappiness; they can be dusted off by the will, good-will.

No,—if driven into a corner,—I don't think one person can understand another perfectly. Each one is a distinct (individual) ray from the Center. Each one has to go to the Center for understanding. The trouble has been that one individual has depended on another, that other being often once or twice removed from the Center himself. I believe there is nothing more sacred and indestructable than individuality, as though your individuality and mine were parts of "God's Personality"—as precious as anything. We all have the Center in common, but I am not "common" to you and you are not "common" to me, exactly. It is thru experience, referred to the Center, that we understand each other—or understand anything.

Tho the understanding of each other may not be perfect or cannot be, yet love may be perfect. Understanding follows Reason "around the road." Love "jumps the fences" and is there at once.

A child is not unhappy when he knows the table is being spread in the next room. If he is hungry he forgets it in the joy of anticipation. If your joy cannot be that of satisfaction, why not let it be that of anticipation?

If you *get yourself free* the power is turned on. You have to do your work. Neither "the dear old heaven" nor the

darned old hell" can stop you! A tree tore up the cement of my cellar and tumbled over my stone wall. It *had* to.

It pays to make breaks if one has to. If one doesn't have to, either he is getting good out of present conditions or else he is sleeping, close-packed like a tiny plant in the seed, waiting for the season to open.

To the degree that one becomes free he realizes that there is but one will in the universe, that will is his own. The will of the free soul will never clash with the will of the whole—nor will there be discord where free souls are gathered together.

We have just returned from Emerson's Fairyland. I have never had a more refreshing day.

While there every thought seemed dipped in a kind of "sweet deliciousness." Every twig and bit of sunshine seemed playfully friendly with us, and even we felt sociable with ourselves.

Sun-sparkle on the water said to me:

"Do you dance?" Old Pine Tree

Murmured in serf-sound: I am free

To speak my '*peace*'. How is with thee?"

Well off? Well I guess so! Only we do not know it. What a sense of well-being there is in the myriad-chirp of the crickets!

## The Coming Man

By Peter Fandel

One who stands self-contained and knows  
What justice means and liberty,

And can fair minded be e'en to those  
Whose views not with his own agree;

One who with inner, righteous awe  
His daily actions e'er accords,

And tries to live unto the law  
Beyond the letter of its words.

One who feels his own life a part  
Of a large, well concerted whole,  
And doth his wealth, his strength, his art  
E'er for the general good control;

One who in honesty stands poised  
Against self-interest and greed,  
And, free from boastfulness loud noised,  
Devotes his hours to loving deed.

That, truly, is the coming man —  
A man who'll put the past to shame,

A man who'll give his fellow man  
The selfsame privilege he doth claim;

A man whose soul is Freedom's child,  
Whose mind is Freedom's law and code,

A man who's ne'er by Self beguiled

To leave the straight and narrow road.

Original from

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

# The Voice

By T. C. PRATT.

As I sat in sacred service  
Came a gentle voice to me—  
Came a voice soul-full and low :  
Came a voice articulate and slow—  
Spake unto my heart with words of fire ;  
Breathed thru my brain deep music of the lyre ;  
Swept thru my soul abearing me along  
As sleep.  
Of stormy sea is borne along  
By sounds of war !  
And ev'er I knew my hand did slip  
To pen and ink ; and I did write as in a dream  
The words that thru my soul did stream  
With purging current ; ah, that I might hope  
The flood gates oft, for something there  
Beyond all hope  
Did enter in.  
That made my soul to laugh.  
To leap  
For joy !  
And here they are as they were fully spoke  
Without one syllable or sentence broke,  
Here now they are in all their virgin hus.  
Take those into thy soul, what to thy soul  
secures !  
Thus to me it spoke  
Thus the silence broke :

- I Sailor of the Universe am I !  
Discover of new thot land's  
*Nothing* do I hold impossible  
*Free, bold, and fearless* is my quest  
Daring all realities,  
Passing by all fiction,
- II *I* not me not in some calm haven of rest ;  
But with spars of thot aslant, and high in air,  
With sails of love abulging full to ev'ry breeze of life.  
*I* forever *sail—and sail* ; nor fear nor rock  
Nor wave of this deep dark and spirit sea ;  
For I as well am spirit sea.  
On which this "ego I" doth ride  
And I fear not mine own !
- III How wretched seem they to me, who know not themselves.  
Age fear they themselves ; line close to shore  
Of some ephem'ral hope of their creation  
Until the storm of rough despair  
Sweeps in upon them, and tears them loose  
From that safe anchor !  
Ah ! wild *indeed* is there that deep despair :—  
Unused to sea, and knowing naught of sailing  
They *drift*—drift—drift with but one thot,—  
And that to find their youth—lost shore again.  
And *anchor* !
- IV Come, mother, come build *thou* a ship  
To stand the 'storm  
Then up with the anchor, aloft to the soul  
And *dare to drive the Deeps* !  
And if those sinkest 'neath the gale of death  
Thou art enclosed 'neath waves of thyself.

- V I scorn to hug with tight-shut eyes  
 A Phantom Hope :  
 That I in future world will be an "I" again  
 And there to bask forever more in uncreated  
 Waves of Love and Beauty !  
 For what would *Love* be there but loveless  
 And *Ugliness* I ween  
 Would seem a goddess  
 Or a grace.  
 Within the insipidity of all that life
- VI *Up! Up with thy head*  
*Forward throw thy port*  
*Open wide the eye*  
*Breathe deep the air*  
*Of Love and Love, of Death and Hate*  
*And know the Goodness of the All :*  
*That Life is neither Lord*  
*Nor Slave of Death*  
*But Death's own Brother.*

Nov. 1st, 1906.

## The Soul of the Sarlyk

By Ivan Swift

The grunting ox of Tartary,  
 The Sisyphus of soulless sands,  
 A beast of burden still would be,  
 In grunting sarlyk company.  
 Low-bowed to yoke and heathen hands,  
 No sky but starless sand to see —  
 The mythic star and bird and tree —  
 The storied grace of other lands,  
 To him are mocking fantasy.  
 Unvexed of singing bird and bee,  
 He hears the solemn sarabands  
 Of desert winds in demon glee.  
 What boots your Dis or Arcady? —  
 The sullen yak in sorrow stands  
 To grunt his grief in Tartary.  
 To grunt and grieve! What ecstasy!  
 He works the waste to serf commands —  
 And yet to grunt the yak is free  
 As any ox of Tartary!

## The Apple

By Sidney Hildegard

Fear, crouching murder, lust, and lurid war,  
 Useless disease, revenge and iron law,  
 Luxury unmeasured, grim drudgery's bed of straw,  
 Suff'ring or dreadful death, —  
 Came these in silence when the first Man took  
 The proffered Apple with a hand that shook  
 In deathly fear? Or shall we deeper look  
 To that first man who said  
 Behold!"  
 "The ground whereon this fruit-tree grows is mine!  
 "Bend; oh ye serfs; — the slaves of all my line!  
 "Fight, that we live; dig ye, that we may dine;  
 "For us doth man draw breath!"



# Bureau of Group Organization

## The Los Angeles Fellowship

THE LOS ANGELES FELLOWSHIP IS AN ASSOCIATION OF PEOPLE FOR THE PURPOSE OF ENCOURAGING TRUSTFUL AND UNSELFISH LIVING. This is the only creed or platform or program authorized by this virile young organization. The motto is: "What is the Loving Thing to Do?"

The Fellowship was organized and its work is being carried on under the leadership of Benjamin Fay Mills, the Permanent Minister, and Mary Russell Mills, the Senior Associate Minister. The other Ministers are Reynold E. Blight, Associate Minister, and Charles H. Mills, Assistant Minister.

The society was formally organized on February 10th, 1905, and is now in its third year in a most prosperous and vigorous condition, with a large and enthusiastic membership. The administration is thoroughly democratic, the officers working in harmony with the will of the membership as a whole. The financial affairs are in the hands of an efficient Board of Trustees, and the practical and spiritual work is under the direction of the ministers and the council, a carefully elected and appointed body of twenty-one members.

The Headquarters and Free Reading Room are located at 232 South Hill St., Los Angeles.

The public services and general activities are as follows:

Sunday morning and evening, regular services at Blanchard Hall, Los Angeles. Mr. Mills or others speak.

Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock, Sunday School for children and young people for the study of Fellowship Teaching.

Monday afternoon and evening Mrs. Mills' Classes for a spiritual and interpretive study of Emerson.

Thursday evening, alternative weeks, first, a Conversation conducted by one of the ministers for the discussion of spiritual principles applied to practical life; and second, Neighborhood Study Circles throughout the city for the study of Fellowship Teaching, the leaders of which circle meet with Mrs. Mills in a Normal Class.

The Women's Alliance holds weekly meetings for the purpose of promoting the social and intellectual interests of the ladies of the Fellowship, of lending aid to the treasury of the Fellowship and of making and repairing garments for the poor and unfortunate in the local prisons and elsewhere.

The Unity Club, Onward Club, True Blue Club and Good Cheer Club are four organizations taking in the young people and older boys and girls, offering channels for social, intellectual and altruistic work among them.

Very effective work is done, also, through well-organized committees for visiting the inmates of the jails and others of our unfortunate brothers and sisters, and giving practical help to them.

We regret that mention of other activities is crowded out of this report.

A sister organization, The Minneapolis Fellowship, Mrs. Ruth Bryman-Ridges, Permanent Minister, has grown up in Minneapolis within the past year.

The Fellowship movement is efficiently represented through its monthly organ, the magazine, Fellowship, edited by Mr. Mills, and other publications of The Fellowship Publishing Company, Los Angeles.

## A Letter

My Dear Harrington:—

Your note received, and I will here answer it. First you allege that I am a heretic. Let us see. I believe in *Living*—you, in *Believing*. I have faith in *myself* to save myself, yet if I let myself be ruled by my "Over Soul", I will do no wrong. You, on the contrary, place your whole faith in Christ: but Christ did not command that, he only said "*Do likewise*," not "*think likewise*." You hope for heaven and fear hell: I believe that the former lies within me, and that there is no hell, save that which I construct. You believe in the divinity of Christ: I, in his *Brotherhood*. You affirm that evil is inherent in man: *I deny its existence*, for while I dare not pretend to have probed the depths of human nature, still I think that evil, judged on the plane of evil, is only Habit or Necessity—vastly different from the same, judged from your elevated standpoint.

Lay aside your armor for a moment. Can you logically believe the Bible to be the word of God any more than the koran? Can you logically conceive a heaven other than as a succession of work, failure, advance, sincerity, and triumph—all proceeding from work, not harp and idleness? Can you honestly pose as a follower of him that said "Take neither wallet nor script," when you are about to be made a minister, so called; to receive a salary, in return for the good you do: to be placed *over* your fellows—ah, is all this, then, produced of Faith or of Blindness?

So call not your brother a heretic, for you may judge no man's religion. I do not judge yours: I disbelieve it. However well I have known you, I cannot see with your eyes, or reason with your faculties, for I have not undergone your particular experiences. So Christ said "Judge no man"—for no two men, be they brother and brother, or father and son, have lived alike.

Yours very sincerely.

H. Bedford Jones.

The following is an alphabetical list of co-operative and group movements, the number to be increased and corrected from time to time as the information comes to our hands:

Altruist Community.....Sulphur Springs, Mo  
 Arden (Single Tax).....Grubbs P. O., Del  
 Amana Society.....Amana, Iowa  
 Beacon Company.....Aberdeen, S. D.  
 Bryngolen.....Ilfracombe, Eng.  
 Bureau of Helpfulness.....Box 54, Collinwood, O.  
 Colorado Co-operative Company.....Nucla, Colo.  
 Co-operative Assn. of America...5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.  
 Cooperative Brotherhood and University of Humanity,....  
 Suite 86, 119 LaSalle St. Chicago, Ill.....  
 Co-operative Mfg. Company.316 E. Wall St., Fort Scott, Kan.  
 Co-operative Commonwealth of America  
 451 Van Buren St., Chicago  
 Co-operative Brotherhood.....Burley, Wash.  
 Evergreens.....Ollalla, Wash.  
 Fellowship Farm.....Westwood, Mass.  
 Fraternal Homemakers' Society.70 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.  
 Fairhope Single Tax Colony,.....Fairhope, Alabama  
 General Industrial Company.....Ruskin, Ga.  
 Colorado Co-operative Company.....Nucla, Colo.  
 Golden Rule Fraternity.604 D. S. Morgan Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Good Thought Society, 889 Haight St. San Francisco, Calif.  
 Home Colony.....Lake Bay, Wash.  
 Home Employment Company.....Long Lane, Mo.  
 Hermetic Brotherhood, 445 So. Olive St. Los Angeles, Calif.  
 Koreshan Community.....Estero, Fla.  
 League of American Homesteads.....  
 .....425½ So. Campbell St., Springfield, Mo.  
 Le Claire Group.....Edwardsville, Ill.  
 La Prosperidad Colony Association, 142 So. Broadway Los,  
 .....Angeles, Calif.  
 Lloyd Group.....Westfield, N. J.  
 Los Angeles Fellowship.....Los Angeles, Cal.  
 Martha McVister.....Kenashaw Ave., Washington, D. C.  
 Modern Harvesters.....17 E. 5th St., St. Paul, Minn.  
 Mutual Home Association.....Home, Wash.  
 Mountain View Association .....Mucla, Colo  
 New Clairvaux .....Montague, Mass.  
 Oneida Community.....Oneida, N. Y.  
 Physical Culture City.....Spotswood, N. J.  
 Right Relationship League..427 Reaper Block, Chicago, Ill.  
 Rose Valley Group.....1624 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Roycrofters.....East Aurora, N. Y.  
 Ruskin Commonwealth.....Ruskin, Ga.  
 Salvation Army....120 West Fourteenth St., New York City  
 Single Tax City.....Fairhope, Ala.  
 Society of Believers.....Mount Lebanon, N. Y.  
 Spirit Fruit Society.....Ingleside, Ill.  
 Straight Edge.....1 Abingdon Square, New York City  
 .....and Alpine, New Jersey  
 Sunny Haven, 51 Cherry St. ....Janesville, Wis.  
 The Israelite House of David.....Benton Harbor, Mich.  
 The Ruskin Co-operators.....516 Reaper Block, Chicago, Ill.  
 The Simple Life Equality System.....  
 .....1171 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago  
 The University of the People.....1637 Indiana Ave., Chicago  
 The Temple Home Association,.....Oceano, Calif.  
 To-Morrow City Movement..139-141 E. 56 St., Chicago, Ill.  
 United Industrail Society, 92 LaSalle St .....Chicago, Ill.

## FOR A RADICAL PRESIDENT.

To-Morrow has been requested to announce that a great Radical Convention will be held in St. Louis, Mo., on April 2, 1908, to make nominations of candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States. A number of radical, reform and revolutionary movements have united with the desire of placing a radical ticket in the field; one that will oppose the interests of the old line parties, both of which are more or less pledged to continue the political and economic ideals handed down to us from ancient priests and kings.

All those interested are requested to address The National Provisional Committee, 859 Madison Avenue, Albany, N.Y.

## About Books

### THE SCARLET SHADOW

Review by C. L. Brewer

"The Scarlet Shadow," by Walter Hurt is a romantic and philosophical presentation of Current history which sharply marks the beginning of a new era in the process of civilizing Civilization. It is the product of a master mind mastered by the theme—a poet whose passion for the truth eclipsed by his fancy for form—an Idealist who transcended himself to be for once a Realist.

It gives final notice to all concerned that the Pen is mightier than the Rifle or Cannon or Knife or Bomb. It throws the fatal lime-light of Publicity on the secret conclave of Plutocracy at bay, and the creeping forms of their hired assassins. It shows the Evolutionary Forces of the Universe incarnate in living men and women, at grip with the surviving forms and dead ideals of ages that have passed away. It uncovers the vital process of Social Transformation, and enables us to see how the Living Ideals of today lay hold upon the people of poise and power in every walk of life, sweep them into the arena, and equip them to crush the entrenched battalions that bar the Path of Progress.

The Love Theme is handled in a manner befitting the scope and character of the story—given its proper place as a dynamic factor in the lives of typical men and women who are creating the New America. For a while, in the clash and turmoil of elementary conflict, it seems forgotten, but when the time for organic action comes that sweet, mysterious power which knows no bound of class or creed appears to confound the councils of its vested foes, and flush with power and victory the champions of a better day, whose hearts are loyal to its way.

The fictitious part of the book is skillfully worked in to relieve the stress and strain of truth, and at the same time illustrate some hidden ways in which the Cosmic Scheme is worked out in personal affairs.

The Scarlet Shadow is a book of the hour, and should be read by everyone interested in "What's What in America". It is a sign of the times that no student of Affairs can afford to miss—a power that every politician must reckon with—a type of the "New Literature" which every writer should be familiar with. It is a good thing. Read it and pass it along.

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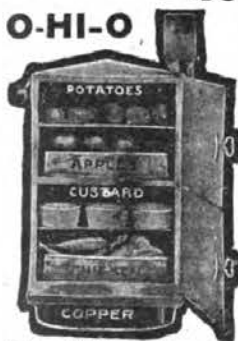
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## MAGAZINE REVIEW. By Viola Richardson

I have before me the November number of "Nature Cure Magazine", edited by Dr. H. Lindlahr of Chicago. On the front cover is a charming picture of the Doctor's little boy, a healthy, happy little fellow, "a product of Nature Cure". On the back cover is a picture of the Sanitarium where the Doctor and his assistants treat and heal the sick by Nature Cure methods.

There are several of interesting articles in this number, but I will speak specially of "Diagnosis from the Iris of the Eye" which gives a brief history of the discovery of this method and the making of it into a science.

There is also a department of Natural Dietetics, which takes up the subject in a scientific way and which will be found most helpful to any one wishing to adopt a rational diet. Mrs. Lindlahr has a short article on 'Soups' also a menu for Thanksgiving dinner with recipes.

This Magazine is to be devoted to expounding the methods and reasons of Nature Cure, and I can hardly conceive how any one can read it without finding it of immeasurable benefit.

The subscription price is \$1.00 a year. Send 10 cents to The Nature Cure Publishing Co., 308 Ashland Blvd., Chicago, and get a sample copy.

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In the field of "Correspondence Education" nothing offers a more profitable field for an earnest ambitious person than a Course in the Real Estate business, and the National Co-Operative Realty Company of Washington, D. C. through their co-operative plan, seems to be a leader in this particular field. Space prevents our going into detail regarding their plan but if any reader is at all interested and desires to learn something about the Real Estate business, — a business where thousands of people have made fortunes, they can get full information by writing them for their booklet, A183.

It might be well to add that the Real Estate agent can, without capital, build up a profitable business of his own. All that is required is a knowledge of the business which can be learned and sufficient energy and stick-to-it-iveness to get the business started.

# The Sin of Jacob

By Peter Fandel

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Yea, lies but with a quenching might  
On all his sense of truth and right.  
He, lord of privileges most rare,  
Doth part with every one of them  
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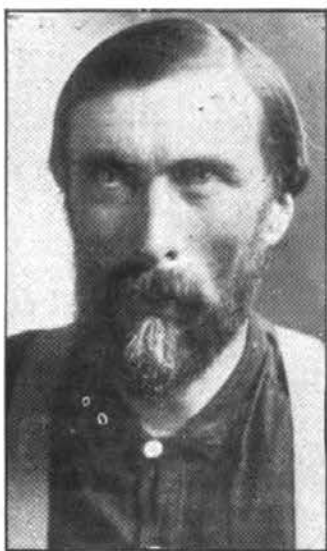
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